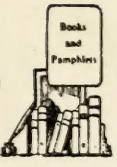
ASSOCIATION BOOK.

CERVANTES.
The History and Adventures of the Renowned Don Quixote.
Translated from the Spanish of Miguel de Cervantes
Saavedra. To which is prefixed some account of the au-
thor's life, by Dr. Smollett. Pub. London, 1792. Full
leather, 589 pages, many curious etchings by Stothard -
Heath. $6.

See Wiley's "Four Speeches by Lincoln" page 67 for ref-
erence to Lincoln's use of this work.



H. E. BARKER
Lincolniana
1922 South Hobart Boulevard
Los Angeles, California



DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

By Cervantes.

In the little book recently published under the title: "Four Speeches by Lincoln," is a foot-note saying:

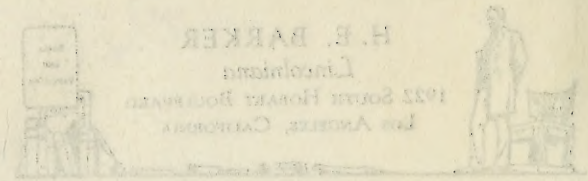
"Don Quixote, which has not, hitherto, been associated with Lincoln's name, may be added to the list of books which influenced him."

This note is based on a paragraph from one of the four speeches reported in this work, which reads as follows:

"This explains the new plan or system of tactics adopted by the Democracy. It is to ridicule and burlesque the whole military character out of credit; and thus to kill General Scott with vexation. Being philosophical and literary men, they have read, and remembered, how the institution of chivalry was ridiculed out of existence by its fictitious votary, Don Quixote."

See page 67 of "Four Speeches by Lincoln" edited by Earl S. Wiley.

H. E. Barker



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6233





Plate III.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison and Co. March 23, 1782.

THE

HISTORY

AND

ADVENTURES

OF THE RENOWNED

DON QUIXOTE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH

OF

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE,

BY DR. SMOLLETT.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

LONDON:
Printed for HARRISON and Co. No 18, Paternoster Row.
M DCC XCII.

mg 5549

TO

HIS EXCELLENCY

DON RICARDO WALL,

PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE TO HIS MOST CATHOLICK MAJESTY,

LIEUTENANT GENERAL OF THE ARMIES OF SPAIN,

COMMENDARY OF PENAUZENDE IN THE ORDER OF SAINT JAGO, &c.

AND HERETOFORE

AMBASSADOR AND PLENIPOTENTIARY AT THE COURT OF GREAT BRITAIN.

SIR,

THE permiſſion I obtained to inſcribe the following Tranſlation of DON QUIXOTE to your Excellency, while you reſided in this Capital, affords me a double pleaſure; as it not only gives me an opportunity of expreſſing that profound reſpect and veneration with which I contemplate your Excellency's character; but alſo implies your approbation, which cannot fail to influence the publick in behalf of the performance.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your Excellency's moſt obedient,

Humble Servant,

LONDON,
Feb. 7, 1755.

T. SMOLLETT.

THE

LIFE OF CERVANTES.

MIGUEL De Cervantes Saavedra was at once the glory and reproach of Spain; for, if his admirable genius and heroick ſpirit conduced to the honour of his country, the diſtreſs and obſcurity which attended his old age, as effectually redounded to her diſgrace. Had he lived amidſt Gothick darkneſs and barbarity, where no records were uſed, and letters altogether unknown, we might have expected to derive from tradition a number of particulars relating to the family and fortune of a man ſo remarkably admired even in his own time. But one would imagine pains had been taken to throw a veil of oblivion over the perſonal concerns of this excellent author. No enquiry hath as yet been able to aſcertain the place of his nativity; and, although in his works he has declared himſelf a gentleman by birth, no houſe has hitherto laid claim to ſuch an illuſtrious deſcendant.

One author ſays he was born at Eſquivias*; but offers no argument in ſupport of his aſſertion: and probably the conjecture was founded upon the encomiums which Cervantes himſelf beſtows on that place, to which he gives the epithet of renowned, in his preface to Perſiles and Sigiſmunda. Others affirm he firſt drew breath in Lucena, grounding their opinion upon a vague tradition which there prevails; and a third ſet take it for granted that he was a native of Seville, becauſe there are families in that city known by the names of Cervantes and Saavedra†; and our author mentions his having, in his early youth, ſeen plays acted by Lope Rueda, who was a Sevilian. Theſe, indeed, are preſumptions that deſerve ſome regard, though far from implying certain information, they ſcarce even amount to probable conjecture; nay, theſe very circumſtances ſeem to diſprove the ſuppoſition; for, had he been actually deſcended from thoſe families, they would in all likelihood have preſerved ſome memorials of his birth, which Don Nicholas Antonio would have recorded, in ſpeaking of his fellow-citizen. All theſe pretenſions are now generally ſet aſide in favour of Madrid, which claims the honour of having produced Cervantes, and builds her title on an expreſſion in his Voyage to Parnaſſus‡, which, in my opinion, is altogether equivocal and inconcluſive.

In the midſt of ſuch undecided contention, if I may be allowed to hazard a conjecture, I would ſuppoſe that there was ſomething myſterious in his extraction, which he had no inclination to explain, and that his family had domeſtick reaſons for maintaining the like reſerve. Without admitting ſome ſuch motive, we can hardly account for his ſilence on a ſubject that would have afforded him an opportunity to indulge that ſelf-reſpect which he ſo honeſtly diſplays in the courſe of his writings. Unleſs we conclude that he was inſtigated to renounce all connection with his kindred and allies, by ſome contemptuous ſlight, mortifying repulſe, or real injury he had ſuſtained; a ſuppoſition which, I own, is not at all improbable, conſidering the jealous ſenſibility of the Spaniards in general, and the warmth of reſentment peculiar to our author, which glows through his productions, unreſtrained by all the fears of poverty, and all the maxims of old age and experience.

* Thomas Tamayo De Vargas.

† Don Nicholas Antonio.

‡ He deſcribes his departure from Madrid in theſe words: 'Out of my country and 'myſelf I go!'

Whatever

Whatever may have been the place of his nativity, we gather from the preface to his novels, that he was born in the year 1549: and his writings declare that his education was by no means neglected; for, over and above a natural fund of humour and invention, he appears to have poſſeſſed a valuable ſtock of acquired knowledge; we find him intimately acquainted with the Latin claſſicks, well read in the hiſtory of nations, verſed in the philoſophy, rhetorick, and divinity of the ſchools, tinctured with aſtrology and geography, converſant with the beſt Italian authors, and perfectly maſter of his own Caſtilian language. His genius, which was too delicate and volatile to engage in the ſeverer ſtudies, directed his attention to the productions of taſte and polite literature; which, while they amuſed his fancy, enlarged, augmented, and improved his ideas, and taught him to ſet proper bounds to the excurſions of his imagination.

Thus qualified, he could not fail to make pertinent obſervations in his commerce with mankind: the peculiarities of character could not eſcape his penetration; whatever he ſaw became familiar to his judgment and underſtanding; and every ſcene he exhibits is a juſt well-drawn characteriſtick picture of human life.

How he exerciſed theſe talents in his youth, and in what manner the firſt years of his manhood were employed, we are not able to explain, becauſe hiſtory and tradition are altogether ſilent on the ſubject; unleſs we admit the authority of one author*, who ſays he was ſecretary to the Duke of Alva, without alledging any one fact or argument in ſupport of his aſſertion. Had he actually enjoyed a poſt of ſuch importance, we ſhould not, in all probability, have wanted materials to ſupply this chaſm in his life; nor ſhould we find him afterwards in the ſtation of a common ſoldier.

Others imagine that he ſerved as a volunteer in Flanders, where he was raiſed to the rank of enſign in the company commanded by Don Diego de Urbina; grounding this belief on the ſuppoſition that the hiſtory of the captive related in the firſt part of Don Quixote, is a literal detail of his own adventures. But this notion is rejected by thoſe who conſider that Cervantes would hardly have contented himſelf with the humble appellation of Soldier, which, in ſpeaking of himſelf, he conſtantly aſſumes, had he ever appeared in any ſuperior ſtation of a military character. In a word, we have very little information touching the tranſactions of his life, but what he himſelf is pleaſed to give through the courſe of his writings; and from this we learn, that he was chamberlain to Cardinal Aquaviva in Rome, and followed the profeſſion of a ſoldier for ſome years, in the army commanded by Marco Antonio Colona†; who was, by Pope Pius V. appointed general of the eccleſiaſtical forces employed againſt the Turks, and received the conſecrated ſtandard from the hands of his holineſs, in the church of St. Peter.

Under this celebrated captain, Cervantes embarked in the Chriſtian fleet commanded by Don John of Auſtria, who obtained over the Turks the glorious victory of Lepanto, where our author loſt his left-hand by the ſhot of an arquebus. This mutilation, which redounded ſo much to his honour, he has taken care to record on divers occaſions: and, indeed, it is very natural to ſuppoſe his imagination would dwell upon ſuch an adventure, as the favourite incident of his life. I wiſh he had told us what recompence he received for his ſervices, and what conſolation he enjoyed for the loſs of his limb; which muſt have effectually diſqualified him for the office of a common ſoldier, and reduced him to the neceſſity of exerciſing ſome other employment.

Perhaps it was at this period he entered into the ſervice of Cardinal Aquaviva, to whoſe protection he was entitled by his gallantry and misfortune; and now, in all likelihood, he had leiſure and opportunity to proſecute his favourite ſtudies, to cultivate the muſe, and render himſelf conſpicuous by the productions of his genius; which was known and admired by ſeveral authors of diſtinction, even before his captivity; for Louis Galvez De Montalvo, in his poem prefixed to Galatea, ſays, "The world lamented his misfortune in tears, and the muſe expreſſed a widow's grief at his abſence." I will even venture to ſuppoſe, that, in this interval, his ſituation was ſuch as enabled him to raiſe an independent for-

* Nicholas Antonio, biblioth. Hiſp.

† His dedication of Galatea.

tune;

tune; for we find him afterwards relieving the wants of his fellow-captives in Barbary, with ſuch liberality as denoted the affluence of his own circumſtances; and, in his Voyage to Parnaſſus, which was publiſhed in his old age, Apollo upbraids him with want of œconomy; and reminds him of his having once made his own fortune, which in the ſequel he ſquandered away.

I make no doubt but this was the moſt fortunate period of Saavedra's life; during which, he reformed and improved the Spaniſh theatre, and uſhered into the world a number of dramatick performances, which were acted with univerſal applauſe. He tells us that he had ſeen plays acted by the great Lope De Rueda*, who was a native of Seville, and originally a gold beater. When this genius firſt appeared, the Spaniſh drama was in it's infancy: one large ſack or bag contained all the furniture and dreſs of the theatre, conſiſting of four ſheep-ſkin jackets with the wool on, trimmed with gilt leather; four beards and perriwigs, and the ſame number of paſtoral crooks. The piece was no other than a dialogue or eclogue between two or three ſwains and a ſhepherdeſs, ſeaſoned with comick interludes, or rather low buffoonery, exhibited in the characters of a black-moor, a bravo, a fool, and a Biſcayan. The ſtage itſelf was compoſed of a few boards, raiſed about three feet from the ground, upon four benches or forms. There was no other ſcenery than a blanket or horſe-cloth ſtretched acroſs, behind which the muſicians ſung old ballads, unaccompanied by any ſort of inſtrument. Lope de Rueda not only compoſed theatrical pieces, but alſo acted in every character with great reputation; in which he was ſucceeded by Naharro, a Toledan, who improved and augmented the decorations; brought the muſick from behind the blanket, and placed it forwards to the audience; deprived the actors of their counterfeit beards, without which no man's part had been hitherto performed; invented machines, clouds, thunder, and lightning; and introduced challenges and combats with incredible ſucceſs. But ſtill the drama was rude, unpoliſhed, and irregular; and the fable, though divided into five acts, was almoſt altogether deſtitute of manners, propriety, and invention.

From this uncultivated ſtate of ignorance and barbarity, Cervantes raiſed the Spaniſh theatre to dignity and eſteem, by enriching his dramatick productions with moral ſentiments, regularity of plan, and propriety of character; together with the graces of poetry, and the beauties of imagination. He publiſhed thirty pieces, which were repreſented at Madrid with univerſal applauſe; ſo that he may be juſtly deemed the patriarch of the Spaniſh drama; and, in this particular, revered above Lope de Vega himſelf, who did not appear until he had left off writing for the ſtage.

In the year 1574, he was unfortunately taken by a Barbary corſair, and conveyed to Algiers, where he was ſold to a Moor, and remained a ſlave for the ſpace of five years and a half: during which, he exhibited repeated proofs of the moſt enterprizing genius and heroick generoſity. Though we know not on what occaſion he fell into the hands of the Barbarians, he himſelf gives us to underſtand, in the ſtory of the Captive, that he reſided at Algiers in the reign of Haſſan Aga, a ruffian renegado, whoſe cruelty he deſcribes in theſe terms. 'He was every day 'hanging one, impaling another, maiming a third, upon ſuch ſlight occaſions, 'frequently without any cauſe aſſigned, that the Turks themſelves owned he acted 'thus out of mere wantonneſs and barbarity, as being naturally of a ſavage diſpoſition, and an inveterate enemy to the whole human race. The perſon who 'uſed the greateſt freedom with him, was one Saavedra, a Spaniſh ſoldier; who, 'though he did many things which thoſe people will not ſoon forget, in attempting to regain his liberty, he never gave him one blow, nor ordered him once to 'be chaſtiſed, nor even chid him with one haſty word; and yet the leaſt of all his 'pranks was ſufficient, as we thought, to bring him to the ſtake; nay, he himſelf 'was more than once afraid of being impaled alive. If time would permit, I 'could here recount ſome of that ſoldier's actions, which perhaps might entertain 'and ſurprize you more than the relation of my own ſtory.'

Thus Cervantes aſcertains the time of his own ſlavery, delineates with great exactneſs the character of that inhuman tyrant, who is recorded in hiſtory as a

* In the preface to his plays.

monſter of cruelty and avarice; and proves to demonſtration, that his own ſtory was quite different from that which the Captive related of himſelf. Saavedra's adventures at Algiers were truly ſurprizing; and though we cannot favour the publick with a ſubſtantial detail of every incident, we have found means to learn ſuch particulars of his conduct, as cannot fail to reflect an additional luſtre on a character which has been long the object of admiration.

We are informed by a reſpectable hiſtorian*, who was his fellow-ſlave, and an eye-witneſs of the tranſaction, that Don Miguel de Cervantes, a gallant, enterprizing, Spaniſh cavalier, who, though he never wanted money, could not obtain his releaſe without paying an exorbitant ranſom, contrived a ſcheme for ſetting himſelf free, together with fourteen unhappy gentlemen of his own country, who were all in the like circumſtances of thraldom under different patrons. His firſt ſtep was to redeem one Viana, a bold Mayorcan mariner, in whom he could confide, and with whom he ſent letters to the governor of that iſland, deſiring, in the name of himſelf and the other gentlemen captives, that he would ſend over a brigantine under the direction of Viana, who had undertaken, at an appointed time, to touch upon a certain part of the coaſt, where he ſhould find them ready to embark. In conſequence of this agreement, they withdrew themſelves from their reſpective maſters, and privately repaired to a garden near the ſea-ſide, belonging to a renegado Greek, whoſe name was Al-Caid Haſſan; where they were concealed in a cave, and carefully ſcreened from the knowledge of the owner, by his gardener, who was a Chriſtian captive. Viana punctually performed his promiſe, and returned in a veſſel, with which he was ſupplied by the governor of Mayorca; but ſome Moors chancing to paſs juſt as he anchored at the appointed place, the coaſt was inſtantly alarmed, and he found himſelf obliged to relinquiſh the enterprize. Meanwhile, the captives being ignorant of this accident, remained in the cavern, which they never quitted except in the night, and were maintained by the liberality of Cervantes, for the ſpace of ſeven months; during which the neceſſaries of life were brought to them by a Spaniſh ſlave, known by the appellation of El Dorador, or the Gilder. No wonder that their hope and patience began to fail, and their conſtitutions to be affected by the dampneſs of the place, and the grief of their diſappointment, which Don Miguel endeavoured to alleviate by the exerciſe of his reaſon, good-humour, and humanity; till at laſt their purveyor turned traitor; and, allured by the hope of receiving a conſiderable reward, diſcovered the whole affair to Haſſan Baſha. This tyrant, tranſported with joy at the information, immediately ordered the guardian Baſha, with a body of armed men, to follow the perfidious wretch, who conducted them to the cave, where they ſeized thoſe unhappy fugitives, together with their faithful gardener, and forthwith carried the whole number to the publick bagnio, except Cervantes, touching whoſe perſon they had received particular directions from Haſſan, who knew his character, and had been long deſirous of poſſeſſing ſuch a notable ſlave. At preſent, however, his intention was to perſuade Don Miguel to accuſe Oliver, one of the fathers of the redemption then at Algiers, as an accomplice in the ſcheme they had projected, that he might, on this pretence, extort from the friar, by way of compoſition, the greateſt part of the money which had been collected for the ranſom of Chriſtian ſlaves. Accordingly, he endeavoured to inveigle Saavedra with artful promiſes, and to intimidate him with dreadful threats and imprecations, into the confeſſion or impeachment on which he wanted to lay hold: but that generous Spaniard, with a reſolution peculiar to himſelf, rejected all his offers, and deſpiſing the terrors of his menaces, perſiſted in affirming that he had no aſſociate in the plan of their eſcape, which was purely the reſult of his own reflection.

After having in vain tampered with his integrity, in repeated trials that laſted for ſeveral days, he reſtored him and his companions to their reſpective patrons, notwithſtanding the remonſtrances of Al Caid Haſſan, owner of the garden in which they had been apprehended; who, probably with a view to manifeſt his own innocence, ſtrenuouſly exhorted the Baſha to inflict the moſt exemplary puniſhment on the offenders, and actually put his own gardener to death. Cervantes

* F. Diego Da Haedo.

had

had ſo often ſignalized his genius, courage, and activity, that Haſſan reſolved to make him his own, and purchaſed him from his maſter for five hundred ducats: then he was heard to ſay, 'While I hold that maimed Spaniard in ſafe cuſtody, 'my veſſels, ſlaves, and even my whole city, are ſecure.' For he had not only concerted a number of ſchemes for the deliverance of his fellow-captives, but his deſigns had even aſpired to the conqueſt of Algiers, and he was at four different times on the point of being impaled, hooked, or burned alive. Any ſingle attempt of that kind would have been deemed a capital offence, under the mildeſt government that ever ſubſiſted among the Moors; but there was ſomething in the character or perſonal deportment of Cervantes, which commanded reſpect from barbarity itſelf: for we find that Haſſan Baſha treated him with incredible lenity, and his redemption was afterwards effected by the interceſſion of a trinitarian father, for a thouſand ducats*.

From this account of his behaviour in Barbary, it appears that he acted a far more important part than that of a poor mutilated ſoldier: he is dignified with the appellation of Don Miguel De Cervantes, and repreſented as a cavalier whoſe affluent fortune enabled him to gratify the benevolence and liberality of his diſpoſition. We muſt therefore take it for granted, that he acquired this wealth after the battle of Lepanto, where he ſurely would not have fought as a private ſoldier, could he have commanded either money or intereſt to procure a more conſpicuous ſtation in the ſervice. Be that as it will, his conduct at Algiers reflects honour upon his country; and while we applaud him as an author, we ought to revere him as a man; nor will his modeſty be leſs the object of our admiration, if we conſider that he has, upon this occaſion, neglected the faireſt opportunity a man could poſſibly enjoy, of diſplaying his own character to the greateſt advantage, and indulging that ſelf complacency which is ſo natural to the human heart.

As he returned to his own country with thoſe principles by which he had been diſtinguiſhed in his exile, and an heart entendered and exerciſed in ſympathizing with his fellow-creatures in diſtreſs; we may ſuppoſe he could not advert to the leſſons of Oeconomy, which a warm imagination ſeldom or never retains; but that his heart glowed with all the enthuſiaſm of friendſhip, and that his bounty extended to every object of compaſſion which fell within his view.

Notwithſtanding all the ſhafts of ridicule which he hath ſo ſucceſsfully levelled againſt the abſurdities of the Spaniſh romance, we can plainly perceive from his own writings, that he himſelf had a turn for chivalry: his life was a chain of extraordinary adventures, his temper was altogether heroick, and his actions were, without doubt, influenced by the moſt romantick notions of honour.

Spain has produced a greater number of theſe characters than we meet with upon record in any other nation; and whether ſuch ſingularity be the effect of natural or moral cauſes, or of both combined, I ſhall not pretend to determine. Let us only affirm, that this diſpoſition is not confined to any particular people or period of time: even in our own country, and in theſe degenerate days, we ſometimes find individuals whom nature ſeems to have intended for members of thoſe ideal ſocieties which never did, and perhaps never can exiſt, but in imagination; and who remind us of the characters deſcribed by Homer and Plutarch, as patriots ſacrificing their lives for their country, and heroes encountering danger, not with indifference and contempt, but with all the rapture and impetuoſity of a paſſionate admirer.

If we conſider Cervantes as a man inſpired by ſuch ſentiments, and actuated by

* To this adventure he doubtleſs alludes, in the ſtory of the Captive; who ſays, that when he and his fellow-ſlaves were deliberating about ranſoming one of their number, who ſhould go to Valencia and Mayorca, and procure a veſſel with which he might return and fetch off the reſt, the renegado who was of their council oppoſed the ſcheme, obſerving, that thoſe who are once delivered ſeldom think of performing the promiſes they have made in captivity: as a confirmation of the truth of what he alledged, he briefly recounted a caſe which had lately happened to ſome Chriſtian gentlemen, attended with the ſtrangeſt circumſtances ever known, even in thoſe parts, where the moſt uncommon and ſurprizing events occur almoſt every day.

ſuch motives; and at the ſame time, from his known ſenſibility and natural complexion, ſuppoſe him to have been addicted to pleaſure and the amuſements of gallantry; we cannot be ſurprized to find his finances in a little time exhauſted, and the face of his affairs totally reverſed. It was probably in the decline of his fortune, that he reſolved to re-appear in the character of an author, and ſtand candidate for the publick favour, which would be a certain reſource in the day of trouble: he therefore compoſed his Galatea, in ſix books, which was publiſhed in the year 1584, dedicated to Aſcanio Colonna, at that time abbot of St. Sophia, and afterwards cardinal of the holy croſs of Jeruſalem.

The rich vein of invention, the tenderneſs of paſſion, the delicacy of ſentiment, the power and purity of diction, diſplayed in this performance, are celebrated by Don Louis De Vargas Manrique, in a commendatory ſonnet, which is a very elegant and honourable teſtimony of our author's ſucceſs. Nevertheleſs, the production has been cenſured for the irregularity of it's ſtile, the incorrectneſs of it's verſification, and the multiplicity of it's incidents, which incumber and perplex the principal narration; and, over and above theſe objections, the deſign is not brought to a concluſion, ſo that the plan appears meagre and defective. He himſelf pleads guilty to ſome part of the charge, in the ſentence pronounced by the curate, in the firſt part of Don Quixote; who, when the barber takes up the Galatea of Miguel De Cervantes, 'That ſame Cervantes,' ſays he, 'has been an 'intimate friend of mine theſe many years; and is to my certain knowledge, 'more converſant with misfortunes than with poetry. There is a good vein of 'invention in his book, which propoſes ſomething, though it concludes nothing. 'We muſt wait for the ſecond part which he promiſes; and then, perhaps, his 'amendment may deſerve a full pardon, which is now denied.'

Whether the ſucceſs of Galatea encouraged our author to oblige the world with ſome of thoſe theatrical pieces, which we have already mentioned as the firſt regular productions of the Spaniſh drama, or the whole number of theſe was written and acted before his captivity, I have not been able to determine; but, in all probability, his firſt eſſays of that kind were exhibited in the interval between the battle of Lepanto and the commencement of his ſlavery, and the reſt publiſhed after his redemption.

Unleſs we ſuppoſe him to have been employed at Madrid in this manner for his ſubſiſtence, we muſt paſs over two and twenty years, which afford us no particular information touching the life of Saavedra; though, in that period, he married Donna Cataline De Salazar, diſſipated the remains of his fortune, experienced the ingratitude of thoſe he had befriended in his proſperity, and after having ſuſtained a ſeries of mortifications and diſtreſs, was committed to priſon in conſequence of the debts he had contracted.

In this diſmal ſituation, he compoſed that performance which is the delight and admiration of all Europe; I mean, the firſt part of Don Quixote, which he wrote with a view to ridicule and diſcredit thoſe abſurd romances, filled with the moſt nauſeous improbability and unnatural extravagance, which had debauched the taſte of mankind, and were indeed a diſgrace to common ſenſe and reaſon. Not that Cervantes had any intention to combat the ſpirit of knight-errantry, ſo prevalent among the Spaniards; on the contrary, I am perſuaded he would have been the firſt man in the nation to ſtand up for the honour and defence of chivalry; which, when reſtrained within due bounds, was an excellent inſtitution, that inſpired the moſt heroick ſentiments of courage and patriotiſm, and on many occaſions conduced to the peace and ſafety of the commonwealth. In the character of Don Quixote, he exhibits a good underſtanding perverted by reading romantick ſtories, which had no foundation in nature or in fact. His intellects are not ſuppoſed to have been damaged by the peruſal of authentick hiſtories, which recount the exploits of knights and heroes who really exiſted; but his madneſs ſeems to have flowed from his credulity, and a certain wildneſs of imagination, which was captivated by the marvellous repreſentation of dwarfs, giants, necromancers, and other preternatural extravagance. From theſe legends he formed his whole plan of conduct; and, though nothing can be more ridiculous than the terms upon which he is deſcribed to have commenced knight-errant, at a time when the regulations of ſociety had rendered the profeſſion unneceſſary, and indeed illegal; the

the criterion of his frenzy consists in that strange faculty of mistaking and confounding the most familiar objects with the fantastical illusions which those romances had engendered in his fancy. So that our author did not enter the lists against the memory of the real substantial chivalry, which he held in veneration; but with design to expel an hideous phantom that possessed the brains of the people, waging perpetual war with true genius and invention.

The success of this undertaking must have exceeded his most sanguine hopes. Don Quixote no sooner made his appearance, than the old romances vanished like mist before the sun. The ridicule was so striking, that even the warmest admirers of Amadis and his posterity seemed to awake from a dream, and reflected with amazement upon their former infatuation. Every dispassionate reader was charmed with the humorous characters of the knight and squire, who straight became the favourites of his fancy; he was delighted with the variety of entertaining incidents, and considered the author's good sense and purity of style with admiration and applause.

He informs us, by the mouth of the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, that even before the publication of the second part, twelve thousand copies of the first were already in print, besides a new impression then working off at Antwerp. 'The 'very children,' says he, 'handle it, boys read it, men understand, and old people 'applaud the performance. It is no sooner laid down by one, than another takes 'it up, some struggling, and some entreating for a sight of it; in fine, this history 'is the most delightful and least prejudicial entertainment that ever was seen; for, 'in the whole book, there is not the least shadow of a dishonourable word, nor 'one thought unworthy of a good catholick.'

Nor was this applause confined to the kingdoms and territories of Spain. The fame of Don Quixote diffused itself through all the civilized countries of Europe; and the work was so much admired in France, that some gentlemen who attended the French ambassador to Madrid, in a conversation with the licentiate Marques Torres, chaplain to the archbishop of Toledo, expressed their surprize that Cervantes was not maintained from the publick treasury, as the honour and pride of the Spanish nation. Nay, this work, which was first published at Madrid in the year 1605, had the good fortune to extort the approbation of royalty itself: Philip III. standing in a balcony of his palace, and surveying the adjacent country, perceived a student on the bank of the Manzanares, reading a book, and every now and then striking his forehead and bursting out into loud fits of laughter. His majesty having observed his emotions for some time, 'That student,' said he, 'is either mad, 'or reading Don Quixote.' Some of the courtiers in attendance, had the curiosity to go out and enquire, and actually found the scholar engaged in the adventures of our Manchegan.

As the book was dedicated to the Duke de Bejar, we may naturally suppose that nobleman, either by his purse or interest, obtained the author's discharge from prison; for he congratulates himself upon the protection of such a patron, in certain verses prefixed to the book, and supposed to be written by Urganda the unknown. He afterwards attracted the notice of the Count De Lemos, who seems to have been his chief and favourite benefactor; and even enjoyed a small share of the countenance of the cardinal archbishop of Toledo: so that we cannot, with any probability, espouse the opinion of those who believe his Don Quixote was intended as a satire upon the administration of that nobleman. Nor is there the least plausible reason for thinking his aim was to ridicule the conduct of Charles V. whose name he never mentions without expressions of the utmost reverence and regard. Indeed, his own indigence was a more severe satire than any thing he could have invented against the ministry of Philip III. for, though their protection kept him from starving, it did not exempt him from the difficulties and mortifications of want; and no man of taste and humanity can reflect upon his character and circumstances, without being shocked at the barbarous indifference of his patrons. What he obtained was not the offering of liberality and taste, but the scanted alms of compassion: he was not respected as a genius, but relieved as a beggar.

One would hardly imagine that an author could languish in the shade of poverty and contempt, while his works afforded entertainment and delight to whole nations,

nations, and even sovereigns were found in the number of his admirers; but Cervantes had the misfortune to write in the reign of a prince whose disposition was sordid, and whose talents, naturally mean, had received no manner of cultivation; so that his head was altogether untinctured with science, and his heart an utter stranger to the virtues of beneficence. Nor did the liberal arts derive the least encouragement from his ministry, which was ever weak and wavering. The Duke De Lerma seems to have been a proud, irresolute, shallow-brained politician, whose whole attention was employed in preserving the good graces of his master; though, notwithstanding all his efforts, he still fluctuated between favour and disgrace, and at last was fain to shelter himself under the hat of a cardinal. As for the Count de Lemos, who had some share in the administration, he affected to patronize men of genius, though he had hardly penetration enough to distinguish merit; and the little taste he possessed was so much warped by vanity and self-conceit, that there was no other avenue to his friendship but the road of adulation and panegyrick: we need not, therefore, wonder that his bounty was so sparingly bestowed upon Cervantes, whose conscious worth and spirit would not suffer him to practise such servility of prostration.

Rather than stoop so far beneath the dignity of his own character, he resolved to endure the severest stings of fortune; and, for a series of years, wrestled with inconceivable vexation and distress. Even in this low situation, he was not exempted from the ill offices of those who envied his talents and his fame. The bad writers vilified his genius, and censured his morals; they construed Don Quixote into an impertinent libel, and endeavoured to depreciate his Exemplary Novels, which were published at Madrid, in the year 1613. This performance is such as might be expected from the invention and elegance of Cervantes, and was accordingly approved by the best judges of his time. Indeed, it must have been a great consolation to him, in the midst of his misfortunes, to see himself celebrated by the choicest wits of Spain; and, among the rest, by the renowned Lope De Vega, prince of the Spanish theatre, who, both during the life and after the death of our author, mentioned him in the most respectful terms of admiration*.

But, of all the insults to which he was exposed from the malevolence of mankind, nothing provoked him so much, as the outrage he sustained, from the insolence and knavery of an author, who, while he was preparing the second part of Don Quixote for the press, in the year 1614, published a performance, intitled, The Second Volume of the sage Hidalgo Don Quixote De La Mancha, containing his third sally. Composed by the licentiate Alonzo Fernandez De Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas; dedicated to the alcalde, regidors, and gentlemen, of the noble town of Argamasilla, the happy country of Don Quixote De La Mancha. This impostor, not contented with having robbed Cervantes of his plan, and, as some people believe, of a good part of his copy, attacked him personally, in his preface, in the most virulent manner; accusing him of envy, malice, peevishness, and rancour; reproaching him with his poverty, and taxing him with having abused his cotemporary writers, particularly Lope De Vega, under the shadow of whose reputation this spurious writer takes shelter, pretending to have been lashed, together with that great genius, in some of our author's critical reflections.

In spite of the disguise he assumed, Cervantes discovered him to be an Arragonian; and in all probability knew his real name, which, however, he did not think proper to transmit to posterity; and his silence in this particular was the result either of discretion, or contempt. If he was a person of consequence, as some people suppose, it was undoubtedly prudent in Cervantes to pretend ignorance of his true name and quality; because, under the shadow of that pretence, he could the more securely chastise him for his dullness, scurrility, and presumption: but if he knew him to be a man of no character or estimation in life, he ought to have deemed him altogether unworthy of his resentment; for his production was such as could not possibly prejudice our author's interest or reputation. It is altogether void of invention and propriety; the characters of Don Quixote and

* Laurèl de Apollo Selva 8.

Sancho

Sancho are flattened into the moſt inſipid abſurdity; the adventures are unentertaining and improbable; and the ſtile barbarous, ſwoln, and pedantick.

Howſoever Saavedra's fortune might have been affected by this fraudulent anticipation, I am perſuaded, from the conſideration of his magnanimity, that he would have looked upon the attempt with ſilent diſdain, had the fictitious Avellaneda abſtained from perſonal abuſe; but finding himſelf ſo injuriouſly upbraided with crimes which his ſoul abhorred, he gave a looſe to his indignation and ridicule, which appear through the preface and ſecond part of Don Quixote, in a variety of animadverſions equally witty and ſevere. Indeed, the genuine continuation, which was publiſhed in the year 1615, convinced the world that no other perſon could compleat the plan of the original projector. It was received with univerſal joy and approbation; and in a very little time tranſlated into the languages of Italy, France, England, and other countries, where, though the knight appeared to diſadvantage, he was treated as a noble ſtranger of ſuperlative merit and diſtinction.

In the year after the publication of his novels, Cervantes uſhered into the world a poem called, A Voyage to Parnaſſus, dedicated to Don Rodrigo De Tapia, knight of St. Jago. This performance is an ironical ſatire on the Spaniſh poets of his time, written in imitation of Cæſar Caporali, who laſhed his cotemporaries of Italy under the ſame title; though Saavedra ſeems to have had alſo another ſcope, namely, to complain of the little regard that was paid to his own age and talents. Thoſe who will not allow this piece to be an excellent poem, cannot help owning that it abounds with wit and manly ſatire; and that nothing could be a more keen reproach upon the taſte and patronage of the times, than the dialogue that paſſes between him and Apollo; to whom, after having made a bold, yet juſt recapitulation of his own ſucceſs in writing, he pathetically complains, that he was denied a ſeat among his brethren; and takes occaſion to obſerve, that rewards were not beſtowed according to merit, but in conſequence of intereſt and favour.

He has, upon other occaſions, made ſevere remarks upon the ſcarcity of patrons among the nobility of Spain, and even aimed the ſhafts of his ſatire at the throne itſelf. In his dedication of the ſecond part of Don Quixote, to the Count De Lemos, he proceeds in this ironical ſtrain: 'But no perſon expreſſes a greater 'deſire of ſeeing my Don Quixote, than the mighty Emperor of China, who, 'about a month ago, ſent me a letter by an expreſs, deſiring, or rather beſeeching, me to ſupply him with a copy of that performance, as he intended to build 'and endow a college for teaching the Spaniſh language from my book, and was 'reſolved to make me rector or principal teacher. I aſked if his majeſty had 'ſent me any thing towards defraying the charges; and, when he anſwered in the 'negative, "Why, then, friend," ſaid I, "you may return to China as ſoon as "you pleaſe; for my own part, I am not in a ſtate of health to undertake ſuch a "long journey: beſides, I am not only weak in body, but ſtill weaker in purſe, "and ſo I am the emperor's moſt humble ſervant." In ſhort, emperor for emperor, and monarch for monarch, to take one with the other, and ſet the hare's head 'againſt the gooſe giblets, there is the noble Count De Lemos, at Naples, who, 'without any rectorſhips, ſupports, protects, and favours me, to my heart's 'content.'

This facetious paragraph certainly alludes to ſome unſubſtantial promiſe he had received from the court. At the ſame time I cannot help obſerving, that his gratitude and acknowledgment to the Count De Lemos, ſeem to have greatly exceeded the obligation; for, at this very time, while he is extolling his generoſity, he gives us to underſtand that his circumſtances were extremely indigent.

At the very time of this dedication, the poverty of Cervantes had increaſed to ſuch a degree of diſtreſs, that he was fain to ſell eight plays, and as many interludes, to Juan Villaroel, becauſe he had neither means nor credit for printing them at his own expence. Theſe theatrical pieces, which were publiſhed at Madrid in the year 1615, though counted inferior to many productions of Lope De Vega, have nevertheleſs merit enough to perſuade the diſcerning reader that they would have ſucceeded in the repreſentation; but he was no favourite with the players, who have always arrogated to themſelves the prerogative of judging and rejecting the productions

productions of the drama; and, as they forbore to offer, he disdained to solicit their acceptance. The truth is, he considered actors as the servants of the publick, who, though entitled to a certain degree of favour and encouragement for the entertainment they afforded, ought ever to demean themselves with modesty and respect for their benefactors; and he had often professed himself an enemy to the self-sufficiency, insolence, and outrageous behaviour of the king's company; some of whom had been guilty of the most flagrant crimes, and even committed murder with impunity.

It is sometimes in the power of the most inconsiderable wretch to mortify a character of the highest dignity. Cervantes, notwithstanding his contempt of such petty criticks, could not help feeling the petulance of a puny player, who presumed to depreciate the talents of this venerable father of the stage. 'Some years ago*,' says he, 'I had recourse again to my old amusement; and, on the supposition that 'the times were not altered since my name was in some estimation, I composed a 'few pieces for the stage; but found no birds in last year's nests: my meaning is, 'I could find no player who would ask for my performances, though the whole 'company knew they were finished; so that I threw them aside, and condemned 'them to perpetual silence. About this time, a certain bookseller told me he 'would have purchased my plays, had he not been prevented by an actor, who 'said, that from my prose much might be expected, but nothing from my verse. 'I confess, I was not a little chagrined at hearing this declaration; and said to 'myself, "Either I am quite altered, or the times are greatly improved, contrary "to common observation, by which the past is always preferred to the present." 'I revised my comedies, together with some interludes which had lain some time 'in a corner, and I did not think them so wretched, but that they might appeal 'from the muddy brain of this player, to the clearer perception of other actors less 'scrupulous and more judicious. Being quite out of humour, I parted with the 'copy to a bookseller, who offered me a tolerable price: I took his money, without 'giving myself any farther trouble about the actors, and he printed them as you 'see. I could wish they were the best in the world; or, at least, possessed of some 'merit. Gentle reader, thou wilt soon see how they are, and if thou canst find 'any thing to thy liking, and afterwards should happen to meet with my back-'biting actor, desire him, from me, to take care and mend himself; for I offend 'no man: as for the plays, thou mayest tell him, they contain no glaring nonsense, 'no palpable absurdities.'

The source of this indifference towards Cervantes, we can easily explain, by observing that Lope De Vega had, by this time, engrossed the theatre, and the favour of the publick, to such a degree, as ensured success to all his performances; so that the players would not run any risk of miscarriage, in exhibiting the productions of an old neglected veteran, who had neither inclination nor ability to support his theatrical pieces by dint of interest and cabal. Far from being able to raise factions in his favour, he could hardly subsist in the most parsimonious manner, and in all probability would have actually starved, had not the charity of the Count De Lemos enabled him barely to breathe.

The last work he finished was a novel, intitled, The Troubles of Persiles and Sigismunda; which, however, he did not live to see in print. This child of his old age he mentions in the warmest terms of paternal affection†, preferring it to all the rest of his productions; a compliment which every author pays to the youngest offspring of his genius; for, whatever sentence the world may pronounce, every man thinks he daily improves in experience and understanding; and that in refusing the pre-eminence to his last effort, he would fairly own the decay and degeneracy of his own talents.

We must not, however, impute the encomiums which Cervantes bestows upon his last performance to this fond partiality alone; because the book has indubitable merit; and, as he himself says, may presume to vie with the celebrated romance of Heliodorus‡, in elegance of diction, entertaining incidents, and fecundity of

* In his preface to his plays.

† Preface to his novels. Dedication of the last part of Don Quixote.

‡ The Loves of Theagenes and Chariclea.

invention.

invention. Before this novel saw the light, our author was seized with a dropsy, which gradually conveyed him to his grave; and nothing could give a more advantageous idea of his character, than the fortitude and good-humour which he appears to have maintained to the last moment of his life, overwhelmed as he was with misery, old age, and an incurable distemper. The preface and dedication of his Persiles and Sigismunda contain a journal of his last stage, by which we are enabled to guess at the precise time of his decease. 'Loving reader,' said he, 'as 'two of my friends and myself were coming from the famous town of Esquivias— 'famous, I say, on a thousand accounts; first, for it's illustrious families, and 'secondly, for it's more illustrious wines, &c.—I heard somebody galloping after 'us, with intent, as I imagined, to join our company; and, indeed, he soon justified my conjecture, by calling out to us to ride more softly. We accordingly 'waited for this stranger; who riding up to us upon a she ass, appeared to be a 'grey student; for he was cloathed in grey, with country buskins, such as peasants wear to defend their legs in harvest-time, round-toed shoes, a sword provided, as it happened, with a tolerable chape, a starched band, and an even 'number of three-thread bredes; for the truth is, he had but two; and, as his 'band would every now and then shift to one side, he took incredible pains to adjust it again. "Gentlemen," said he, "you are going, belike, to solicit some "post or pension at court: his eminence of Toledo must be there, to be sure, or "the king at least, by your making such haste. In good faith I could hardly "overtake you, though my ass hath been more than once applauded for a tolera"ble ambler." To this address one of my companions replied, "We are obliged "to let on at a good rate, to keep up with that there mettlesome nag, belonging to "Signior Miguel De Cervantes." Scarce had the student heard my name, when, 'springing from the back of his ass, whilst his pannel fell one way, and his wallet 'another, he ran towards me, and taking hold of my stirrup, "Aye, aye," 'cried he, "this is the sound cripple! the renowned, the merry writer; in a "word, the darling of the muses!" In order to make some return to these high 'compliments, I threw my arms about his neck, so as that he lost his band 'by the eagerness of my embraces; and told him that he was mistaken, like many 'of my well-wishers. "I am, indeed, Cervantes," said I; "but not the dar"ling of the muses, or in any shape deserving of those encomiums you have "bestowed: be pleased, therefore, good Signior, to remount your beast, and "let us travel together like friends the rest of the way." The courteous student 'took my advice; and, as we jogged on softly together, the conversation hap'pening to turn on the subject of my illness, the stranger soon pronounced my 'doom, by assuring me that my distemper was a dropsy, which all the water of 'the ocean, although it were not salt, would never be able to quench. "There"fore, Signior Cervantes," added the student, "you must totally abstain from "drink; but do not forget to eat heartily: and this regimen will effect your "recovery without physick."—"I have received the same advice from other "people," answered I, "but I cannot help drinking, as if I had been born to "do nothing else but drink. My life is drawing to a period; and, by the "daily journal of my pulse, which I find will have finished it's course by "next Sunday at farthest, I shall also have finished my career; so that you come "in the very nick of time to be acquainted with me, though I shall have no "opportunity of shewing how much I am obliged to you for your good will." 'By this time we had reached the Toledo Bridge; where, finding we must part, 'I embraced my student once more, and he having returned the compliment 'with great cordiality, spurred up his beast, and left me as ill-disposed on my 'horse as he was ill-mounted on his ass; although my pen itched to be writing 'some humourous description of his equipage: but, adieu my merry friends all; 'for I am going to die, and I hope to meet you again in the other world, as happy 'as heart can wish.'

After this adventure, which he so pleasantly relates, (nay, even in his last moments) he dictated a most affectionate dedication to his patron, the Count De Lemos, who was at that time president of the Supreme Council in Italy. He begins facetiously with a quotation from an old ballad; then proceeds to tell his excellency, that he had received extreme unction, and was on the brink

of eternity; yet he wiſhed he could live to ſee the count's return, and even to finiſh the Weeks of the Garden, and the ſecond part of Galatea, in which he had made ſome progreſs.

This dedication was dated April 19, 1617; and, in all probability, the author died the very next day, as the ceremony of the unction is never performed until the patient is ſuppoſed to be in extremity: certain it is, he did not long ſurvive this period; for, in September, a licence was granted to Donna Catalina De Salazar, widow of Miguel De Cervantes Saavedra, to print the Troubles of Perſiles and Sigiſmunda, a northern hiſtory; which was accordingly publiſhed at Madrid, and afterwards tranſlated into Italian.

Thus have I collected and related all the material circumſtances mentioned by hiſtory and tradition, concerning the life of Cervantes; which I ſhall conclude with the portrait of his perſon, drawn by his own pen, in the preface to his novels. His viſage was ſharp and aquiline, his hair of a cheſnut colour, his forehead ſmooth and high, his noſe hookiſh or hawkiſh, his eyes briſk and chearful, his mouth little, his beard originally of a golden hue, his upper-lip furniſhed with large muſtachios, his complexion fair, his ſtature of the middling ſize: and he tells us, moreover, that he was thick in the ſhoulders, and not very light of foot.

In a word, Cervantes, whether conſidered as a writer or a man, will be found worthy of univerſal approbation and eſteem; and we cannot help applauding that fortitude and courage, which no difficulty could diſturb, and no danger diſmay; while we admire that delightful ſtream of humour and invention, which flowed ſo plenteous and ſo pure, ſurmounting all the mounds of malice and adverſity.

THE tranſlator's aim, in this undertaking, was to maintain that ludicrous ſolemnity and ſelf-importance by which the inimitable Cervantes has diſtinguiſhed the character of Don Quixote, without raiſing him to the inſipid rank of a dry philoſopher, or debaſing him to the melancholy circumſtances and unentertaining caprice of an ordinary madman; and to preſerve the native humour of Sancho Panza from degenerating into mere proverbial phlegm, or affected buffoonery.

He has endeavoured to retain the ſpirit and ideas, without ſervilely adhering to the literal expreſſion of the original; from which, however, he has not ſo far deviated, as to deſtroy that formality of idiom, ſo peculiar to the Spaniards, and ſo eſſential to the character of the work.

The ſatire and propriety of many alluſions, which had been loſt in the change of cuſtom and lapſe of time, are reſtored in explanatory notes; and the whole is conducted with that care and circumſpection, which ought to be exerted by every author, who, in attempting to improve upon a taſk already performed, ſubjects himſelf to the moſt invidious compariſon.

PREFACE TO THE READER.

IDLE reader, without an oath thou mayeſt believe, that I wiſh this book, as the child of my underſtanding, were the moſt beautiful, ſprightly, and diſcreet production, that ever was conceived. But it was not in my power to contravene the order of nature: in conſequence of which, every creature procreates it's own reſemblance. What, therefore, could be engendered in my barren, ill-cultivated genius, but a dry, meagre offspring, wayward, capricious, and full of whimſical notions peculiar to my own imagination, as if produced in a priſon, which is the ſeat of inconvenience, and the habitation of every diſmal ſound*. Quiet ſolitude, pleaſant fields, ſerene weather, purling ſtreams, and tranquillity of mind, contribute ſo much to the fecundity even of the moſt barren genius, that it will bring forth productions ſo fair as to awaken the admiration and delight of mankind.

A man who is ſo unfortunate as to have an ugly child, deſtitute of every grace and favourable endowment, may be ſo hood-winked by paternal tenderneſs, that he cannot perceive his defects; but, on the contrary, looks upon every blemiſh as a beauty, and recounts to his friends every inſtance of his folly as a ſample of his wit: but I, who, though ſeemingly the parent, am no other than the ſtep-father of Don Quixote, will not ſail with the ſtream of cuſtom; nor, like ſome others, ſupplicate thee, gentle reader, with the tears in my eyes, to pardon or conceal the faults which thou mayeſt ſpy in this production. Thou art neither it's father nor kinſman; haſt thy own ſoul in thy own body, and a will as free as the fineſt; thou art in thy own houſe, of which I hold thee as abſolute maſter as the king of his revenue; and thou knoweſt the common ſaying, 'Under my cloak the king is a joke.' Theſe conſiderations free and exempt thee from all manner of reſtraint and obligation; ſo that thou mayeſt fully and frankly declare thy opinion of this hiſtory, without fear of calumny for thy cenſure, and without hope of recompence for thy approbation.

I wiſhed only to preſent thee with the performance, clean, neat, and naked, without the ornament of a preface, and unincumbered with an innumerable catalogue of ſuch ſonnets, epigrams, and commendatory verſes, as are generally prefixed to the productions of the preſent age; for I can aſſure thee, that although the compoſition of the book hath coſt me ſome trouble, I have found more difficulty in writing this preface, which is now under thy inſpection: divers and ſundry times did I ſeize the pen, and as often laid it aſide, for want of knowing what to ſay; and during this uneaſy ſtate of ſuſpence, while I was one day ruminating on the ſubject, with the paper before me, the quill behind my ear, my elbow fixed on the table, and my cheek leaning on my hand; a

* This is a ſtrong preſumption that the firſt part of Don Quixote was actually written in a gaol.

friend

friend of mine, who poſſeſſes a great fund of humour and an excellent underſtanding, ſuddenly entered the apartment, and finding me in this muſing poſture, aſked the cauſe of my being ſo contemplative. As I had no occaſion to conceal the nature of my perplexity, I told him I was ſtudying a Preface for the Hiſtory of Don Quixote; a taſk which I found ſo difficult, that I was reſolved to deſiſt, and even ſuppreſs the adventures of ſuch a noble cavalier: for you may eaſily ſuppoſe how much I muſt be confounded at the animadverſions of that ancient law-giver the vulgar, when it ſhall ſee me, after ſo many years that I have ſlept in ſilence and oblivion, produce, in my old age, a performance as dry as a ruſh, barren of invention, meagre in ſtile, beggarly in conceit, and utterly deſtitute of wit and erudition; without quotations in the margin, or annotations at the end, as we ſee in other books, let them be never ſo fabulous and profane; indeed, they are generally ſo ſtuffed with apothegms from Ariſtotle, Plato, and the whole body of philoſophers, that they excite the admiration of the readers, who look upon ſuch authors as men of unbounded knowledge, eloquence, and erudition. When they bring a citation from the Holy Scripture, one would take them for ſo many Saint Thomas's, and other doctors of the church; herein obſerving ſuch ingenious decorum, that in one line they will repreſent a frantick lover, and in the very next begin with a godly ſermon, from which the Chriſtian readers, and even the hearers, receive much comfort and edification. Now, my book muſt appear without all theſe advantages; for I can neither quote in the margin, nor note in the end: nor do I know what authors I have imitated, that I may, like the reſt of my brethren, prefix them to the work in alphabetical order, beginning with Ariſtotle, and ending in Xenophon, Zoilus, or Zeuxis, though one was a back biter, and the other a painter. My hiſtory muſt likewiſe be publiſhed without poems at the beginning, at leaſt without ſonnets written by dukes, marquiſſes, counts, biſhops, ladies, and celebrated poets: although, ſhould I make the demand, I know two or three good-natured friends, who would oblige me with ſuch verſes as ſhould not be equalled by the moſt famous poetry in Spain.

'In a word, my good friend,' ſaid I, 'Signior Don Quixote ſhall 'be buried in the archives of La Mancha, until Heaven ſhall provide 'ſome perſon to adorn him with thoſe decorations he ſeems to want; 'for I find myſelf altogether unequal to the taſk, through inſufficiency 'and want of learning; and becauſe I am naturally too baſhful and 'indolent to go in queſt of authors to ſay what I myſelf can ſay as 'well without their aſſiſtance. Hence aroſe my thoughtfulneſs and 'meditation, which you will not wonder at, now that you have heard 'the cauſe.' My friend having liſtened attentively to my remonſtrances, ſlapped his forehead with the palm of his hand; and, burſting into a loud laugh, 'Fore God! brother,' ſaid he, 'I am now undeceived 'of an error, in which I have lived during the whole term of our ac'quaintance; for I always looked upon you as a perſon of prudence 'and diſcretion; but now, I ſee, you are as far from that character as 'heaven is diſtant from the earth. What! is it poſſible that ſuch a trifling 'inconvenience, ſo eaſily remedied, ſhould have power to mortify and 'perplex a genius like yours, brought to ſuch maturity, and ſo well 'calculated to demoliſh and ſurmount much greater difficulties? In 'good faith, this does not proceed from want of ability, but from exceſſive

'ceſſive indolence, that impedes the exerciſe of reaſon. If you would 'be convinced of the truth of what I alledge, give me the hearing, 'and, in the twinkling of an eye, all your difficulties ſhall vaniſh, 'and a remedy be preſcribed for all thoſe defects which, you ſay, 'perplex your underſtanding, and deter you from uſhering to the light 'your hiſtory of the renowned Don Quixote, the luminary and ſole 'mirror of knight-errantry.' Hearing this declaration, I deſired he would tell me in what manner he propoſed to fill up the vacuity of my apprehenſion, to diffuſe light, and reduce to order the chaos of my confuſion; and he replied, 'Your firſt objection, namely, the want of 'ſonnets, epigrams, and commendatory verſes from perſons of rank 'and gravity, may be obviated, by your taking the trouble to com-'poſe them yourſelf, and then you may chriſten them by any name 'you ſhall think proper to chuſe, fathering them upon Preſtor John of 'the Indies, or the Emperor of Trebiſond; who, I am well informed, 'were very famous poets: and even ſhould this intelligence be untrue, 'and a few pedants and batchelors of arts ſhould backbite and grumble 'at your conduct, you need not value them three farthings; for al-'though they convict you of a lye, they cannot cut off the hand that 'wrote it*.

'With regard to the practice of quoting in the margin, ſuch books 'and authors as have furniſhed you with ſentences and ſayings for the 'embelliſhment of your hiſtory, you have nothing to do, but to ſeaſon 'the work with ſome Latin maxims, which your own memory will 'ſuggeſt, or a little induſtry in ſearching eaſily obtain: for example, 'in treating of freedom and captivity, you may ſay, *Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro*; and quote Horace, or whom you pleaſe, in 'the margin. If the power of death happens to be your ſubject, you 'have at hand, *Pallida mors æquo pulſat pede pauperum tabernas regumque turres.* And expatiating upon that love and friendſhip which 'God commands us to entertain even for our enemies, you may have 'recourſe to the Holy Scripture, though you ſhould have never ſo little 'curioſity, and ſay, in the very words of God himſelf, *Ego autem dico vobis, diligite inimicos veſtros.* In explaining the nature of ma-'levolence, you may again extract from the Goſpel, *De corde exeunt cogitationes malæ.* And the inſtability of friends may be aptly il-'luſtrated by this diſtich of Cato, *Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos; tempora ſi fuerint nubila, ſolus eris.* By theſe, and other ſuch 'ſcraps of Latin, you may paſs for an able grammarian; a character 'of no ſmall honour and advantage in theſe days. And as to the an-'notations at the end of the book, you may ſafely furniſh them in 'this manner: when you chance to write about giants, be ſure to 'mention Goliah; and this name alone, which coſts you nothing, will 'afford a grand annotation, couched in theſe words, "The giant "Golias, or Goliat, was a Philiſtine, whom the ſhepherd David ſlew "with a ſtone from a ſling, in the valley of Terebinthus, as it is writ-"ten in ſuch a chapter of the book of Kings."

'If you have a mind to diſplay your erudition and knowledge of 'coſmography, take an opportunity to introduce the River Tagus into 'your hiſtory, and this will ſupply you with another famous annota-'tion, thus expreſſed. "The River Tagus, ſo called from a king of

* Alluding to the loſs of his hand in the battle of Lepanto.

"Spain,

" Spain, takes it's rise in such a place, and is lost in the sea, after " having kissed the walls of the famous city of Lisbon; and is said " to have golden sands, &c." If you treat of robbers, I will relate " the story of Cacus, which I have by rote. If of harlots, the " Bishop of Mondoneda will lend you a Lamia, a Lais, and a Flora; " and such a note will greatly redound to your credit. When you " write of cruelty, Ovid will surrender his Medea. When you men- " tion wizzards and inchanters, you will find a Calypso in Homer, " and a Circe in Virgil. If you have occasion to speak of valiant " captains, Julius Cæsar stands ready drawn in his own Commenta- " ries; and from Plutarch you may extract a thousand Alexanders. " If your theme be love, and you have but two ounces of the Tuscan " tongue, you will light upon Leon Hebreo, who will fill up the mea- " sure of your desire: and if you do not chuse to travel into foreign " countries, you have at home Fonseca's Treatise on the Love of God, " in which all that you, or the most ingenious critick can desire, is " fully decyphered and discussed. In a word, there is nothing more " to be done, than to procure a number of these names, and hint at " their particular stories in your text; and to leave me the task of mak- " ing annotations and quotations, with which I will engage, on pain " of death, to fill up all the margins, besides four whole sheets at the " end of the book. Let us now proceed to the citation of authors, " so frequent in other books, and so little used in your performance: " the remedy is obvious and easy; take the trouble to find a book that " quotes the whole tribe alphabetically, as you observed, from Alpha " to Omega, and transfer them into your book; and though the absur- " dity should appear never so glaring, as there is no necessity for using " such names, it will signify nothing. Nay, perhaps, some reader " will be weak enough to believe you have actually availed yourself " of all those authors, in the simple and sincere history you have com- " posed; and, if such a large catalogue of writers should answer no " other purpose, it may serve at first sight to give some authority to " the production: nor will any person take the trouble to examine, " whether you have or have not followed those originals, because he " can reap no benefit from his labour. But, if I am not mistaken, " your book needs none of those embellishments in which you say it " is defective: for it is one continued satire upon books of chivalry; " a subject which Aristotle never investigated, St. Basil never men- " tioned, and Cicero never explained. The punctuality of truth, and " the observations of astrology, fall not within the fabulous relation " of our adventures; to the description of which, neither the propor- " tions of geometry, nor the confirmation of rhetorical arguments, " are of the least importance: nor hath it any connection with preach- " ing, or mingling divine truths with human imagination; a mixture " which no Christian's fancy should conceive. It only seeks to avail " itself of imitation; and the more perfect this is, the more enter- " taining the book will be: now, as your sole aim in writing, is " to invalidate the authority, and ridicule the absurdity, of those " books of chivalry, which have, as it were, fascinated the eyes " and judgment of the world, and in particular of the vulgar, you " have no occasion to go a begging maxims from philosophers, exhor- " tations from Holy Writ, fables from poets, speeches from orators, " or miracles from saints; your business is, with plain, significant, well-

" chosen,

'hoſen, and elegant words, to render your periods ſonorous, and your 'ſtile entertaining; to give ſpirit and expreſſion to all your deſcrip-'tions, and communicate your ideas without obſcurity and confuſion. 'You muſt endeavour to write in ſuch a manner as to convert melan-'choly into mirth, increaſe good-humour, entertain the ignorant, ex-'cite the admiration of the learned, eſcape the contempt of gravity, 'and attract applauſe from perſons of ingenuity and taſte. Finally, let 'your aim be levelled againſt that ill-founded bulwark of idle books of 'chivalry, abhorred by many, but applauded by more; which if you 'can batter down, you will have atchieved no inconſiderable exploit.'

I liſtened to my friend's advice in profound ſilence, and his remarks made ſuch impreſſion upon my mind, that I admitted them without heſitation or diſpute; and reſolved that they ſhould appear inſtead of a Preface. Thou wilt, therefore, gentle reader, perceive his diſcretion, and my good luck in finding ſuch a counſellor in ſuch an emergency; nor wilt thou be ſorry to receive, thus genuine and undiſguiſed, the Hiſtory of the renowned Don Quixote de La Mancha, who, in the opinion of all the people that live in the diſtrict of Montiel, was the moſt virtuous and valiant knight who had appeared for many years in that neighbourhood. I ſhall not pretend to enhance the merit of having introduced thee to ſuch a famous and honourable cavalier; but I expect thanks for having made thee acquainted with Sancho Panza, in whom I think are united all the ſquiriſh graces which we find ſcattered through the whole tribe of vain books written on the ſubject of chivalry. So, praying God will give thee health, without forgetting ſuch an humble creature as me, I bid thee heartily farewel.

THE

ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

PART I. BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

OF THE QUALITY AND AMUSEMENTS OF THE RENOWNED DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

IN a certain corner of La Mancha, the name of which I do not chuſe to remember, there lately lived one of thoſe country gentlemen, who adorn their halls with a ruſty lance and worm-eaten target, and ride forth on the ſkeleton of a horſe, to courſe with a ſort of a ſtarved greyhound.

Three-fourths of his income were ſcarce ſufficient to afford a diſh of hodge-podge, in which the mutton bore no proportion to the beef*, for dinner; a plate of ſalmagundy, commonly at ſupper†; gripes and grumblings on Saturdays‡, lentils on Fridays, and the addition of a pigeon or ſome ſuch thing on the Lord's day. The remaining part of his revenue was conſumed in the purchaſe

* Mutton in Spain is counted greatly preferable to beef.

† *Salpicon*, which is the word in the original, is no other than cold beef ſliced, and eaten with oil, vinegar, and pepper.

‡ Gripes and grumblings, in Spaniſh *duelos y quebrantos*; the true meaning of which the former tranſlators have been at great pains to inveſtigate, as the importance of the ſubject (no doubt) required. But their labours have, unhappily, ended in nothing elſe but conjectures, which, for the entertainment and inſtruction of our readers, we beg leave to repeat. One interprets the phraſe into collops and eggs; 'Being,' ſaith he, 'a very 'ſorry diſh.' In this deciſion, however, he is contradicted by another commentator, who affirms, 'It is a meſs too good to mortify withal:' neither can this virtuoſo agree with a late editor, who tranſlates the paſſage in queſtion into an amlet; but takes occaſion to fall out with Boyer for his deſcription of that diſh, which he moſt ſagaciouſly underſtands to be a 'bacon froize,' or 'rather fryze, from it's being fried, from *frit* in French;' and concludes with this judicious query, 'After all theſe learned diſquiſitions, who knows 'but the author means a diſh of nichils?' If this was his meaning, indeed, ſurely we may venture to conclude, that faſting was very expenſive in La Mancha; for the author

chaſe of a fine black ſuit, with velvet breeches, and ſlippers of the ſame, for holidays; and a coat of home-ſpun, which he wore in honour of his country during the reſt of the week.

He maintained a female houſekeeper turned of forty, a niece of about half that age, and a truſty young fellow, fit for field and market, who could turn his hand to any thing, either to ſaddle the horſe or handle the hough*.

Our ſquire, who bordered upon fifty, was of a tough conſtitution, extremely meagre, and hard featured, an early riſer, and in point of exerciſe, another Nimrod†. He is ſaid to have gone by the name of Quixada, or Queſada, (for in this particular the authors who mention that circumſtance diſagree) though, from the moſt probable conjectures, we may conclude that he was called by the ſignificant name of Quixada‡; but this is of ſmall importance to the hiſtory, in the courſe of which it will be ſufficient if we ſwerve not a tittle from the truth.

Be it known, therefore, that this ſaid hor ſt gentleman, at his leiſure hours, which engroſſed the greateſt part of the year, addicted himſelf to the reading of books of chivalry, which he peruſed with ſuch rapture and application, that he not only forgot the pleaſures of the chace, but alſo utterly neglected the management of his eſtate: nay, to ſuch a paſs did his curioſity and madneſs in this particular drive him, that he ſold many good acres of Tierra Firma, to purchaſe books of knight-errantry, with which he furniſhed his library to the utmoſt of his power; but none of them pleaſed him ſo much as thoſe that were written by the famous Feliciano De Silva, whom he admired as the pearl of all authors, for the brilliancy of his proſe, and the beautiful perplexity of his expreſſion. How was he tranſported, when he read thoſe amorous complaints, and doughty challenges, that ſo often occur in his works!

'The reaſon of the unreaſonable uſage 'my reaſon has met with, ſo unreaſons 'my reaſon, that I have reaſon to com- 'plain of your beauty!' And how did he enjoy the following flower of compoſition! 'The high heaven of your divi- 'nity, which with ſtars divinely forti- 'fies your beauty, and renders you me- 'ritorious of that merit, which by your 'highneſs is merited.'

The poor gentleman loſt his ſenſes in poring over, and attempting to diſcover the meaning of theſe and other ſuch rhapſodies, which Ariſtotle himſelf would not be able to unravel, were he to riſe from the dead for that purpoſe only. He could not comprehend the probability of thoſe direful wounds, given and received by Don Bellianis, whoſe face and whoſe carcaſe muſt have remained quite covered with marks and ſcars, even allowing him to have been cured by the moſt expert ſurgeons of the age in which he lived.

He, notwithſtanding, beſtowed great commendations on the author, who concludes his book with the promiſe of finiſhing that interminable adventure; and was more than once inclined to ſeize the quill, with a view of performing what was left undone; nay, he would have actually accompliſhed the affair, and publiſhed it accordingly, had not reflections of greater moment employed his imagination, and diverted him from the execution of that deſign.

Divers and obſtinate were the diſputes he maintained againſt the parſon of the pariſh, (a man of ſome learning, who had taken his degrees at Siguenza‖,) on that puzzling queſtion, whether Palmerin of England, or Amadis De Gaul, was the moſt illuſtrious knight-errant;

mentions the *duelos y quebrantos* among thoſe articles that conſumed three-fourths of the knight's income.

Having conſidered this momentous affair with all the deliberation it deſerves, we in our turn present the reader with cucumbers, greens, or peaſe-porridge, as the fruit of our induſtrious reſearches; being thereunto determined by the literal ſignification of the text, which is not 'grumblings and groanings,' as the laſt-mentioned ingenious annotator ſeems to think, but rather pains and breakings; and evidently points at ſuch eatables as generate and expel wind; qualities (as every body knows) eminently inherent in thoſe vegetables we have mentioned as our hero's Saturday's repaſt.

* *Pedadera*, literally ſignifies a pruning-hook.

† In the original, a lover of hunting.

‡ *Quixadas*, ſignifies jaws, of which our knight had an extraordinary proviſion.

‖ Siguenza, a town ſituated on the banks of the Henares, in New Caſtile, in which there is a ſmall univerſity.

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but maſter Nicholas, who acted as barber to the village, aſſirmed, that none of them equalled the knight of the ſun, or indeed could be compared to him in any degree, except Don Galaor, brother of Amadis De Gaul; for his diſpoſition was adapted to all emergencies; he was neither ſuch a preciſe, nor ſuch a puling coxcomb, as his brother; and in point of valour, his equal at leaſt.

So eager and entangled was our hidalgo*, in this kind of hiſtory, that he would often read from morning to night, and from night to morning again, without interruption; till at laſt the moiſture of his brain being quite exhauſted with indefatigable watching and ſtudy, he fairly loſt his wits; all that he had read of quarrels, inchantments, battles, challenges, wounds, tortures, amorous complaints, and other improbable conceits, took full poſſeſſion of his fancy; and he believed all thoſe romantick exploits ſo implicitly, that, in his opinion, the Holy Scripture was not more true. He obſerved that Cid Ruydias was an excellent knight; but not equal to the lord of the flaming-ſword, who with one back-ſtroke had cut two fierce and monſtrous giants through the middle. He had ſtill a better opinion of Bernardo Del Carpio; who, at the battle of Roncevalles, put the inchanted Orlando to death†, by the ſame means that Hercules uſed when he ſtrangled the earth born Anteus. Neither was he ſilent in the praiſe of Morgante; who, though of that gigantick race which is noted for inſolence and incivility, was perfectly affable and well-bred. But his chief favourite was Reynaldo of Montalban, whom he hugely admired for his proweſs, in ſallying from his caſtle to rob travellers; and, above all things, for his dexterity in ſtealing that idol of the impoſtor Mahomet, which, according to the hiſtory, was of ſolid gold. For an opportunity of pummelling the traitor Galalon‡, he would willingly have given his houſekeeper, body and ſoul; nay, and his niece into the bargain. In ſhort, his underſtanding being quite perverted, he was ſeized with the ſtrangeſt whim that ever entered the brain of a madman: this was no other than a full perſuaſion, that it was highly expedient and neceſſary, not only for his own honour, but alſo for the good of the publick, that he ſhould profeſs knight-errantry, and ride through the world in arms, to ſeek adventures, and conform in all points to the practice of thoſe itinerant heroes whoſe exploits he had read; redreſſing all manner of grievances, and courting all occaſions of expoſing himſelf to ſuch dangers, as in the event would entitle him to everlaſting renown. This poor lunatick looked upon himſelf already as good as ſeated, by his own ſingle valour, on the throne of Trebiſond; and, intoxicated with theſe agreeable vapours of his unaccountable folly, reſolved to put his deſign in practice forthwith.

In the firſt place he cleaned an old ſuit of armour, which had belonged to ſome of his anceſtors, and which he found in his garret, where it had lain for ſeveral ages, quite covered over with mouldineſs and ruſt; but having ſcoured and put it to rights, as well as he could, he perceived, that inſtead of a compleat helmet, there was only a ſimple head-piece without a beaver. This unlucky defect, however, his induſtry ſupplied by a vizor, which he made of paſte-board, and fixed ſo artificially to the morrion, that it looked like an entire helmet. True it is, that in order to try if it was ſtrong enough to riſk his jaws in, he unſheathed his ſword, and beſtowed upon it two hearty ſtrokes, the firſt of which in a twinkling undid his whole week's labour. He did not at all approve of the facility with which he hewed it in pieces; and therefore, to ſecure himſelf from any ſuch danger for the future, went to work anew. He faced it with a plate of iron, in ſuch a manner as that he remained ſatisfied of it's ſtrength without putting

* Hidalgo has much the ſame application in Spain as ſquire in England; though it literally ſignifies the ſon of ſomething, in contradiſtinction to thoſe who are the ſons of nothing.

† Orlando, the ſuppoſed nephew of Charlemagne, and poetical hero of Boiardo and Arioſto, is ſaid to have been invulnerable in all parts of his body, except the ſoles of his feet, which he therefore took care to ſecure with double plates of armour.

‡ Galalon is ſaid to have betrayed Charlemagne's army at Roncevalles, where it was roughly handled by the Moors, in his retreat from Spain.

it

it to a second trial, and looked upon it as a most finished piece of armour.

He next visited his horse, which (though he had more corners than a rial*, being as lean as Gonela's, that *tantum pellis et ossa fuit*) nevertheless, in his eye, appeared infinitely preferable to Alexander's Bucephalus, or the Cid's Babieca. Four days he consumed in inventing a name for this remarkable steed; suggesting to himself what an impropriety it would be if an horse of his qualities, belonging to such a renowned knight, should go without some sounding and significant appellation: he therefore resolved to accommodate him with one that should not only declare his past, but also his present capacity; for he thought it but reasonable, that since his master had altered his condition, he should also change his horse's name, and invest him with some sublime apd sonorous epithet, suitable to the new order and employment he professed. Accordingly, after having chosen, rejected, amended, tortured, and revolved, a world of names in his imagination, he fixed upon Rozinante†, an appellation, in his opinion, lofty, sonorous, and expressive, not only of his former, but likewise of his present situation, which entitled him to the preference over all other horses under the sun. Having thus denominated his horse, so much to his own satisfaction, he was desirous of doing himself the like justice; and after eight days study, actually assumed the title of Don Quixote: from whence, as hath been observed, the authors of this authentick history concluded, that his former name must have been Quixada, and not Quesada, as others are pleased to affirm. But recollecting that the valiant Amadis, not satisfied with that simple appellation, added to it that of his country; and in order to dignify the place of his nativity, called himself Amadis De Gaul. He resolved, like a worthy knight, to follow such an illustrious example, and assume the name of Don Quixote de La Mancha; which, in his opinion, fully expressed his generation, and at the same time reflected infinite honour on his fortunate country.

Accordingly, his armour being scowered, his beaver fitted to his head-piece, his steed accommodated with a name, and his own dignified with these additions, he reflected, that nothing else was wanting but a lady to inspire him with love; for a knight-errant without a mistress, would be like a tree destitute of leaves and fruit, or a body without a soul. 'If,' said he, 'for my 'sins, or rather for my honour, I should 'engage with some giant, an adven-'ture common in knight-errantry, and 'overthrow him in the field, by cleav-'ing him in twain, or, in short, disarm 'and subdue him; will it not be highly 'proper that I should have a mistress, 'to whom I may send my conquered 'foe; who, coming into the presence 'of the charming fair, will fall upon 'his knees, and say, in an humble 'and submissive tone; "Incomparable "princess, I am the giant Carculiam-"bro, lord of the island Malindrania, "who being vanquished in single com-"bat by the invincible knight Don "Quixote de La Mancha, am com-"manded by him to present myself be-"fore your beauty, that I may be dis-"posed of, according to the pleasure of "your highness?" How did the heart of our worthy knight dance with joy when he uttered this address; and still more, when he found a lady worthy of his affection! This, they say, was an hale, buxom, country wench, called Aldonza Lorenço, who lived in the neighbourhood, and with whom he had formerly been in love; though, by all accounts, she never knew, nor gave herself the least concern about the matter. Her he looked upon as one qualified, in all respects, to be the queen of his inclinations; and putting his invention again to the rack for a name that should bear some affinity with her own, and at the same time become a princess or lady of quality, he determined to call her Dulcinea del Toboso, she being a native of that place; a name, in his opinion, musical, romantick, and

* This is a joke upon the knight's steed, which was so meagre, that his bones stuck out like the corners of a Spanish rial, a coin of very irregular shape, not unlike the figure in geometry called a trapezium.

† Rozinante, implies that which was formerly an ordinary horse, though the *ante* seems to have been intended by the knight as a badge of distinction, by which he was ranked before all other horses.

expressive,

expreſſive, like the reſt which he had appropriated to himſelf and his concerns.

CHAP. II.

OF THE SAGE DON QUIXOTE'S FIRST SALLY FROM HIS OWN HABITATION.

THESE preparations being made, he could no longer reſiſt the deſire of executing his deſign; reflecting with impatience on the injury his delay occaſioned in the world, where there was abundance of grievances to be redreſſed, wrongs to be rectified, errors to be amended, abuſes to be reformed, and doubts to be removed; he therefore, without communicating his intention to any body, or being ſeen by a living ſoul, one morning before day, in the ſcorching month of July, put on his armour, mounted Rozinante, buckled his ill-contrived helmet, braced his target, ſeized his lance, and through the back door of his yard ſallied into the fields in a rapture of joy, occaſioned by this eaſy and ſucceſsful beginning of his admirable undertaking: but ſcarce was he clear of the village, when he was aſſaulted by ſuch a terrible objection, as had well-nigh induced our hero to abandon his enterprize directly; for he recollected that he had never been knighted; and therefore, according to the laws of chivalry, he neither could nor ought to enter the liſts with any antagoniſt of that degree; nay, even granting he had received that mark of diſtinction, it was his duty to wear white armour, like a new knight, without any device on his ſhield, until ſuch time as his valour ſhould entitle him to that honour*.

Theſe cogitations made him waver a little in his plan; but his madneſs prevailing over every other conſideration, ſuggeſted that he might be dubbed by the firſt perſon he ſhould meet, after the example of many others who had fallen upon the ſame expedient; as he had read in thoſe miſchievous books which had diſordered his imagination†. With reſpect to the white armour, he propoſed, with the firſt opportunity, to ſcower his own, until it ſhould be fairer than ermine: and having ſatisfied his conſcience in this manner, he purſued his deſign, without following any other road than that which his horſe was pleaſed to chuſe; being perſuaded that, in ſo doing, he manifeſted the true ſpirit of adventure. Thus proceeded our flaming adventurer, while he uttered the following ſoliloquy.

'Doubtleſs, in future ages, when 'the true hiſtory of my famed exploits 'ſhall come to light, the ſage author, 'when he recounts my firſt and early 'ſally, will expreſs himſelf in this 'manner: "Scarce had ruddy Phœbus, "o'er this wide and ſpacious earth, diſ"played the golden threads of his re"fulgent hair; and ſcarce the little "painted warblers with their forky "tongues, in ſoft, melliſluous har"mony, had hailed the approach of "roſy-winged Aurora, who ſtealing "from her jealous huſband's couch, "through the balconies and aërial "gates of Mancha's bright horizon, "ſtood confeſſed to wondering mortals; "when lo! the illuſtrious knight Don "Quixote de La Mancha, up-ſpringing "from the lazy down, beſtrode famed "Rozinante his unrivalled ſteed! and "through Monteil's ancient, well-"known field," which was really the caſe, "purſued his way." Then he added, 'O fortunate age! O happy 'times! in which ſhall be made pub'lick my incomparable atchievements, 'worthy to be engraved in braſs, on 'marble ſculptured, and in painting 'ſhewn, as great examples to futurity! 'And O! thou ſage enchanter, who'ſoever thou may'ſt be, doomed to re'cord the wondrous ſtory, forget not, 'I beſeech thee, my truſty Rozinante, 'the firm companion of my various 'fate!' Then making a ſudden tranſition, he exclaimed, as if he had been actually in love, 'O Dulcinea! ſove'reign princeſs of this captive heart,

* According to the ancient rules of chivalry, no man was entitled to the rank and degree of knighthood, until he had been in actual battle, and taken a priſoner with his own hand.

† It was common for one knight to dub another. Francis I. King of France, was knighted, at his own deſire, by the Chevalier Bayard, who was looked upon as the flower of chivalry.

'what

'what dire affliction haſt thou made me 'ſuffer, thus baniſhed from thy pre-'ſence with reproach, and fettered by 'thy rigorous command, not to appear 'again before thy beauteous face! 'Deign, princeſs, to remember this thy 'faithful ſlave, who now endures ſuch 'miſery for love of thee!' Theſe, and other ſuch rhapſodies, he ſtrung toge-ther; imitating, as much as in him lay, the ſtile of thoſe ridiculous books which he had read; and jogging along, in ſpite of the ſun, which beamed upon him ſo intenſely hot, that ſurely his brains, if any had remained, would have been fried in his ſkull: that whole day did he travel without encountering any thing worth mentioning; a circum-ſtance that grieved him ſorely, for he had expected to find ſome object on which he could try the proweſs of his valiant arm*.

Some authors ſay, his firſt adventure was that of the paſs of Lapice; but others affirm, that the windmills had the maidenhead of his valour: all that I can aver of the matter, in con-ſequence of what I found recorded in the annals of La Mancha, is, that hav-ing travelled the whole day, his horſe and he, about twilight, found them-ſelves exceſſively wearied, and half dead with hunger; and that looking around for ſome caſtle or ſheep-cote, in which he might allay the cravings of nature, by repoſe and refreſhment; he deſcried, not far from the road, an inn, which he looked upon as the ſtar that would guide him to the porch, if not the pa-lace, of his redemption: in this hope, he put ſpurs to his horſe, and juſt in the twilight reached the gate, where at that time there happened to be two la-dies of the game; who, being on their journey to Seville, with the carriers, had chanced to take up their night's lodging in this place.

As our hero's imagination converted whatſoever he ſaw, heard, or conſidered, into ſomething of which he had read in books of chivalry; he no ſooner per-ceived the inn, than his fancy repre-ſented it as a ſtately caſtle, with it's four towers and pinnacles of ſhining ſil-ver, accommodated with a draw-bridge, deep moat, and all other conveniences that are deſcribed as belonging to build-ings of that kind.

When he was within a ſmall diſtance of this inn, which to him ſeemed a caſtle, he drew bridle, and ſtopped Rozinante, in hope that ſome dwarf would appear upon the battlements, and ſignify his arrival by ſound of trumpet: but as this ceremony was not performed ſo ſoon as he expected, and his ſteed ex-preſſed great eagerneſs to be in the ſta-ble, he rode up to the gate, and obſerv-ing the battered wenches before-men-tioned, miſtook them for two beautiful maidens, or agreeable ladies, enjoying the cool breeze at the caſtle gate. At that inſtant, a ſwine-herd, who, in a field hard by, was tending a drove of hogs, (with leave be it ſpoken) chanced to blow his horn, in order to collect his ſcattered ſubjects: immediately the knight's expectation was fulfilled, and concluding that now the dwarf had giv-en the ſignal of his approach, he rode towards the inn with infinite ſatisfaction. The ladies no ſooner perceived ſuch a ſtrange figure, armed with lance and target, than they were ſeized with con-ſternation, and ran affrighted to the gate; but Don Quixote, gueſſing their terror by their flight, lifted up his paſte-board vizor, and diſcovering his meagre lan-thorn-jaws beſmeared with duſt, ad-dreſſed them thus, with gentle voice and courteous demeanor: 'Fly me not, la-'dies; nor dread the leaſt affront; for 'it belongs not to the order of knight-'hood, which I profeſs, to injure any 'mortal, much leſs ſuch high-born 'damſels as your appearance declares 'you to be.'

The wenches, who ſtared at him with all their curioſity, in order to diſcover his face, which the ſorry beaver con-cealed, hearing themſelves ſtiled HIGH-BORN DAMSELS, an epithet ſo foreign to their profeſſion, could contain them-ſelves no longer, but burſt out into ſuch a fit of laughter, that Don Quixote, be-ing offended, rebuked them in theſe words: 'Nothing is more commend-'able in beautiful women than mo-'deſty; and nothing more ridiculous 'than laughter proceeding from a ſlight

* He might have imitated the young knight deſcribed in Perce Foreſt, who having been dubbed by King Alexander, rode into a wood, and attacked the trees with ſuch fury and addreſs, that the king and his whole court were convinced of his proweſs and dexterity.

'cauſe

'cause: but this I mention not as a 'reproach, by which I may incur your 'indignation; on the contrary, my in-'tention is only to do you service.'

This address, which was wholly unintelligible to the ladies, together with the ludicrous appearance of him who pronounced it, increased their mirth; which kindled the knight's anger, and he began to wax wroth; when luckily the landlord interposed. This inn-keeper, who, by reason of his unwieldy belly, was of a pacifick disposition, no sooner beheld the preposterous figure of our hero, equipped with such ill-suited accoutrements as his bridle, lance, target, and corslet composed, than he was seized with an inclination to join the nymphs in their unseasonable merriment; but being justly afraid of incensing the owner of such unaccountable furniture, he resolved to behave civilly, and accordingly accosted him in these words: 'Sir knight, if your worship wants 'lodging, you may be accommodated 'in this inn with every thing in great 'abundance, except a bed; for at pre-'sent we have not one unengaged.' Don Quixote perceiving the humility of the governor of the castle, for such he supposed the landlord to be, answered, 'For me, Signior Castellano, any thing 'will suffice; my dress is armour, bat-'tles my repose, &c.' Mine host imagining that he called him Castellano*, because he looked like a hypocritical rogue; though indeed, he was an Andalusian, born on the coast of St. Lucar, as great a thief as Cacus, and more mischievous than a collegian or a page, replied with a sneer, 'If that be the 'case, I suppose your worship's couch 'is no other than the flinty rock, and 'your sleep perpetual waking; so that 'you may alight with the comfortable 'assurance, that you will find, in this 'mansion, continual opportunities of 'defying sleep, not only for one night, 'but for a whole year, if you please to 'try the experiment.' With these words, he laid hold of the stirrup of Don Quixote; who, dismounting with infinite pain and difficulty, occasioned by his having travelled all day long without any refreshment, bade the landlord take special care of his steed; for, he observed, a better piece of horse-flesh had never broke bread.

The innkeeper, though with all his penetration he could not discern any qualities in Rozinante sufficient to justify one half of what was said in his praise, led him civilly into the stable; and having done the honours of the place, returned to receive the commands of his other guest, whom he found in the hands of the high born damsels; who having by this time reconciled themselves to him, were busied in taking off his armour: they had already disincumbered him of his back and breast-plates, but could fall upon no method of disengaging his head and neck from his ill-contrived helmet and gorget, which were fast tied with green ribbands, the Gordian knots of which no human hands could loose; and he would by no means allow them to be cut; so that he remained all night armed from the throat upwards, and afforded as odd and comical a spectacle as ever was seen†. While these kind harridans, whom he supposed to be the constable's lady and daughter, were employed in this hospitable office, he said to them with a smile of inconceivable pleasure, 'Never 'was knight so honoured by the ser-'vice of ladies as Don Quixote, when 'he first ushered himself into the world; 'ladies ministered unto him, and prin-'cesses took charge of his Rozinante. 'O Rozinante! (for that, fair ladies, 'is the name of my steed, and Don 'Quixote de La Mancha the appella-'tion of his master) not that I intend-'ed to have disclosed myself until the 'deeds atchieved in your service should 'have made me known; but, in order 'to accommodate my present situation 'to that venerable romance of Sir Lan-'celot, I am obliged to discover my 'name a little prematurely; yet the time

* *Sana de Castella*, signifies a crafty knave.

† This circumstance of the ladies disarming the knight, is exactly conformable to the practice of chivalry; though his refusing to lay aside his helmet is no great argument of his courtesy or attachment to the laws and customs of his profession; for, among knights, it was looked upon as an indispensible mark of respect, to appear without the helmet in church, and in presence of ladies, or respectable personages; and, indeed, in those iron times, this was considered as a necessary mark and proof of peaceable intention: hence we derive the custom of uncovering the head in salutation.

'will come, when your highneſſes ſhall 'command, and I will obey, and the 'valour of this arm teſtify the deſire I 'feel of being your ſlave.'

The charmers, whom nature never deſired to expoſe to ſuch extraordinary compliments, anſwered not a ſyllable, but aſked if he choſe to have any thing for ſupper. To which kind queſtion Don Quixote replied, that from the information of his bowels, he believed nothing eatable could come amiſs. As it was unluckily a meagre day, the inn afforded no other fare than ſome bundles of that fiſh which is called abadexo in Caſtile, baccalao in Andaluſia, curadillo in ſome parts of Spain, and truchuela in others: ſo that they inquired if his worſhip could eat truchuela; for there was no other fiſh to be had. 'A number of troutlings,' anſwered the knight, 'will pleaſe me as 'much as one trout; for, in my opi'nion, eight ſingle rials are equivalent 'to one piece of eight; beſides, thoſe 'troutlings may be as much preferable 'to trouts, as veal is to beef, or lamb 'to mutton*: be that as it will, let 'the fiſh be immediately produced; 'for the toil and burden of arms are 'not to be borne without ſatisfying the 'cravings of the ſtomach.' A table being therefore covered at the inn-door, for the benefit of the cool air, mine hoſt brought out a cut of baccalao, wretchedly watered, and villainouſly cooked, with a loaf as black and greaſy as his gueſt's own armour: but his manner of eating afforded infinite ſubject for mirth; for, his head being incloſed in his helmet, and the beaver lifted up, his own hands could be of no ſervice in reaching the food to his mouth; and therefore one of the ladies undertook to perform that office: but they found it impoſſible to convey drink in the ſame manner; and our hero muſt have made an uncomfortable meal, if the landlord had not bored a cane, and putting one end of it in his mouth, poured ſome wine into the other; an operation he endured with patience, rather than ſuffer the ribbands of his helmet to be deſtroyed.

While they were thus employed, a ſow-gelder happened to arrive at the inn, and winding three or four bla ſts with his horn, confirmed Don Quixote in his opinion, that he ſat in ſome ſtately caſtle, entertained with muſick during his repaſt, which, conſiſting of delicate trouting and bread of the fineſt flour, was ſerved up, not by a brace of harlots and a thieviſh innkeeper, but by the fair hands of two beautiful ladies, and the courteous governor of the place. This conceit juſtified his undertaking and rendered him very happy in the ſucceſs of his firſt ſally: but he was mortified when he recollected that he was not as yet knighted; becauſe he thought he could not lawfully atchieve any adventure without having been firſt inveſted with that honourable order.

CHAP. III.

THE DIVERTING EXPEDIENT DON QUIXOTE FALLS UPON IN ORDER TO BE KNIGHTED.

HARASSED by this reflection, he abridged his ſorry meal, and called for the landlord; with whom having ſhut himſelf up in the ſtable, he fell upon his knees, and addreſſed the ſuppoſed conſtable in theſe words: 'Never will I riſe from this ſuppliant 'poſture, thrice valiant knight, until 'your courteſy ſhall grant the boon I 'mean to beg; a boon, that will not 'only redound to your particular praiſe, 'but alſo to the ineſtimable benefit of 'mankind in general†.' The innkeeper hearing ſuch diſcourſe proceed from the mouth of his gueſt, who kneeled before him, was aſtoniſhed; and gazed at our hero, without knowing what to ſay or do: at length, however, he intreated him to riſe; but this requeſt was abſolutely refuſed, until he aſſured him that his boon ſhould be granted. 'Signior,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'I could expect no leſs from the 'courteſy of your magnificence; I will 'now therefore tell you, that the boon 'which I have begged, and obtained 'from your generoſity, is, that you 'will, to-morrow morning, vouchſafe 'to confer upon me the honour of

* In the original, or kid to he-goat.

† This requeſt was a little premature, inaſmuch as the practice of chivalry did not authorize the ſuppliant to aſk a boon of his godfather, until he was dubbed, and then he had a right to demand it.

'knight-

'knighthood. This night will I watch 'my arms in the chapel of your caſtle; 'that the morning, as I ſaid, may ful-'fil my eager deſire, and enable me, as 'I ought, to traverſe the four corners 'of the world, in ſearch of adventures 'for the relief of the diſtreſſed, accord-'ing to the duty and office of chivalry, 'and of thoſe knight-errants, in imi-'tation of whom my genius is ſtrongly 'addicted to ſuch atchievements.'

The landlord, who, as we have already obſerved, was a ſort of a wag, and had, from the beginning, ſuſpected that his lodger's brain was none of the ſoundeſt, having heard him to an end, no longer entertained any doubts about the matter; and, in order to regale himſelf and the reſt of his gueſts with a diſh of mirth, reſolved to humour him in his extravagance. With this view, he told him, that nothing could be more juſt and reaſonable than his requeſt, his conceptions being extremely well-ſuited, and natural to ſuch a peerleſs knight as his commanding preſence and gallant demeanour demonſtrated him to be; that he himſelf had, in his youth, exerciſed the honourable profeſſion of errantry, ſtrolling from place to place in queſt of adventures, in the courſe of which he did not fail to viſit the ſuburbs of Malaga, the iſles of Riaran, the booths of Seville, the market-place of Segovia, the olive-gardens of Valencia, the little tower of Grenada, the bay of St. Lucar, the ſpout of Cordova*, the publick houſes of Toledo, and many other places, in which he had exerciſed the dexterity of his hands as well as the lightneſs of his heels, doing infinite miſchief; courting widows without number, debauching damſels, ruining heirs, and, in ſhort, making himſelf known at the bar of every tribunal in Spain: that, at length, he had retired to the caſtle, where he lived on his own means, together with thoſe of other people; accommodating knights-errant of every quality and degree, ſolely on account of the affection he bore to them, and to the coin which they parted with in return for his hoſpitality. He, moreover, informed him, that there was no chapel in the caſtle at preſent, where he could watch his armour, it having been demoliſhed in order to be rebuilt; but that, in caſe of neceſſity, as he very well knew, he might chuſe any other place; that the court-yard of the caſtle would very well ſerve the purpoſe; where, when the knight ſhould have watched all night, he, the hoſt, would in the morning, with God's permiſſion, perform all the other ceremonies required, and create him not only a knight, but ſuch an one as ſhould not have his fellow in the whole univerſe.

He then aſked, if he carried any money about with him: and the knight replied, that he had not a ſous; for he had never read in the hiſtory of knights-errant, that they had ever troubled themſelves with any ſuch incumbrance. The innkeeper aſſured him, that he was very much miſtaken; for that though no ſuch circumſtance was to be found in thoſe hiſtories, the authors having thought it ſuperfluous to mention things that were ſo plainly neceſſary as money and clean ſhirts, it was not to be ſuppoſed that their heroes travelled without ſupplies of both; he might therefore take it for granted and uncontrovertible, that all thoſe knights, whoſe actions are ſo voluminouſly recorded, never rode without their purſes well lined in caſes of emergency†; not forgetting to carry a ſtock of linen, with a ſmall box of ointment to cure the wounds they might receive in the courſe of their adventures; for it was not to be imagined, that any other relief was to be had every time they ſhould have occaſion to fight, and be wounded in fields and deſarts; unleſs they were befriended by ſome ſage inchanter, who would aſſiſt them, by tranſporting through the air, in a cloud, ſome damſel, or dwarf, with a cordial of ſuch virtue, that one drop of it would inſtantly cure them of their bruiſes and wounds, and make them as ſound as if no ſuch miſchance had happened: but the knights

* Literally, the colt of Cordova, becauſe the water guſhes out of a fountain reſembling an horſe's mouth. Theſe are places of reſort frequented by thieves and ſharpers.

† Here the landlord was more ſelfiſh than obſervant of the cuſtoms of chivalry; for knights were actually exempted from all expence whatever; except when damages were awarded againſt them in a court of juſtice; and in that caſe they paid for their rank. This they looked upon as a mark of their pre-eminence; in conſequence of which, at the ſiege of Don le Roy, in the year 1411, each knight was ordered to carry eight faſcines, while the ſquire was only for half the number.

of former ages, who had no such assistance to depend upon, laid it down as a constant maxim, to order their squires to provide themselves with money and other necessaries, such as ointment and lint for immediate application: and, when the knight happened to be without a squire, which was very seldom the case, he himself kept them in very small bags, that hung, scarce perceptible, at his horse's rump, as if it were a treasure of much greater importance. Though, indeed, except upon such an occasion, that of carrying bags was not much for the honour of knight-errantry; for which reason, he advised Don Quixote, and now that he was on the brink of being his godson, he might command him, never thenceforward to travel without money, and those other indispensible necessaries, with which he should provide himself as soon as possible; and then he would, when he least thought of it, find his account in having made such provision.

The knight promised to follow his advice with all deference and punctuality; and thereupon received orders to watch his armour in a large court on one side of the inn; where, having gathered the several pieces on a heap, he placed them in a cistern that belonged to the well; then bracing on his target, and grasping his lance, he walked with courteous demeanour backward and forward before the cistern; beginning this knightly exercise as soon as it was dark*. The roguish landlord having informed every lodger in his house of our hero's frenzy, the watching of his armour, and his expectation of being dubbed a knight; they were astonished at such a peculiar strain of madness, and going out to observe him at a distance, beheld him with silent gesture sometimes stalking along, sometimes leaning on his spear, with his eyes fixed upon his armour, for a considerable space of time. Though it was now night, the moon shone with such splendour, as might even vie with the source from which she derived her brightness; so that every motion of our novitiate was distinctly perceived by all present. At this instant, a carrier, who lodged in the inn, took it in his head to water his mules; and it being necessary for this purpose to clear the cistern, he went to lift off Don Quixote's armour; when a loud voice accosted him in these words: 'O thou! whosoever 'thou art, bold and insolent knight! 'who presumest to touch the armour of 'the most valiant errant that ever girded 'himself with cold iron, consider what 'thou art about to attempt, and touch 'it not, unless thou art desirous of 'yielding thy life as the price of thy 'temerity.'

The carrier, far from regarding these threats, which, had he regarded his own carcase, he would not have despised, laid hold on the sacred deposit, and threw it piece-meal into the yard with all his might. Don Quixote no sooner beheld this profanation, than lifting up his eyes to Heaven, and addressing himself, in all likelihood, to his Mistress Dulcinea, he said, 'Grant me thy assistance, dear 'lady of my heart! in this insult offer-'ed to thy lowly vassal, and let me not 'be deprived of thy favourable protec-'tion in this my first perilous atchieve-'ment.' Having uttered this and some other ejaculation, he quitted his target, and raising his lance with both hands, bestowed it with such good-will upon the carrier's head, that he fell prostrate on the ground, so effectually mauled, that had the blow been repeated, there would have been no occasion to call a surgeon. This exploit being performed, he replaced his armour, and returned to his walk, which he continued with his former composure.

It was not long before another carrier, not knowing what had happened to his companion, who still lay without sense or motion, arrived, with the same intention of watering his mules, and went straight up to the cistern, in order to remove the armour; when Don Quixote, without speaking a syllable, or asking leave of any living soul, once more quitted his target, and lifting up his lance, made another experiment of it's hardness upon the pate of the second carrier, which failed in the application, giving way in four different places. At the

* This custom of watching armour in church or chapel, was a religious duty imposed upon knights, who used to consume the whole night in prayer to some saint, whom they chose as their patron; and this exercise of devotion was performed on the night preceding the said saint's day. The same ceremony was observed by those who were sentenced to the combat-proof.

noise



Plate XII.

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noiſe of this encounter, every body in the houſe, innkeeper, and all, came running to the field; at ſight of whom Don Quixote, ſnatching up his target, and drawing his ſword, pronounced aloud, 'O lady, of tranſcendent beauty! 'the force and vigour of my enfeebled 'heart; now, if ever, is the time for 'thee to turn thy princely eyes on this 'thy caitif knight, who is on the eve 'of ſo migh y an adventure.' So ſaying, he ſeemed to have acquired ſuch courage, that had he been aſſaulted by all the carriers in the univerſe, he would not have retreated one ſtep.

The companions of the wounded, ſeeing how their friends had been handled, began at a diſtance to diſcharge a ſhower of ſtones upon the knight; who, as well as he could, ſheltered himſelf under his ſhield, not daring to leave the ciſtern, leſt ſome miſchance ſhould happen to his armour. The innkeeper called aloud, entreating them to leave off; for, as he had told them before, the man being mad, would be acquitted on account of his lunacy, even though he ſhould put every ſoul of them to death. At the ſame time, Don Quixote, in a voice louder ſtill, upbraided them as cowardly traitors, and called the conſtable of the caſtle a worthleſs and baſe-born knight, for allowing his gueſt to be treated in ſuch an inhoſpitable manner; ſwearing, that if he had received the honour of knighthood, he would make him repent his diſcourteous behaviour. 'But as for you,' ſaid he, 'ye vile, ill-mannered ſcum, ye are be-'neath my notice. Diſcharge, approach, 'come forward, and annoy me as much 'as you can, you ſhall ſoon ſee what 'reward you will receive for your in-'ſolent extravagance.' Theſe words, delivered in a bold and reſolute tone, ſtruck terror into the hearts of the aſſailants; who, partly for this menace, and partly on account of the landlord's perſuaſion, gave over their attack; while he, on his ſide, allowed the wounded to retire, and returned to his watch, with his former eaſe and tranquillity.

Theſe pranks of the knight were not at all to the liking of the landlord, who reſolved to abridge the ceremony, and beſtow this unlucky order of knighthood immediately, before any other miſchief ſhould happen. Approaching him, therefore, he diſclaimed the inſolence with which his gueſt had been treated by thoſe ſaucy plebeians, without his knowledge or conſent; and obſerved that they had been juſtly chaſtiſed for their impudence: that, as he had told him before, there was no chapel in the caſtle, nor indeed, for what was to be done, was it at all neceſſary; nothing of the ceremony now remaining unperformed, except the cuff on the neck, and the thwack on the ſhoulders, as they are preſcribed in the ceremonial of the order; and that this part might be executed in the middle of a field: he aſſured him alſo, that he had punctually complied with every thing that regarded the watching of his armour, which might have been finiſhed in two hours, though he had already remained double the time on that duty. Don Quixote believing every ſyllable that he ſpoke, ſaid, he was ready to obey him in all things, and beſought him to conclude the matter as ſoon as poſſible: for, in caſe he ſhould be attacked again, after having been knighted, he would not leave a ſoul alive in the caſtle, except thoſe whom he ſhould ſpare at his requeſt.

The conſtable, alarmed at this declaration, immediately brought out his day-book, in which he kept an account of the barley and ſtraw that was expended for the uſe of the carriers, and attended by a boy with a candle's end in his hand, together with the two ladies before mentioned, came to the place where Don Quixote ſtood; then ordering him to kneel before him, mumbled in his manual, as if he had been putting up ſome very devout petition; in the midſt of which he lifted up his hand, and gave him a hearty thump on the neck; then, with the flat of his own ſword, beſtowed an handſome application acroſs his ſhoulders, muttering all the time between his teeth, as if he had been employed in ſome fervent ejaculation*. This article being fulfilled, he commanded one of the ladies to gird on his ſword, an office ſhe performed with great dexterity and diſcretion, of which there was no ſmall need to reſtrain her laughter at each particular of this ſtrange ceremony: but

* The ſlap on the ſhoulders, and the box on the ear being beſtowed, the godfather pronounced, 'In the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George, I dub thee knight: be 'worthy, bold, and loyal.'

the

the effects they had already seen of the knight's disposition, kept their mirth effectually under the rein.

When this good lady had girded on his sword, 'Heaven preserve your wor-'ship! adventurous knight,' said she, 'and make you fortunate in all your 'encounters.' Don Quixote then begged to know her name, that he might thenceforward understand to whom he was obliged for the favour he had received at her hands, and to whom he might ascribe some part of the honour he should acquire by the valour of his invincible arm. She answered with great humility, that her name was Tobosa, daughter of an honest butcher in Toledo, who lived in one of the stalls of Sancho Minaya: that she should always be at his service, and acknowledge him for her lord and master. The knight professed himself extremely obliged to her for her love, and begged she would, for the future, dignify her name by calling herself Donna Tobosa. This request she promised faithfully to comply with; and a dialogue of the same kind passed between him and the other lady who buckled on his spur: when he asked her name, she told him it was Mollinera; and that her father was an honourable miller of Antequera. Don Quixote entreated her also to ennoble her name with the same title of Donna, loaded her with thanks, and made a tender of his service. These hitherto unseen ceremonies being dispatched, as it were with post-haste, Don Quixote, impatient to see himself on horseback, in quest of adventures, saddled and mounted Rozinante forthwith, and embracing his host, uttered such a strange rhapsody of thanks for his having dubbed him knight, that it is impossible to rehearse the compliment. The landlord, in order to get rid of him the sooner, answered in terms no less eloquent, though something more laconick, and let him march off in a happy hour, without demanding one farthing for his lodging.

CHAP. IV.

OF WHAT BEFEL OUR KNIGHT, WHEN HE SALLIED FROM THE INN.

IT was early in the morning when Don Quixote sallied from the inn, so well satisfied, so sprightly, and so glad to see himself invested with the order of knighthood, that the very girths of his horse vibrated with joy: but, remembering his landlord's advice, with regard to the necessaries he ought to carry along with him, in particular the money and clean shirts, he resolved to return to his own house, and furnish himself not only with these, but also with a squire. For this office he fixed, in his own mind, upon a poor ploughman who lived in his neighbourhood, maintaining a family of children by his labour; a person in all respects qualified for the lower services of chivalry. With this view he steered his course homeward: and Rozinante, as if he had guessed the knight's intention, began to move with such alacrity and nimbleness, that his hoofs scarce seemed to touch the ground.

He had not travelled far, when from the thickest part of a wood that grew on his right-hand, his ear was saluted with shrill repeated cries, which seemed to issue from the mouth of some creature in grievous distress. No sooner did our hero hear this lamentation, than he exclaimed, 'Heaven be praised for the fa-'vour with which it now indulges me, 'in giving me an opportunity so soon 'of fulfilling the duties of my profes-'sion, and reaping the fruit of my 'laudable intention! These cries doubt-'less proceed from some miserable male 'or female, who stands in need of my 'immediate aid and protection.' Then turning Rozinante, he rode towards the place whence the complaint seemed to come; and having entered the wood a few paces, he found a mare tied to one oak, and a lad about fifteen, naked from the waist upwards, made fast to another. This was he who screamed so piteously, and indeed not without reason; for a sturdy peasant was employed in making applications to his carcase with a leathern strap, accompanying each stripe with a word of reproof and advice. Above all things, laying upon him strong injunctions, to use his tongue less, and his eyes more: the young fellow replied, with great fervency, 'I 'will never do so again, master, so help 'me God! I won't do so any more; but 'for the future take more care, and use 'more dispatch.'

Don Quixote observing what passed, pronounced aloud with great indignation: 'Discourteous knight, it ill be-'comes thee to attack one who cannot 'defend

'defend himself: mount thy steed, 'couch thy lance,' (for there was actually a lance leaning against the tree to which the mare was tied) 'and I will 'make thee sensible of the cowardice of 'the action in which thou art now engaged.' The peasant seeing this strange figure, buckled in armour, and brandishing a lance over his head, was mortally afraid, and with great humility replied, 'Sir knight, this lad whom I 'am chastising, is my own servant hired 'to keep a flock of sheep, which feed in 'these fields; but he is so negligent, that 'every day I lose one of the number, 'and because I punish him for his carelessness, or knavery, he says that I 'scourge him out of avarice, rather than 'pay him his wages; though, upon my 'conscience, and as I shall answer to 'God, he tells a lye.'—'How! a lye, 'before me, base caitif!' cried Don Quixote; 'by the sun that enlightens 'this globe, I have a good mind to thrust 'this lance through thy body! Pay the 'young man his wages straight, without 'reply; or, by the Power that rules us, 'I will finish and annihilate thee in an 'instant! unbind him therefore without 'hesitation.'

The countryman hung his head, and without speaking a syllable, untied his man; who, being asked by the knight how much money was due to him, said his master owed him for three quarters, at the rate of six rials a month. His deliverer having cast it up, found that the whole amounted to sixty-three rials, and ordered the peasant to disburse them instantly, unless he had a mind to perish under his hands. The affrighted farmer affirmed, by the grievous situation in which he was, and the oath he had already taken, though, by the bye, he had taken no oath at all, that the sum did not amount to so much; for that he was to discount and allow for three pair of shoes he had received, and a rial for two bleedings while he was sick. 'Granting that to be true,' replied Don Quixote, 'the shoes and the bleeding shall 'stand for the stripes you have given 'him without cause; for, if he has wore 'out the leather of the shoes that you 'paid for, you have made as free with 'the leather of his carcase; and if the 'barber let out his blood when he was 'sick, you have blooded him when he 'was well; he therefore stands acquitted of these debts.'—'The misfortune, Sir knight,' said the peasant, 'is 'this, I have not coin about me: but 'if Andrew will go home to my house, 'I will pay him honestly in ready-money.'—'Go with you!' cried the lad; 'the devil fetch me if I do! No, no, 'master, I must not think of that; were 'I to go home with him alone, he would 'flay me like another Saint Bartholomew.'—'He won't do so,' replied the knight, 'but shew more regard to my 'commands; and if he will swear to 'me by the laws of that order of knighthood which he has received, that he 'will pay you your wages, I will set 'him free, and warrant the payment.'—'Lord, how your worship talks!' said the boy; 'this master of mine is no 'gentleman, nor has he received any 'order of knighthood, but is known by 'the name of rich John Haldudo, and 'lives in the neighbourhood of Quintanar.'—'No matter,' replied Don Quixote, 'there may be knights among the 'Haldudos, especially as every one is 'the son of his own works.'—'True,' said Andrew; 'but what works is my 'master the son of, since he refuses to pay 'me for my labour, and the sweat of my 'brows?'—'I don't refuse, honest Andrew,' answered the peasant; 'thou wilt 'do me a pleasure in going home with 'me; and I swear by all the honours of 'knighthood in the universe, that I will 'pay thee thy wages, as I said before, in ready-money; nay, you shall 'have it perfumed into the bargain.'—'Thank you for your perfumes!' said the knight; 'pay him in lawful coin, 'and I shall be satisfied: and be sure 'you fulfil the oath you have taken; 'for, by the same obligation, I swear, 'that in case you fail, I will return to 'chastise you, and ferret you out, even 'though you should be more concealed 'than a lizard. If you would understand who it is that lays such commands upon you, that you may find 'yourself under a necessity of performing them with reverence and awe, 'know that I am the valiant Don 'Quixote de La Mancha, the redresser 'of wrongs, and scourge of injustice: 'so farewel. Remember, not to belye 'your promise and oath, on pain of the 'penalty prescribed.' With these words, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and was out of sight in a moment.

The countryman followed him with his eyes, till he saw him quite clear of the

the wood; then turning to Andrew, said, 'Come hither, child, I must pay 'what I owe you, according to the 'order of that redresser of wrongs.'— 'And adad,' said Andrew, 'you had 'best not neglect the orders of that 'worthy knight, who (blessings on his 'heart!) is equally valiant and upright; 'for odds bobs, if you do not pay me, 'he will return and be as good as his 'word.'—'In faith, I am of the same 'opinion,' replied the peasant; 'but, 'out of my infinite regard for you, I 'am desirous of encreasing the debt, 'that the payment may be doubled.' So saying, he laid hold of his arm, and tying him again to the tree, flogged him so severely, that he had like to have died on the spot. 'Now is the time, 'Mr. Andrew,' said the executioner, 'to call upon the redresser of griev-'ances, who will find it difficult to re-'dress this, which by the bye I am loth 'to finish, being very much inclined 'to justify your fear of being flayed 'alive.' At length, however, he unbound and left him at liberty to find out his judge, who was to execute the sentence he had pronounced. Andrew sneaked off, not extremely well satisfied: on the contrary, vowing to go in quest of the valiant Don Quixote de La Mancha, and inform him punctually of every thing that had happened, an account which would certainly induce him to pay the countryman sevenfold.

In spite of this consolation, however, he departed blubbering with pain, while his master remained weeping with laughter. And thus was the grievance redressed by the valiant Don Quixote, who, transported with the success, and the happy and sublime beginning which he imagined his chivalry had been favoured with, jogged on towards his own village, with infinite self satisfaction, pronouncing with a low voice, 'O Dulcinea del Toboso, fairest among 'the fair! well may'st thou be count-'ed the most fortunate beauty upon 'earth, seeing it is thy fate to keep in 'subjection and wholly resigned to thy 'will and pleasure, such a daring and 'renowned knight as Don Quixote de 'La Mancha now is, and always will 'remain. He who, as all the world 'knows, but yesterday received the ho-'nour of knighthood, and has this day 'redressed the greatest wrong and griev-'ance that ever injustice hatched, and 'cruelty committed! To-day he wrest-'ed the lash from the hand of the mer-'cileſs enemy, who so unjustly scourged 'the body of that tender infant!' Having uttered this exclamation, he found himself in a road that divided into four paths, and straight his imagination suggested those cross-ways that were wont to perplex knights-errant in their choice; in imitation of whom, he paused a little, and after mature deliberation, threw the reins on Rozinante's neck, leaving the decision to him, who following his first intention, took the path that led directly to his own stable.

Having travelled about two miles farther, Don Quixote descried a number of people, who, as was afterwards known, were six merchants of Toledo, going to buy silks at Mercia, and who travelled with umbrellas, attended by four servants on horseback, and three mule-drivers on foot. Don Quixote no sooner perceived them at a distance, than he imagined them to be some new adventure; and, in order to imitate, as much as in him lay, those scenes he had read in his books of chivalry, he thought this was an occasion expressly ordained for him to execute his purposed atchievement.

He therefore, with gallant and resolute deportment, seated himself firmly in his stirrups, grasped his lance, braced on his target, and posting himself in the middle of the road, waited the arrival of those knights-errant, for such he judged them to be. When they were near enough to hear him, he pronounced in a loud and arrogant tone: 'Let the 'whole universe cease to move, if the 'whole universe refuses to confess, that 'there is not in the whole universe a 'more beautiful damsel than the peer-'less Dulcinea del Toboso, the high 'and mighty Empress of La Mancha.'

The merchants hearing this declaration, and seeing the strange figure from which it proceeded, were alarmed at both, and halting immediately, at a distance reconnoitred the madness of the author. Curious, however, to know the meaning of that confession which he exacted, one of them, who was a sort of a wag, though at the same time a man of prudence and discretion, accosted him thus: 'Sir Knight, as we have not the 'honour to know who this worthy lady 'is, be so good as to produce her; 'and

, and if we find her so beautiful as you , proclaim her to be, we will gladly, , and without any sort of reward, con- , fess the truth, according to your de- ' sire.'—' If I produce her,' replied Don Quixote, ' what is the mighty me- ' rit of your confessing such a notorious ' truth? The importance of my de- ' mand consists in your believing, ac- ' knowledging, affirming upon oath, and ' defending her beauty, before you have ' seen it. And this ye shall do, ye in- ' solent and uncivil race, or engage ' with me in battle forthwith. Come ' on then, one by one, according to ' the laws of chivalry, or all together, ' as the treacherous custom is among ' such wretches as you; here I expect ' you with full hope and confidence in ' the justice of my cause.'—' Sir knight,' replied the merchant, ' I humbly beg, ' in the name of all these princes here ' present, that your worship will not ' oblige us to burden our consciences, ' by giving testimony to a thing that we ' have neither seen nor heard, especially ' as it tends to the prejudice of the ' queens and princesses of Alcarria and ' Estremadura; but, if your worship ' will be pleased to shew us any sort of ' a picture of this lady, though it be no ' bigger than a grain of wheat, so as ' we can judge the clue by the thread, ' we will be satisfied with this sample, ' and you shall be obeyed to your ' heart's content; for I believe we are ' already so prepossessed in her favour, ' that though the portrait should repre- ' sent her squinting with one eye, and ' distilling vermilion and brimstone ' with the other, we will, notwith- ' standing, in compliance to your wor- ' ship, say what you desire in her fa- ' vour.'—' Her eyes, infamous wretch!' replied Don Quixote, in a rage, ' distil ' not such productions, but teem with ' amber and rich perfume; neither is ' there any defect in her sight, or in her ' body, which is more straight than a ' Guadarrama spindle; but you shall ' suffer for the licentious blasphemy you ' have uttered against the unparalleled ' beauty of my sovereign mistress.' So saying, he couched his lance, and at- tacked the spokesman with such rage and fury, that had not Rozinante luck- ily stumbled and fallen in the midst of his career, the merchant would have had no cause to rejoice in his rashness; but when the unhappy steed fell to the ground, the rider was thrown over his head, and pitched at a good distance upon the field, where he found all his endeavours to get up again ineffectual, so much was he encumbered with his lance, target, helmet, and spurs, toge- ther with the weight of his ancient armour.

While he thus struggled, but in vain, to rise, he bellowed forth, ' Fly not, ' ye cowardly crew; tarry a little, ye ' base caitiffs: not through any fault ' of my own, but of my horse, am I ' thus discomfited.' One of the mule- drivers, who seems not to have been of a very milky disposition, could not bear this arrogant language of the poor over- thrown knight, without making a reply upon his ribs. Going up to him, there- fore, he laid hold on his lance, and breaking it, began to thresh him so se- verely, that, in spite of the resistance of his armour, he was almost beaten into mummy; and though the fellow's master called to him to forbear, he was so incensed, that he could not leave off the game, until he had exhausted the whole of his choler. Gathering the other pieces of the lance, he reduced them all to shivers, one after another, on the miserable carcase of the Don, who, notwithstanding this storm of blows which descended on him, never closed his mouth, but continued threat- ening heaven and earth, and those ban- ditti, for such he took the merchants to be.

The driver was tired at length of his exercise, and his masters pursued their journey, carrying with them sufficient food for conversation about this poor battered knight; who no sooner found himself alone, than he made another effort to rise; but if he found this de- sign impracticable when he was safe and sound, much less could he accom- plish it now that he was disabled, and as it were wrought into a paste. He did not, however, look upon himself as unhappy, because this misfortune was in his opinion peculiar to knights- errant; and, that he was not able to rise on account of the innumerable bruises he had received, he ascribed en- tirely to the fault of his horse.

CHAP. V.

IN WHICH THE STORY OF OUR KNIGHT'S MISFORTUNE IS CONTINUED.

FINDING it therefore impoſſible to move, he was fain to have recourſe to his uſual remedy, which was to amuſe his imagination with ſome paſſages of the books he had read; and his madneſs immediately recalled to his memory that of Valdovinos and the Marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left him wounded on the mountain; a piece of hiſtory that every body knows, that every young man is acquainted with, and which is celebrated, nay more, believed, by old age itſelf, though it be as apocryphal as the miracles of Mahomet: nevertheleſs, it occurred to him as an occaſion expreſsly adapted to his preſent ſituation. Therefore, with marks of extreme affliction, he began to roll about upon the ground, and with a languid voice, exclaim, in the words of the wounded knight of the wood—

'Where art thou, lady of my heart,
'Regardleſs of my miſery?
'Thou little know'ſt thy lover's ſmart,
'Or faithleſs art and falſe pardie!'

In this manner he went on repeating the romance until he came to theſe lines:

'O noble prince of Mantuan plains.
'My carnal kinſman, and my lord!'

Before he could repeat the whole couplet, a peaſant who was a neighbour of his own, and lived in the ſame village, chanced to paſs, in his way from the mill where he had been with a load of wheat. This honeſt countryman ſeeing a man lying ſtretched upon the ground, came up, and aſked him who he was, and the reaſon of his lamenting ſo piteouſly. Don Quixote doubtleſs believed that this was his uncle the Marquis of Mantua, and made no other reply but the continuation of his romance, in which he gave an account of his own misfortune, occaſioned by the amour betwixt his wife and the emperor's ſon, exactly as it is related in the book. The peaſant, aſtoniſhed at ſuch a rhapſody, took off his beaver, which had been beaten to pieces by the mule-driver, and wiping his face, which was covered with duſt, immediately knew the unfortunate knight. 'Sig-'nior Quixada,' ſaid he, (for ſo he was called before he had loſt his ſenſes, and was transformed from a ſober country gentleman into a knight-errant) 'who 'has left your worſhip in ſuch a woeful 'condition?' But he, without minding the queſtion that was put to him, proceeded, as before, with his romance; which the honeſt man perceiving, went to work, and took off his back and breaſt-plates, to ſee if he had received any wound, but he could perceive neither blood nor ſcar upon his body. He then raiſed him upon his legs, and with infinite difficulty mounted him upon his own beaſt, which appeared to him a ſafer carriage than the knight's ſteed.

Having gathered up his armour, even to the ſplinters of the lance, he tied them upon Rozinante, and taking hold of the reins, together with the halter of his own aſs, jogged on towards the village, not a little concerned to hear the mad exclamations of Don Quixote, who did not find himſelf extremely eaſy; for he was ſo battered and bruiſed, that he could not ſit upright upon the beaſt, but from time to time vented ſuch diſmal groans, as obliged the peaſant to aſk again what was the matter with him. Indeed, one would have thought, that the devil had aſſiſted his memory in ſupplying him with tales accommodated to the circumſtances of his own ſituation; for at that inſtant, forgetting Valdovinos, he recollected the ſtory of Abindar-raez the Moor, whom Rodrigo de Narvaez, governor of Antequera, took priſoner, and carried into captivity to the place of his reſidence; ſo that when the countryman repeated his deſire of knowing where he had been, and what was the matter with him, he anſwered to the purpoſe, nay, indeed, in the very words, uſed by the captive Abencerraje to the ſaid Rodrigo de Narvaez, as may be ſeen in the Diana of George Monte-major, which he had read, and ſo well-adapted for his purpoſe, that the countryman hearing ſuch a compoſition of folly, wiſhed them both at the devil.

It was then he diſcovered that his neighbour was mad; and therefore made all the haſte he could to the village, that he might be the ſooner rid of his uneaſineſs at the unaccountable harangue of Don Quixote; who had no ſooner finiſhed this exclamation, than he accoſted

coſted his conductor in theſe words—'Know, then, valiant Don Rodrigo de 'Narvaez, that this ſame beautiful Xa'riſa, whom I have mentioned, is no 'other than the fair Dulcinea del To'boſo, for whom I have performed, 'undertake, and will atchieve, the moſt 'renowned exploits, that ever were, 'are, or will be ſeen on earth.' To this addreſs the countryman replied with great ſimplicity—'How your worſhip 'talks! As I am a ſinner, I am neither 'Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, nor the 'Marquis of Mantua, but Pedro A'lonzo, your neighbour; nor is your 'worſhip either Valdovinos, or Abin'dar-raez, but the worthy gentleman 'Signior Quixada.'—'I know very well 'who I am,' replied Don Quixote; 'and that it is poſſible for me to be not 'only thoſe whom I have mentioned, 'but alſo the whole Twelve Peers of 'France, and even the Nine Worthies, 'ſeeing that my atchievements will ex'cel not only thoſe of each of them 'ſingly, but even the exploits of them 'all joined together.'

Diſcourſing in this manner, they arrived at the village about twilight; but the peaſant ſtaid till it was quite dark, that the poor rib-roaſted knight might not be ſeen in ſuch a woeful condition. Then he conducted Don Quixote to his own houſe, which was all in confuſion. When he arrived, the curate and the barber of the village, two of his beſt friends and companions, were preſent, and his houſekeeper was juſt ſaying with a woeful countenance, 'Mr. Licentiate 'Pero Perez,' that was the curate's name, 'ſome misfortune muſt certainly 'have happened to my maſter; for ſix 'days, both he and his horſe, together 'with the target, lance, and armour, 'have been miſſing *: as I am a ſin'ner, it is juſt come into my head, and 'it is certainly as true as that every one 'is born to die, theſe helliſh books of 'knight-errantry, which he uſed to read 'with ſo much pleaſure, have turned 'his brain; for now I remember to have 'heard him ſay to himſelf more than 'once, that he longed to be a knight-'errant, and ſtroll about in queſt of 'adventures. May the devil and 'Barrabas lay hold of ſuch legends, 'which have perverted one of the ſound'eſt underſtandings in all La Mancha!'

To this remark the niece aſſented, ſaying—'Moreover, you muſt know, 'Mr. Nicolas,' this was the name of the barber, 'my uncle would frequent'ly, after having been reading in theſe 'profane books of miſadventures, for 'two whole days and nights together, 'ſtart up, throw the book upon the 'ground, and drawing his ſword, fence 'with the walls till he was quite fa'tigued, then affirm that he had killed 'four giants as big as ſteeples, and 'ſwear that the ſweat of his brows, oc'caſioned by this violent exerciſe, was 'the blood of the wounds he had re'ceived in battle; then he would drink 'of a large pitcher of cold water, and 'remain quiet and refreſhed, ſaying, 'that the water was a moſt precious be'verage, with which he was ſupplied by 'the ſage Iſquife, a mighty inchanter 'and friend of his; but I take the 'whole blame to myſelf, for not hav'ing informed your worſhip of my dear 'uncle's extravagancies, that ſome re'medy might have been applied before 'they had proceeded to ſuch exceſs; 'and that you might have burnt all 'thoſe excommunicated books, which 'deſerve the fire as much as if they 'were crammed with hereſy.'

'I am of the ſame opinion,' ſaid the curate; 'and aſſure you, before ano'ther day ſhall paſs, they ſhall undergo 'a ſevere trial, and be condemned to the 'flames, that they may not induce other 'readers to follow the ſame path which 'I am afraid my good friend has taken.' Every ſyllable of this converſation was overheard by Don Quixote and his guide, which laſt had now no longer any doubt about his neighbour's infirmity, and therefore pronounced with a loud voice—'Open your gates to the 'valiant Valdovinos, and the great 'Marquis of Mantua, who comes home 'wounded from the field together with 'the Moor Abindar-raez, who drags in 'captivity the valiant Rodrigo de Nar'vaez, governor of Antequera.'

Alarmed at theſe words, they came all to the door, and perceiving who it was, the barber and curate went to receive their friend, and the women ran

* The author ſeems to have committed a ſmall overſight in this paragraph; for the knight had not been gone above two days and one night, which he ſpent in watching his armour.

to embrace their master and kinsman; who, though he had not as yet alighted, for indeed it was not in his power, proclaimed aloud—'Let the whole world 'take notice, that the wounds I have 'received were owing to the fault of 'my horse alone; carry me therefore to 'bed, and send if possible for the sage 'Urganda*, to search and cure them.' —'See now, in an evil hour,' cried the housekeeper, hearing these words, 'if I did not truly foretel of what leg 'my master was lame!—Your worship 'shall understand, in good time, that 'without the assistance of that same 'Urganda, we know how to cure the 'hurts you have received; and cursed, 'I say, nay a hundred and a hundred 'times cursed, be those books of chi-'valry, which have so disordered your 'honour's brain!' Having carried him to his bed, they began to search for his wounds, but could find none; and he told them that his whole body was one continued bruise, occasioned by the fall of his horse Rozinante, during his engagement with ten of the most insolent and outrageous giants that ever appeared upon the face of the earth. 'Ah, 'ha!' cried the curate, 'have we got 'giants too in the dance! Now, by the 'faith of my function, I will reduce 'them all to ashes before to-morrow 'night!'

A thousand questions did they ask of the knight, who made no other answer, but desired them to bring him some food, and leave him to his repose, which indeed was what he had most occasion for. They complied with his request, and the curate informed himself at large of the manner in which he had been found by the countryman, who gave him full satisfaction in that particular, and repeated all the nonsense he had uttered when he first found him, as well as what he afterwards spoke in their way home. This information confirmed the licentiate in his resolution, which was executed next day, when he brought his friend master Nicolas the barber along with him to Don Quixote's house.

CHAP. VI.

OF THE DIVERTING AND MINUTE SCRUTINY PERFORMED BY THE CURATE AND THE BARBER, IN THE LIBRARY OF OUR SAGACIOUS HERO.

WHILE the knight was asleep, his friends came and demanded of his niece the key of the closet in which those books, the authors of his misfortune, were kept; and she delivering it with great chearfulness, they went into it in a body, housekeeper and all, and found upwards of a hundred volumes, great and small, extremely well bound, which were no sooner perceived by the governante, than she ran out with great eagerness, and immediately returned with a porringer of holy water, and a sprig of hyssop, saying—'Here, Master Licentiate, pray take 'and sprinkle the closet, lest some one 'of the many inchanters contained in 'these books should exercise his art 'upon us, as a punishment for our 'burning and banishing them from the 'face of the earth.'

The licentiate, smiling at the old housekeeper's simplicity, desired the barber to hand him the books one by one, that he might see of what subjects they treated, because they might possibly find some that did not deserve to be purged by fire. 'There is not one of them,' replied the niece, 'which deserves the 'least mercy, for they are all full of mis-'chief and deceit. You had better, 'therefore, throw them out of the win-'dow into the court-yard, and there set 'fire to them in a heap: or let them be 'carried into the back-yard, where the 'bonfire may be made, and the smoke 'will offend nobody.' The housekeeper assented to this proposal, so eager were they both to destroy those innocents; but the curate would by no means encourage such barbarity, without reading first, if possible, the title-pages.

The first that Master Nicolas delivered into his hand, were the four volumes of Amadis de Gaul. 'There is,' said

* The name of a good-natured inchantress in Amadis de Gaul. During the age of knight-errantry, it was usual for ladies to study the art of surgery, in order to dress the wounds of those knights who were their servants. One of the heroines of Perce Foreſt says to Norgal, 'Fair nephew, methinks your arm is not at ease.'—'In faith, dear lady,' answered Norgal, 'you are in the right; and I beseech you to take it under your care.' Then she called her daughter Helen, who entertained her cousin with good cheer, and afterwards reduced his arm which was dislocated.

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the good man, 'something myſterious 'in this circumſtance; for, as I have 'heard, that was the firſt book of chi-'valry printed in Spain, from which 'all the reſt have derived their origin 'and plan; and therefore, in my opi-'nion, we ought to condemn him to 'the fire, without heſitation, as the law-'giver of ſuch a pernicious ſect.'—'By 'no means,' cried the barber; 'for I 'have alſo heard, that this is the beſt 'book of the kind that was ever com-'poſed; and therefore ought to be par-'doned, as an original and model in 'it's way.'—'Right,' ſaid the curate; 'and for that reaſon he ſhall be ſpared 'for the preſent. Let us ſee that au-'thor who ſtands next to him.'—'This,' ſays the barber, 'contains the atchieve-'ments of Eſplandian, the lawful ſon of 'Amadis de Gaul.'—'Truly, then,' ſaid the curate, 'the virtues of the fa-'ther ſhall not avail the ſon. Here, 'Mrs Houſekeeper, open that win-'dow, and toſs him into the yard, 'where he ſhall ſerve as a foundation 'for the bonfire we intend to make.'

This taſk the houſekeeper performed with infinite ſatisfaction; and the worthy Eſplandian took his flight into the yard, to wait in patience for the fire with which he was threatened. 'Pro-'ceed,' cried the curate. 'This that 'comes next,' ſaid the barber, 'is A-'madis of Greece; and I believe all 'the authors on this ſhelf are of the 'ſame family.'—'To the yard, then, 'with all of them,' replied the curate; 'for rather than not burn Queen Pin-'tiquinieſtra, and the ſhepherd Darinel 'with his eclogues, together with the 'unintelligible and bedevilled diſ-'courſes of his author; I would even 'conſume the father who begat me, 'ſhould he appear in the figure of a 'knight-errant.'—'I am of your opi-'nion,' ſaid the barber. 'And I,' cried the niece. 'Since that is the caſe,' ſaid the houſekeeper, 'to the yard with 'them immediately.' Accordingly, they delivered a number into her hands; and ſhe, out of tenderneſs for the ſtair-caſe, ſent them all out of the window.

'Who may that tun-like author be?' ſaid the curate. 'This here,' anſwered the barber, 'is Don Olivante de Laura.' —'The very ſame,' replied the curate, 'who compoſed the Garden of Flowers; 'and truly it is hard to determine, 'which of his two books is the moſt 'true, or rather which of them is leaſt 'falſe: all that I know is, that he ſhall 'go to the pile for his arrogance and 'folly.'—'He that follows,' ſays the barber, 'is Floriſmarte of Hircania.' —'What, Signior Floriſmarte?' replied the curate: 'in faith, then he muſt 'prepare for his fate; notwithſtanding 'his ſurprizing birth, and mighty ad-'ventures, and the unparalleled ſtiff-'neſs and ſterility of his ſtile.—Down 'with him, Miſtreſs Houſekeeper! and 'take this other along with you alſo.'— 'With all my heart, dear Sir!' replied the governante; who executed his commands with vaſt alacrity.

'He that comes next,' ſaid the barber, 'is the knight Platir.'—'That is 'an old book,' ſaid the clergyman; 'but as I can find nothing in him that 'deſerves the leaſt regard, he muſt e'en 'keep the reſt company.' He was accordingly doomed to the flames, without farther queſtion. The next book they opened was intituled, The Knight of the Croſs; which the curate having read, 'The ignorance of this author,' ſaid he, 'might be pardoned, on ac-'count of his holy title; but accord-'ing to the proverb, "The devil ſkulks "behind the croſs;" and therefore let 'him deſcend into the fire.' Maſter Nicolas taking up another book, found it was the Mirror of Chivalry. 'Oh, 'ho!' cried the curate, 'I have the ho-'nour to know his worſhip. Away 'with Signior Rinaldo de Mont-al-'ban, with his friends and companions, 'who were greater thieves than Cacus; 'not forgetting the Twelve Peers, toge-'ther with Turpin, their candid hiſto-'rian. Though, truly, in my opinion, 'their puniſhment ought not to exceed 'perpetual baniſhment, becauſe they 'contain ſome part of the invention 'of the renowned Matteo Boyardo, 'on which was weaved the ingenious 'web of the Chriſtian poet Ludovico 'Arioſto; to whom, ſhould I find 'him here ſpeaking in any other lan-'guage than his own, I would pay 'no regard; but, if he talks in his 'own idiom, I will place him on 'my head, in token of reſpect.'—'I 'have got him at home,' ſaid the bar-ber, 'in Italian, but I don't under-'ſtand that language.'—'Nor is it 'neceſſary you ſhould,' replied the cu-rate: 'and here let us pray Heaven to 'forgive the captain, who has impo-

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'verified him so much, by translating 'him into Spanish, and making him 'a Castilian. And, indeed, the same 'thing will happen to all those who 'pretend to translate books of poetry 'into a foreign language; for, in spite 'of all their care and ability, they will 'find it impossible to give the transla-'tion the same energy which is found 'in the original. In short, I sentence 'this book, and all those which we 'shall find treating of French matters, 'to be thrown and deposited in a dry 'well, until we can determine at more 'leisure what fate they must undergo, 'except Bernardo del Carpio, and an-'other called Roncesvalles, which if 'they fall into my hands, shall pass 'into those of the housekeeper, and 'thence into the fire, without any mi-'tigation.'

This was approved of as an equitable decision, and accordingly confirmed by the barber, who knew the curate to be such a good Christian, and so much a friend to truth, that he would not be guilty of an equivocation for the whole universe. The next volume he opened was Palmerin D'Oliva; and hard by him stood another, called Palmerin of England; which was no sooner perceived by the licentiate, than he cried, 'Let that Oliva be hewn in pieces, and 'burned; so as not so much as a cin-'der of him shall remain; but let the 'English Palmerin be defended, and 'preserved as an inestimable jewel, and 'such another casket be made for him 'as that which Alexander found among 'the spoils of Darius, and destined as 'a case for the works of Homer. That 'book, neighbour, is venerable for two 'reasons, first, because it is in itself 'excellent; and, secondly, because it 'is said to have been composed by an 'ingenious king of Portugal. All the 'adventures of the castle of Miraguar-'da are incomparable, and contrived 'with infinite art; the language per-'spicuous and elegant, and the cha-'racters supported with great proprie-'ty of sentiment and decorum. I pro-'pose, Mr. Nicolas, saving your better 'judgment, to exempt this book and 'Amadis de Gaul from the flames, and 'let all the rest perish without farther 'enquiry.'

'Pardon me, neighbour,' replied the barber, 'I have here got in my hand 'the renowned Don Bellianis.'—'Even 'he,' answered the priest, 'with the se-'cond, third, and fourth parts, stands 'very much in need of a little rhubarb 'to purge his excessive choler, and 'ought to be pruned of that whole 'Castle of Fame, and other more im-'portant impertinences. For which rea-'son, let the sentence be changed into 'transportation; and, according as he 'reforms he shall be treated with lenity 'and justice. In the mean time, friend 'Nicolas, keep him safe in your house, 'out of the reach of every reader.'—'With all my soul!' answered the barber; and without giving themselves the trouble of reading any more titles, they ordered the housekeeper to dismiss all the large books into the yard.

This direction was not given to a person who was either doating or deaf, but to one who was much more inclined to perform that office than to compose the largest and finest web that ever was seen. Taking up, therefore, seven or eight at a time, she heaved them out of the window, with incredible dispatch. While she was thus endeavouring to lift a good many together, one of them chanced to fall at the feet of the barber, who being seized with an inclination of knowing the contents, found upon examination, that it was called the History of the famous Knight Tirante the White. 'Heaven be praised!' cried the curate, aloud, 'that we have discovered Tirante 'the White in this place: pray give it 'me, neighbour; for in this book I 'reckon I have found a treasure of sa-'tisfaction, and a rich mine of amuse-'ment. Here is the famous Godamer-'cy*, of Mont-alban, and his brother 'Thomas of Mont-alban, and the 'knight Fonseca, as also an account 'of the battle fought between Ala-'no and the valiant Detriante, toge-'ther with the Witticisms of the Young 'Lady, Joy of my Life, with the amo-'rous stratagems of the Widow Quiet, 'and her highness the Empress who was 'enamoured of her Squire Hippolito. 'I do assure you, upon my word, Mr. 'Nicolas, that, in point of style, this 'is the best book that ever was written. 'Here the knights eat, sleep, and die,

* In the original, *Quirielyson*, from the two Greek words κύριε ἐλέησον, signifying, Lord have mercy.

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'in their beds, after having made their 'wills, with many circumstances that 'are wanting in other books of the same 'kind. Notwithstanding, the author 'who composed it certainly deserved to 'be sent to the gallies for life, for having spent his time in writing so much 'nonsense. Take and read him at 'home, and you shall find what I say 'to be true.'—'Very like,' replied the barber: 'what shall we do with these 'small books that remain?'

'These,' said the curate, 'cannot be 'books of chivalry, but must be poems.' Accordingly, opening one, he found it was the Diana of George de Montemajor, and taking it for granted that all the rest were of the same kind, said, 'These books do not deserve to be burnt 'with the rest; for they neither are nor 'ever will be guilty of so much mischief, 'as those of chivalry have done; being 'books of entertainment, and no ways 'prejudicial to religion.'—'Pray, Sir,' said the niece, 'be so good as to order 'these to be burnt with the rest; for my 'uncle will no sooner be cured of his 'knight-errantry, than by reading these, 'he will turn shepherd, and wander a-'bout the groves and meadows, piping 'and singing. Nay, what is worse, 'perhaps turn poet, which they say is 'an infectious and incurable distemper.' —'The young woman is in the right,' said the curate; 'and therefore it won't 'be amiss to remove this temptation and 'stumbling block out of our friend's 'way. Since we have therefore begun 'with the Diana of Monte-major, I am 'of opinion that we should not burn him, 'but only expunge what relates to the 'sage Felicia, and the inchanted water, 'together with all the larger poems, and 'leave to him, a God's name, all the 'prose, and the honour of being the 'ring-leader of the writers of that class.'

'This that follows,' said the barber, 'is called Diana the Second of Salmantino, and this other that bears the 'same name, is written by Gil Polo.' —'Let Salmantino,' replied the curate, 'increase the number of those that are 'already condemned to the yard; but 'let Gil Polo be preserved as carefully 'as if it was the production of Apollo 'himself. Proceed, friend Nicolas, 'and let us dispatch, for it grows late.' —'This here book,' said the barber, opening the next, 'is called the ten 'books of the Fortune of Love, the 'production of Antonio Lofrasco, a 'Sardinian poet.'—'By my holy orders,' cried the curate, 'since Phœbus 'was Apollo, the Muses the daughters 'of Jove, and bards delighted in poetry, there never was such a pleasant 'and comical performance composed as 'this, which is the best and most original of the kind which ever saw the 'light; and he who has not read it may 'assure himself, that he has never read 'any thing of taste: reach it me, neighbour; it gives me more pleasure to 'have found this, than if I had received a cassock of Florence silk.'

Accordingly, he laid it carefully by with infinite pleasure, and the barber proceeded in his task, saying; 'Those 'that come next are the Shepherd of 'Iberia, the Nymphs of Henares, and 'the Undeceptions of Jealousy.'—'Then there is no more to do,' said the priest, 'but to deliver them over to the 'secular arm of the housekeeper; and 'do not ask me why, else we shall never 'have done.'—'Here comes the Shep-'herd of Filida.'—'He is no shepherd,' cried the curate, 'but a very elegant 'courtier, and therefore preserve him as 'a precious jewel.' Then the barber laid hold of a very large volume, which was entitled, The Treasure of Poetry. 'If there was not so much of him, he 'would be more esteemed,' said the licentiate, 'that book ought to be weed-'ed and cleared of certain meannesses, 'which have crept into the midst of it's 'excellencies: take care of it, for the 'author is my friend, and deserves re-'gard for some other more heroick and 'elevated works, which he has com-'posed.'—'And this,' continued the barber, 'is a Collection of Songs, by 'Lopez Maldonado.'—'That author 'is my very good friend also,' replied the curate; 'and his own verses out of 'his own mouth are the admiration of 'every body; for he chants them with 'so sweet a voice, that the hearers are 'inchanted. His eclogues are indeed 'a little diffuse, but there cannot be too 'much of a good thing. Let them be 'preserved among the elect: but, pray 'what book is that next to it?' When the barber told him it was the Galatea of Miguel de Cervantes; 'That same 'Cervantes,' said he, 'has been an in-'timate friend of mine these many years, 'and is to my certain knowledge more 'conversant with misfortunes than poe-

'try,

'try. There is a good vein of inven-
'tion in his book, which propoſes
'ſomething, though it concludes no-
'thing. We muſt wait for the ſecond
'part, which he promiſes, and then
'perhaps his amendment may deſerve
'a full pardon, which is now denied:
'until that happens, let him be cloſe
'confined in your cloſet.'

'With all my heart,' replied the bar-
ber; 'but here come three more toge-
'ther, the Araucana of Don Alonzo
'de Ercilla, the Auſtriada of Juan
'Ruſo Jurado de Cordova, and the
'Monſerrato of Chriſtoval de Virues, a
'Valentian poet.'—'Theſe three books,'
ſaid the curate, 'are the beſt epic poems
'in the Caſtilian language, and may be
'compared with the moſt renowned per-
'formances of Italy. Let them be kept
'as the ineſtimable pledges of Spaniſh
'poetry.' The curate grew tired of ex-
amining more books, and would have
condemned all the reſt, contents un-
known, if the barber had not already
opened another, which was called the
Tears of Angelica. 'I ſhould have
'ſhed tears for my raſhneſs,' ſaid the
curate, hearing the name, 'if I had or-
'dered that book to be burned: for it's
'author was one of the moſt celebrated
'poets, not only of Spain, but of the
'whole world; and, in particular, ex-
'tremely ſucceſsful in tranſlating ſome
'of the Metamorphoſes of Ovid.'

CHAP. VII.

THE SECOND SALLY OF OUR WORTHY KNIGHT DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

WHILE they were buſied in this manner, Don Quixote began to cry aloud, 'This way, this way, ye
'valiant knights! now is the time to
'ſhew the ſtrength of your invincible
'arms, that the courtiers may not carry
'off the honour of the tournament.'
The ſcrutiny of the books that remained was deſerted by the curate and barber, who haſtened to the author of this noiſy exclamation, and it is believed that all were committed to the flames, unſeen, unheard, not even excepting the Carolea, and Lyon of Spain, together with the exploits of the emperor, compoſed by Don Louis D'Avila; which were, doubtleſs, among thoſe committed to the fire; though, perhaps, had the curate ſeen them, they would not have undergone ſo ſevere a ſentence.

When they arrived in Don Quixote's chamber, they found him on the floor, proceeding with his rhapſody, and fencing with the walls, as broad awake as if he had never felt the influence of ſleep. Laying hold on him, by force they re-conveyed him to his bed; where, after having reſted a little, he returned to his ravings, and addreſſed himſelf to the curate in theſe words: 'Certainly,
'my Lord Archbiſhop Turpin, we,
'who are called the Twelve Peers of
'France, will be greatly diſgraced, if
'we allow the court-knights to win the
'victory in this tournament, after we,
'the adventurers, have gained the prize
'in the three preceding days.'—'Give
'yourſelf no trouble about that conſi-
'deration, my worthy friend,' ſaid the curate; 'for Providence may turn the
'ſcale, and what is loſt to-day may be
'retrieved to-morrow. In the mean
'time, have a reverend care of your
'health, for you ſeem to be exceſſively
'fatigued, if not wounded grievouſly.'
—'I am not wounded,' replied the knight: 'but that I am battered and
'bruiſed, there is no manner of doubt;
'for the baſtard Don Orlando has maul-
'ed me to mummy with the trunk of
'an oak, and all out of mere envy, be-
'cauſe he ſaw that I alone withſtood
'his valour. But may I no longer de-
'ſerve the name of Reynaldos de Mont-
'alban, if, when I riſe from this bed, I
'do not repay him in his own coin, in
'ſpite of all his inchantments! Mean-
'while, bring me ſome food, which is
'what I chiefly want at preſent, and
'let me alone to take vengeance for the
'injury I have received.'

In compliance with his deſire they brought him ſomething to eat, and left him again to his repoſe, not without admiration of his madneſs and extravagance. That very night the houſe-keeper ſet fire to, and conſumed, not only all the books that were in the yard, but alſo every one ſhe could find in the houſe; and no doubt many were burned, which deſerved to have been kept as perpetual archives. But this their deſtiny, and the lazineſs of the inquiſitors, would not allow; ſo that in them was fulfilled the old proverb, *a ſaint may ſometimes ſuffer for a ſinner*. Another remedy which the curate and barber

preſcribed

prescribed for the distemper of their friend, was to alter and block up the closet where his books had been kept; that upon his getting up, he should not find them, and the cause being taken away, the effect might cease; and that, upon his inquiry, they should tell him an inchanter had carried them off, closet and all; this resolution was executed with all imaginable dispatch, during the two days that Don Quixote kept his bed.

The first thing he did when he got up, was to go and visit his books, and not finding the apartment where he had left it, he went from one corner of the house to the other in quest of his study. Coming to the place where the door stood, he endeavoured but in vain to get in, and cast his eyes all around without uttering one syllable; but after he had spent some time in this sort of examination, he inquired of his housekeeper where-abouts he might find his book-closet. She being well instructed, readily answered, 'What closet, or what nothing 'is your worship in search of? There 'are neither books nor closet in this 'house; for the devil himself has run 'away with both.'—'It was not the 'devil,' cried the niece, 'but an in-'chanter that conveyed himself hither 'in a cloud, one night after your wor-'ship's departure, and alighting from a 'dragon on which he was mounted, 'entered the closet, where I know not 'what he did, but having staid a very 'little while, he came flying through 'the roof, leaving the whole house full 'of smoke. And when we went to see 'what he had done, we could neither 'find books nor closet; only the house-'keeper and I can very well remember, 'that when the old wicked conjuror went 'away, he cried in a loud voice, that for 'the hatred he bore to the master of those 'books and closet, he had done that 'mischief, which would afterwards ap-'pear: he said also, that his name was 'the sage Munaton.'—'You mean 'Freston,' said Don Quixote. 'I do 'not know,' answered the housekeeper, 'whether it was Freston or Friton; but 'this I am certain of, that his name 'ended in ton.'—'The case then is 'plain,' said the knight; 'that same sage 'inchanter is one of my greatest enemies; 'who bears me a grudge, because he 'knows, by the mystery of his art, 'that the time will come when I shall 'fight and vanquish in single battle a 'certain knight, whom he favours; in 'spite of all he can do to prevent my 'success; and for this reason, he en-'deavours to give me every mortifica-'tion in his power; but let me tell him 'he won't find it an easy matter to 'contradict or evade what Heaven has 'decreed.'—'Who ever doubted that?' said the niece; 'but what business have 'you, dear uncle, with these quarrels? 'Would it not be better to live in peace 'at home, than to stray up and down 'the world in search of superfine bread, 'without considering that many a one 'goes out for wool, and comes home 'quite shorn.'—'My dear niece,' repli-ed Don Quixote, 'you are altogether 'out of your reckoning. Before I be 'shorn, I will pull and pluck off the 'beards of all those who pretend to 'touch a single hair of my mustacho.'

The two women did not chuse to make any farther answer, because they perceived that his choler was very much inflamed. After this transaction, however, he staid at home fifteen days in great tranquillity, without giving the least sign or inclination to repeat his folly; during which time, many infinitely diverting conversations passed between him and his friends, the curate and the barber; wherein he observed, that the world was in want of nothing so much as of knights-errant, and that in him this honourable order was revived. The clergyman sometimes contradicted him, and sometimes assented to what he said, because, without this artful conduct, he would have had no chance of bringing him to reason.

About this time, too, the knight tampered with a peasant in the neighbourhood, a very honest fellow, if a poor man may deserve that title, but one who had a very small quantity of brains in his skull. In short, he said so much, used so many arguments to persuade, and promised him such mountains of wealth, that this poor simpleton determined to follow and serve him in quality of squire. Among other things, that he might be disposed to engage chearfully, the knight told him that an adventure might one day happen, in which he should win some island in the twinkling of an eye, and appoint him governor of his conquest. Intoxicated with these and other such promises, Sancho Panza (so was the countryman called)

deserted his wife and children, and lifted himself as his neighbour's squire.

Thus far successful, Don Quixote took measures for supplying himself with money; and what by selling one thing, mortgaging another, and making a great many very bad bargains, he raised a tolerable sum. At the same time accommodating himself with a target, which he borrowed of a friend, and patching up the remains of his vizor as well as he could, he advertised his squire Sancho of the day and hour in which he resolved to set out, that he might provide himself with those things which he thought most necessary for the occasion; above all things, charging him to purchase a wallet. Sancho promised to obey his orders; and moreover said he was resolved to carry along with him an excellent ass which he had, as he was not designed by nature to travel far on foot.

With regard to the ass, Don Quixote demurred a little, endeavouring to recollect some knight-errant who had entertained a squire mounted on an ass; but as no such instance occurred to his memory, he was nevertheless determined to allow it on this occasion, on a supposition that he should be able to accommodate him with a more honourable carriage, by dismounting the first discourteous knight he should meet with. He also laid in a store of linen, and every thing else in his power, conformable to the advice of the innkeeper.

Every thing being thus settled and fulfilled, Panza, without taking leave of his children and wife; and Don Quixote, without bidding adieu to his niece and housekeeper, sallied forth from the village one night, unperceived by any living soul, and travelled so hard, that before dawn they found themselves secure from all search, if any such had been made: Sancho Panza journeying upon his ass like a venerable patriarch, with his wallet and leathern bottle, longing extremely to see himself settled in the government of that island which was promised to him by his master.

The knight happened to take the same route and follow the same road in which he travelled at his first sally through the field of Montiel, over which he now passed with much less pains than formerly, because it was now early in the morning, the rays of the sun were more oblique, consequently he was less disturbed by the heat. It was hereabouts that Sancho first opened his mouth, saying to his master, 'Sir knight-errant, I hope your worship will not 'forget that fame island which you 'have promised me, and which I warrant myself able to govern, let it be 'as great as it will.' To this remonstrance Don Quixote replied, 'You 'must know, friend Sancho Panza, 'that it was an established custom among 'the ancient knights-errant, to invest 'their squires with the government of 'such islands and kingdoms as they had 'laid under their subjection; and I 'am firmly resolved, that such a grateful practice shall never fail in me, 'who, on the contrary, mean to improve it by my generosity; for they 'sometimes, nay generally, waited until their squires turned grey-haired, 'and then, after they were worn out with 'service, and had endured many dismal days and doleful nights, bestowed upon them the title of count 'or marquis, at least of some valley or 'province, more or less; but if Heaven spares thy life and mine, before 'six days be at an end, I may chance to 'acquire such a kingdom as shall have 'others depending upon it, as if expressly designed for thee to be crowned sovereign in one of them. And 'thou oughtest not to be surprized, that 'such incidents and accidents happen 'to knights-errant, by means never before known or conceived, as will 'enable me even to exceed my promise.' —'In that case,' replied Sancho Panza, 'if I should ever become a king, 'by any of those miracles which your 'worship mentions, my duck Juana 'Gutierez would also be a queen, and 'each of my daughters an infanta.'— 'Certainly,' said the knight; 'who 'doubts that?'—'That do I,' said the squire; 'for certain I am, that though 'it were to rain kingdoms upon the 'earth, not one of them would sit seemly on the head of Mary Gutierez*; 'your worship must know, she is not 'worth a farthing for a queen; she 'might do indeed for a countess, with 'the blessing of God, and good assistance.'—'Recommend the matter to 'Providence,' replied Don Quixote,

* How comes Juana to be so suddenly metamorphosed into Mary?

'which

'which will bestow upon thee what will 'be best adapted to thy capacity; but 'let not thy soul be so far debased, as 'to content itself with any thing less 'than a vice-royalty.'—'That I will 'not,' answered Sancho, 'especially 'as I have a powerful master in your 'worship, who will load me with as 'much preferment as I can conveniently bear.'

CHAP. VIII.

OF THE HAPPY SUCCESS OF THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE, AND THE DREADFUL AND INCONCEIVABLE ADVENTURE OF THE WIND-MILLS, WITH OTHER INCIDENTS WORTHY TO BE RECORDED BY THE MOST ABLE HISTORIAN.

IN the midst of this their conversation, they discovered thirty or forty wind-mills all together on the plain, which the knight no sooner perceived, than he said to his squire, 'Chance has con-'ducted our affairs even better than we 'could either wish or hope for; look 'there, friend Sancho, and behold 'thirty or forty outrageous giants, with 'whom I intend to engage in battle, 'and put every soul of them to death, 'so that we may begin to enrich our-'selves with their spoils; for it is a 'meritorious warfare, and serviceable 'both to God and man, to extirpate 'such a wicked race from the face of 'the earth.'—'What giants do you 'mean?' said Sancho Panza in amaze. 'Those you see yonder,' replied his master, 'with vast extended arms; 'some of which are two leagues long.' —'I would your worship would take 'notice,' replied Sancho, 'that those 'you see yonder are no giants, but 'wind-mills; and what seem arms to 'you, are sails, which being turned 'with the wind, make the mill-stone 'work.'—'It seems very plain,' said the knight, 'that you are but a novice 'in adventures; these I affirm to be 'giants; and if thou art afraid, get out 'of the reach of danger, and put up 'thy prayers for me, while I join with 'them in fierce and unequal combat.' So saying, he put spurs to his steed Rozinante, without paying the least regard to the cries of his squire Sancho, who assured him, that those he was going to attack were no giants, but innocent wind-mills: but he was so much possessed with the opinion that they were giants, that he neither heard the advice of his squire Sancho, nor would use the intelligence of his own eyes, though he was very near them; on the contrary, when he approached them, he called aloud, 'Fly not, ye base and cowardly 'miscreants, for he is but a single 'knight who now attacks you.' At that instant a breeze of wind springing up, the great sails began to turn; which being perceived by Don Quixote, 'Tho' 'you wield,' said he, 'more arms than 'ever belonged to the giant Briareus, I 'will make you pay for your insolence.' So saying, and heartily recommending himself to his Lady Dulcinea, whom he implored to succour him in this emergency, bracing on his target, and setting his lance in the rest, he put his Rozinante to full speed, and assaulting the nearest wind-mill, thrust it into one of the sails, which was drove about by the wind with so much fury, that the lance was shivered to pieces, and both knight and steed whirled aloft, and overthrown in very bad plight upon the plain.

Sancho Panza rode as fast as the ass could carry him to his assistance; and when he came up, found him unable to stir, by reason of the bruises which he and Rozinante had received. 'Lord 'have mercy upon us!' said the squire, 'did not I tell your worship to consider 'well what you were about? Did not 'I assure you, they were no other than 'wind-mills? Indeed, no body could 'mistake them for any thing else, but 'one who has wind-mills in his own 'head!'—'Pr'ythee, hold thy peace, 'friend Sancho,' replied Don Quixote; 'the affairs of war are more than any 'thing subject to change. How much 'more so, as I believe, nay, am certain, 'that the sage Freston, who stole my 'closet and books, has converted those 'giants into mills, in order to rob me 'of the honour of their overthrow; such 'is the enmity he bears me; but in the 'end, all his treacherous arts will but 'little avail against the vigour of my 'sword.'—'God's will be done!' replied Sancho Panza, who helped him to rise and mount Rozinante that was almost disjointed.

While they conversed together upon what had happened, they followed the road that leads to the pass of Lapice;

for in that, which was a great thorough-fare, as Don Quixote obſerved, it was impoſſible but they muſt meet with many and divers adventures. As he jogged along, a good deal concerned for the loſs of his lance, he ſaid to his ſquire, 'I remember to have read of a Spaniſh 'knight, called Diego Perez de Vargos, 'who, having broke his ſword in battle, tore off a mighty branch or 'bough from an oak, with which he 'performed ſuch wonders, and felled 'ſo many Moors, that he retained the 'name of Machuca, or the Feller, and 'all his deſcendants from that day forward have gone by the name of Vargos and Machuca. This circumſtance 'I mention to thee, becauſe, from the 'firſt aſh or oak that I meet with, I 'am reſolved to rend as large and ſtout 'a bough as that, with which I expect, and intend to perform ſuch exploits, as thou ſhalt think thyſelf extremely happy in being thought worthy to ſee, and give teſtimony to feats otherwiſe incredible.'—'By God's help,' ſays Sancho, 'I believe that 'every thing will happen as your worſhip ſays: but pray, Sir, ſit a little 'more upright; for you ſeem to lean 'ſtrangely to one ſide, which muſt proceed from the bruiſes you received in 'your fall.'—'Thou art in the right,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'and if I do 'not complain of the pain, it is becauſe 'knights-errant are not permitted to 'complain of any wound they receive, 'even though their bowels ſhould come 'out of their bodies.'—'If that be the 'caſe, I have nothing to reply,' ſaid Sancho; 'but God knows, I ſhould be glad 'your worſhip would complain when 'any thing gives you pain; this I know, 'that, for my own part, the ſmalleſt 'prick in the world would make me 'complain, if that law of not complaining does not reach to the ſquires 'as well as the knights.' Don Quixote could not help ſmiling at the ſimplicity of his ſquire, to whom he gave permiſſion to complain as much and as often as he pleaſed, whether he had cauſe or no; for, as yet, he had read nothing to the contrary in the hiſtory of knight-errantry.

Then Sancho obſerving that it was dinner-time, his maſter told him, that for the preſent he had no occaſion for food; but that he, his ſquire, might go to victuals when he pleaſed. With this permiſſion, Sancho adjuſted himſelf as well as he could upon his aſs, and taking out the proviſion with which he had ſtuffed his wallet, he dropped behind his maſter a good way, and kept his jaws agoing as he jogged along, lifting the bottle to his head, from time to time, with ſo much ſatisfaction, that the moſt pampered vintner of Malaga might have envied his ſituation.

While he travelled in this manner, repeating his agreeable draughts, he never thought of the promiſe which his maſter had made to him, nor conſidered it as a toil, but rather as a diverſion, to go in queſt of adventures, how dangerous ſoever they might be: in fine, that night they paſſed under a tuft of trees, from one of which Don Quixote tore a withered branch to ſerve inſtead of a lance; and fitted to it the iron head he had taken from that which was broken: all night long the knight cloſed not an eye, but muſed upon his Lady Dulcinea, in order to accommodate himſelf to what he had read of thoſe errants who had paſſed many ſleepleſs nights in woods and deſarts, entertaining themſelves with the remembrance of their miſtreſſes.

This was not the caſe with Sancho Panza, whoſe belly being well repleniſhed, and that not with plantane water, made but one nap of the whole night, and even then would not have waked, unleſs his maſter had called to him, notwithſtanding the ſun-beams that played upon his face, and the ſinging of the birds, which in great numbers, and joyous melody, ſaluted the approach of the new day. The firſt thing he did when he got up, was to viſit his bottle, which finding conſiderably more lank than it was the night before, he was grievouſly afflicted, becauſe in the road that they purſued, he had no hopes of being able in a little time to ſupply it's defect. Don Quixote refuſing to breakfaſt, becauſe, as we have already ſaid, he regaled himſelf with the ſavoury remembrance of his miſtreſs, they purſued their journey towards the paſs; which, after three days travelling, they diſcovered. 'Here,' cried Don Quixote, 'here, brother San-'cho Panza, we ſhall be able to dip 'our hands up to our elbows in what 'is called adventure; but take notice, 'although thou ſeeſt me beſet with the 'moſt extreme danger, thou muſt by 'no means even ſo much as lay thy

'hand

'hand upon thy ſword, with deſign 'to defend me, unleſs I am aſſaulted 'by vulgar and low-born antagoniſts; 'in which caſe thou mayeſt come to 'my aſſiſtance; but if they are knights, 'thou art by no means permitted or 'licenſed, by the laws of chivalry, to 'give me the leaſt ſuccour, until thou 'thyſelf haſt received the honour of 'knighthood*.'—'As for that mat-'ter,' replied Sancho, 'your worſhip 'ſhall be obeyed to a tittle; for I am 'a very peaceable man, and not at all 'fond of meddling with riots and quar-'rels. True, indeed, in the defence 'of my own perſon, I ſhall not pay 'much regard to the ſaid laws, ſeeing 'every one that is aggrieved is permitted 'to defend himſelf by all the laws of 'God and man.'—'I ſay nothing to 'the contrary,' replied Don Quixote; 'but in the affair of aſſiſting me againſt 'knights, thou muſt keep thy natural 'impetuoſity under the rein.'—'That 'will I,' anſwered Sancho, 'and keep 'your honour's command as ſtrictly as 'I keep the Lord's day.'

While they were engaged in this converſation, there appeared before them two Benedictine monks mounted upon dromedaries, for their mules were not much leſs, with their travelling ſpectacles and umbrellas; after them came a coach, accompanied by four or five people on horſeback, and two mule-drivers on foot. In this carriage, it was afterwards known, a Biſcayan lady was travelling to Seville to her huſband, who was bound to the Indies with a rich cargo.

Don Quixote no ſooner perceived the friars, (who though they travelled the ſame road, were not of her company) than he ſaid to his ſquire, 'If I am not 'very much miſtaken, that will be the 'moſt famous adventure that ever was 'known, for thoſe black apparitions 'on the road muſt doubtleſs be in-'chanters, who are carrying off in that 'coach ſome princeſs they have ſtolen; 'and there is a neceſſity for my ex-'erting my whole power in redreſſing 'her wrongs.'—'This will be worſe 'than the wind-mills,' cried Sancho: 'for the love of God! Sir, conſider that 'theſe are Benedictine friars; and thoſe 'who are in the coach can be no other 'than common travellers. Mind what 'I ſay, and conſider what you do, and 'let not the devil deceive you.'—'I 'have told thee already, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'that with regard 'to adventures, thou art utterly igno-'rant: what I ſay is true, and in a mo-'ment thou ſhalt be convinced.'

So ſaying, he rode forward, and placed himſelf in the middle of the highway through which the friars were to paſs; and when he thought them near enough to hear what he ſaid, he pronounced, in a loud voice, 'Monſtrous and diaboli-'cal race! ſurrender, this inſtant, thoſe 'high-born princeſſes, whom you car-'ry captives in that coach; or prepare 'to receive immediate death, as a juſt 'puniſhment for your miſdeeds.' The friars immediately ſtopped ſhort, aſtoniſhed as much at the figure as at the diſcourſe of Don Quixote: to which they replied, 'Sir knight, we are nei-'ther diabolical nor monſtrous, but in-'nocent monks of the order of St. Be-'nedict, who are going this way about 'our own affairs; neither do we know 'of any princeſſes that are carried cap-'tives in that coach.'—'Theſe fawn-'ing ſpeeches,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'ſhall 'not impoſe upon me, who know too 'well what a treacherous pack ye are.' And without waiting for any other reply, he put ſpurs to Rozinante; and couching his lance, attacked the firſt friar with ſuch fury and reſolution, that if he had not thrown himſelf from his mule, he would have come to the ground extremely ill-handled, not without ſome deſperate wound, nay, perhaps ſtone dead. The ſecond monk, who ſaw how his companion had been treated, clapped ſpurs to the flanks of his truſty mule, and flew through the field even ſwifter than the wind.

Sancho Panza ſeeing the friar on the ground, leaped from his aſs with great

* Here Don Quixote ſeems to have been too ſcrupulous: for though no ſquire was permitted to engage with a knight on horſeback, yet they were allowed, and even enjoined, to aſſiſt their maſters when they were unhorſed or in danger, by mounting them on freſh ſteeds, ſupplying them with arms, and warding off the blows that were aimed at them. Davy Gam, at the battle of Agincourt, loſt his life in defending Henry V. of England, and Saint Severin met with the ſame fate in warding off the blows that were aimed at Francis I. of France, in the battle of Pavia.

agility,

agility, and beginning to uncaſe him with the utmoſt dexterity, two of their ſervants came up, and aſked for what reaſon he ſtripped their maſter. The ſquire replied, that the cloaths belonged to him, as the ſpoils that Don Quixote, his lord, had won in battle: but the others, who did not underſtand raillery, nor knew any thing of ſpoils and battles, ſeeing Don Quixote at a good diſtance, talking with the ladies in the coach, went to loggerheads with Sancho, whom they ſoon overthrew; and, without leaving one hair of his beard, mauled him ſo unmercifully, that he lay ſtretched upon the ground, without ſenſe or motion. Then, with the utmoſt diſpatch, the friar mounted, as pale as a ſheet, and almoſt frightened to death; and no ſooner found himſelf on horſeback, than he galloped towards his companion, who tarried at a good diſtance, to ſee the iſſue of this ſtrange adventure. However, being joined again, without waiting for the concluſion of it, they purſued their journey; making as many croſſes as if the devil had been at their backs.

Don Quixote, in the mean time, as we have already obſerved, was engaged in converſation with the lady in the coach, to whom he expreſſed himſelf in this manner: 'Beautiful lady, you may now 'diſpoſe of your own perſon according 'to your pleaſure; for the pride of your 'raviſhers lies level with the ground, 'being overthrown by this my invinci- 'ble arm; and that you may be at no 'difficulty in underſtanding the name 'of your deliverer, know that I am 'Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight- 'errant, adventurer and captive of the 'unparalleled and beautiful Donna Dul- 'cinea del Toboſo: and the only ac- 'knowledgment I expect for the bene- 'fit you have received is, that you re- 'turn to that place, and preſenting 'yourſelf before my miſtreſs, tell her 'what I have performed in behalf of 'your liberty.' This whole addreſs of the knight was overheard by a Biſcayan ſquire, who accompanied the coach, and who, ſeeing that he would not allow the carriage to paſs forward, but inſiſted upon their immediate returning to Toboſo, rode up to Don Quixote, and laying hold of his lance, ſpoke to him thus in bad Caſtilian, and worſe Biſcayan: 'Get thee gone, cavalier! go 'to the devil, I zay! vor, by the God 'that made her, if thou wilt not let the 'coach alone, che will kill thee dead, 'as zure as che was a Biſcayan.' The knight, underſtanding very well what he ſaid, replied with great compoſure; 'If thou waſt a gentleman, as thou art 'not, I would chaſtiſe thy inſolence 'and raſhneſs, wretched creature.'—'I 'not a gentleman!' replied the Biſcayan in great choler; 'by God in heaven, 'thou lyeſt, as I am a Chriſtian! if 'thou wilt throw away thy lance, and 'draw thy ſword, che will ſoon zee 'which be the better man*. Biſ- 'cayan by land, gentleman by zea, 'gentleman by devil; and thou lieſt, 'look ye, in thy throat, if thou zayeſt 'otherwiſe.'—'Thou ſhalt ſee that pre- 'ſently, as Agragis ſaid,' replied Don Quixote; who, throwing his lance upon the ground, unſheathing his ſword, and bracing on his target, attacked the Biſcayan with full reſolution to put him to death†.

His antagoniſt, who ſaw him approach, fain would have alighted from his mule, (which being one of the worſt that ever was let out for hire, could not much be depended upon;) but he ſcarce had time to draw his ſword; however, being luckily near the coach, he ſnatched out of it a cuſhion, which ſerved him as a ſhield, and then they flew upon each other as two mortal enemies. The reſt of the people who were preſent endeavoured, but in vain, to appeaſe them; for the Biſcayan ſwore, in his uncouth expreſſions, that if they did not leave him to fight the battle, he would certainly murder his miſtreſs, and every body who ſhould pretend to oppoſe it. The lady in the coach, ſurprized and frightened at what ſhe ſaw, ordered the coachman to drive a little

* The literal meaning of the Spaniſh is, 'Thou ſhalt ſoon ſee who is to carry the cat to 'the water:' or rather, in the corrupted Biſcayan phraſe, 'The water how ſoon thou wilt 'ſee, that thou carrieſt to the cat.'

† The behaviour of Don Quixote was exactly conformable to the rules of chivalry; which, though they hindered a knight from fighting in armour with a ſquire, did not prevent him from giving ſatisfaction to an inferior, at ſword and target; and every ſquire who was aggrieved had a right to demand it.

out

out of the road, to a place from whence she should see at a distance this rigorous engagement. In the course of which, the Biscayan bestowed such a huge stroke upon the shoulder of Don Quixote, that if it had not been for the defence of his buckler, he would have been cleft down to his girdle. The knight feeling the shock of such an unconscionable blow, exclaimed aloud, 'O Dulcinea! 'lady of my soul, thou rose of beauty, 'succour thy knight, who, for the sa- 'tisfaction of thy excessive goodness, is 'now involved in this dreadful emer- 'gency.' To pronounce these words, to raise his sword, to secure himself with his target, and attack the Biscayan, was the work of one instant; for he was determined to risk his all upon a single stroke. His antagonist, who saw him advance, and by this time was convinced of his courage by his resolution, determined to follow his example; and covering himself with his cushion, waited his assault, without being able to turn his mule either on one side or the other; for she was already so jaded, and so little accustomed to such pastime, that she would not move one step out of the way.

Don Quixote, then, as we have said, advanced against the cautious Biscayan, his sword lifted up with an intention to cleave him through the middle: the Biscayan waited his attack in the same posture, being shielded with his cushion. The frightened bye-standers stood aloof, intent upon the success of those mighty strokes that threatened each of the combatants; and the lady in the coach, with the rest of her attendants, put up a thousand prayers to Heaven, and vowed an offering to every image, and house of devotion in Spain, provided God would deliver the squire and them from the imminent danger in which they were: but the misfortune is, that in this very critical instant, the author of the history has left this battle in suspence, excusing himself, that he could find no other account of Don Quixote's exploits, but what has already been related. True it is, that this second author of this work could not believe that such a curious history was consigned to oblivion; nor, that there could be such a scarcity of curious virtuosi in La Mancha, but that some papers relating to this famous knight should be found in their archives or cabinets: and therefore, possessed of this opinion, he did not despair of finding the conclusion of this delightful history, which indeed he very providentially lighted upon, in the manner which will be related in the second book.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGACIOUS HIDALGO

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

THE CONCLUSION AND CONSEQUENCE OF THE STUPENDOUS COMBAT BETWEEN THE GALLANT BISCAYAN, AND THE VALIANT KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA.

IN the firſt book of this hiſtory we left the valiant Biſcayan and renowned Don Quixote with their gleaming ſwords brandiſhed aloft, about to diſcharge two ſuch furious ſtrokes, as muſt (if they had cut ſheer) have cleft them both aſunder from top to toe, like a couple of pomegranates; and in this dubious and critical conjuncture, the delicious hiſtory abruptly breaks off, without our being informed by the author where or how that which is wanting may be found.

I was not a little concerned at this diſappointment; for the pleaſure I enjoyed in the little I had read, was changed into diſguſt, when I reflected on the ſmall proſpect I had of finding the greater part of this reliſhing ſtory, which in my opinion was loſt: and yet it ſeemed impoſſible, and contrary to every laudable cuſtom, that ſuch an excellent knight ſhould be unprovided with ſome ſage to undertake the hiſtory of his unheard of exploits; a convenience which none of thoſe knights-errant, who went in queſt of adventures, ever wanted, each of them having been accommodated with one or two necromancers, on purpoſe to record not only his atchievements, but even his moſt hidden thoughts and amuſements. Surely, then, ſuch a compleat errant could not be ſo unlucky as to want that, which even Platil, and other ſuch ſecond-rate warriors, enjoyed.

I could not therefore prevail upon myſelf to believe that ſuch a ſpirited hiſtory was left ſo lame and unfiniſhed, but laid the whole blame on the malignity of time, which waſtes and devours all things, and by which, no doubt, this was either conſumed or concealed: on the other hand, I conſidered, that as ſome books had been found in his library ſo modern as the Undeceptions of Jealouſy, together with the Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares; his own hiſtory muſt alſo be of a modern date, and the circumſtances, though not committed to writing, ſtill freſh in the memory of his neighbours and townſmen. This conſideration perplexed and inflamed me with the deſire of knowing the true and genuine account of the life and wonderful exploits of our Spaniſh worthy Don Quixote de La Mancha, the ſun and mirror of Manchegan chivalry; the firſt who,

who, in this our age, and these degenerate times, undertook the toil and exercise of errantry and arms, to redress grievances, support the widow, and protect those damsels who stroll about with whip and palfrey, from hill to hill, and from dale to dale, on the strength of their virginity alone: for in times past, unless some libidinous clown with hatchet and morrion, or monstrous giant, forced her to his brutal wishes, a damsel might have lived fourscore years without ever lying under any other cover than that of heaven, and then gone to her grave as good a maiden as the mother that bore her. I say, therefore, that for these and many other considerations, our gallant Don Quixote merits incessant and immortal praise; and even I myself may claim some share, for my labour and diligence in finding the conclusion of this agreeable history; though I am well aware, that if I had not been favoured by fortune, chance, or Providence, the world would have been deprived of that pleasure and satisfaction which the attentive reader may enjoy for an hour or two, in perusing what follows: the manner of my finding it I will now recount.

While I was walking one day on the exchange of Toledo, a boy coming up to a certain mercer, offered to sell him a bundle of old papers he had in his hand: now, as I have always a strong propensity to read even those scraps that sometimes fly about the streets, I was led by this my natural curiosity, to turn over some of the leaves; I found them written in Arabick, which not being able to read, though I knew the characters, I looked about for some Portuguese Moor who should understand it; and, indeed, though the language had been both more elegant and ancient, I might easily have found an interpreter. In short, I lighted upon one, to whom expressing my desire, and putting the pamphlet into his hands, he opened it in the middle, and after having read a few lines, began to laugh; when I asked the cause of his laughter, he said it was occasioned by a whimsical annotation in the margin of the book. I begged he would tell me what it was, and he answered, still laughing, 'What I find written in 'the margin, is to this purpose: "this "same Dulcinea, so often mentioned in "the history, is said to have had the "best hand at salting pork of any wo- "man in La Mancha."

Not a little surprized at hearing Dulcinea del Toboso mentioned, I immediately conjectured that the bundle actually contained the history of Don Quixote. Possessed with this notion, I bade him, with great eagerness, read the title-page, which having perused, he translated it extempore from Arabic to Spanish, in these words: 'The History 'of Don Quixote de La Mancha, writ- 'ten by Cid Hamet Benengeli, an Ara- 'bian author.' No small discretion was requisite to dissemble the satisfaction I felt, when my ears were saluted with the title of these papers, which, snatching from the master, I immediately bought in the lump for half a rial; though, if the owner had been cunning enough to discover my eagerness to possess them, he might have laid his account with getting twelve times the sum by the bargain.

I then retired with my Moor through the cloisters of the cathedral, and desired him to translate all those papers that related to Don Quixote into the Castilian tongue, without addition or diminution, offering to pay any thing he should charge for his labour: his demand was limited to two quarters of raisins, and as many bushels of wheat, for which he promised to translate them with great care, conciseness, and fidelity: but I, the more to facilitate the business without parting with such a rich prize, conducted him to my own house, where, in little less than six weeks, he translated the whole, in the same manner as shall here be related.

In the first sheet was painted to the life the battle betwixt Don Quixote and the Biscayan, who were represented in the same posture as the history has already described, their swords brandished aloft, one of the antagonists covered with his shield, the other with his cushion, and the Biscayan's mule so naturally set forth, that you might have known her to have been an hireling, at the distance of a bow-shot. Under the feet of her rider was a label containing these words, 'Don Sancho de Azpeitia,' which was doubtless his name; and beneath our knight was another, with the title of 'Don Quixote.' Rozinante was most wonderfully delineated, so long and raw-boned, so lank and meagre, so sharp in the back, and consumptive, that one might easily perceive, with what propriety and penetration the name of Rozinante had been bestowed upon him.

Hard by the ſteed was Sancho Panza, holding his aſs by the halter, at whoſe feet was a third label, inſcribed 'Sancho 'Zancas,' who, in the picture, was repreſented as a perſon of a ſhort ſtature, ſwag belly, and long ſpindle-ſhanks: for this reaſon he ought to be called indiſcriminately by the names of Panza* and Zanchas; for by both theſe ſurnames is he ſometimes mentioned in hiſtory.

There were divers other minute circumſtances to be obſerved, but all of them of ſmall importance and concern to the truth of the hiſtory, though, indeed, nothing that is true can be impertinent: however, if any objection can be ſtarted to the truth of this, it can be no other, but that the author was an Arabian, of a nation but too much addicted to falſhood, though, as they are at preſent our enemies, it may be ſuppoſed, that he has rather failed than exceeded in the repreſentation of our hero's exploits; for, in my opinion, when he had frequently opportunities and calls to exercise his pen in the praiſe of ſuch an illuſtrious knight, he ſeems to be induſtriouſly ſilent on the ſubject; a circumſtance very little to his commendation, for all hiſtorians ought to be punctual, candid, and diſpaſſionate, that neither intereſt, rancour, fear, or affection, maymiſlead them from the road of Truth, whoſe mother is Hiſtory, that rival of Time, that repoſitory of great actions, witneſs of the paſt, example and pattern of the preſent, and oracle of future ages. In this, I know, will be found whatſoever can be expected in the moſt pleaſant performance; and if any thing ſeems imperfect, I affirm it muſt be owing to the fault of the infidel it's author, rather than to any failure of the ſubject itſelf: in ſhort, the ſecond book in the tranſlation begins thus—

The flaming ſwords of the two valiant and incenſed combatants, brandiſhed in the air, ſeemed to threaten heaven, earth, and hell, ſuch was the rage and reſolution of thoſe that wielded them; but the firſt blow was diſcharged by the cholerick Biſcayan, who ſtruck with ſuch force and fury, that if the blade had not turned by the way, that ſingle ſtroke would have been ſufficient to have put an end to this dreadful conflict, and all the other adventures of our knight; but his good genius, which preſerved him for mightier things, turned the ſword of his antagoniſt aſide, ſo that though it fell upon his left ſhoulder, it did no other damage than diſarm that whole ſide, ſlicing off in it's paſſage, the greateſt part of his helmet, with half of his ear, which fell to the ground with hideous ruin, leaving him in a very uncomfortable ſituation. Good Heavens! where is the man who can worthily expreſs the rage and indignation which entered into the heart of our Manchegan, when he ſaw himſelf handled in this manner! I ſhall only ſay, his fury was ſuch, that raiſing himſelf again in his ſtirrups, and graſping his ſword with both hands, he diſcharged it ſo full upon the cuſhion and head of the Biſcayan, which it but ill-defended, that, as if a mountain had fallen upon him, he began to ſpout blood from his noſtrils, mouth, and ears, and ſeemed ready to fall from his mule, which would certainly have been the caſe, if he had not laid hold of the mane: yet notwithſtanding this effort, his feet falling out of the ſtirrups, and his arms quitting their hold, the mule, which was frightened at the terrible ſtroke, began to run acroſs the field, and after a few plunges came with her maſter to the ground. Don Quixote, who ſat obſerving him with great tranquillity, no ſooner perceived him fall, than leaping from his horſe, he ran up to him with great agility, and ſetting the point of his ſword to his throat, bade him ſurrender on pain of having his head cut off. The Biſcayan was ſo confounded by the blow and fall he had ſuſtained, that he could not anſwer one ſyllable; and as Don Quixote was blinded by his rage, he would have fared very ill, if the ladies of the coach, who had hitherto, in great conſternation, been ſpectators of the battle, had not run to the place where he was, and requeſted, with the moſt fervent entreaties, that his worſhip would grant them the favour to ſpare the life of their ſquire.

To this petition the knight replied, with great ſtatelineſs and gravity, 'Aſ-'ſuredly, moſt beautiful ladies, I am 'very ready to do what you deſire, but 'it ſhall be upon condition and proviſo, 'that this cavalier promiſe to go ſtraight 'to Toboſo, and preſent himſelf in my 'behalf, before the unparalleled Donna

* Panza, in Caſtilian, ſignifies Paunch; and Zancas, Spindle-ſhanks.

'Dulcinea,

'Dulcinea, that she may use him ac-
'cording to her good pleasure.' The timorous and disconsolate ladies, without entering into the detail of what Don Quixote desired, or enquiring who this Dulcinea was, promised that the squire should obey the knight's commands in every thing. 'Upon the
'faith of your word, then,' said Don Quixote, 'I will do him no farther
'damage, though he has richly de-
'served it at my hand.'

CHAP. II.

OF WHAT FARTHER HAPPENED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND THE BISCAYAN.

ALL this time, Sancho Panza having got up, though very roughly handled by the lacquies of the friars, stood very attentively beholding the battle of his master Don Quixote, and put up ejaculatory petitions to heaven, that it would please to grant him the victory, and that he might gain by it some island, of which he himself might be made governor, in consequence of the knight's promise. Seeing therefore the battle ended, and his master returning to mount Rozinante, he went to hold his stirrup, and before he got up, fell on his knees before him; then laying hold of his hand, and kissing it, pronounced with great fervency, 'Sir
'Don Quixote, will your worship be
'pleased to bestow on me the govern-
'ment of that island which you have
'won in this dreadful combat; for let
'it be ever so great, I find I have
'strength enough to govern it, as well
'as any he who governs an island in
'this world.' To this request Don Quixote replied, 'You must know,
'brother Sancho, that such as these are
'not adventures of islands, but frays
'that happen in bye-roads, in which
'there is nothing to be got but a bro-
'ken head, with the loss of an ear;
'have a little patience, and we shall
'meet with adventures, which will ena-
'ble me to make you not only a go-
'vernor, but something more.' Sancho made him many hearty acknowledgments for his promise, then kissing his hand again, and his coat of mail, helped him to mount Rozinante; and he himself getting upon his ass, followed his master, who set off at a round pace, and without bidding adieu, or speaking one syllable to those in the coach, entered a wood that was in the neighbourhood.

Sancho followed him as hard as his beast would trot; but Rozinante exerted such speed, that seeing himself left behind, he was obliged to call to his master to wait for him. The knight complied with his request, and checked his horse, until he was overtaken by his weary squire; who, when he approached him, 'Sir,' said he, 'methinks it
'would be the wisest course for us to
'retreat to some church; for as he with
'whom you fought remains but in a
'sorry condition, it is odds but they
'inform the holy brotherhood of the
'affair*, and have us apprehended;
'and verily, if they do, before we get
'out of prison we may chance to sweat
'for it.'—'Peace, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'where didst thou ever see or
'hear, that a knight-errant was brought
'to justice for the greatest homicides he
'had committed?'—'I know nothing
'of your honey-seeds,' answered Sancho, 'nor in my life did I ever see one
'of them; this only I know, that the
'holy brotherhood commonly looks af-
'ter those who quarrel and fight up and
'down the country; and as to the other
'affair, I have no business to intermed-
'dle in it.'

'Set your heart at ease then, friend
'Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'for
'I will deliver you from the hands of
'the Philistines, much more from the
'clutches of the brotherhood; but tell
'me, on thy life, hast thou ever seen a
'more valiant knight than me in any
'country of the known world? Hast
'thou ever read in story of any other
'who possesses, or has possessed, more
'courage in attacking, more breath in
'persevering, more dexterity in wound-
'ing, and more agility in overthrowing
'his antagonist?'—'The truth is,' answered Sancho, 'I never read a history
'since I was born; for indeed I can
'neither read nor write; but what I
'will make bold to wager upon is, that
'a more daring master than your wor-

* Santa Hermandad was a brotherhood or society instituted in Spain in times of confusion, to suppress robbery, and render travelling safe.

'ſhip I never ſerved in the days of my life; and I wiſh to God, that your courage may not meet with that reward I have already mentioned. What I beg of your worſhip at preſent is, that you would allow me to dreſs that ear, which bleeds very much, for I have got ſome lint, and a little white ointment in my wallet.'—'Theſe would have been altogether needleſs,' anſwered the knight, 'if I had remembered to make a phial of the balſam of Fierabras, one ſingle drop of which would ſave abundance of time and trouble.'—'What ſort of a phial and balſam is that?' ſaid Sancho Panza. 'It is a balſam,' replied Don Quixote, 'the receipt of which I retain in my memory, and he that poſſeſſes the valuable compoſition needs be in no fear of death, nor think of periſhing by any wound whatſoever: and therefore, when I ſhall have made it, and delivered it into thy keeping, thou haſt no more to do when thou ſeeſt me in any combat cut through the middle, a circumſtance that very often happens, but to ſnatch up that part of the body which falls to the ground, and before the blood ſhall congeal, ſet it upon the other half that remains in the ſaddle, taking care to join them with the utmoſt nicety and exactneſs; then making me ſwallow a couple of draughts of the aforeſaid balſam, thou wilt ſee me in a twinkling, as whole and as ſound as an apple.'

'If that be the caſe,' ſaid Sancho Panza, 'I henceforth renounce the government of that iſland you promiſed me, and deſire no other reward for my long and faithful ſervice, but that your worſhip will give me the receipt of that ſame moſt exceeding liquor; for I imagine, that it will ſell for two rials an ounce at leaſt, and that will be ſufficient to make me ſpend the reſt of my days in credit and eaſe: but it will be neceſſary to know if the compoſition be coſtly.'—'I can make a gallon of it for leſs than three rials,' replied the knight. 'Sinner that I am!' cried Sancho, 'what hinders your worſhip from teaching me to make it this moment?'—'Hold thy tongue, friend,' ſaid the knight. 'I intend to teach thee greater ſecrets, and beſtow upon thee more conſiderable rewards than that; but, in the mean time, let us dreſs my ear, which pains me more than I could wiſh.'

The ſquire accordingly took out his lint and ointment: but when his maſter found that his helmet was quite demoliſhed, he had almoſt run ſtark mad: he laid his hand upon his ſword, and lifting up his hands to heaven, pronounced aloud, 'I ſwear by the Creator of all things, and by all that is written in the four holy evangeliſts! to lead the life which the great Marquis of Mantua led, when he ſwore to revenge the death of his couſin Valdovinos; neither to eat food upon a table, nor enjoy his wife, with many other things, which, though I do not remember, I here conſider as expreſſed, until I ſhall have taken full vengeance upon him who has done me this injury*.' Sancho hearing this invocation, 'Sir Don Quixote,' ſaid he, 'I hope your worſhip will conſider, that if the knight ſhall accompliſh what he was ordered to do, namely, to preſent himſelf before my Lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, he will have done his duty, and certainly deſerves no other puniſhment, unleſs he commits a new crime.'—'Thou haſt ſpoke very much to the purpoſe, and hit the nail on the head,' replied Don Quixote, 'therefore I annul my oath, ſo far as it regards my revenge, but I make and confirm it anew, to lead the life I have mentioned, until ſuch time as I can take by force as good a helmet as this from ſome other knight; and thou muſt not think, Sancho, that I am now making a ſmoke of ſtraw; for I know very well whom I imitate in this affair; the ſame thing having literally

* Theſe ridiculous oaths or vows are not confined to romances. Philip, the good Duke of Burgundy, at a publick banquet, vowed to God, the holy virgin, the peacock, and the ladies, that he would declare war againſt the infidels; and a great number of perſons who were preſent, liſted themſelves under the ſame vow, and incurred voluntary penance until it ſhould be accompliſhed. Some ſwore they would never lie upon a bed, others renounced the uſe of a table-cloth, a third ſet obliged themſelves to faſt one particular day in the week, a fourth went without one particular piece of armour, a fifth wore his armour night and day, and many confined themſelves to ſhirts of ſackcloth and hair.

'happened

'happened about the helmet of Mambrino, which coſt Sacripante ſo dear.*'

'Sir, Sir,' replied Sancho, with ſome heat, 'I wiſh your worſhip would ſend to the devil all ſuch oaths, which are ſo miſchievous to the health and prejudicial to the conſcience; for, tell me now, if we ſhould not find in many days, a man armed with a helmet, what muſt we do? muſt we perform this vow, in ſpite of all the rubs and inconveniences in the way; ſuch as to lie in one's cloaths, and not to ſleep in an inhabited place, with a thouſand other penances contained in the oath of that old mad Marquis of Mantua, which your worſhip now wants to renew? Pray, Sir, conſider that there are no armed people in theſe roads, none but carriers and carters, which far from wearing helmets themſelves, perhaps never heard of any ſuch thing during the whole courſe of their lives.'—'There thou art egregiouſly miſtaken,' replied Don Quixote; 'for, before we are two hours in the croſsways, we ſhall ſee armed men more numerous than thoſe that came to Albraca, in order to win Angelica the fair.'—'On then, and be it ſo,' ſaid Sancho, 'and pray God we may ſucceed, and that the time may come when we ſhall gain that iſland which has coſt me ſo dear, and then I care not how ſoon I die.'—'I have already adviſed thee, Sancho,' ſaid the knight, 'to give thyſelf no trouble about that affair; for, ſhould we be diſappointed in the expectation of an iſland, there is the kingdom of Denmark; or that of Sobrediza, which will ſuit thee as well as ever a ring fitted a finger, and ought to give thee more joy, becauſe it is ſituated on Terra Firma; but let us leave theſe things to the determination of time, and ſee if thou haſt got any thing in thy wallet; for we muſt go preſently in queſt of ſome caſtle, where we may procure a night's lodging, and ingredients to make that ſame balſam I mentioned; for, I vow to God! my ear gives me infinite pain.'

'I have got here in my bags,' ſaid Sancho, 'an onion, a ſlice of cheeſe, and a few cruſts of bread; but theſe are eatables which do not ſuit the palate of ſuch a valiant knight-errant as your worſhip.'—'How little you underſtand of the matter!' anſwered Don Quixote. 'Thou muſt know, Sancho, that it is for the honour of knights-errant, to abſtain whole months together from food, and when they do eat, to be contented with what is next at hand; this thou wouldſt not have been ignorant of, hadſt thou read ſo many hiſtories as I have peruſed, in which, numerous as they are, I have never found any account of knights-errant eating, except occaſionally, at ſome ſumptuous banquet made on purpoſe for them; at other times, living upon air; and though it muſt be taken for granted, that they could not altogether live without eating, or complying with the other neceſſities of nature, being in effect men as we are; yet we are likewiſe to conſider, that as the greateſt part of their lives was ſpent in travelling through woods and deſarts, without any cook or caterer, their ordinary diet was no other than ſuch ruſtick food as thou haſt now got for our preſent occaſions†; therefore, friend Sancho, give thyſelf no uneaſineſs, becauſe thou haſt got nothing to gratify the palate, nor ſeek to unhinge or alter the conſtitution of things.'

* Geoffroi de Rançon, having been injured by the Count de La Marche, ſwore by the ſaints that he would wear his buſkin like a woman, and never ſuffer himſelf to be ſhaved in the manner of chivalry, until he ſhould be revenged. This oath he ſcrupulouſly obſerved, until he ſaw his adverſary, with his wife and children, kneeling in diſtreſs before the king, and imploring his forgiveneſs; then he called for a ſtool, adjuſted his buſkin, and was ſhaved in preſence of his majeſty and the court.

The knight's forehead was commonly ſhaved, that in caſe he ſhould loſe his helmet in combat, his antagoniſt ſhould have no hold by which he might be pulled off his horſe.

† We read in Perce Foreſt, that there were flat ſtones placed at certain diſtances in uninhabited parts of the country, for the uſe of knights-erant; who, having killed a roe-buck, preſſed the blood out of it upon one of theſe tables by the help of another ſmooth ſtone, and then eat it with ſome ſalt and ſpices, which they carried along with them for that purpoſe. This diet is called in the French romances, *Chevraux de preſſe, nourreture des heraux.*

—'I beg

—'I beg your worſhip's pardon,' ſaid Sancho, 'for as I can neither read nor 'write, as I have already obſerved, I 'may have miſtaken the rules of your 'knightly profeſſion; but from hence-'forward I will ſtore my budget with 'all ſorts of dry fruits for your worſhip, 'who are a knight; and for myſelf, who 'am none, I will provide other more 'volatile and ſubſtantial food*.'—'I 'do not ſay, Sancho, that knights-er-'rant are obliged to eat nothing except 'theſe fruits, but only that their moſt 'ordinary ſuſtenance is compoſed of 'them and ſome certain herbs, which 'they know how to gather in the fields; 'a ſpecies of knowledge which I my-'ſelf am no ſtranger to.'—'Surely,' anſwered Sancho, 'it is a great comfort 'to know theſe ſame herbs; for it 'comes into my head, we ſhall one day 'or another have occaſion to make uſe 'of the knowledge:' and taking out the contents of his wallet, they eat together with great harmony and ſatisfaction; but, being deſirous of finding ſome place for their night's lodging, they finiſhed their humble repaſt in a hurry, and mounting their beaſts, put on at a good rate, in order to reach ſome village before it ſhould be dark; but the hope of gratifying that deſire failed them with day-light, juſt when they happened to be near a goatherd's hut, in which they reſolved to paſs the night; and in the ſame proportion that Sancho was diſguſted at not being able to reach ſome village, his maſter was rejoiced at an opportunity of ſleeping under the cope of heaven, becauſe he looked upon every occaſion of this kind as an act of poſſeſſion that ſtrengthened the proof of his knight-errantry.

CHAP. III.

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE WHILE HE REMAINED WITH THE GOATHERDS.

HE received a very hearty welcome from the goatherds; and Sancho having, as well as he could, accommodated Rozinante and his aſs, was attracted by the odour that iſſued from ſome pieces of goat's fleſh that were boiling in a kettle; but though he longed very much at that inſtant to ſee if it was time to transfer them from the kettle to the belly, he checked his curioſity, becauſe the landlord took them from the fire, and ſpreading ſome ſheep-ſkins upon the ground, ſet out their ruſtick table without loſs of time; inviting their two gueſts to a ſhare of their meſs, with many expreſſions of good-will and hoſpitality. Then thoſe who belonged to the cot, being ſix in number, ſeated themſelves round the ſkins, having firſt, with their booriſh ceremony, deſired Don Quixote to ſit down on a trough, which they had overturned for that purpoſe.

The knight accepted their offer, and Sancho remained ſtanding, to adminiſter the cup, which was made of horn; but his maſter perceiving him in this attitude, 'That thou may'ſt ſee, Sancho,' ſaid he, 'the benefit which is concentered 'in knight-errantry; and how near all 'thoſe who exerciſe themſelves in any 'ſort of miniſtry belonging to it, are to 'preferment and eſteem of the world, 'I deſire thee to ſit down here by my 'ſide, in company with theſe worthy 'people; and that thou may'ſt be on 'an equal footing with me, thy natural 'lord and maſter, eating in the ſame 'diſh, and drinking out of the ſame 'cup that I uſe; for what is ſaid of 'love may be obſerved of knight-er-'rantry, that it puts all things upon 'a level.'

'I give you a thouſand thanks,' ſaid Sancho; 'but I muſt tell your worſhip 'that, provided I have plenty, I can eat 'as much, nay more to my ſatisfaction, 'ſtanding on my legs, and in my own 'company, than if I was to ſit by the 'ſide of an emperor; and, if all the 'truth muſt be told, I had much rather 'dine by myſelf in a corner, though it 'ſhould be upon a bit of bread and an 'onion, without all your niceties and 'ceremonies, than eat turkey-cocks at 'another man's table, where I am ob-'liged to chew ſoftly, to drink ſparing-'ly, to wipe my mouth every minute, 'to abſtain from ſneezing or cough-'ing, though I ſhould be never ſo 'much inclined to either, and from a

* Volatile, in the original, ſignifies any things that fly; and therefore Sancho may be ſuppoſed to mean, he would provide himſelf with game or poultry; but the blunder which we have made him commit ſeems to be more in character.

'great

'great many other things, which I can 'freely do when alone; therefore, Sir 'master of mine, I hope these honours 'which your worship would put upon 'me, as being the servant and abettor 'of knight-errantry, which to be sure 'I am, while I remain in quality of your 'squire, may be converted into other 'things of more ease and advantage to 'me, than those which, though I hold 'them as received in full, I renounce 'from henceforth for ever, amen.'— 'Thou must nevertheless sit thee down,' said his master; 'for him that is hum-'ble, God will exalt;' and, seizing him by the arm, he pulled him down to the seat on which he himself sat.

The goatherds, who understood not a word of all this jargon of squire and knights-errant, did nothing but eat in silence, and gaze upon their guests; who, with keen appetite, and infinite relish, solaced their stomachs, by swallowing pieces as large as their fists. This service of meat being finished, they spread upon their skins great quantities of acorns, and half a cheese, harder than plaister of Paris: all this time the horn was not idle, but went round so fast, sometimes full, sometimes empty, like the buckets of a well, that they soon voided one of the two skins of wine that hung in view.

Don Quixote having satisfied his appetite, took up an handful of the acorns, and after looking at them attentively, delivered himself to this purpose: 'Hap-'py age, and happy days were those, 'to which the ancients gave the name 'of golden; not that gold, which in 'these our iron times is so much esteem-'ed, was to be acquired without trou-'ble, in that fortunate period; but 'because people were then ignorant of 'those two words MINE and THINE: 'in that sacred age, all things were in 'common; no man was necessitated, 'in search of his daily food, to under-'go any other trouble than that of 'reaching out his hand, and receiving 'it from the sturdy oak, that liberally 'invited him to pull his sweet and sa-'lutary fruit. The limpid fountains 'and murmuring rills afforded him 'their savoury and transparent waters 'in magnificent abundance. In clefts 'of rocks and hollow trees, the prudent 'and industrious bees formed their 'commonwealths, offering without in-'terest to every hand the fruitful har-'vest of their delicious toil. The stately 'cork-trees voluntarily stripped them-'selves of their light extended bark, 'with which men began to cover their 'rural cottages, supported upon rustick 'poles, with a view only to defend 'themselves from the inclemencies of 'the weather. All was then peace, all 'was harmony, and all was friendship. 'As yet the ponderous coulter of the 'crooked plough had not presumed to 'open, or visit the pious entrails of our 'first mother, who, without compul-'sion, presented on every part of her 'wide and fertile bosom, every thing 'that could satisfy, sustain, and de-'light her sons, who then possessed her. 'Then did the simple and beautiful 'shepherdesses rove from hill to hill, and 'dale to dale, bare-headed, in their 'braided locks, without any other 'cloaths than what were necessary to 'cover modestly that which modesty 'commands, and always has com-'manded to be covered. Neither were 'their ornaments such as are used now-'a-days, enhanced in value by the 'Tyrian purple, and the many-ways 'martyred silk, but composed of verdant 'dock-leaves, and ivy interwove to-'gether; with which they appeared, 'perhaps, with as great pomp and con-'trivance as the court ladies of our 'days, dressed in all the rare and fo-'reign fashions which idle curiosity has 'invented. Then were the amorous 'dictates of the soul expressed in sen-'sible simplicity, just as they were 'conceived, undisguised by the artifi-'cial cloak of specious words. There 'was no fraud, no deceit, no malice 'intermixed with plain dealing truth; 'justice then kept within her proper 'bounds, undisturbed and unbiassed by 'interest and favour, which now im-'pair, confound, and persecute, her so 'much; law was not then centered 'in the arbitrary bosom of the judge, 'for, at that time, there was neither 'cause nor contest. Damsels and de-'cency, as I have already said, went 'about single, and without fear of be-'ing injured by insolence or lust; and 'their ruin, when it happened, was the 'fruit of their own will and pleasure. 'But, now-a-days, in this detestable 'age, no maid is secure, though she 'was concealed and shut up in such 'another labyrinth as was that of Crete; 'for, even there, the amorous pesti-

'lence,

'lence, with the zeal of miſchievous 'importunity, would enter either by the 'help of wings, or by gliding through 'ſome chink or other, and all her bar-'ricadoed chaſtity would go to wreck. 'For the ſecurity of this virtue, in pro-'ceſs of time, when miſchief grew to a 'greater head, the order of knight-er-'rantry was firſt inſtituted to defend 'damſels, protect widows, and ſuccour 'the needy and the fatherleſs. This 'order, brother goatherds, I profeſs; 'and thank you for this kind enter-'tainment and reception, which I and 'my ſquire have received at your hands; 'for though, by the law of nature, all 'mankind are obliged to favour and 'aſſiſt knights-errant, during the whole 'courſe of their lives; yet, as you have 'received and regaled me, before you 'knew yourſelves to be under that obli-'gation, I think it my duty to return 'my moſt ſincere acknowledgment for 'your hoſpitality.'

The whole of this tedious harangue, which might very well have been ſpared, was pronounced by our knight, becauſe the acorns they preſented recalled to his memory the golden age: therefore he took it in his head to make theſe uſeleſs reflections to the goatherds; who, without anſwering one ſyllable, liſtened with ſuſpence and aſtoniſhment. Sancho was alſo ſilent, but kept his teeth employed upon the acorns, and paid many a viſit to the ſecond wine-bag; which, that the contents might be the cooler, was hung upon a cork-tree. Don Quixote was leſs tedious in his diſcourſe than at his meal, which being ended, one of the goatherds ſaid, 'That your worſhip, 'knight-errant, may be convinced of 'our readineſs and good-will to give 'you all the entertainment in our power, 'you ſhall have the pleaſure and ſatis-'faction of hearing a ſong from one of 'our companions, who will ſoon be here. 'He is an underſtanding young fellow, 'very much in love, who, moreover, 'can read and write, and play upon 'the rebeck*, that it will delight you to 'hear him.' Scarce had the goatherd pronounced theſe words, when their ears were ſaluted with a ſound of this inſtrument; and preſently after appeared the muſician, who was a young fellow of about twenty, or twenty-two years of age, and of a very graceful appearance. His companions aſked him if he had ſupped, and he anſwering in the affirmative, one of them, who made the offer to the knight, ſaid to him, 'If 'that be the caſe, Antonio, you will 'do us the pleaſure to ſing a ſong, that 'this gentleman, our gueſt, may ſee 'there are ſome, even among theſe 'woods and mountains, who under-'ſtand muſick. We have already in-'formed him of thy uncommon talents, 'and we deſire thou wouldſt ſhew them, 'in order to juſtify what we have ſaid 'in thy praiſe; I therefore earneſtly 'beſeech thee to ſit down and ſing the 'ballad of thy love, compoſed by thy 'uncle the curate, which is ſo much 'commended in our village.'—'With 'all my heart,' replied the young man; who, without farther entreaty, ſat down upon the trunk of an ancient oak, and tuning his inſtrument, began in a very graceful manner to ſing and accompany the following ſong.

I.

YOU love, Olalla, nay, adore me;
In ſpite of all your art I know it,
Although you never ſmile before me,
And neither tongue nor eyes avow it.

II.

For, ſure to ſlight a lover's paſſion
So try'd as that which lives this heart in,
Were but ſmall proof of penetration;
And that you are no fool is certain.

III.

Sometimes, indeed, and 'tis amazing,
Tho' prov'd by evidence of twenty,
You've plainly ſhewn your ſoul was brazen,
And eke your ſnowy boſom flinty.

IV.

Yet in the midſt of maiden ſhyneſs,
Affected ſcorn and decent ſcolding,
Kind Hope appear'd with proffer'd ſpy-glaſs,
The border of her robe unfolding.

V.

Then balance in the ſcales of reaſon,
My love unſhaken and untainted,
Unapt to change from truth to treaſon,
By frowns impair'd, by ſmiles augmented.

VI.

If love be courteſy refin'd,
And you be civil to profuſion,
That you will to my hopes prove kind,
Is but a natural concluſion.

* A ſort of ſmall fiddle of one piece, with three ſtrings, uſed by ſhepherds.

VII. If

VII.

If gratitude that breaſt can ſoften,
Which bids to other arts defiance,
The ſervices I've render'd often,
Muſt melt your ſoul to kind compliance.

VIII.

For, more than once, had you attended,
You might have ſeen me wear on Monday,
My beſt apparel ſcower'd and mended,
With which I wont to honour Sunday.

IX.

As love delights in finery,
And women oft are won by tightneſs,
I've ſtill endeavour'd in your eye,
To ſhine the mirror of politeneſs.

X.

That I have danc'd the ſwains among,
To pleaſe your pride, what need I mention;
Or with the cock begun my ſong,
To wake my ſleeping fair's attention!

XI.

Or that, enamour'd of your beauty,
I've loudly ſounded forth it's praiſes;
A taſk which, tho' a lover's duty,
The ſpite of other women raiſes!

XII.

For, once, Tereſa of the hill,
Beneath all notice would have ſunk ye,
'You think Olalla angel ſtill,'
Said ſhe, 'but others ſcorn the monkey.

XIII.

'Thanks to her beads of glittering glaſs,
'And her falſe locks in ringlets curling,
'And the falſe colour of her face,
'Which Love himſelf might take for
'ſterling.'

XIV.

She ly'd, I told her in her throat;
And when her kinſman kept a racket,
You know I made him change his note,
And ſoundly threſh'd the booby's jacket.

XV.

Your lovely perſon, not your wealth,
At firſt engag'd my inclination;
Nor would I now poſſeſs by ſtealth,
The guilty joys of fornication.

XVI.

The church has ſilken ties in ſtore,
Then yield thy neck to Hymen's fetters;
Behold, I put my own before,
And truſt the nooſe that binds our betters.

XVII.

Elſe, by each bleſſed ſaint I ſwear,
And Heav'n forbid I prove a liar!
Never to quit this deſart drear,
Except in form of hooded friar*.

Thus ended the goatherd's ditty; and though Don Quixote deſired him to ſing another, yet Sancho Panza would by no means give his conſent, being more inclined to take his natural reſt than to hear ballads; and therefore, he ſaid to his maſter, 'Your worſhip had better 'conſider where you are to lodge this 'night; for the labour that theſe honeſt men undergo in the day, will not 'ſuffer them to paſs the night in ſing-'ing.'—'I underſtand thee, Sancho,' replied the knight, 'it plainly appears 'that the viſits thou haſt made to the 'wine-bag, demand the conſolation of 'ſleep, rather than that of muſick.'—'They agreed with us all very well, 'bleſſed be God!' replied Sancho. 'I 'do not deny it,' ſaid the knight; 'and 'thou mayeſt beſtow thyſelf in the beſt 'manner thou canſt; but it is more 'ſeemly for thoſe of my profeſſion to 'watch than to ſleep: it would not be 'amiſs, however, Sancho, to dreſs my 'ear again; for it gives me more pain 'than I could wiſh.' Sancho did as he deſired: when one of the goatherds perceiving the wound, bade him give him-

* The reader will perceive that I have endeavoured to adapt the verſification to the plainneſs and ruſticity of the ſentiment, which are preſerved through the whole of this ballad; though all the other tranſlators ſeem to have been bent upon ſetting the poetry at variance with the paſtoral ſimplicity of the thoughts. For example, who would ever dream of a goatherd's addreſſing his miſtreſs in theſe terms?

'With rapture on each charm I dwell,
'And daily ſpread thy beauty's fame;
'And ſtill my tongue thy praiſe ſhall tell,
'Though envy ſwell, or malice blame.'

The original ſentiments which this courtly ſtanza is deſigned to tranſlate, are literally theſe:

'I do not mention the praiſes I have ſpoke of your beauty, which, though true in 'fact, are the occaſion of my being hated by ſome other women.'

ſelf no trouble about it, for he would apply a remedy that would heal it in a trice: ſo ſaying, he took ſome leaves of roſemary, which grew in great plenty round the hut, and having chewed and mixed them with a little ſalt, applied the poultice to his ear; and binding it up carefully, aſſured him, as it actually happened, that it would need no other plaiſter.

CHAP. IV.

WHAT WAS RELATED BY A GOATHERD, WHO CHANCED TO COME INTO THE HUT.

IN the mean time, another of the lads, who brought them victuals from the village, entering the hut, ſaid, 'Do you know what has happened in 'our town, comrades?' When one of them anſwered, 'How ſhould we!' 'Know, then,' continued he, 'that the 'famous ſtudent Chryſoſtom died this 'morning; and it is murmured about, 'that his death was occaſioned by his 'love for that deviliſh girl Marcella, 'daughter of William the rich. She 'that roves about theſe plains in the 'habit of a ſhepherdeſs.'—'For Mar-'cella, ſaid you!' cried one. 'The 'ſame,' anſwered the goatherd; 'and it 'is certain, that in his laſt will he 'ordered himſelf to be buried in the 'field like a Moor (God bleſs us!) 'at the foot of the rock, hard by the 'cork-tree ſpring; for, the report goes, 'and they ſay he ſaid ſo himſelf, as 'how the firſt time he ſaw her was in 'that place; and he has alſo ordained 'many other ſuch things as the cler-'gy ſay muſt not be accompliſhed; nor 'is it right they ſhould be accompliſhed; 'for, truly, they ſeem quite heatheniſh: 'to all which objections his dear friend, 'Ambroſio the ſtudent, who alſo dreſſed 'himſelf like a ſhepherd, to keep him 'company, replies, that he will per-'form every thing, without fail, that 'Chryſoſtom has ordered; and the 'whole village is in an uproar about it: 'but it is believed that every thing, at 'laſt, will be done according to the 'deſire of Ambroſio, and all the reſt 'of the ſhepherds, his friends; and 'that to-morrow he will be interred 'with great pomp in the very ſpot I 'have mentioned. I am reſolved, there-'fore, as it will be a thing well worth 'ſeeing, to go thither without fail, even 'though I thought I ſhould not be 'able to return to the village that 'night.'—'We will do ſo too,' replied the goatherds, 'and caſt lots to ſee 'which of us muſt ſtay and take care 'of our flocks.'—'You are in the 'right, Pedro,' ſaid one; 'but there 'will be no occaſion to uſe that ſhift, 'for I myſelf will ſtay and take care of 'the whole; and you muſt not impute 'my tarrying to virtue, or the want of 'curioſity, but to the plaguy thorn 'that ran into my foot the other day, 'and hinders me from walking.'—'We are obliged to thee, however,' anſwered Pedro; whom Don Quixote deſired to tell him who that ſame dead ſhepherd and living ſhepherdeſs were.

To this queſtion the goatherd replied, all that he knew of the matter was, that the deceaſed was the ſon of a rich farmer, who lived in the neighbourhood of a village in theſe mountains; that he had ſtudied in Salamanca many years, at the end of which he had returned to his family with the character of a great ſcholar: in particular, they ſaid he was very knowing in the ſcience of the ſtars, and what paſſed betwixt the ſun and moon, and the heavens; for he had punctually foretold the cliplſe of them both! 'The obſcuration of 'thoſe two great luminaries,' ſaid the knight, 'is called the eclipſe, and not 'the cliplſe, friend.' But Pedro, without troubling his head with theſe trifles, proceeded, ſaying, 'he likewiſe foreſaw 'when the year would be plentiful or 'ſtaril.'—'You mean, ſterile,' ſaid Don Quixote. 'Sterile, or ſtaril,' replied Pedro, 'comes all to the ſame pur-'poſe; and I ſay, that his father and 'his friends, taking his advice, became 'very rich: for they gave credit to his 'words, and followed his counſel in 'all things. When he would ſay, this 'year you muſt ſow barley, and no 'wheat; here you muſt ſow carabances, 'but no barley; next year there will 'be a good harveſt of oil; but for three 'years to come there will not be a drop.' —'That ſcience,' replied Don Quixote, 'is called aſtrology.'—'I know not 'how it is called,' replied Pedro; 'but 'this I know, that he knew all this, 'and much more. In ſhort, not many 'months after he came from Salaman-'ca, he appeared all of a ſudden in 'ſhepherd-

'shepherd-weeds, with his woolly jacket, and a flock of sheep, having laid aside the long dress of a student. And he was accompanied by a friend of his in the same habit, whose name was Ambrosio, and who had been his fellow-student at college. I forgot to tell you that Chrysostom the defunct was such a great man at composing couplets, that he made carols for Christmas eve, and plays for the Lord's-day, which were represented by the young men in our village; and every body said, that they were tip-top. When the people of the village saw the two scholars so suddenly cloathed like shepherds, they were surprized, and could not guess their reason for such an odd change. About that time the father of this Chrysostom dying, he inherited great riches, that were in moveables and in lands, with no small number of sheep, more or less, and a great deal of money: of all which this young man remained desolate lord and master: and truly he deserved it all; for he was an excellent companion, very charitable, a great friend to good folks, and had a most blessed countenance. Afterwards it came to be known, that his reason for changing his garb, was no other than with a view of strolling through the woods and desarts after that same shepherdess Marcella, whose name my friend mentioned just now, and with whom the poor defunct Chrysostom was woundily in love: and I will now tell you, for it is necessary that you should know who this wench is; for, mayhap, nay even without a mayhap, you never heard of such a thing in all the days of your life, though you be older than St. Paul*.'—'Say, Paul's,' replied Don Quixote, offended at the goatherd's perverting the words. 'Saint Paul was no chicken,' replied Pedro; 'and if your worship be resolved to correct my words every moment, we shall not have done in a twelvemonth.'—'I ask your pardon friend,' said the knight; 'I only mention this, because there is a wide difference between the person of St. Paul, and a church that goes by his name: but, however, you made a very sensible reply; for, to be sure, the saint lived long before the church was built: therefore go on with your story, and I promise not to interrupt you again.'

'Well, then, my good master,' said the goatherd, 'there lived in our village a farmer, still richer than Chrysostom's father; his name was William, and God gave him, over and above great wealth, a daughter, who at her birth was the death of her mother, the most worthy dame in all the country. Methinks I see her now with that face of her's, which seemed to have the sun on one side, and the moon on the other; she was an excellent housewife, and a great friend to the poor, for which reason I believe her soul is enjoying the presence of God in paradise. Her husband died of grief for the loss of so good a wife, leaving his daughter Marcella, young and rich, to the care of an uncle, who has got a living in our village. The girl grew up with so much beauty, that she put us in mind of her mother, who had a great share, and yet it was thought it would be surpassed by the daughter's. It happened accordingly; for when she came to the age of fourteen or fifteen, nobody could behold her without blessing God, for having made so beautiful a creature; and every body almost grew desperately in love with her. Her uncle kept her up with great care; but, for all that, the fame of her exceeding beauty spread in such a manner, that both for her person and her fortune, not only the richest people in our town, but likewise in many leagues about, came to ask her in marriage of her uncle, with much importunity and solicitation. But he, who, to give him his due, was a good christian, although he wanted to dispose of her as soon as she came to the age fit for matrimony, would not give her away without her own consent; neither had he a view in deferring her marriage, to the gain and advantage which he might enjoy in managing the girl's fortune. And truly I have

* In the original Spanish, the goatherd, instead of saying as old as Sarah, says, as old as Sarna, which in that language signifies the itch; but as it is impossible to preserve these mistakes in the translation, I have substituted another in it's room, which I apprehend is equally natural and expressive.

'heard this ſpoken in more companies 'than one, very much to the praiſe of 'the honeſt prieſt. For I would have 'you know, Sir traveller, that in theſe 'ſmall towns people intermeddle and 'grumble about every thing. And 'this you may take for certain, as I 'know it to be ſo, that a clergyman 'muſt be exceſſively good indeed, if 'he can oblige his flock to ſpeak well 'of him, eſpecially in country villages.' —'You are certainly in the right,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'and pray go on, for 'your ſtory is very entertaining; and 'you, honeſt Pedro, relate it with a 'good grace.'—'May I never want 'God's grace!' ſaid the ſhepherd; 'for 'that is the main chance; and you muſt 'know, moreover, that though the 'uncle propoſed to his niece, and de'ſcribed the good qualities of each in 'particular who aſked her in marriage, 'deſiring her to give her hand to ſome 'one or other, and chuſe for herſelf; 'ſhe never would give him any other 'anſwer, but that ſhe did not chuſe to 'marry, for ſhe was too young to bear 'the burden of matrimony. On ac'count of theſe excuſes, which ſeemed 'to have ſome reaſon in them, her uncle 'forbore to importune her, and waited 'till ſhe ſhould have more years and 'diſcernment to make choice of her 'own company; for he ſaid, and to be 'ſure it was well ſaid, that parents 'ſhould never diſpoſe of their children 'againſt their own inclinations. But 'behold, when we leaſt thought of it, 'the timorous Marcella one day ap'peared in the habit of a ſhepherdeſs; 'and without imparting her deſign to 'her uncle, or any body in the village, 'for fear they might have diſſuaded her 'from it, ſhe took to the field with her 'own flock, in company of the other 'damſels of the village. As ſhe now 'appeared in publick, and her beauty 'was expoſed to the eyes of every body, 'you cannot conceive what a number 'of rich youths, gentlemen and far'mers, immediately took the garb of 'Chryſoſtom, and went wooing her 'through the fields. One of theſe ſui'tors, as you have heard, was the de'ceaſed, who, they ſay, left off loving 'to adore her; and you muſt not think, 'that becauſe Marcella took to this 'free and unconfined way of living, 'ſhe brought the leaſt diſparagement 'upon her chaſtity and good name; on 'the contrary, ſuch is the vigilance 'with which ſhe guards her honour, 'that of all thoſe who ſerve and ſolicit 'her, not one has boaſted, nor indeed 'can boaſt with any truth, that ſhe has 'given him the ſmalleſt hope of accom'pliſhing his deſire; for though ſhe 'neither flies, or avoids the company 'and converſation of the ſhepherds, but 'treats them in a courteous and friendly 'manner, whenever any one of them 'comes to diſcloſe his intention, let it 'be ever ſo juſt and holy, even marriage 'itſelf, ſhe throws him from her like a 'ſtone from a ſling; and being of this 'diſpoſition, does more damage in this 'country, than if a peſtilence had ſeized 'it; for her affability and beauty al'lures all the hearts of thoſe that con'verſe with her to ſerve and love her, 'but her coyneſs and plain dealing 'drives them even to the borders of de'ſpair; therefore they know not what 'to ſay, but upbraid her with cruelty 'and ingratitude, and give her a great 'many ſuch titles, as plainly ſhew the 'nature of her diſpoſition: and if your 'worſhip was but to ſtay here one day, 'you would hear theſe hills and dales 'reſound with the lamentations of her 'rejected followers. Not far from this 'place there is a tuft of about a dozen 'of tall beeches, upon every one of 'which you may read engraved the name 'of Marcella, and over ſome a crown 'cut out in the bark, as if her lover 'would have declared, that Marcella 'wears, and deſerves to wear, the crown 'of all earthly beauty. Here one ſhep'herd ſighs, there another complains; 'in one place you may hear amorous 'ditties, in another the dirges of de'ſpair; one lover ſits muſing through 'all the hours of the night, at the foot 'of ſome tall aſh or rugged rock, and 'there, without having cloſed his weep'ing eyes, ſhrunk up as it were, and 'intranced in his own reflections, he is 'found by the riſing ſun; a ſecond, 'without giving reſpite or truce to his 'ſighs, expoſed to the heat of the moſt 'ſultry ſummer's ſun, lies ſtretched 'upon the burning ſand, breathing his 'complaints to pitying Heaven, and 'over this and that, and theſe and thoſe, 'the free, the unconcerned, the fair 'Marcella triumphs. We who are ac'quainted with her diſpoſition, wait with 'impatience to ſee the end of all this 'diſdain, and long to know what happy

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'man will tame such an unsociable 'humour, and enjoy such exceeding 'beauty. As every thing that I have 'recounted is true to a tittle, I have 'no reason to doubt the truth of what 'our comrades said concerning the 'cause of Chrysostom's death; and 'therefore I advise you, Sir, not to 'fail being to-morrow at his burial, 'which will be well worth seeing; for 'Chrysostom had a great many friends, 'and the spot in which he ordered him-'self to be buried is not more than half 'a league from hence.'

'I will take care to be present,' said the knight, 'and thank you heartily 'for the pleasure you have given me in 'relating such an interesting story.'— 'Oh! as for that,' cried the goatherd, 'I do not know one half of what has 'happened to the lovers of Marcella: 'but to-morrow, perhaps, we may 'light upon some shepherd on the road, 'who is better acquainted with them. 'In the mean time you will do well to 'go to sleep under some cover, for the 'cold night air may not agree with the 'hurt your jaws have received, though 'the remedy I have applied is such, that 'you have nothing else to fear.'

Sancho Panza, who wished the goatherd's loquacity at the devil, earnestly intreated his master to go to sleep in Pedro's hut. This request the knight complied with, and spent the greatest part of the night in thinking of his Lady Dulcinea, in imitation of Marcella's lovers; while Sancho Panza, taking up his lodging betwixt Rozinante and his ass, slept soundly, not like a discarded lover, but like one who had been battered and bruised the day before.

CHAP. V.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF THE SHEPHERDESS MARCELLA, AND OTHER INCIDENTS.

SCARCE had Aurora disclosed herself through the balconies of the east, when five of the six goatherds arising, went to waken Don Quixote, and told him, that if he continued in his resolution of going to see the famous funeral of Chrysostom, they would keep him company. The knight, who desired nothing better, arose, and commanded Sancho to saddle his horse and pannel his ass immediately. This order was executed with great dispatch, and they set out without loss of time. They had not travelled more than a quarter of a league, when, upon crossing a path, they saw coming towards them six shepherds, cloathed in jackets of black sheep-skin, and crowned with garlands of cypress and bitter-bay, each having a club of holly in his hand. Along with them came also two gentlemen on horseback, very well equipped for travel, accompanied by three young men on foot.

When they advanced they saluted one another, and understanding, upon inquiry, that they were all bound to the place of interment, they joined company, and travelled together. One of the horsemen said to his companion, 'Sig-'nior Vivaldo, we shall not have reason 'to grudge our tarrying to see this fa-'mous funeral, which must certainly 'be very extraordinary, by the strange 'account we have received from these 'people, of the dead shepherd, and the 'murderous shepherdess.'—'I am of 'the same opinion,' answered Vivaldo; 'and would not only tarry one day, 'but even four or five, on purpose to 'see it.' Don Quixote asking what they had heard of Marcella and Chrysostom, the traveller replied, that early in the morning they had met with these shepherds, of whom inquiring the cause of their being cloathed in such melancholy weeds, they had been informed of the coyness and beauty of a certain shepherdess called Marcella, and the hapless love of many who courted her, together with the death of that same Chrysostom to whose funeral they were going. In short, he recounted every circumstance of what Pedro had told Don Quixote before.

This conversation being ended, another began by Vivaldo's asking Don Quixote why he travelled thus in armour in a peaceable country. To this question the knight replied, 'The ex-'ercise of my profession will not per-'mit or allow me to go in any other 'manner. Revels, feasting, and repose, 'were invented by effeminate courtiers; 'but toil, anxiety, and arms, are pe-'culiar to those whom the world calls 'knights-errant, of which order I, 'though unworthy, and the least, am 'one.' He had no sooner pronounced these words, than all present took him

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for a madman; but, in order to confirm their opinion, and discover what kind of madness it was, Vivaldo desired to know what he meant by knights-errant. 'What!' said Don Quixote, 'have you never read the annals and 'history of England, which treat of 'the famous exploits of Arthur, who, 'at present, in our Castilian language, 'is called King Artus, and of whom 'there is an ancient tradition, gene-'rally believed all over Great Britain, 'that he did not die, but was, by the 'art of inchantment, metamorphosed 'into a raven; and that the time will 'come when he shall return, and re-'cover his sceptre and throne; for 'which reason it cannot be proved, that 'from that period to this, any English-'man has killed a raven. In the reign 'of that excellent king was instituted 'that famous order of chivalry, called 'the Knights of the Round Table; and 'those amours punctually happened, 'which are recounted of Don Lancelot 'of the Lake, with Queen Ginebra, by 'the help and mediation of that sage 'and venerable duenna Quitaniona, 'from whence that delightful ballad, 'so much sung in Spain, took its rise:

'For never, sure, was any knight
'So serv'd by damsel, or by dame,
'As Lancelot, that man of might,
'When he at first from Britain came.'

'With the rest of that most relishing 'and delicious account of his amours 'and valiant exploits. From that time 'the order of knight-errantry was ex-'tended, as it were, from hand to hand, 'and spread through divers and sundry 'parts of the world, producing, among 'many other worthies celebrated for 'their archievements, the valiant Ama-'dis de Gaul, with all his sons and ne-'phews, even to the fifth generation; 'the courageous Fleximarte of Hicar-'nia, the never-enough to be commend-'ed Tirante the White, and he whom, 'in this our age, we have as it were seen, 'heard, and conversed with, the invin-'cible and valorous knight Don Belia-'nis of Greece. This, gentlemen, is 'what I meant by knight-errant; and 'such as I have described is the order of 'chivalry, which, as I have already 'told you, I, though a sinner, have 'professed; and the very same which 'those knights I mentioned professed, 'I profess also. On which account I 'am found in these deserts and solitudes, 'in quest of adventures, fully deter-'mined to lift my arm, and expose my 'person, to the greatest danger that my 'destiny shall decree, in behalf of the 'needy and oppressed.'

By this declaration, the travellers were convinced that the knight had lost his wits, and easily perceived the species of folly which had taken possession of his brain, and which struck them with the same surprise that always seized those who became acquainted with our knight. Vivaldo, who was a person of discretion and a great deal of archness, in order to travel agreeably the rest of the road which they had to go till they should come to the place of interment, wanted to give him an opportunity of proceeding in his extravagance, and in that view said to him: 'Sir knight-errant, 'methinks your worship professes one 'of the strictest orders upon earth; nay, 'I will affirm, more strict than that of 'the Carthusian friars.'

'The order of the Carthusians,' answered Don Quixote, 'may be as strict, 'but, that it is as beneficial to man-'kind, I am within a hair's breadth of 'doubting; for, to be plain with you, 'the soldier who executes his captain's 'command, is no less valuable than the 'captain who gave the order. I mean, 'that the monks pray to God for their 'fellow-creatures in peace and safety; 'but we soldiers and knights put in ex-'ecution that for which they pray, by 'the valour of our arms, and the edge 'of our swords; living under no other 'cover than the cope of heaven; set up 'in a manner as marks for the intole-'rable heat of the sun in summer, and 'the chilly breath of frosty winter; we 'are therefore God's ministers, and the 'arms by which he executes his justice 'upon earth; and as the circumstances 'of war, and what has the least affinity 'and concern with it, cannot be accom-'plished without sweat, anxiety, and fa-'tigue; it follows, that those who profess 'it, are doubtless more subject to toil, 'than those who in rest and security im-'plore the favour of God for persons 'who can do nothing for themselves: 'not that I would be thought to say or 'imagine, the condition of a knight-'errant is equal to that of a recluse 'monk; I would only infer from what 'we suffer, that it is without doubt 'more

'more troublesome, more battered, more 'famished, more miserable, ragged, and 'lousy; for the knights-errant of past 'times certainly underwent numberless 'misfortunes in the course of their 'lives. And if some of them came to be 'emperors by the valour of their arms, 'considering the blood and sweat it cost 'them, in faith it was a dear purchase; 'and if those who attained such a su-'preme station, had been without their 'sage inchanters to assist them, they 'might have been defrauded by their 'desires, and grievously baulked of their 'expectations.'

'I am very much of your opinion,' answered the traveller; 'but there is 'one thing among you knights-errant, 'that I cannot approve of, and that is, 'when any great and dangerous adven-'ture occurs, in which you run a ma-'nifest risk of losing your lives, in the 'instant of an engagement, you never 'think of recommending your souls to 'God, as every Christian ought to do 'on such occasions; but, on the con-'trary, put up your petitions to your 'mistresses, with as much fervour 'and devotion as if they were your 'deities; a circumstance which, in my 'opinion, smells strong of paganism.'

—'Sir,' replied Don Quixote, 'that 'practice must in no degree be altered; 'and woe be to that knight-errant who 'should do otherwise; for, according 'to the practice and custom of chivalry, 'every knight, when he is upon the 'point of atchieving some great feat, 'must call up the idea of his mistress, 'and turning his eyes upon her with all 'the gentleness of love, implore, as it 'were, by his looks, her favour and 'protection in the doubtful dilemma in 'which he is about to involve himself: 'nay, even though nobody should hear 'him, he is obliged to mutter between 'his teeth an ejaculation, by which he 'heartily and confidently recommends 'himself to her good wishes: and of 'this practice we have innumerable ex-'amples in history; but I would not 'have you think, that we are to forbear 'recommending ourselves to God also; 'there will be time and opportunity 'enough for that duty in the course of 'action.'

'But, nevertheless,' said the trave-ller, 'I have still one scruple remaining; 'which is, that I have often read of a 'dispute between two knights, which 'proceeding to rage from one word to 'another, they have turned about their 'steeds, to gain ground for a good ca-'reer; and then, without any more 'ceremony, returned to the encounter 'at full gallop, recommending them-'selves to their mistresses by the way; 'and the common issue of such an en-'gagement is, that one of them is thrown 'down by his horse's crupper, stuck 'through and through with his adver-'sary's lance, while the other, with 'difficulty, avoids a fall by laying hold 'of his horse's mane: now, I cannot 'comprehend how the dead man could 'have time to recommend himself to 'God, in the course of so sudden an 'attack; surely it would have been 'better for his soul, if, instead of the 'words he uttered in his career, he had 'put up a petition to Heaven, according 'to the duty and obligation of every 'Christian; especially, as I take it for 'granted that every knight-errant has 'not a mistress; for all of them cannot 'be in love.'—'That's impossible,' answered Don Quixote. 'I affirm, that 'there never could be a knight-errant 'without a mistress; for to be in love 'is as natural and peculiar to them, as 'the stars are to the heavens. I am 'very certain that you never read an 'history that gives an account of a 'knight-errant without an amour; for 'he that has never been in love, would 'not be held as a legitimate member, 'but some adulterate brood, who had 'got into the fortress of chivalry, not 'through the gate, but over the walls, 'like a thief in the night.'

'Yet, notwithstanding,' said the traveller, 'I have read that Don Galaor, 'brother of the valiant Amadis de 'Gaul, never had any known mistress 'to whom he could recommend himself; 'and he was not disregarded, but look-'ed upon as a very valiant and famous 'knight.'—'Signior,' answered our hero, Don Quixote, 'one swallow makes 'not a summer; besides, to my cer-'tain knowledge, that knight was pri-'vately very much in love; indeed, he 'made love to every handsome woman 'who came in his way; for that was 'his natural disposition, which he by 'no means could resist: in short, it is 'very well attested, that he had one 'mistress, whom he enthroned as sove-'reign of his heart, and to whom he 'recommended himself with great cau-

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'tion and privacy, because he piqued 'himself upon being a secret knight.'

'Since, then, it is essential to every 'knight to be in love, we may con-'clude that your worship, being of that 'profession, is no stranger to that pas-'sion: and if you do not value yourself 'upon being as secret a knight as Don 'Galaor, I earnestly entreat you, in 'behalf of myself, and the rest of the 'company, to tell us the name, coun-'try, station, and qualities of your 'mistress; who must think herself ex-'tremely happy in reflecting, that all 'the world knows how much she is 'beloved and adored by so valiant a 'knight as your worship appears to be.'

Here Don Quixote uttered a grievous sigh, saying, 'I am not positively cer-'tain, whether or not that beauteous 'enemy of mine takes pleasure in the 'world's knowing I am her slave; this 'only I can say, in answer to the ques-'tion you asked with so much civility, 'that her name is Dulcinea; her native 'country, a certain part of La Man-'cha called Toboso; her station must 'at least be that of a princess, since she 'is queen and lady of my soul; her 'beauty supernatural, in that it justifies 'all those impossible and chimerical at-'tributes of excellence, which the poets 'bestow upon their nymphs; her hair 'is of gold, her forehead the Elysian 'Fields, her eye-brows heavenly arches, 'her eyes themselves suns, her cheeks 'roses, her lips of coral, her teeth of 'pearl, her neck alabaster, her breast 'marble, her hands ivory, her skin 'whiter than snow; and those parts 'which decency conceals from human 'view are such, according to my belief 'and apprehension, as discretion ought 'to enhance above all comparison.'

'I wish we knew her lineage, race, 'and family,' replied Vivaldo. To this hint the knight answered, 'She is 'not descended of the ancient Caii, 'Curtii, and Scipios of Rome, nor of 'the modern Colonas and Orsini, nor 'of the Moncades and Requesenes of 'Catalonia, much less of the Rebellas 'and Villanovas of Valencia; or the 'Palafaxes, Newcas, Rocabertis, Co-'rellas, Lunas, Alagones, Urreas, Fo-'zes and Gurreas of Arragon; or the 'Cerdas, Manriquez, Mendozas and 'Gusmans of Castile; or the Alencas-'tros, Pallas and Menesis of Portu-'gal: but she sprung from the family 'of Toboso de La Mancha: a lineage 'which, though modern, may give a 'noble rise to the most illustrious fa-'milies of future ages; and let no man 'contradict what I say, except upon 'the conditions expressed in that in-'scription placed by Cerbino under the 'trophy of Orlando's arms!

"That knight alone these arms shall move,
"Who dares Orlando's prowess prove*."

'Although I myself am descended 'from the Cachopines of Loredo†,' said the traveller, 'I won't presume to 'compare with that of Toboso de La 'Mancha; though, to be plain with 'you, I never before heard of any such 'generation.'—'How, not heard!' replied Don Quixote. The rest of the company jogged on, listening with great attention to this discourse, and all of them, even the goatherds, by this time were convinced, that our knight's judg-

* When a knight challenged the whole world, he wore an emprize, consisting of a gold chain, or some other badge of love and chivalry; and sometimes this emprize was fixed in a publick place, to attract the attention of strangers. When any person accepted the challenge for a trial of chivalry, called the combat of courtesy, he touched this emprize; but, if he tore it away, it was considered as a resolution to fight the owner to extremity or outrance. The combat of courtesy is still practised by our prize-fighters and boxers, who shake hands before the engagement, in token of love.

But no defiance of this kind could be either published or accepted without the permission of the prince at whose court the combatants chanced to be. Accordingly, we are told by Oliver de La Marche, that the lord of Ternant having published a defiance at the court of Burgundy, in the year 1445, Galiot asked the duke's permission to touch the challenger's emprize; which being granted, he advanced and touched it, saying to the bearer, while he bowed very low, 'Noble knight, I touch your emprize; and, with 'God's permission, will do my utmost to fulfil your desire, either on horseback or on 'foot.' The lord of Ternant humbly thanked him for his condescension, said he was extremely welcome, and promised to send him that same day a cartel, mentioning the arms they should use.

† Cachopines is the name given to the Europeans by the Indians of Mexico.

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ment was grievously impaired. Sancho alone believed that every thing his master said was true, because he knew his family, and had been acquainted with himself from his cradle. The only doubt that he entertained was of this same beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso; for never had such a name or such a princess come within the sphere of his observation, although he lived in the neighbourhood of that place.

While they travelled along, conversing in this manner, they perceived about twenty shepherds descend through a cleft made by two high mountains. They were all clad in jackets of black sheep-skin, and each of them crowned with a garland, which was composed, as we afterwards learned, partly of cypress, and partly of yew; six of the foremost carried a bier, upon which they had strewed a variety of branches and flowers. And this was no sooner perceived by one of the goatherds, than he said, 'These are the people who carry 'the corpse of Chrysostom, and the 'foot of that mountain is the place 'where he ordered himself to be in-'terred.'

Upon this information they made haste, and came up just at the time that the bearers having laid down the body, began to dig the grave with pick-axes on one side of a flinty rock. They received our travellers with great courtesy; and Don Quixote, with his company, went towards the bier to look at the dead body, which was covered with flowers, clad in shepherds weeds, and seemingly thirty years old. Notwithstanding he was dead, they could plainly perceive that he had been a man of an engaging aspect, and genteel stature; and could not help wondering at the sight of a great many papers, both sealed and loose, that lay round him in the coffin.

While the new-comers were observing this phænomenon, and the shepherds busied in digging a grave, a wonderful and universal silence prevailed, till such time as one of the bearers said to another, 'Consider, Ambrosio, if 'this be the very spot which Chrysos-'tom mentioned, that his last will may 'be punctually fulfilled.'—'This,' answered Ambrosio, 'is the very place 'in which my unhappy friend has of-'ten recounted to me the story of his 'misfortunes. Here it was he first 'beheld that mortal enemy of the human 'race; here also did he first declare his 'amorous and honourable intention; 'and here, at last, did Marcella signify 'her disgust and disdain, which put an 'end to the tragedy of his wretched life; 'and in this place, as a monument of 'his mishap, did he desire to be depo-'sited in the bowels of eternal oblivion.'

Then addressing himself to Don Quixote, and the travellers, he thus proceeded: 'This corpse, gentlemen, 'which you behold with compassionate 'eyes, was the habitation of a soul 'which possessed an infinite share of the 'riches of Heaven: this is the body of 'Chrysostom, who was a man of un-'paralleled genius, the pink of cour-'tesy and kindness; in friendship a 'very phœnix, liberal without bounds, 'grave without arrogance, gay with-'out meanness, and in short second to 'none in every thing that was good, 'and without second in all that was 'unfortunate. He loved, and was ab-'horred; he adored and was disdained; 'he implored a savage; he importuned 'a statue; he hunted the wind; cried 'aloud to the desart; he was a slave 'to the most ungrateful of women; and 'the fruit of his servitude was death, 'which overtook him in the middle of 'his career; in short, he perished by 'the cruelty of a shepherdess, whom 'he has eternized in the memory of all 'the people in this country; as these 'papers which you gaze at would shew, 'if he had not ordered me to commit 'them to the flames as soon as his body 'shall be deposited in the earth.'

'You will use them, then, with more 'cruelty and rigour,' said Vivaldo, 'than that of the author himself; see-'ing it is neither just nor convenient to 'fulfil the will of any man, provided 'it be unreasonable. Augustus Cæsar 'would have been in the wrong, had 'he consented to the execution of what 'the divine Mantuan ordered on his 'death-bed. Wherefore, Signior Am-'brosio, while you commit the body of 'your friend to the earth, you ought 'not likewise to consign his writings to 'oblivion; nor perform indiscreetly 'what he in his affliction ordained; on 'the contrary, by publishing these pa-'pers, you ought to immortalize the 'cruelty of Marcella, that it may serve 'as an example in time to come, and 'warn young men to shun and avoid

'such dangerous precipices; for I, and 'the rest of this company, already 'know the history of that enamoured 'and unhappy friend, the nature of 'your friendship, the occasion of his 'death, together with the orders that he 'left upon his death-bed: from which 'lamentable story, it is easy to con-'clude how excessive must have been 'the cruelty of Marcella, the love of 'Chrysostom, the faith of your friend-'ship, and the check which those re-'ceive, who precipitately run through 'the path exhibited to them by idle and 'mischievous love. Last night, we un-'derstood the death of Chrysostom, 'who, we are informed, was to be bu-'ried in this place; and therefore, out 'of curiosity and concern, have turned 'out of our way, resolving to come and 'see with our eyes, what had affected 'us so much in the hearing; and in re-'turn for that concern, and the desire 'we felt in remedying it, if it had been 'in our power, we entreat thee, O dis-'creet Ambrosio! at least, for my own 'part, I beg of thee, not to burn these 'papers, but allow me to preserve some 'of them.'

Accordingly, without staying for an answer, he reached out his hand, and took some of those that were nearest him; which Ambrosio perceiving, said, 'Out of civility, Signior, I will consent 'to your keeping what you have taken 'up; but to think that I will fail to 'burn the rest, is a vain supposition.' Vivaldo being desirous of seeing the contents, immediately opened one, intitled, A Song of Despair; which Ambrosio hearing, said, 'That is the last poem 'my unhappy friend composed; and 'that you may see, Signior, to what a 'pass his misfortunes had reduced him, 'read it aloud, and you'll have time 'enough to finish it before the grave be 'made!'—'That I will do with all 'my heart,' said Vivaldo; and every body present being seized with the same desire, they stood around him in a circle, and he read what follows, with an audible voice.

A SONG OF DESPAIR.

I.

SINCE then, thy pleasure, cruel maid!
Is, that thy rigour and disdain
Should be from clime to clime convey'd,
All hell shall aid me to complain!
The torments of my heart to tell,
And thy atchievements to record,
My voice shall raise a dreadful yell,
My bowels burst at every word:
Then listen to the baleful sound
That issues from my throbbing breast,
Thy pride, perhaps, it may confound,
And yield my mad'ning soul some rest.

II.

Let the snake's hiss and wolf's dire howl,
The bull's harsh note, the lion's roar,
The boding crow and screeching owl,
The tempest rattling on the shore,
The monster's scream, the turtle's moan,
The shrieks of the infernal crew,
Be mingled with my dying groan,
A concert terrible and new!
The hearer's senses to appal,
And Reason from her throne depose;
Such melody will suit the gall
That from my burning liver flows!

III.

Old Tagus with his yellow hair,
And Betis with her olive wreath,
Shall never echo such despair,
Or listen to such notes of death,
As here I'll utter and repeat,
From hill to dale, from rock to cave,
In wilds untrod by human feet,
In dungeons dreary as the grave.
The beasts of prey that scour the plain,
Shall thy more savage nature know,
The spacious earth resound my strain;
Such is the privilege of woe!

IV.

Disdain is death, and doubt o'erturns
The patience of the firmest mind;
But jealousy still fiercer burns,
Like all the flames of hell combin'd!
The horrors of that cursed fiend,
In absence to distraction rage,
And all the succour hope can lend,
The direful pangs will not assuage.
Such agonies will surely kill;
Yet spite of absence, doubts and scorn,
I live a miracle, and still
Those deadly flames within me burn!

V.

Hope's shadow ne'er refresh'd my view,
Despair attends with wakeful strife;
The first let happier swains pursue,
The last my consort is for life.
Can hope and fear at once prevail,
When fear on certainty is fed?
To shut mine eyes will nought avail,
When thunder bursts around my head,
When cold Disdain in native dye
Appears, and Falsehood's cunning lore
Perverts the tale of Truth, shall I,
Against Despondence shut the door?

VI. O jea-

VI.

O jealousy! love's tyrant lord,
And thou, soul-chilling, dire disdain!
Lend me the dagger and the cord,
To stab remembrance, strangle pain.
I die bereft of hope in death,
Yet still those are the freest souls,
(I'll vouch it with my latest breath)
Whom love's old tyranny controuls.
My fatal enemy is fair,
In body and in mind, I'll say,
And I have earn'd the woes I bear:
By rigour love maintains the sway.

VII.

With this opinion let me fall
A prey to unrelenting scorn;
No fun'ral pomp shall grace my pall,
No laurel my pale corpse adorn.
O thou! whose cruelty and hate
The tortures of my breast proclaim,
Behold how willingly to fate
I offer this devoted frame.
If thou, when I am past all pain,
Should'st think my fall deserves a tear,
Let not one single drop distain
Those eyes so killing and so clear.

VIII.

No! rather let thy mirth display
The joys that in thy bosom flow;
Ah! need I bid that heart be gay
Which always triumph'd in my woe!
Come then, for ever barr'd of bliss,
Ye, who with ceaseless torment dwell,
And agonizing, howl and hiss
In the profoundest shades of hell:
Come, Tantalus, with raging thirst,
Bring, Sysiphus, thy rolling stone,
Come, Titius, with thy vulture curst,
Nor leave Ixion rack'd alone.

IX.

The toiling sisters too shall join,
And my sad, solemn dirge repeat,
When to the grave my friends consign
These limbs deny'd a winding-sheet;
Fierce Cerberus shall clank his chain,
In chorus with chimæras dire:
What other pomp, what other strain,
Should he who dies of love require?
Be hush'd, my song, complain no more
Of her whose pleasure gave thee birth;
But let the sorrows I deplore
Sleep with me in the silent earth.

This ditty of Chrysostom was approved by all the hearers; but he who read it observed, that it did not seem to agree with the report he had heard of Marcella's virtue and circumspection; inasmuch as the author complained of jealousy, absence, and suspicion, which tended to the prejudice of her morals and reputation. To this objection, Ambrosio, as one that was acquainted with the most secret sentiments of his friend, answered, 'Signior, for your 'satisfaction in this point, it is ne-'cessary you should know, that the 'forlorn shepherd composed this song 'in the absence of Marcella, from 'whose presence he had gone into vo-'luntary exile, in order to try if he 'could reap the usual fruits of absence, 'and forget the cause of his despair; 'and as one in that situation is apt to 'be fretted by every circumstance, and 'invaded by every apprehension, poor 'Chrysostom was harassed by ground-'less jealousy and imaginary fears, 'which tormented him as much as if 'they had been real; for which reason, 'this circumstance ought not to invali-'date the fame of Marcella's virtue, 'against which, exclusive of her cruel-'ty, arrogance, and disdain, envy it-'self hath not been able to lay the least 'imputation.'

'That may be very true,' replied Vivaldo; who, being about to read another of the papers he had saved from the flames, was diverted from his purpose by a wonderful vision, for such it seemed, that all of a sudden presented itself to their eyes. This was no other than the shepherdess Marcella, who appeared upon the top of the rock, just above the grave they were digging, so beautiful that she surpassed all report. Those who had never seen her before, gazed with silent admiration; nor were the rest, who had been accustomed to see her, less astonished at her appearance. But no sooner did Ambrosio perceive her, than with indignation in his looks, he cried—

'Comest thou hither, fierce basilisk 'of these mountains! to see if the 'wounds of this unhappy youth whom 'thy cruelty hath slain, will bleed at 'thy approach? or art thou come to 'rejoice in the exploits of thy barba-'rity, and from the top of that moun-'tain, behold, like another Nero, the 'flames which thy impiety hath kind-'led? or inhumanly to trample upon 'this unfortunate corpse, as the unna-'tural daughter insulted the dead body 'of her father Tarquin? Tell us at 'once the cause of thy approach, and 'deign to signify thy pleasure, that I 'who know how devoutly Chrysostom

'obeyed thee, when alive, may, now 'that he is dead, diſpoſe his friends to 'yield the ſame obedience.'

'I come not,' anſwered Marcella, 'for any of the purpoſes you have mentioned, Ambroſio; but rather perſonally to demonſtrate how unreaſonably people blame me for their own affliction, as well as for the death and ſufferings of Chryſoſtom. I beg, therefore, that all preſent will give me the hearing, as it will be unneceſſary to ſpend much time, or waſte many words, to convince thoſe that are unprejudiced of the truth. Heaven, you ſay, hath given me beauty, nay, ſuch a ſhare of it, as compels you to love me, in ſpite of your reſolutions to the contrary; from whence you draw this inference, and inſiſt upon it, that it is my duty to return your paſſion. By the help of that ſmall capacity which nature has beſtowed upon me, I know that which is beautiful is lovely; but I can by no means conceive, why the object which is beloved for being beautiful, is bound to be enamoured of it's admirer; more eſpecially, as it may happen that this ſame admirer is an object of diſguſt and abhorrence; in which caſe would it be reaſonable in him to ſay, "I love "thee becauſe thou art beautiful, and "thou muſt favour my paſſion, although "I am deformed?" But granting the beauty equal on both ſides, it does not follow that the deſires ought to be mutual; for all ſorts of beauty do not equally affect the ſpectator; ſome, for example, delighting the eye only, without captivating the heart. And well it is for mankind, that things are thus diſpoſed; otherwiſe there would be a ſtrange perplexity and confuſion of deſires, without power of diſtinguiſhing and chuſing particular objects; for beauty being infinitely diverſified, the inclination would be infinitely divided: and I have heard, that true love muſt be undivided and unconſtrained; if this be the caſe, as I believe it is, why ſhould I conſtrain my inclination, when I am under no other obligation ſo to do, but your ſaying that you are in love with me? Otherwiſe tell me, if Heaven that made me handſome, had created me a monſter of deformity, ſhould I have had cauſe to complain of you for not loving me? Beſides, you are to conſider, that I did not chuſe the beauty I poſſeſs; ſuch as it is, God was pleaſed of his own free will and favour to beſtow it upon me, without any ſolicitation on my part. Therefore, as the viper deſerves no blame for it's ſting, although it be mortal, becauſe it is the gift of nature; neither ought I to be reviled for being beautiful: for beauty in a virtuous woman, is like a diſtant flame and a ſharp ſword afar off, which prove fatal to none but thoſe who approach too near them. Honour and virtue are the ornaments of the ſoul; without which the body, though never ſo handſome, ought to ſeem ugly. If chaſtity then be one of the virtues which chiefly adorns and beautifies both body and ſoul, why ſhould ſhe that is beloved, loſe that jewel for which ſhe is chiefly beloved, merely to ſatisfy the appetite of one who, for his own ſelfiſh enjoyment, employs his whole care and induſtry to deſtroy it? I was born free; and to enjoy that freedom, have I choſen the ſolitude of theſe fields. The trees on theſe mountains are my companions; and I have no other mirror than the limpid ſtreams of theſe cryſtal brooks. With the trees and the ſtreams I ſhare my contemplation and my beauty; I am a diſtant flame, and a ſword afar off; thoſe whom my eyes have captivated, my tongue has undeceived; and if hope be the food of deſire, as I gave none to Chryſoſtom, or to any other perſon, ſo neither can his death, nor that of any other of my admirers, be juſtly imputed to my cruelty, but rather, to their own obſtinate deſpair. To thoſe who obſerve that his intentions were honourable, and that therefore I was bound to comply with them, I anſwer, when he declared the honeſty of his deſigns in that very ſpot where now his grave is digging, I told him, my purpoſe was to live in perpetual ſolitude, and let the earth alone enjoy the fruits of my retirement, and the ſpoils of my beauty: wherefore, if he, notwithſtanding this my explanation, perſevered without hope, and ſailed againſt the wind; it is no wonder that he was overwhelmed in the gulph of his raſhneſs. Had I cajoled him, I ſhould have been perfidious; had I gratified his inclination, I ſhould have acted contrary to my own reaſon and reſolution. But becauſe he

'perſiſted

'perſiſted after I had explained myſelf, 'and deſpaired before he had cauſe to 'think I abhorred him, I leave you to 'judge whether or not it be reaſonable 'to lay his misfortune at my door. Let 'him whom I have deceived complain, 'and let him deſpair to whom I have 'broke my promiſe; if I call upon any 'man, he may depend upon me; if I 'admit of his addreſſes, he may re-'joice in his ſucceſs: but why ſhould 'I be ſtiled a barbarous homicide by 'him whom I never ſoothed, deceived, 'called, or admitted? Hitherto Heaven 'has not thought fit that I ſhould love 'by deſtiny; and the world muſt ex-'cuſe me from loving by election. Let 'this general declaration ſerve as an 'anſwer to all thoſe who ſolicit me in 'particular, and henceforward give 'them to underſtand, that whoſoever 'dies for me, periſhes not by jealouſy 'or diſdain, for ſhe who never gave her 'love, can never give juſt cauſe of jea-'louſy; neither ought her plain-deal-'ing to be interpreted into diſdain. 'Let him who terms me a fierce baſiliſk, 'ſhun me as an evil being; if any man 'thinks me ungrateful, let him refuſe 'his ſervices when I aſk them. If I 'have diſowned any one, let him re-'nounce me in his turn; and let him 'who has found me cruel, abandon 'me in my diſtreſs; this fierce baſi-'liſk, this ungrateful, cruel, ſuperci-'lious wretch, will neither ſeek, ſerve, 'own, nor follow you, in any ſhape 'whatever. If Chryſoſtom periſhed by 'the impatience of his own extrava-'gant deſire, why ſhould my inno-'cent reſerve be inveighed againſt? If 'I have preſerved my virginity in theſe 'deſarts, why ſhould he that loves me, 'wiſh to ſee me loſe it among mankind! 'I have riches of my own, as you all 'know, and covet no man's wealth. I 'am free, and will not be ſubjected; I 'neither love nor hate any man; I do 'not cajole this one, nor teaze that, nor 'do I joke with one, or diſcourſe with 'another; but amuſe myſelf with the 'care of my goats, and the innocent 'converſation of the ſhepherdeſſes be-'longing to the neighbouring villages. 'My deſires are bounded by theſe 'mountains; or if my meditation ſur-'paſſes theſe bounds, it is only to con-'template the beauty of the heavens, 'thoſe ſteps by which the ſoul aſcends 'to it's original manſion.' So ſaying, without waiting for any reply, ſhe turned her back, and vaniſhed into a thicket on a neighbouring mountain, leaving all that were preſent equally ſurprized with her beauty and diſcretion.

Some of the by-ſtanders being wounded by the powerful ſhafts that were darted from her fair eyes, manifeſted an inclination to follow her, without availing themſelves of the ingenuous declaration they had heard; which being perceived by Don Quixote, who thought this a proper occaſion for exerciſing his chivalry in defence of diſtreſſed damſels; he laid his hand upon the hilt of his ſword, and in a lofty and audible voice, pronounced, 'Let no 'perſon, of whatſoever rank or degree, 'preſume to follow the beautiful Mar-'cella, on pain of incurring my moſt 'furious indignation. She has demon-'ſtrated, by clear and undeniable ar-'guments, how little, if at all, ſhe is 'to be blamed for the death of Chry-'ſoſtom; and how averſe ſhe is to 'comply with the deſires of any of her 'admirers; for which reaſon, inſtead 'of being purſued and perſecuted, ſhe 'ought to be honoured and eſteemed by 'all virtuous men, as the only perſon 'in the univerſe who lives in ſuch a 'chaſte and laudable intention.' Whether it was owing to theſe menaces of the knight, or to the advice of Ambroſe, who deſired them to perform the laſt office to their deceaſed friend, not one of the ſhepherds attempted to ſtir from the ſpot, until the grave being finiſhed, and the papers burnt, the body of poor Chryſoſtom was interred, not without abundance of tears ſhed by his ſurviving companions. The grave was ſecured by a large fragment of the rock which they rolled upon it, till ſuch time as a tomb-ſtone could be made, under the direction of Ambroſe, who was reſolved to have the following epitaph engraved upon it.

The body of a wretched ſwain,
Kill'd by a cruel maid's diſdain,
In this cold bed neglected lies.
He liv'd, fond hapleſs youth! to prove,
Th' inhuman tyranny of love,
Exerted in Marcella's eyes.

Having ſtrewed the place with a profuſion of flowers and branches, every body preſent condoled, and took leave of the afflicted executor; and Don Quixote bade farewel to his kind landlords,

lords, as well as to the travellers, who would have perſuaded him to accompany them to Seville, which they ſaid was a city ſo well adapted for adventures, that they occurred in every ſtreet, nay, at the corner of every blind alley. Our hero thanked them moſt courteouſly for their advice, and the inclination they expreſſed to give him pleaſure; but aſſured them, he neither could nor would ſet out for Seville, until he ſhould have cleared theſe deſarts of the robbers and banditti, of whom they were reported to be full.

The travellers ſeeing him thus laudably determined, importuned him no farther, but, taking leave of him anew, purſued their journey, during which they did not fail to diſcuſs the ſtory of Marcella and Chryſoſtom, as well as the madneſs of Don Quixote; who, on his part, reſolved to go in queſt of the ſhepherdeſs, and offer her all the ſervice in his power: but this ſcheme did not turn out according to his expectation, as will be related in the courſe of this faithful hiſtory, the ſecond book of which is here concluded.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT KNIGHT

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

WHEREIN IS RECOUNTED THE UNLUCKY ADVENTURE WHICH HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE, IN MEETING WITH CERTAIN UNMERCIFUL YANGUESIANS.

THE ſage Cid Hamet Benengeli relates, that Don Quixote, having bid adieu to his entertainers, and to all who were preſent at the funeral of the ſhepherd Chryſoſtom, entered, with his ſquire, the ſame wood to which Marcella had retreated; where, when they had wandered about upwards of two hours, without ſeeing her, they chanced to find themſelves in a delightful ſpot, overgrown with verdant graſs, and watered by a cool and pleaſant ſtream; which was ſo inviting as to induce them to ſtay in it during the heat of the day, that now began to be very ſultry; the knight and ſquire, therefore, diſmounting, and leaving the aſs and Rozinante at pleaſure to regale themſelves with the rich paſture, emptied their knapſack; and, without any ceremony, attacked the contents, which they eat together like good friends, laying aſide all vain diſtinction of maſter and man.

Sancho had been at no pains to tether Rozinante; ſecure, as he thought, in knowing him to be ſo meek and peaceable, that all the mares in the meadows of Cordova could not provoke his concupiſcence. Chance, however, or the devil, who is not often found napping, ordered it ſo, as that a drove of Galliſian fillies belonging to certain Yangueſian carriers, happened, at that very inſtant, to be feeding in the ſame valley: for, it being the cuſtom of theſe people to halt and refreſh themſelves and their beaſts in places where there is plenty of water and graſs, they could not have lighted on a more convenient ſpot than that where Don Quixote chanced to be. It was then that Rozinante, ſeized with an inclination to ſolace himſelf with ſome of thoſe ſkittiſh females, no ſooner had them in the wind, than deviating from his natural diſpoſition and accuſtomed deliberation, without aſking leave of his lord and maſter, he went off at a ſmall trot, to communicate his occaſions to the objects of his deſire. But they, it ſeems, more fond of their paſture than of his addreſſes, received him ſo uncivilly with their hoofs and teeth, that, in a twinkling, his girth was broke, his ſaddle kicked off, and he himſelf remained in cuerpo. But what he chiefly ſuffered was from the carriers, who, ſeeing violence offered to their mares, ran to their aſſiſtance

ance with long ſtaves, which they exerciſed upon him ſo unmercifully, that he fell proſtrate to the ground, almoſt battered to death.

The knight and Sancho ſeeing their ſteed thus baſtinadoed, made all the haſte they could to his reſcue; the former addreſſing the latter in this manner: 'I 'perceive, friend Sancho, that theſe are 'no knights, but fellows of low degree 'and infamous deſcent: this particular 'I mention, becauſe thou mayeſt now 'aſſiſt me in taking juſt vengeance upon them, for the injury they have 'done to Rozinante before my face.'—'What a devil of vengeance can we 'pretend to take,' anſwered the ſquire, 'when they are more than twenty, and 'we but two? Nay, I believe, if it 'was put to the trial, no better than 'one and a half.'—'I myſelf am worth 'an hundred of ſuch vagabonds!' cried Don Quixote: and without uttering another ſyllable, he unſheathed his ſword, and aſſaulted the Yangueſians, being ſeconded by Sancho, who ſuffered himſelf to be rouzed and encouraged by the example of his maſter; and, indeed, the knight lent the firſt he met with ſuch a hearty ſtroke, as laid open a leathern jacket he wore, together with a large portion of his ſhoulder.

The carriers ſeeing themſelves thus maltreated by two men only, took the benefit of their numbers, and ran to ſuſtain one another with their ſtaves; then ſurrounding the two aſſailants, began to drum upon their carcaſes with infinite eagerneſs and dexterity. True it is, at the ſecond application, Sancho fell to the earth; a misfortune that alſo happened to his maſter; who, in ſpite of all his own addreſs, together with the aſſiſtance of his good friend, ſoon found himſelf ſtretched at the feet of Rozinante, who had not as yet been able to riſe: from whence we may learn what furious execution is often done by packſtaves, when managed by the hands of ſuch enraged clowns.

The carriers perceiving the havock they had made, thought proper to load again with all diſpatch, and purſue their journey, leaving our adventurers in miſerable plight and doleful dilemma. The firſt that recovered the uſe of his ſenſes was Sancho Panza; who, finding himſelf laid along by the ſide of his maſter, pronounced, with a weak and lamentable voice, 'Sir Don Quixote! ah, Sir Don Quixote!'—'What 'wouldſt thou have, brother Sancho?' replied the knight, in the ſame feeble and complaining tone. 'I wiſh,' reſumed Sancho, 'your worſhip would, 'if it be poſſible, comfort me with a 'couple of gulps of that ſame balſam 'made by fairy Blas, if you have got 'any of it about you: perhaps it may 'be ſerviceable in bruiſes and broken 'bones, as well as in wounds and running ſores.'—'Would to God I had 'it here, unfortunate wight that I am!' cried Don Quixote; 'but I ſwear to 'thee, Sancho, on the faith of a knight-'errant, that ere two days paſs, if ſome 'miſchievous accident does not intervene, I will have it in my poſſeſſion, 'if my hands do not very much miſgive me.'—'In how many days does 'your worſhip think we ſhall be able 'to move our feet?' ſaid the ſquire. 'With regard to myſelf,' anſwered the battered knight, 'I really cannot fix 'any number of days; but this I know, 'that I alone am to blame for what has 'happened, in condeſcending to uſe my 'ſword againſt antagoniſts who were 'not dubbed and knighted like myſelf. 'I therefore firmly believe, that as a 'puniſhment for having tranſgreſſed the 'laws of chivalry, the God of battles 'hath permitted me to receive this diſgraceful chaſtiſement; for which reaſon, brother Sancho, it is proper that 'thou ſhouldſt be apprized of what I 'am going to ſay, as it may be of great 'importance to the ſafety of us both: 'whenever thou ſhalt ſee us inſulted or 'aggrieved for the future, by ſuch raſcally ſcum, thou ſhalt not wait for my 'drawing upon them; for I will in no 'ſhape meddle with ſuch unworthy foes; 'but lay thy hand upon thy ſword, and 'with thy own arm chaſtiſe them to thy 'heart's content; but ſhould any knights 'make up to their defence and aſſiſtance, 'then ſhall I know how to protect thee, 'and aſſault them with all my might; 'and thou art already convinced, by a 'thouſand amazing proofs, how far extends the valour of this my invincible 'arm.' So arrogant was the poor knight become by his victory over the valiant Biſcayan.

This wholeſome advice, however, was not ſo much reliſhed by Sancho, but that he replied, 'Sir, I am a quiet, 'meek, peaceable man, and can digeſt 'any injury, be it never ſo hard; for I

'have

'have a wife and small children to 'maintain and bring up: wherefore, 'let me also apprize, (since I cannot lay 'my commands upon) your worship, 'that I will in no shape whatever use 'my sword against either knight or 'knave; and that henceforward, in 'the sight of God, I forgive all injuries, past, present, or to come, which 'I have already received, at this present time suffer, or may hereafter undergo, from any person whatsoever, 'high or low, rich or poor, gentle or 'simple, without exception to rank or 'circumstance.'

His master hearing this declaration, answered, 'I wish the grievous pain I 'feel in this rib would abate a little, 'so as that I could speak for a few moments with ease, and convince thee 'of thy damnable error, Panza. Hark 'ye me, sinner! suppose the gale of fortune, which hath been hitherto so adverse, should change in our favour; 'and, swelling the sails of our desire, 'conduct us safely, without the least 'impediment, into the haven of some 'one of those islands which I have promised thee: what would become of 'thy wretched affairs, if after I had won 'and given it into thy possession, thou 'shouldst frustrate my intention, by 'thy lack of knighthood, ambition, 'valour and courage, to revenge thy 'wrongs, or defend thy government? 'for I would have thee to know, that 'in all new-conquered kingdoms or 'provinces, the friends of their natural 'masters are never so quiet or reconciled to their new sovereign, as to dispel all fear of some fresh insurrection, 'to alter the government again, and, 'as the saying is, try fortune once 'more: it is therefore requisite that the 'new possessor should have understanding to govern, resolution to punish, 'and valour to defend himself, in case 'of any such accident.

'In this last accident which hath befallen us,' said Sancho, 'I wish the 'Lord had pleased to give me that same 'understanding and valour your worship mentions: but I protest, upon 'the word of a poor sinner, that I am 'at present more fit for a searcloth than 'such conversation. See if your worship can make shift to rise, and then 'we will give some assistance to Rozinante, though it be more than he deserves; for he was the principal cause 'of all this plaguy-rib-roasting: never 'could I believe such a thing of Rozinante, who I always thought was as 'chaste and sober a person as myself; 'but this verifies the common remark, 'that you must keep company a long 'time with a man before you know 'him thoroughly; and that there is nothing certain in this life. Who could 'have thought that those huge backstrokes your worship dealt so heartily 'to the unlucky traveller, would be followed, as it were post-haste, by such 'a mighty tempest of blows, as just 'now discharged itself upon our shoulders!'—'Thy carcase, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'was formed for enduring such rough weather; but my limbs 'were tenderly nursed in soft wool and 'fine linen; and therefore must feel 'more sensibly the pain of this discomfiture; and if I did not believe (believe, said I) if I were not certain, that 'all these inconveniencies are inseparably annexed to the exercise of arms, 'I would lie still where I am, and die 'with pure vexation.'

To this protestation the squire replied, 'Seeing these misfortunes are the natural crops of chivalry, pray good 'your worship, do they happen at all 'times of the year, or only fall at an 'appointed season; because, in my simple conjecture, two such harvests will 'leave us altogether incapable of reaping a third, if God, of his infinite 'mercy, will not be pleased to send 'us extraordinary succour.'—'Thou 'must know, friend Sancho,' answered Don Quixote, 'that the life of a knight-'errant is subject to a thousand dangers 'and mishaps; but then he enjoys the 'self-same chance of being a king or 'emperor, as experience demonstrates 'to have been the case of divers and 'sundry knights, the history of whose 'lives I am perfectly well acquainted 'with; and I could now relate, if this 'pain would give me leave, the fortunes 'of some, who, by their valour alone, 'have risen to that supreme degree: 'and those very persons, both before 'and after their success, have undergone various calamities and affliction; 'witness the valiant Amadis de Gaul, 'who saw himself in the power of his 'mortal enemy Arcalaus the inchanter, 'of whom it is positively affirmed, that 'while the knight was his prisoner, he 'caused him to be bound to a pillar in

'his court-yard, and gave him two 'hundred ſtripes with the reins of his 'horſe's bridle. There is likewiſe a 'certain ſecret author of no ſmall cre-'dit, who relates that the knight of 'the ſun was caught in a trap in a cer-'tain caſtle, and falling found himſelf 'tied hand and foot in a deep dungeon 'below ground, where was adminiſtered 'unto him one of thoſe things they call 'clyſters, compoſed of ſand and water, 'which had well nigh coſt him his life; 'and if he had not been ſuccoured in 'that perilous conjuncture by a ſage who 'was his good friend, the poor knight 'would have fared very ill. Where-'fore what hath happened to me, may 'eaſily paſs unheeded, among thoſe 'much greater affronts that ſuch wor-'thy people have undergone: beſides, I 'would have thee know, Sancho, that 'it is never reckoned an affront to be 'wounded by thoſe inſtruments which 'are caſually in the hands of our ene-'mies; for it is expreſsly mentioned in 'the laws of duelling, that if a ſhoe-'maker beats a man with a laſt he has 'by accident in his hand, the man can-'not properly be ſaid to be cudgelled, 'although the ſaid laſt was made of 'wood. This particular I mention, that 'thou mayeſt not ſuppoſe us affronted, 'although we have been mauled in this 'unlucky fray; for the weapons with 'which thoſe men threſhed us ſo ſevere-'ly, were no other than their own 'pack-ſtaves; and ſo far as I can re-'member, there was neither tuck, poig-'nard, nor ſword, among them.'

'They did not give me time,' an-ſwered Sancho, 'to make any ſuch ob-'ſervation: for ſcarce had I laid my 'fingers upon my Toledo*, when there 'rained a ſhower of cudgels upon my 'poor ſhoulders, that baniſhed the light 'from my eyes, and ſtrength from my 'feet, and laid me flat upon the ſpot 'where I now lie, not ſo much con-'cerned about thinking whether this 'drubbing be an affront or not, as 'about the intolerable pain of the 'blows, which remain imprinted upon 'my memory as well as upon my car-'caſe.'——'Notwithſtanding all this 'complaining,' ſaid the knight, 'I 'aver, brother Sancho, that there is no 'remembrance which time does not 'efface, nor pain that death does not 'remove.'—'And pray, what greater 'misfortune can there be,' anſwered Sancho, 'than that which nothing but 'time can remove, or death put a ſtop 'to? If this miſhap of ours were ſuch 'a one as might be cured with a cou-'ple of ſnips of ſearcloth, it would not 'be altogether ſo vexatious; but ſo far 'as I can ſee, all the plaiſter of an hoſ-'pital will not be ſufficient to ſet us 'cleverly on our legs again.'

'Truce with thy reflections,' replied Don Quixote, 'and collecting ſtrength 'out of weakneſs, as I will endeavour 'to do, let us riſe and examine Rozi-'nante's caſe; for, in all appearance, 'the poor beaſt hath not ſuffered the 'leaſt part of the misfortune.'—'That 'is not to be wondered at,' ſaid the ſquire, 'he being a knight-errant alſo; 'but what ſurprizes me moſt is, that 'my dapple ſhould get off without pay-'ing his ſcore, when we are ſcored all 'over.'—'Deſtiny, when one door is 'ſhut, always leaves another open, is a 'reſource in all calamities,' ſaid Don Quixote: 'this I obſerve, becauſe thy 'aſs will now ſupply the place of Rozi-'nante, and carry me from hence to 'ſome caſtle, where my wounds may be 'cured: more eſpecially as ſuch carriage 'will be no diſhonour to chivalry; for 'I remember to have read, that the 'good old Silenus, tutor and compa-'nion to the jolly god of mirth and 'wine, entered the city of the hundred 'gates, lolling at his eaſe upon a moſt 'comely aſs.'—'It may be very true 'that he rode upon an aſs,' replied San-cho; 'but there is ſome difference, I 'apprehend, between riding, and lying 'acroſs the beaſt like a bag of dirt.' To this obſervation the knight anſwer-ed, 'Thoſe wounds which are received 'in battle, may well give, but can ne-'ver deprive one of honour: therefore, 'friend Sancho, do as I bid thee, with-'out farther reply; get up as well as 'thou canſt, and lay me upon dapple 'juſt as thou ſhalt find moſt convenient, 'that we may be gone before night 'comes to ſurprize us in this unfre-'quented place.'

'And yet,' ſaid Sancho, 'I have

* Tizona, which is the word in the original, is a romantick name given to the ſword that belonged to Roderick Dias de Bivar, the famous Spaniſh general againſt the Moors.

'heard

'heard your worſhip remark, that it is 'uſual for knights-errant to ſleep upon 'commons and heaths the greateſt part 'of the year; aye, and to be thankful 'for their good fortune in being able 'ſo to do.'—'Yes,' ſaid the knight, 'when they can do no better, or are in 'love; and this is ſo true, that there 'was a knight who lay upon a bare 'rock, expoſed to the ſultry noon and 'midnight damps, with all the incle-'mencies of the weather, during two 'whole years, before his miſtreſs knew 'any thing of the matter: this was no 'other than Amadis, who, aſſuming the 'name of Beltenebros, took up his 'quarters upon the naked rock, for the 'ſpace of either eight years, or eight 'months, I really do not remember 'which; only that he remained doing 'penance in that place, for ſome diſ-'guſt ſhewn to him by his dame Ori-'ana: but truce with this converſation, 'Sancho, and make haſte, before ſuch 'another accident can happen to thy 'beaſt, as that which hath already be-'fallen Rozinante.'

'Odds my life! that would be the 'devil indeed!' cried Sancho, who uttering thirty ah's and ſixty oh's! together with a hundred and fifty ola's! and curſes upon him who had brought him to that paſs, raiſed himſelf up, though he could not for his ſoul ſtand upright, but in ſpite of all his efforts, remained bent like a Turkiſh bow; and in that attitude, with infinite labour, made ſhift to equip his aſs, which had alſo gone a little aſtray, preſuming upon the exceſſive licence of the time; he then lifted up Rozinante, who, could he have found a tongue to complain with, would certainly have ſurpaſſed both his maſter and Sancho in lamentation: in ſhort, the ſquire diſpoſed of Don Quixote upon the aſs, to whoſe tail Rozinante was tied; then taking his own dapple by the halter, jogged on, ſometimes faſter, ſometimes ſlower, towards the place where he conjectured the high road to lie; and indeed, they had not exceeded a ſhort league, when by good luck, which now ſeemed to take the management of their affairs, they arrived at the highway, and diſcovered an inn, which, to Sancho's great grief, was miſtaken for a caſtle by the joyful knight. This difference of opinion begat an obſtinate diſpute that laſted until they arrived at the place, into which Sancho immediately conveyed his cargo, without farther expoſtulation.

CHAP. II.

THE ADVENTURE THAT HAPPENED TO THIS SAGACIOUS KNIGHT AT THE INN, WHICH HE MISTOOK FOR A CASTLE.

THE innkeeper ſeeing Don Quixote laid athwart the aſs, aſked what was the matter? to which interrogation Sancho replied, 'Nothing but a few 'bruiſes which my maſter has received 'in a fall from a rock in this neigh-'bourhood.' The landlady, who differed in diſpoſition from moſt of your innkeepers wives, being naturally charitable and ſympathizing with the calamities of her fellow-creatures, came running to the relief of the battered knight, and brought her daughter, who was a very handſome girl, to aſſiſt in taking care of her gueſt. There was in the ſame houſe a ſervant-maid from the Aſturies, remarkable for her capacious countenance, beetle brow'd, flat-noſed, blind of one eye, and bleared in the other: true it is, the gentility of her ſhape made amends for her other defects; ſhe was ſomething ſhort of ſeven hands from head to foot, and moreover incumbered ſo much by her ſhoulders, that ſhe was obliged to contemplate the duſt beneath her feet oftener than ſhe could have wiſhed.

This comely creature, with the aſſiſtance of the other damſel, made up a ſort of ſorry bed for our hero in a garret; which gave evident tokens of having been formerly an hay-loft, and in which at that time a certain carrier had taken up his quarters, in a bed of his own making, a little on one ſide our knight's: and though his couch was compoſed of the pannels and furniture of his mules, it had greatly the advantage over Don Quixote's, which conſiſted only of four rough boards, ſupported on two benches of unequal height, covered by a mattras, ſo thin it might have paſſed for a quilt, and full of knots ſo hard as to be miſtaken for pebble ſtones, had not the wool appeared through divers openings; with a couple of ſheets made of bull's hide, and a blanket ſo bare, that you might have counted every thread, without loſing one of the reckoning.

In this wretched bed, Don Quixote

having laid himself down, was anointed from head to foot by the good woman and her daughter, while Maritornes (that was the Asturian's name) stood hard by holding a light. The landlady, in the course of her application, perceiving the knight's whole body black and blue, observed that those marks seemed rather the effects of drubbing than of a fall; but Sancho affirmed she was mistaken, and that the marks in question were occasioned by the knobs and corners of the rocks among which he fell. 'And now I think of it,' said he, 'pray, Madam, manage matters so 'as to leave a little of your ointment, 'for it will be needed, I'll assure you; 'my own loins are none of the soundest 'at present.'—'What, did you fall 'too?' said she. 'I can't say I did,' answered the squire, 'but I was so infected by seeing my master tumble, 'that my whole body aches as much as 'if I had been cudgelled without mercy.'—'That may very easily happen,' cried the daughter: 'I myself have 'often dreamed that I was falling from 'a high tower, without ever coming to 'the ground; and, upon waking, have 'found myself bruised and battered, as 'if I had actually got a great fall.'—'Ah, mistress!' replied the squire, 'here 'is the point; I, without dreaming at 'all, but on the contrary, being as 'broad awake as I am this precious 'minute, found almost as many marks 'upon my own shoulders, as you have 'observed upon those of my master Don 'Quixote.'—'What is the name of 'that knight?' said the Asturian. 'Don Quixote de La Mancha,' answered the squire: 'he is a knight-adventurer, and one of the greatest and most 'valiant that have been seen in this 'world for many ages.'—'And what 'is a knight-adventurer?' resumed the wench. 'Are you such a suckling as 'not to know that?' cried Sancho; 'well, I'll tell you, mistress of mine, 'a knight-adventurer is a thing, that 'before you count a couple, may be 'kicked and be crowned: to-day he is 'the most despicable and beggarly 'wretch upon earth, and to-morrow he 'will have a brace of kingdoms to bestow upon his squires.'—'Methinks,' said the landlady, 'seeing you appertain to such a great man, you ought 'to be a count at least.'—'All in good 'time,' replied Sancho; 'we have not 'been out a month in search of adventures, and have found none worth 'naming; besides, people sometimes 'go in quest of one thing, and meet 'with another; indeed, if my master 'Don Quixote gets well of this drubbing——fall, I mean, and I myself 'escape without being crippled, I 'won't barter my hopes for the best 'lordship in Spain.'

The knight having listened attentively to this whole conversation, sat up in his bed as well as he could, and taking his landlady by the hand, 'Believe me, 'beautiful lady,' said he, 'you may 'account yourself extremely happy in 'having within your castle my person 'as your guest; such a guest, that if I 'praise him not, it is on account of the 'common saying, that self-commendation is in effect self-dispraise. My 'squire, however, will intimate who I 'am; while I content myself with assuring you, that I will, to all eternity, 'preserve engraven upon the tables of 'my memory the benevolence you this 'day vouchsafed unto me, that I may 'be grateful for the favour, as long as 'life shall remain. And, oh! that it 'pleased you, Heaven supreme, that love 'had not so vanquished and enslaved my 'heart to the triumphant eyes of the 'beautiful ingrate whom I now mention between my teeth, but that the 'charms of this amiable young lady 'could be the authors of my freedom.'

The good woman, her daughter, and the gentle Maritornes, were astonished at this rhapsody, which they understood as much as if it had been delivered in Greek; though they could easily comprehend, that the whole of it tended to compliment and proffers of service: as they were therefore altogether unaccustomed to such language, they gazed at him with admiration, as a person of a different species from other men; and having thanked him for his courtesy, in their tapster phrase, left him to his repose; while the Asturian Maritornes administered to Sancho, who had as much need of assistance as his master.

She and the carrier had made an assignation to divert themselves that night; nay, she had given her word that as soon as the company should be quiet, and her master and mistress asleep, she would visit him in the dark, and give him all the satisfaction he desired; and indeed

indeed it is recorded, for the honour of this good creature, that she never failed to perform her promises of that kind punctually, although they had been made in the midst of a heath, and out of the hearing of all evidence: for she valued herself much upon her gentility, and did not look upon it as any affront to be servant at an inn, because, she observed, disappointments and misfortunes had reduced her to that condition.

The bed of Don Quixote, which we have described so hard, so narrow, crazy, and uncomfortable, stood foremost, and exactly in the middle of this ruinous hay-loft; hard by had Sancho taken up his quarters upon a rush-mat, covered with a rug, which seemed to be manufactured of hemp, rather than wool; and last of all was the carrier's couch, composed, as we have already said, of the pannels and furniture of his two best mules; for he had no less than twelve plump, sleek, and notable beasts, being one of the richest carriers in Arevalo, according to the report of the author of this history, who makes particular mention of him, and says he knew him perfectly well; nay, some go so far as to affirm, that he was his distant relation: be this as it will, Cid Hamet Benengeli was a most curious historian, and punctual to admiration, as appears from what hath been related, which, though in itself mean and trivial, he would by no means pass over in silence. This ought to serve as an example to those important and weighty historians, who recount events so succinctly and superficially, that the reader can scarce get a smack of them; while the most substantial circumstances are left, as it were, in the ink-horn, through carelessness, ignorance, and malice. A thousand times blessed be the authors of Tablante and Ricamonte, and he that compiled that other book, in which are recounted the atchievements of Count Tomillas! How punctually have they described the most minute particular!—But, to return to our story.

The carrier having visited his cattle, and given them their night's allowance, stretched himself upon his pannels, in expectation of the most faithful Maritornes; while Sancho, plaistered all over, and huddled up in his kennel, endeavoured with all his might to sleep; but the aching of his ribs would by no means allow him to enjoy that satisfaction; and Don Quixote, for the same uncomfortable reason, lay like a hare, with his eyes wide open. A profound silence reigned throughout the whole house, in which there was no other light than a lamp stuck up in the passage; and this wonderful quiet, together with those reflections which always occurred to our knight, relating to the events continually recorded in the books of chivalry, that first disordered his understanding; I say, those reflections suggested to his fancy one of the strangest whims that ever entered a man's imagination. This was no other than a full persuasion that he was arrived at some famous castle; for, as we have before observed, all the inns he lodged at seemed castles to him; and that the landlord's daughter was the governor's only child, who, captivated by his genteel appearance, was become deeply enamoured of him, and had actually promised to come, without the knowledge of her parents, and pass the best part of the night in bed with him. Believing, therefore, this chimera (which was the work of his own brain) to be a firm and undoubted fact, he began to reflect with extreme anxiety upon the dangerous dilemma into which his virtue was like to be drawn; and resolved in his heart to commit no treason against his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso; even though Queen Ginebra herself, and the lady Quintaniona, should make him a tender of their favours.

While his mind was engrossed by these extravagant fancies, the hour of assignation arrived, and an unlucky hour it was for him, when the kind Asturian, barefoot and in her smock, having her hair tucked up under a fustian night-cap, entered the apartment in which the three guests were lodged, and with silence and caution directed her steps towards the nest of her beloved carrier. But scarce had she got within the door, when her approach was perceived by our knight, who sitting up in his bed, in spite of his plaisters and the aching of his ribs, stretched forth his arms to receive this beautiful young lady, who, on her part, holding in her breath, moved softly on her tiptoes, groping her way with her hands before her.

While she thus crept along, in quest of her lover, she chanced to come within arm's-length of Don Quixote, who laid fast hold of her by the wrist, and without her daring to speak a syllable, pulled

pulled her towards him, and made her ſit down upon the bed; he then felt her ſmock, which, though made of the coarſeſt canvas, to him ſeemed a ſhift of the fineſt and ſofteſt lawn; the ſtring of glaſs beads ſhe wore about her wriſt, in his apprehenſion out-ſhone the brighteſt oriental pearl: her hair, which bore ſome reſemblance to a horſe's mane, he miſtook for threads of pure Arabian gold, that even eclipſed the ſplendor of the ſun; and her breath, which doubtleſs ſmelt ſtrong of broken meat and garlick, his fancy converted into an aromatick flavour, proceeding from her delicate mouth: in ſhort, his imagination repreſented her in the ſame form and ſituation with that of a certain princeſs, recorded in one of his books, who came to viſit a wounded knight of whom ſhe was enamoured; with all the other embelliſhments there deſcribed. Nay, ſuch was the infatuation of this poor gentleman, that he was not to be undeceived, either by the touch, the breath, or any other circumſtance of this honeſt wench, though they were powerful enough to diſcompoſe the ſtomach of any body but a rampant carrier.

But our knight believed he folded in his arms the goddeſs of beauty, ſtraining her in his embrace, began to pronounce, in a ſoft and amorous tone, 'Would to Heaven! I were ſo circumſtanced, beautiful and high-born lady! 'as to be able to pay the tranſcendent 'favour beſtowed upon me, in the contemplation of your amazing charms; 'but it hath pleaſed fortune, that never 'ceaſes to perſecute the virtuous, to lay 'me upon this bed, ſo bruiſed and battered, that even if it was my deſire to 'gratify yours, I ſhould find it utterly 'impoſſible; how much more ſo, when 'that impoſſibility is linked to another 'ſtill greater? I mean the plighted faith 'I have vowed to the peerleſs Dulcinea 'del Toboſo, the ſole miſtreſs of my 'moſt hidden thoughts: did not that 'conſideration interpoſe, I ſhould not 'be ſuch a ſimple knight, as to let ſlip 'this happy occaſion which your bene'volence hath tendered to my choice.'

Maritornes, ſweating with vexation to find herſelf thus pinioned, as it were, by the knight, whoſe diſcourſe ſhe neither heeded nor underſtood; endeavoured, without anſwering a ſyllable, to diſengage herſelf from his embrace: while the honeſt carrier, whoſe lewd deſires kept him awake, and made him perceive his doxy from the moment ſhe entered, liſtened attentively to every thing that Don Quixote ſaid; and being jealous that the Aſturian had broke her promiſe to him, in order to keep it with another, crept nearer the bed of his rival, to wait the iſſue of this rhapſody, the meaning of which he could not comprehend; obſerving, however, that the wench ſtruggled to get looſe, and that the knight endeavoured to detain her, he could not reliſh the joke, but lifting his arm on high, diſcharged ſuch a terrible blow on the lanthorn jaws of the enamoured Don, as bathed his whole countenance in blood; and not ſatisfied with this application, jumped upon his ribs, and travelled over his whole carcaſe, at a pace ſomewhat exceeding that of a briſk trot, until the bed, which was none of the ſtrongeſt, either in materials or foundation, unable to ſuſtain the additional weight, ſunk to the ground with both; and made ſuch a hideous noiſe in it's fall, as waked the inn-keeper, who immediately concluded that Maritornes was concerned in the adventure, becauſe ſhe made no anſwer when he called.

On this ſuppoſition he aroſe, and lighting a candle, went directly to the place where he had heard the ſcuffle: meanwhile, the poor wench, confuſed and affrighted at the approach of her maſter, who was a fellow of a moſt ſavage diſpoſition, retreated to the kennel of Sancho Panza, who ſlept in ſpite of all this din, and neſtling in beſide him, wound herſelf up like a ball, and lay ſnug. The landlord now entered the apartment, and crying with a loud voice, 'Where have you got, ſtrumpet? 'to be ſure theſe muſt be your jade's 'tricks, with a vengeance!' Sancho ſtarted, and feeling a prodigious weight upon him, thought he was labouring under the night-mare, and beginning to lay about him on all ſides, chanced, in courſe of his efforts, to beſtow divers cuffs on Maritornes, who feeling herſelf thus belaboured, forgot the care of her reputation, and returned the ſquire's compliments ſo heartily, that ſleep forſook him whether he would or not: without knowing the perſon who treated him ſo roughly, he raiſed himſelf up, as well as he could, and going to loggerheads with Maritornes, a moſt furious and diverting ſkirmiſh enſued.

By

By this time, the carrier perceiving by the light the ſituation of his miſtreſs, ran to her aſſiſtance; and the landlord followed the ſame courſe, though with a very different intention, namely, to chaſtiſe the maid; being fully perſuaded, that ſhe was the ſole cauſe of all this uproar; and ſo, as the ſaying is, the cat to the rat, the rat to the rope, the rope to the gallows. The carrier drummed upon Sancho, Sancho ſtruck at the maid, the maid pummelled him, the inn-keeper diſciplined her; all of them exerting themſelves with ſuch eagerneſs, that there was not one moment's pauſe. But, to crown the joke, the landlord's candle went out, and the combatants being left in the dark, ſuch a circulation of blows enſued, that whereſoever the fiſt fell, there the patient was diſabled.

There chanced to lodge at the inn that night, a trooper belonging to the ancient holy brotherhood of Toledo, who alſo hearing the ſtrange noiſe of this fray, aroſe, and ſeizing his tipſtaff, together with the tin-box that contained his commiſſion, entered the apartment in the dark, calling aloud—'Keep the 'peace, in the king's name; keep the 'peace, in the name of the holy bro-'therhood.' The firſt he encountered was the forlorn Don Quixote, who lay inſenſible on his demoliſhed bed, with his face uppermoſt; ſo that groping about, he happened to lay hold of his beard, and cried—'Aſſiſt, I charge 'you, the officers of juſtice:' but perceiving that the perſon he held neither ſtirred nor ſpoke, he concluded that he muſt be dead, and that the people within were the aſſaſſins. In this perſuaſion he raiſed his voice, crying—'Shut the gates of the inn, that none 'may eſcape; for here is a man mur-'dered.' This exclamation, which aſtoniſhed them all, was no ſooner heard, than every one quitted his ſhare in the battle; the landlord retreated to his own chamber, the carrier ſneaked to his panniers, and the damſel to her ſtraw: while the unfortunate knight and ſquire were left on the ſpot, unable to move from the places where they lay. The trooper letting go the beard of Don Quixote, went out for a light to ſearch for and apprehend the delinquents; but in this deſign he was diſappointed; the landlord having purpoſely extinguiſhed the lamp when he retired to his apartment: ſo that he was obliged to have recourſe to the embers, at which, with great induſtry and time, he made ſhift to light another candle.

CHAP. III.

CONTAINING THE SEQUEL OF THOSE INCREDIBLE GRIEVANCES WHICH THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE, AND HIS TRUSTY SQUIRE SANCHO PANZA, UNDERWENT AT THE INN, WHICH FOR THEIR MISFORTUNE THE KNIGHT MISTOOK FOR A CASTLE.

ABOUT this time, Don Quixote recovering the uſe of his tongue, began to call in the ſame feeble tone with which he ſpoke the preceding day, when he lay ſtretched in the pack-ſtaff valley—'Art thou aſleep, friend San-'cho? friend Sancho, art thou aſleep?' —'God's my life!' replied Sancho, full of peeviſhneſs and pain, 'how ſhould I 'be aſleep, ſeeing all the devils in hell 'have been upon me this whole night?' —'That thou mayeſt aſſure thyſelf of,' anſwered the knight: 'for either I un-'derſtand nothing at all, or this caſtle 'is inchanted. Thou muſt know, San-'cho, (but what I am going to diſcloſe 'to thee, thou ſhalt ſwear to keep ſecret 'till after my death.')—'I do ſwear,' ſaid Sancho. 'This ſecrecy I inſiſt 'upon,' replied his maſter, 'becauſe I 'would by no means take away the 'reputation of any perſon.'—'Well 'then,' cried the ſquire, 'I ſwear to 'keep it ſecret till the days of your 'worſhip be paſt and gone; and God 'grant that I may be at liberty to re-'veal it to-morrow.'—'Have I done 'you ſo much miſchief, Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'that you wiſh to ſee me 'dead ſo ſoon?'—'It is not for that,' replied the ſquire, 'but becauſe I am 'an enemy to all ſecrets, and would 'not have any thing rot in my keep-'ing.'—'Be that as it may,' ſaid the knight, 'I will truſt greater things to 'thy love and fidelity. Know, there-'fore, that this very night I have been 'engaged in a moſt rare and wonder-'ful adventure; which, that I may 'briefly relate, take notice, that a little 'while ago, I was viſited by the con-'ſtable's daughter, than whom a more 'beautiful and gracious young lady is 'ſcarce

'scarce to be found on this terraqueous 'globe. How shall I paint to thee the 'comelineſs of her perſon? how deli- 'neate the acuteneſs of her underſtand- 'ing? or, how ſhall I deſcribe thoſe 'myſterious charms which, that I may 'preſerve the fealty I have ſworn to 'my own ſovereign miſtreſs Dulcinea 'del Toboſo, I muſt paſs over in ſacred 'ſilence? I ſhall only tell thee, that 'Heaven itſelf was jealous of the hap- 'pineſs which fortune had put into my 'power; or, perhaps, which is more 'probable, this caſtle, as I have already 'obſerved, is inchanted: for, while I 'was engaged with her in a moſt de- 'lightful and amorous converſation, an 'unſeen hand, belonging, doubtleſs, to 'the arm of ſome monſtrous giant, de- 'ſcended, I know not whence, upon my 'jaws, leaving my whole face bathed 'in gore; and afterwards bruiſed me 'in ſuch a manner, that I am infinitely 'worſe than I was yeſterday, when the 'carriers maltreated us, as thou know- 'eſt, for the exceſſes of Rozinante; 'from whence I conjecture, that the 'treaſure of this fair damſel's beauty 'is guarded by ſome inchanted Moor, 'and not deſtined for my poſſeſſion.'— 'Nor for mine neither,' cried Sancho; 'for I have been drubbed by five hun- 'dred Moors, ſo unmercifully, that the 'pack-ſtave threſhing was but cakes and 'gingerbread to what I now feel: ſo 'that I ſee no great cauſe you have to 'brag of that rare adventure, which 'has left us in this comfortable pickle. 'Indeed, your worſhip was not ſo badly 'off, becauſe you had that ſame incom- 'parable beauty in your arms; but 'what had I, except the hardeſt knocks, 'which, I hope, I ſhall ever feel in my 'born days? Curſed am I, and the 'mother that bore me; for though I 'neither am knight errant, nor ever 'deſign to be one, the greateſt part of 'the miſchief that betides us for ever 'falls to my ſhare.'—'It ſeems, then, 'thou haſt ſuffered too,' ſaid Don Quix- ote. 'Woe be unto me and my whole 'pedigree!' cried Sancho; 'have I 'not been telling you ſo all this time?' —'Give thyſelf no concern about that 'matter,' anſwered the knight; 'for 'now I am determined to prepare that 'precious balſam, which will cure us 'both in the twinkling of an eye.'

About this time the officer of the holy brotherhood, having made ſhift to light his candle, came back to examine the perſon whom he ſuppoſed murdered; and Sancho, ſeeing him approach in his ſhirt and woollen night-cap, with a very unfavourable aſpect, and a light in his hand, ſaid to his maſter, 'Pray, Sir, is 'this the inchanted Moor returned to 'ſpend the laſt drop of his vengeance 'upon us*?'—'That cannot be the 'Moor,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'for 'inchanters never ſuffer themſelves to 'be ſeen.'—'If they won't allow them- 'ſelves to be ſeen,' cried the ſquire, 'they make no bones of letting them- 'ſelves be felt; that my ſhoulders can 'teſtify.'—'And mine too,' ſaid the knight; 'but we have no ſufficient rea- 'ſon to believe that he whom we now 'ſee is the inchanted Moor.'

Meanwhile, the trooper drawing near, and hearing them talk ſo deliberately, remained ſome time in ſuſpence; then obſerving Don Quixote, who ſtill lay on his back, unable to ſtir, on account of his bruiſes and plaiſters, he went up to him, ſaying, 'How do'ſt do, honeſt 'friend?'—'I would ſpeak more ſub- 'miſſively,' anſwered the knight, 'were 'I ſuch a plebeian as you. Is that the 'language uſed in this country to 'knights-errant, you blockhead?' The officer finding himſelf treated with ſo little ceremony, by ſuch a miſerable wight, could not bear the reproach, but lifting up his lamp, oil and all, diſ- charged it upon Don Quixote's pate, which ſuffered greatly in the encounter; and the light being again extinguiſhed, ſlipped away in the dark. Things be- ing in this ſituation, 'Sir,' ſaid San- cho Panza, 'without doubt, that was 'the inchanted Moor, who keeps the 'treaſure for other people, and the fifty- 'cuffs and lamp-leavings for us.'— 'It muſt be ſo,' replied the knight; 'but we muſt not mind thoſe affairs of 'inchantment ſo much, as to let them 'ruffle or inflame us; becauſe, they be- 'ing inviſible and fantaſtical, do what 'we can we ſhall never be able to take 'vengeance upon the authors of them: 'get up, therefore, Sancho, if thou 'canſt, and deſire the conſtable of this 'caſtle to ſupply me with ſome oil, wine, 'ſalt, and roſemary; that I may pre- 'pare the ſalutiferous balſam, which,

* Literally, what is left in the bottom of his inkhorn.

'really,

'really, I believe, I ſtand in great need 'of at preſent, for the wound which the 'phantom hath given me bleeds apace.'

Accordingly the ſquire made ſhift to riſe, notwithſtanding the intolerable aching of his bones; and creeping in the dark towards the innkeeper's bed-chamber, happened to meet with the trooper, who ſtood liſtening, to know the intention of his adverſary. 'Signior,' cried he, 'whoſoever you are, do us the be-'nefit and favour to aſſiſt us with ſome 'roſemary, ſalt, wine, and oil; in or-'der to cure one of the moſt mighty 'knights-errant upon earth, who lies 'in that bed, deſperately wounded by 'the hands of an inchanted Moor that 'frequents this inn.' The officer, hearing ſuch an addreſs, concluded that the man had loſt his ſenſes; and it being by this time dawn, opened the inn-gate, and calling to the landlord, told him what this honeſt man wanted. The innkeeper having provided Sancho with the ingredients, he immediately carried them to his maſter; who lay holding his head between his two hands, and complaining very much of the effect of the lamp; which, however, had done no farther damage than that of raiſing a couple of large tumours upon his pate; that which he took for blood being no other than ſweat forced out by the anguiſh and pain he had undergone. In ſhort, he made a compoſition, by mixing the materials together, and boiling them a good while, until he found he had brought the whole to a due conſiſtence: then he aſked for a phial to contain the balſam; but as there was none in the houſe, he reſolved to cork it up in a tin oil-flaſk, of which the landlord made him a preſent. Which being done, he repeated over it more than fourſcore pater-noſters, with the like number of ave-maria's, ſalve's and credo's, accompanying every word with the ſign of the croſs, by way of benediction: and this whole ceremony was performed in preſence of Sancho, the innkeeper, and officer; the carrier having very quietly gone to take care of his beaſts.

This precious balſam being thus compoſed, the knight was determined to make inſtant trial of the efficacy with which he imagined it endued; and accordingly ſwallowed about a pint and a half of what remained in the pot, after the oil-flaſk was full; which had ſcarce got down his throat, when he began to vomit in ſuch a manner, as left nothing in his ſtomach; and a moſt copious ſweat breaking out upon him, in conſequence of the violent operation, he deſired they would wrap him up warm, and leave him to his repoſe. They complied with his requeſt, and he fell into a profound ſleep that laſted three hours; at the end of which awaking, he found himſelf exceedingly refreſhed, and ſo well recovered of his bruiſes, that he ſeemed perfectly well; and implicitly believed that he had now made ſure of the balſam of Fierabras; which, while he poſſeſſed, he might, with the utmoſt confidence and ſafety, engage in the moſt perilous quarrels, combats, and havock, that could poſſibly happen.

Sancho Panza ſeeing his maſter recovered to a miracle, begged he would beſtow upon him the ſediment of the pot, which was no ſmall quantity: and his requeſt being granted, he laid hold of it with both hands, and ſetting it to his head, drank off, with ſtrong faith and eager inclination, almoſt as much as his maſter had ſwallowed before. But the poor ſquire's ſtomach chanced to be not quite ſo delicate as that of the knight; and therefore, before he could diſcharge a drop, he ſuffered ſuch pangs and reachings, ſuch qualms and cold ſweats, that he verily believed his laſt hour was come; and in the midſt of his wamblings and affliction curſed the balſam and the miſcreant that made it. Don Quixote perceiving his ſituation, ſaid, 'I believe that all this miſchief 'happens to thee, Sancho, becauſe thou 'art not a knight; for I am perſuaded, 'that this liquor will be of ſervice to 'none but ſuch as are of the order of 'knighthood.'—'If your worſhip knew 'ſo much,' cried Sancho, 'woe be un-'to me and my whole generation! 'why did you allow me to taſte it?' At this inſtant the potion began to operate, and the poor ſquire to unload at both ends with ſuch fury, that the mat upon which he had thrown himſelf, and the ſheet that covered him, were ſoon in a woeful pickle: he ſweated and ſhivered with ſuch violent motions and fits, that not only he himſelf, but every body preſent, thought he would have given up the ghoſt.

This tempeſt of evacuation laſted near two hours; at the expiration of which, he found himſelf far from being relieved

like his master, but, on the contrary, so much fatigued that he was not able to stand. The knight, as we have already observed, finding himself in good health and excellent spirits, longed fervently to depart in quest of adventures, thinking every minute he spent in that place was an injury to the world in general, and to those miserable objects who wanted his favour and protection; especially as he was now in possession of the certain means of safety and confidence, in that efficacious balsam he had made. Prompted by these suggestions, he himself saddled Rozinante, and with his own hands put the pannel upon the beast of the squire, whom he also assisted in getting on his cloaths, and mounting his ass. He then bestrode his own steed; and laying hold of a pitchfork that stood in the corner of the yard, appropriated it to the use of a lance; while all the people in the house, exceeding twenty persons, beheld him with admiration: the landlord's daughter being among the spectators, he fixed his eyes upon her, and from time to time uttered a profound sigh, which seemed to be heaved from the very bottom of his bowels; and which, in the opinion of all those who had seen him anointed over night, was occasioned by the aching of his bones.

He and his squire being by this time mounted, he halted at the gate, and calling to the innkeeper, pronounced, in a grave and solemn tone, 'Numerous and mighty are the favours, Sir 'Constable, which I have received in 'this castle of yours; and I shall think 'myself under the highest obligation 'to retain a grateful remembrance of 'your courtesy all the days of my life. 'If I can make you any return, in 'taking vengeance on some insolent adversary, who hath, perhaps, aggrieved you; know, that it is my province and profession to assist the helpless, avenge the injured, and chastise the false: recollect, therefore; and if 'you have any boon of that sort to ask, 'speak the word; I promise, by the 'order of knighthood which I have 'received, that you shall be righted 'and redressed to your heart's content.' —'Sir knight,' replied the innkeeper, with the same deliberation, 'I have no 'occasion for your worship's assistance, 'to redress any grievance of mine; for 'I know how to revenge my own 'wrongs when I suffer any: all I desire is, that you will pay the score 'you have run up in this inn, for provender to your cattle, and food and 'lodging to yourself and servant.'— 'It seems, then, this is an inn,' answered the knight. 'Aye, and a well-'respected one,' said the landlord. 'I 'have been in a mistake all this time,' resumed Don Quixote, 'for I really 'thought it was a castle; and that none 'of the meanest neither: but since it is 'no other than a house of publick entertainment, you have nothing to do 'but excuse me from paying a farthing; for I can by no means transgress the custom of knights-errant, 'who, I am sure, as having read nothing to the contrary*, never paid 'for lodging nor any thing else, in any 'inn or house whatsoever, because they 'had a right and title to the best of entertainment, in recompence for the 'intolerable sufferings they underwent, 'in seeking adventures by night and by 'day, in winter as well as summer, 'on foot and on horseback, exposed to 'hunger and thirst, to heat and cold, 'and to all the inclemencies of heaven, 'as well as the inconveniencies of earth.' —'All this is nothing to my purpose,' said the innkeeper; 'pay me what you 'owe, and save all your idle tales of 'knight-errantry for those who will be

* Don Quixote seems in this place to have forgot one adventure of his great pattern, Orlando, who, while he accompanied Angelica in her flight from Albracca, happened to intrude upon the king of the Lestrigons as he sat at dinner in a valley; and being in great want of victuals, accosted his most savage majesty in these words, recorded by Boyardo, or rather Berni, in his poem intitled Orlando Innamorato.

Poichè fortuna a quest'ora ne mena
Da voi, vi prego, che non vi dispiaccia,
O per nostri danari o in cortesia,
Che noi cenium con voi di compagnia.

Thus humbly requesting, that he would either for love or money give them a bone to pick.

'amused

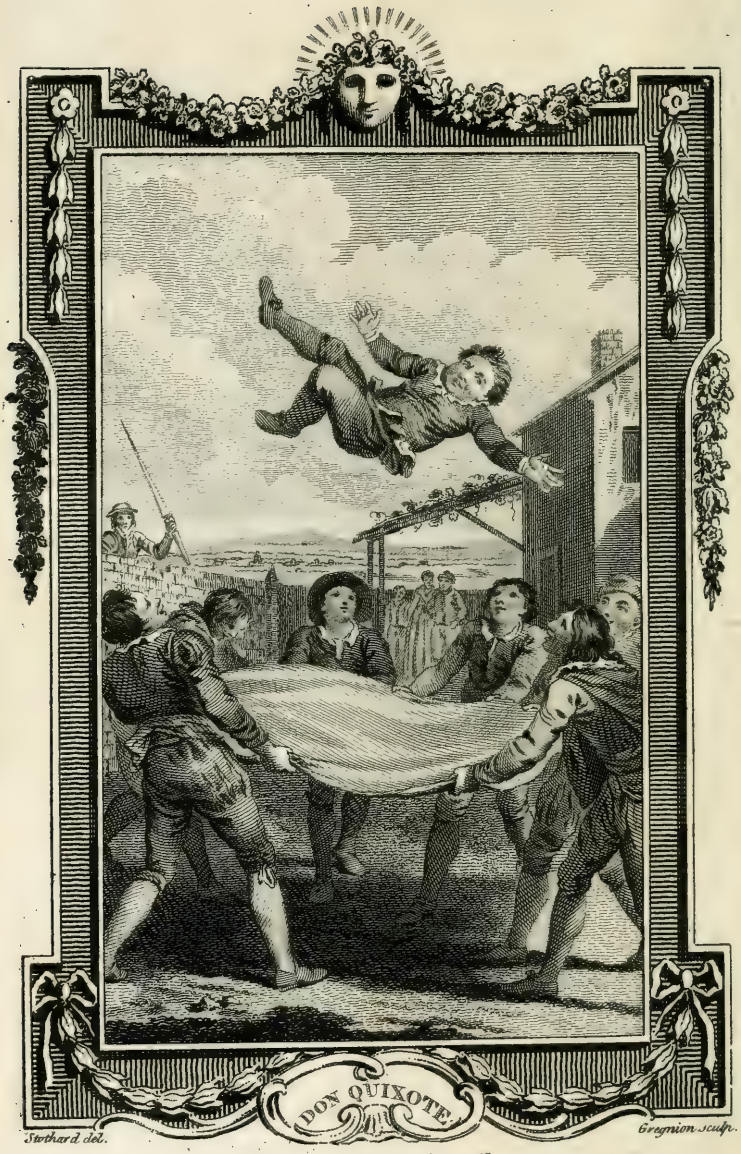


Plate I. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison and C°Mar. 9, 1782.

'amused with them; for my own part, 'I mind no tale but that of the money 'I take.'—'You are a saucy publican, 'and a blockhead to boot,' cried Don Quixote; who, putting spurs to Rozinante, and brandishing his pitchfork, sallied out of the inn without opposition; and was a good way off before he looked behind to see if he was followed by his squire.

The landlord, seeing the knight depart without paying, ran up to seize Sancho; who told him, that since his master had refused to discharge the bill, he must not expect any money from him, who being the squire of a knight-errant, was, as well as his master, bound by the same laws to pay for nothing in taverns and inns. The publican, irritated at this answer, threatened, if he would not pay him, to indemnify himself in a manner that should not be so much to the squire's liking: but Panza swore by the laws of chivalry his master professed, that he would not pay a doit, though it should cost him his life; for he was resolved that the honourable and ancient customs of knight-errantry should not be lost through his misbehaviour; neither should those squires, who were to come into the world after him, have occasion to complain of his conduct, or reproach him with the breach of so just a privilege.

As the unfortunate Sancho's evil genius would have it, there were among the company that lodged that night in the house, four clothiers of Segovia, three pin-makers from the great square of Cordova, and a couple of shopkeepers from the market-place of Seville; all of them brisk jolly fellows, and mischievous wags. These companions, as if they had been inspired and instigated by the same spirit, came up to the squire, and pulled him from his ass; then, one of them fetching a blanket from the landlord's bed, they put Sancho into it, and lifting up their eyes, perceived the roof was too low for their purpose; therefore determined to carry him out into the yard, which had no other cieling than the sky: there placing Panza in the middle of the blanket, they began to toss him on high, and divert themselves with his capers, as the mob do with dogs at Shrove-tide. The cries uttered by this miserable vaulter, were so piercing as to reach the ears of his master, who halting to listen the more attentively, believed that some new adventure was approaching, until he clearly recognized the shrieks of his squire: he immediately turned his horse, and with infinite straining, made shift to gallop back to the inn; but finding the gate shut, rode round in search of some other entrance; and when he approached the yard-wall, which was not very high, perceived the disagreeable joke they were practising upon his squire, who rose in the air, and sunk again with such grace and celerity, that if his indignation would have allowed him, I verily believe the knight himself would have laughed at the occasion. He attempted to step from his horse upon the wall, but was so bruised and battered, that he could not move from his seat; and therefore, situated as he was, began to vent such a torrent of reproachful and opprobrious language against Sancho's executioners, that it is impossible to repeat the half of what he said. This, however, neither interrupted their mirth nor their diversion, nor gave the least truce to the lamentations of Sancho, who prayed and threatened by turns, as he flew. Indeed, nothing of this sort either could or did avail him, until leaving off, out of pure weariness, they thought fit to wrap him up in his great coat, and set him on his ass again. The compassionate Maritornes seeing him so much fatigued, thought he would be the better for a draught of water, which, that it might be the cooler, she fetched from the well; and Sancho had just put the mug to his lips, when his draught was retarded by the voice of his master, who cried aloud, 'Son Sancho, drink 'not water, drink not that which will 'be the occasion of thy death, my son; 'behold this most sacred balsam,' holding up the cruse of potion in his hand, 'two drops of which will effectually 'cure thee.' At these words the squire eyed him, as it were, askance, and in a tone still more vociferous, replied, 'Perchance your worship has forgot that I 'am no knight; or may be, you want 'to see me vomit up all the entrails I 'have left, after last night's quandary. 'Keep your liquor for yourself, and 'may all the devils in hell give you joy 'of it; and leave me to my own discretion!' He had no sooner pronounced these words than he began to swallow; and perceiving at the first draught, that the cordial was no other than wa-

ter, he did not chuſe to repeat it; but deſired Maritornes to bring him ſome wine. This requeſt ſhe complied with very chearfully, and paid for it with her own money; for it was reported of her, that although ſhe was reduced to that low degree in life, ſhe actually retained ſome faint ſketches and ſhadows of the Chriſtian.

Sancho having finiſhed his draught, clapped heels to his aſs, and the inn-gate being thrown wide open, ſallied forth very well ſatisfied with having got off without paying any thing, although he had ſucceeded at the expence of his ſhoulders, which were indeed his uſual ſureties. True it is, the landlord had detained his bags for the reckoning; but theſe Sancho did not miſs in the confuſion of his retreat. As ſoon as he was clear of the houſe, the innkeeper would have barricadoed the gate, had he not been prevented by the blanket companions, who were of that ſort of people, who would not have valued Don Quixote a farthing, even if he had been actually one of the knights of the round-table.

CHAP. VI.

IN WHICH IS RECOUNTED THE DISCOURSE THAT PASSED BETWEEN SANCHO PANZA AND HIS MASTER DON QUIXOTE; WITH OTHER ADVENTURES WORTHY OF RECORD.

SANCHO made ſhift to overtake his maſter, ſo haggard and diſmayed, that he was ſcarce able to manage his beaſt: and when the knight perceived his melancholy ſituation, 'Honeſt Sancho,' ſaid he, 'I am now 'convinced beyond all doubt, that this 'caſtle or inn is inchanted; for thoſe 'who made ſuch a barbarous paſtime 'of thy ſufferings, could be no other 'than phantoms and beings belonging 'to the other world. I am confirmed 'in this opinion, from having found, 'that while I was by the wall of the 'yard, a ſpectator of the acts of thy 'mournful tragedy, I could neither 'climb over to thy aſſiſtance, nor indeed move from Rozinante, but was 'fixed in the ſaddle by the power of 'inchantment; for I ſwear to thee, by 'the faith of my character! if I could 'have alighted from my ſteed, and furmounted the wall, I would have revenged thy wrongs in ſuch a manner, 'that thoſe idle miſcreants ſhould have 'remembered the jeſt to their dying 'day: although I know, that in ſo doing, I ſhould have tranſgreſſed the 'laws of chivalry, which, I have often 'told thee, do not allow a knight to 'lift his arm againſt any perſon of an 'inferior degree, except in defence of 'his own life and limbs, or in caſes of 'the moſt preſſing neceſſity.'—'So 'would I have revenged myſelf,' ſaid Sancho, 'knighted or not knighted; 'but it was not in my power; though 'I am very well ſatisfied that thoſe who 'diverted themſelves at my coſt were no 'phantoms, nor inchanted beings, as 'your worſhip imagines, but men made 'of fleſh and bones, as we are, and all 'of them have Chriſtian names, which I 'heard repeated, while they toſſed me 'in the blanket; one, for example, is 'called Pedro Martinez, another Tenorio Harnandez, and the innkeeper 'goes by the name of Juan Palameque 'the left-handed; and therefore, Signior, your being diſabled from alighting and getting over the wall, muſt 'have been owing to ſomething elſe 'than inchantment. What I can clearly diſcern from the whole is, that theſe 'adventures we go in ſearch of, will, 'at the long run, bring us into ſuch 'miſventures, that we ſhall not know 'our right hands from our left; and 'therefore, in my ſmall judgment, the 'beſt and wholeſomeſt thing we can do, 'will be to jog back again to our own 'habitation now, while the harveſt is 'going on, to take care of our crops, 'and leave off ſauntering from poſt to 'pillar*, and falling out of the frying-'pan into the fire, as the ſaying is.'

'How little art thou acquainted, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'with 'the pretenſions of chivalry! hold thy 'tongue and have patience; for the day 'will ſoon arrive on which thy own 'eyes ſhall judge what an honourable 'profeſſion it is: pray, tell me, now,

* In the original, from Ceca to Mecca; a phraſe derived from the cuſtoms of the Moors, who uſed to go in pilgrimage to theſe two places. Ceca was in the city of Cordova.

'what

'what greater satisfaction can there be 'in this world, or what pleasure can 'equal that of a conqueror, who tri- 'umphs over his adversary in battle? 'None, sure!'—'That may be,' answered the squire, 'though I know no- 'thing of the matter. This only I 'know, that since we have taken up the 'trade of knights-errant, your worship 'I mean, for as to my own part I have 'no manner of title to be reckoned in 'such an honourable list, we have not 'gained one battle, except that with 'the Biscayan; and even there your 'worship came off with half an ear, 'and the loss of one side of your hel- 'met: from that day to this good hour, 'our lot hath been nothing but cud- 'gelling upon cudgelling, pummelling 'upon pummelling; except the advan- 'tage I have had over your worship, in 'being tossed in a blanket by inchanted 'Moors, whom I cannot be revenged 'of, in order to know how pleasant 'a pastime it is to overcome one's ene- 'my, as your worship observes.'—'That is the very grievance, Sancho, 'under which both you and I labour,' said Don Quixote: 'but, for the fu- 'ture, I will endeavour to procure a 'sword tempered with such masterly 'skill, that he who wears it shall be 'subject to no kind of inchantment; 'and who knows but accident may 'furnish me with that which Amadis 'possessed, when he stiled himself the 'knight of the flaming sword; and truly 'it was one of the most excellent blades 'that ever a warrior unsheathed; for, 'besides that sovereign virtue it con- 'tained, it cut keen as a razor, and no 'armour, though ever so strong or in- 'chanted, could stand before it's edge.' —'I am so devilishly lucky,' said Sancho, 'that if the case was really so, and 'your worship should light on that same 'sword, it would, like the precious 'balsam, be of no service or security 'to any but your true knights; and 'we that are squires might sing for sor- 'row.'—'Thou must not be afraid of 'that,' replied the knight; 'Heaven 'will surely deal more mercifully with 'thee.'

In such conversation, Don Quixote and his squire jogged along, when the former descrying on the road in which they travelled, a large and thick cloud of dust rolling towards them, turned to Sancho, saying, 'This, O Sancho, is 'the day that shall manifest the great 'things which fortune hath in store for 'me! This, I say, is the day on which 'the valour of this arm shall be dis- 'played as much as upon any other 'occasion; and on which I am resolv- 'ed to perform deeds that shall remain 'engraven on the leaves of fame to all 'posterity! Seest thou that cloud of 'dust before us? The whole of it is 'raised by a vast army, composed of va- 'rious and innumerable nations that 'are marching this way.'—'By that 'way of reckoning, there must be two,' said Sancho, 'for right over against it 'there is just such another.' Don Quix- ote immediately turned his eyes, and perceiving Sancho's information to be true, was rejoiced beyond measure; firmly believing that what he saw were two armies in full march to attack each other, and engage in the middle of that spacious plain; for every hour and mi- nute of the day his imagination was en- grossed by those battles, inchantments, dreadful accidents, extravagant amours, and rhodomontades, which are recorded in books of chivalry; and indeed every thing he thought, said, or did, had a tendency that way.

As for the dust he now saw, it was raised by two flocks of sheep which chanced to be driven from different parts into the same road, and were so much involved in this cloud of their own making, that it was impossible to discern them until they were very near. The knight affirmed they were armies with such assurance, that Sancho actually be- lieved it, and said to his master, 'And 'pray now, good your worship, what 'must we do?'—'What,' answered Don Quixote, 'but assist and support 'that side which is weak and discom- 'fited? Thou must know, Sancho, 'that yonder host which fronts us, is 'led and commanded by the mighty 'Emperor Alifanfaron, sovereign of 'the great island of Trapoban; and 'that other behind us belongs to his 'mortal enemy the king of the Gara- 'mantеans, known by the name Pen- 'tapolin with the naked arm, because 'he always goes to battle with the sleeve 'of his right-arm tucked up,'—'But 'why are those chieftains so mischiev- 'ously inclined towards each other?' said Sancho. 'The cause of their en- 'mity,' replied the knight, 'is this: 'Alifanfaron, who is a most outrage-

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'ous Pagan, is enamoured of Pentapolin's daughter, a moſt beautiful and courteous lady, who being a Chriſtian, her father will by no means betroth her to the infidel prince, unleſs he ſhall firſt renounce the law of his falſe prophet Mahomet, and become a convert to the true faith.'—'Now, by my whiſkers!' cried Sancho, 'King Pentapolin is an honeſt man, and I am reſolved to give him all the aſſiſtance in my power.'—'In ſo doing thou wilt perform thy duty, Sancho,' ſaid his maſter; 'for to engage in ſuch battles as theſe, it is not neceſſary to be dubbed a knight.'—'That I can eaſily comprehend,' replied the other; 'but where ſhall we ſecure the aſs, that we may be ſure of finding him after the fray is over; for I believe it is not the faſhion now-a-days, to go to battle on ſuch a beaſt.'—'True,' ſaid the knight, 'and I think the beſt way will be to leave him to his chance, whether he be loſt or not; for we ſhall have ſuch choice of ſteeds, when once we have gained the victory, that Rozinante himſelf will run ſome riſk of being exchanged for another: but obſerve and liſten attentively; I will now give thee a detail of the principal knights that ſerve in theſe two armies; and that thou may'ſt ſee and mark them the better, let us retire to yon riſing ground, from whence we can diſtinctly view the line of battle in both.' They accordingly placed themſelves upon a hillock, whence they could eaſily have diſcerned the two flocks of ſheep which Don Quixote metamorphoſed into armies, had not the duſt they raiſed confounded and obſcured the view; but nevertheleſs, beholding in his imagination that which could not otherwiſe be ſeen, becauſe it did not exiſt, he began to pronounce with an audible voice—

'That knight whom thou ſeeſt with yellow armour, bearing in his ſhield a lion crowned and crouching at the feet of a young lady, is the gallant Laucalco, lord of the ſilver bridge; that other beſide him, who wears armour powdered with flowers of gold, and bears for his device three crowns argent in a field azure, is the amorous Micocolembo, Grand Duke of Quiracia; and he upon his right-hand, with thoſe gigantick limbs, is the never to be daunted Brandabarbaran de Boliche, ſovereign of the three Arabias, who comes armed with a ſerpent's ſkin, and, inſtead of a ſhield, brandiſhes a huge gate, which, it is ſaid, belonged to the temple that Samſon overthrew, when he avenged himſelf of his enemies at his death; but turn thine eyes, and behold in the front of this other army, the ever-conquering and never-conquered Timonel de Carcajona, prince of New-Biſcay, whoſe arms are quartered azure, vert, argent, and or; and the device in his ſhield, a cat or, in a field gules, with the letters Miau, which conſtitute the beginning of his lady's name; and ſhe, they ſay, is the peerleſs Miaulina, daughter of Alfeniquen, Duke of Algarve; the other who loads and oppreſſes the loins of that fiery Arabian ſteed, with armour white as ſnow, and a ſhield without a device, is a noviciate knight of the French nation, called Pierre Papin, Baron of Utrique; the third, who ſtrikes his iron rowels into the flanks of that ſpotted nimble zebra*, is the potent Duke of Nerbia, eſparta-filardo of the wood, who bears in his ſhield for a device, a bunch of aſparagus, with an inſcription ſignifying, "By "deſtiny I am dogged."

In this manner did he invent names for a great many knights in either army, to all of whom alſo he gave arms, colours, mottos, and devices, without the leaſt heſitation, being incredibly inſpired by the fumes of a diſtempered fancy; nay, he proceeded without any pauſe, ſaying, 'That ſquadron forming in our front is compoſed of people of divers nations: there be thoſe who drink the delicious waters of the celebrated Xanthus, with the mountaineers who tread the Maſſilican plains: and thoſe who ſift the pureſt golden ore of Arabia Felix; there alſo may be ſeen the people who ſport upon the cool and famous banks of the tranſlucent Thermodonte; and thoſe who conduct the yellow Pactolus in many a winding ſtream; the promiſe-breaking Numidians; the Perſians for their archery renowned; the Parthians and the Medes who combat as they fly; the Arabians famed for ſhifting habitations; the Scythians cruel as they are

* Zebra is a beautiful creature, native of Arabia, vulgarly called the wild aſs.

'fair;



Stothard del. *Angus Sculp.*

Plate VIII.

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'fair; the thick-lipped race of Ethi-
'opia; and an infinite variety of other
'nations, whose looks I know, and can
'discern, though I cannot recollect their
'names. In that other squadron march
'those men who have in the crystal cur-
'rent of the olive-bearing Betis; those
'whose visages are cleaned and polished
'with the limpid wave of the ever rich
'and golden Tagus; those who delight
'in the salutiferous draughts of Genil
'the divine; those who scour the Tar-
'tesian fields that with fat pasture teem;
'those who make merry in the Elysian
'meads of Herezan; the rich Manche-
'gans crowned with ruddy ears of corn;
'those cloathed in steel the bold remains
'of ancient Gothick blood; those who
'bathe in Pisuerga, famous for it's
'gentle current; those who feed their
'flocks upon the spacious meads of the
'meandring Guadiana, celebrated for
'it's secret course; those who shiver
'with the chill blasts of the woody Py-
'renees; and those who feel the snowy
'flakes of lofty Appenine: in fine,
'whatever nation Europe imbosoms and
'contains.'

Heaven preserve us! what provinces did he mention! what nations did he name! bestowing, with wonderful facility, those attributes that belonged to each; being all the while absorpt, and, as it were, immersed in the contents of his deceitful books. Sancho Panza listened attentively to his master, without uttering one syllable; and from time to time turned his eyes from one side to another to see if he could discern those knights and giants who were thus described: but not being able to discover one of them, 'Sir,' said he, 'your 'worship may say what you please, but 'the devil a man, giant, or knight, that 'you have mentioned, is there; at least 'I can see none: perhaps, indeed, the 'whole is inchantment, like the phan-'toms of last night.'—'How say'st thou?' replied Don Quixote, 'dost thou not 'hear the neighing of steeds, the sound 'of clarions, and noise of drums?'—'I hear nothing,' answered Sancho, 'but abundance of bleating of ewes and 'lambs.' And truly that was the case; for by this time the two flocks were pretty near them. 'Thy fear,' said Don Quixote, 'hinders thee from seeing 'and hearing aright: for one effect of 'terror is to disturb the senses, and make 'objects appear otherwise than they are: 'if thou art therefore under such con-'sternation, retire on one side, and leave 'me alone; for I myself am sufficient 'to bestow victory on that cause which 'I espouse.' So saying, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and putting his lance in the rest, darted down from the hillock like lightning. In vain did Sancho bellow forth, 'Turn, Signior Don 'Quixote: good your worship, turn! so 'help me God, those are ewes and 'lambs you are going to attack! Woe 'be to the father that begat me! Will 'you not turn? What madness possesses 'you! Consider, here are no giants, 'nor knights, nor cats, nor arms, nor 'shields quartered or whole, nor in-'verted azures, and the devils knows 'what: was there ever such distraction? 'sinner that I am!'

The knight, however, did not regard this exclamation: on the contrary, he rode on, bauling aloud, 'So ho, knights! 'you that attend and serve under the 'banners of the valiant Emperor Pan-'tapolin, with the naked arm, follow 'me in a body, and you shall behold 'how easily I will avenge him, on his 'adversary Alifanfaron, of Trapoban.' Having uttered these words, he rushed into the thickest of the squadron of sheep, and began to lay about him, with as much eagerness and fury, as if he had been actually engaged with his mortal enemies. The herdsmen and shepherds who were driving the flock, called to him to forbear; but finding their admonition had no effect, they ungirded their slings, and began to salute his ears with stones, the least of which was as large as an ordinary fist; but he, far from minding their missiles, rode about the field, crying, 'Where art thou, proud 'Alifanfaron? face me if thou dareſt; 'I am but a single knight, who want 'to prove thy prowess hand to hand, 'and sacrifice thy life for the injury 'thou hast done to Pentapolin Gara-'manta.' Just as he pronounced these words, he received a pebble on his side, that seemed to have buried a couple of his ribs in his belly; and gave him such a rude shock, that he believed himself either dead or desperately wounded; then remembering his specifick, he pulled out the cruse, and setting it to his mouth, began to swallow the balsam; but before he had drank what he thought a sufficient dose, there came another such almond, so plump upon his hand and cruse,

cruſe, that after having ſhivered the pot to pieces, it carried off in it's way three or four of his grinders, and ſhattered two of his fingers in a grievous manner: in ſhort, ſo irreſiſtible were both the applications, that the poor knight could not help tumbling from his horſe. The ſhepherds immediately came up, and believing him actually dead, gathered together their flock with all imaginable diſpatch; and taking their dead, which might be about ſeven in number, upon their ſhoulders, made off without any farther inquiry.

All this time Sancho remained upon the hill, beholding, with amazement, the madneſs of his maſter, tearing his beard, and curſing the hour and minute on which it was his fate to know him: and now ſeeing him fallen, and the ſhepherds gone, he deſcended to his aſſiſtance, when finding him ſtill ſenſible, though in a miſerable ſituation, 'Did 'not I warn you, Signior Don Quix-'ote,' ſaid he, 'to turn; and aſſure you 'that thoſe you went to attack were no 'armies, but flocks of innocent ſheep?' —'How ſtrangely can that miſcreant 'inchanter, who is my enemy, tranſ-'mography things to thwart me! Know, 'Sancho, that it is a very eaſy matter 'for necromancers to make us aſſume 'what ſhapes they pleaſe; and the ma-'licious wretch who perſecutes me, en-'vying the glory I ſhould have gained 'in this battle, hath doubtleſs meta-'morphoſed the ſquadrons of the foe 'into flocks of ſheep: but thou ſhalt 'do one thing, I intreat thee, Sancho, in 'order to be undeceived and convinced 'of the truth; mount thy aſs, and fol-'low them fair and ſoftly; and when 'they are at a convenient diſtance from 'hence, thou wilt ſee them return to their 'former ſhapes, and ceaſing to be ſheep, 'become men again, right and tight as I 'at firſt deſcribed them; but do not go 'at preſent, for I have occaſion for thy 'ſervice and aſſiſtance: come hither, and 'ſee how many teeth I have left; methinks 'there is not one left in my whole jaw.'

Sancho accordingly approached ſo near as to thruſt his eyes into his maſter's mouth, juſt at the time when the balſam began to operate in his ſtomach, which, with the force of a culverin, diſcharged it's contents full in the beard of the compaſſionate ſquire. 'Holy Vir-'gin!' cried Sancho, 'what is this that 'hath befallen me? Without doubt, 'this poor ſinner is mortally wounded, 'ſince he vomits blood.' But conſider-ing the caſe more maturely, he found by the colour, taſte, and ſmell, that it was not blood, but the balſam he had ſeen him drink: and ſuch was the loath-ing he conceived at this recognition, that his ſtomach turned, and he emp-tied his bowels upon his maſter; ſo that both of them remained in a hand-ſome pickle. Sancho ran to his aſs, for a towel to clean them, and ſome appli-cation for his maſter's hurt; but when he miſſed his bags, he had well-nigh loſt his ſenſes; he curſed his fate again, and determined with himſelf to leave the knight, and return to his habita-tion, even though he ſhould loſe his wages for the time he had already ſerv-ed, as well as his hopes of governing the Iſland of Promiſe.

At this juncture Don Quixote aroſe, and clapping his left-hand to his cheek, in order to prevent his teeth from falling out, with the right laid hold of the bridle of Rozinante; who, like a faith-ful and affectionate ſervant, had never ſtirred from his maſter's ſide; and went up to the place where his ſquire ſtood, leaning upon his aſs, with one hand ap-plied to his jaw, in the poſture of a per-ſon who is exceedingly penſive; the knight perceiving him in this ſituation, with manifeſt ſigns of melancholy in his countenance, 'Know Sancho,' ſaid he, 'that one man is no more than another, 'unleſs he can do more than another. 'All thoſe hurricanes that have hap-'pened to us prognoſticate that we ſoon 'ſhall have fair weather, and that every 'thing will ſucceed to our wiſh: for it 'is impoſſible that either good or bad 'fortune ſhould be eternal; and there-'fore it follows, that our adverſity hav-'ing laſted ſo long, our proſperity muſt 'be now at hand. Be not grieved then, 'at the misfortunes that happen to me, 'ſince no part of them falls to thy 'ſhare.'—'Not to my ſhare!' anſwer-ed Sancho; 'mayhap, then, he whom 'they toſſed in the blanket yeſterday 'was not the ſon of my father; and the 'bags that are loſt to-day, with all 'the goods in them, belonged to ſome 'other perſon.'—'What, haſt thou loſt 'the bags, Sancho!' cried Don Quix-ote. 'Yes, ſure,' ſaid the other. 'At 'that rate, then, we have no victuals 'to eat?' reſumed the knight. 'That 'would certainly be the caſe,' anſwered

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the squire, 'if the meadows did not furnish those herbs you say you know with which unfortunate knights like your worship are wont to make up such losses.'—'Yes, but for all that,' replied Don Quixote, 'I could at present relish a luncheon of brown bed, or a leaf, with a couple of red herrings, better than all the herbs described by Dioscorides, even with the annotations of Doctor Laguna; but, nevertheless, mount thy beast, honest Sancho, and follow me. God, who provides all things, will not be wanting to us; more especially as we are employed in his immediate service: he faileth not to provide for the gnats of the air, the insects of the earth, the spawn of the sea; and is so beneficent, as to cause the sun to shine upon the good and bad, and sendeth rain to the wicked as well as the righteous.'—'Your worship,' said Sancho, 'is more fit to be a preacher than a knight-errant.'—'Knights-errant,' replied his master, 'ever had, and ought to have, some knowledge of every thing; nay, some there have been in times past, who would stop to make a sermon or discourse upon the highway, with as much eloquence as if they had taken their degrees at the university of Paris: from whence it may be inferred, that the lance was never blunted by the pen, nor the quill impeded by the lance.'—'What your worship observes may be very true,' said Sancho; 'but, in the mean time, let us leave this place, and endeavour to get a night's lodging in some house or other, where, God grant there may be neither blankets nor blanketeers, nor phantoms, nor inchanted Moors; else, may the devil confound both hook and crook!'

'Implore the protection of God, my son,' answered the knight, 'and lead me where thou wilt: for this once, I leave our lodging to thy care; but reach hither thy hand, and feel with thy finger how many teeth I have lost on this right side of my upper jaw, which is the place that gives me the greatest pain.' Sancho introduced his fingers, and having carefully examined his gums. 'How many teeth,' said he, 'was your worship wont to have in this place?'—'Four, besides the dog-tooth,' answered Don Quixote, 'all of them sound and whole.'—'Consider what your worship says,' replied Sancho. 'I say, four, if not five,' resumed the knight; 'for, in all my life, I never lost tooth or fang, either by worm, rheum, or scurvy.'—'At present,' said the squire, 'in that part of the lower jaw, your worship has but two grinders and a half; and above, neither half nor whole; all is smooth as the palm of my hand.'—'Cruel fortune!' cried Don Quixote, hearing this melancholy piece of news; 'would they had rather demolished a limb, so it had not been the sword-arm: for I would have thee to know, Sancho, that a mouth without grinders, is like a mill without a millstone; and a tooth is worth a treasure*; but such mischances always attend us who profess the strict order of chivalry. Get up, friend, and lead the way, and I will follow at thy own pace.' Sancho complied with his desire, and took the way that seemed most likely to lead to some accomodation, without quitting the high road, which was thereabouts very much frequented. While they jogged on softly, because the pain in Don Quixote's jaws would not suffer him to be quiet, or exert himself in pushing forward, Sancho being desirous of entertaining and diverting him with his discourse, said, among other things, what will be rehearsed in the following chapter.

CHAP. V.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SAGE DISCOURSE THAT PASSED BETWEEN SANCHO AND HIS MASTER—THE SUCCEEDING ADVENTURE OF THE CORPSE—WITH OTHER REMARKABLE EVENTS.

'IN my opinion, my good master, all the misventures, which have this day happened to us, are designed as a punishment for the sins committed by your worship, in neglecting to fulfil the oath you took, not to eat off a table-cloth, nor solace yourself with the queen; together with all the rest that follows, which your worship

* I have endeavoured to preserve an alliteration in tooth and treasure, after the example of Cervantes, who seems to have intended it, in the words *muela* and *dinamare*.

'swore to obſerve, until ſuch time as 'you could carry off that helmet of 'Malandrino, or how d'ye call the 'Moor? for I don't remember his right 'name.'—'Thou art very much in the 'right,' ſaid Don Quixote: 'to deal 'ingenuouſly with thee, Sancho, that 'affair had actually ſlipt out of my 'remembrance; and thou mayeſt de-'pend upon it, that affair of the blank-'eting happened to thee, for the fault 'thou waſt guilty of, in omitting to 'put me in mind of it in time: but I 'will make an atonement; for there 'are methods for compounding every 'thing, in the order of chivalry.'—'Did I ſwear any thing?' replied San-cho. 'Your not having ſworn is of 'no importance,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'it is enough that I know you to be 'concerned as an acceſſary; and whe-'ther that be the caſe or not, it will 'not be amiſs to provide a remedy.'—'Well, then,' replied the ſquire, 'I 'hope your worſhip will not forget this, 'as you did the oath: perhaps the phan-'toms may take it in their heads 'again to divert themſelves with me, 'and even with your worſhip, if they 'find you obſtinate.'

In this and other ſuch diſcourſe, night overtook them in the midſt of their journey, before they could light on or diſcover any houſe where they could procure lodging; and what was worſe, they were almoſt famiſhed; for in their bags they had loſt their whole buttery and proviſion: nay, to crown their mis-fortune, an adventure happened to them, that, without any exaggeration, might have actually paſſed for ſomething pre-ternatural. Though the night ſhut in very dark, they continued travelling; Sancho believing, that, as they were in the king's highway, they ſhould pro-bably find an inn at the diſtance of a league or two.

Jogging on, therefore, under cloud of night, the ſquire exceeding hungry, and the maſter very well diſpoſed to eat, they deſcried upon the road before them a vaſt number of lights, that ſeemed like moving ſtars, approaching them. San-cho was confounded at the ſight, the meaning of which even Don Quixote could not comprehend: the one check-ed his aſs, the other pulled in his horſe's bridle, and both halted, in order to gaze attentively at the apparition of the lights, which ſeemed to increaſe the nearer they came. This being perceived by the ſquire, he began to quake like quick-ſilver; and the hair briſtled up on Don Quixote's head: nevertheleſs, recollect-ing himſelf a little, 'Without doubt, 'Sancho,' ſaid he, 'this muſt be a vaſt 'and perilous adventure in which I 'ſhall be obliged to exert my whole 'ſtrength and proweſs.'—'Woe is me!' cried Sancho, 'if perchance this ſhould 'be an adventure of phantoms, as I 'am afraid it is, where ſhall I find 'ribs for the occaſion?'—'Phantoms 'or not phantoms,' ſaid the knight, 'I will not ſuffer them to touch a 'thread of thy cloaths: if they made 'merry at thy expence before, it was 'owing to my incapacity to climb over 'the yard wall; but at preſent we are 'in an open field, where I can manage 'my ſword as I pleaſe.'—'But if they 'ſhould benumb and bewitch you, as 'they did in the morning,' ſaid the ſquire, 'what benefit ſhall I receive 'from being in the open field?'—'Be 'that as it will,' replied Don Quixote, 'I beſeech thee, Sancho, be of good 'courage, and thou ſhalt ſoon know 'by experience how much I am maſter 'of that virtue.' Sancho accordingly promiſed to do his beſt, with God's aſſiſtance. Then they both ſtepped to one ſide of the road, and began to gaze again with great attention. While they were thus endeavouring to diſcern the meaning of the lights, they perceived a great number of perſons in white; which dreadful viſion entirely extin-guiſhed the courage of Sancho Panza, whoſe teeth began to chatter, as if he had been in the cold fit of an ague; and this agitation and chattering in-creaſed, when they ſaw them more diſtinctly; for, firſt and foremoſt ap-peared about twenty perſons on horſe-back, all of them cloathed in white, with each a lighted flambeau in his hand, muttering in a low and plaintive tone. Behind them came a litter covered with black, followed by ſix mounted cava-liers in deep mourning, that trailed at the very heels of their mules, which were eaſily diſtinguiſhed from horſes by the ſlowneſs of their pace.

This ſtrange viſion, at ſuch an hour, and in ſuch a deſart place, was ſurely ſufficient to ſmite the heart of Sancho with fear, and even make an impreſ-ſion upon his maſter; and this would have been the caſe, had he been any

other

other than Don Quixote; as for the ſquire, his whole ſtock of reſolution went to wreck. It was not ſo with his maſter, whoſe imagination clearly repreſented to him, that this was exactly an adventure of the ſame kind with thoſe he had read in books of chivalry; that the cloſe litter was a bier, in which was carried ſome dead or wounded knight, the revenge of whoſe wrongs was reſerved for him alone: wherefore, without canvaſſing the matter any farther, he ſet his lance in the reſt, fixed himſelf in his ſeat, and with the moſt genteel and gallant deportment, placing himſelf in the middle of the road, through which they were indiſpenſibly obliged to paſs, he raiſed his voice, and called to them as they approached—

'Halt, knights, whoſoever ye are, 'and give an account of yourſelves: 'whence come ye? whither go ye? and 'what are you carrying off in that bier? 'for, in all appearance, you have either 'done or received an injury; and it is 'neceſſary and convenient that I ſhould 'know it, in order to chaſtiſe you for 'what you are now doing, or revenge 'the wrong you have already done.'— 'We are at preſent in a hurry,' replied one of the phantoms in white; 'the 'inn we intend to lodge at is far off, 'and we cannot ſtay to give ſuch a te'dious account as you deſire.' So ſaying, he ſpurred on his mule; while Don Quixote, mightily incenſed at this reply, laid hold of his bridle, ſaying, 'Stand, and anſwer the queſtions I 'have aſked, with more civility; other'wiſe I will give battle to you all.'

The mule being ſkittiſh, was frighted in ſuch a manner, at being ſeized by the bridle, that rearing on her hind feet, ſhe fell backward upon her rider; and a ſervant on foot, ſeeing his maſter fall, began to revile Don Quixote, whoſe choler being already provoked, he couched his lance, and without heſitation attacked one of the mourners, who ſoon fell to the ground, moſt miſerably mauled; then wheeling about upon the reſt, it was ſurprizing to ſee with what diſpatch he aſſaulted and put them to the rout! while Rozinante acted with ſuch agility and fury, that one would have ſworn, at that inſtant, a pair of wings had ſprung from his back. All the ſquadron arrayed in white, was compoſed of timorous and unarmed people, who were fain to get out of the fray as ſoon as poſſible, and began to fly acroſs the plain, with their lighted torches like ſo many maſkers in carnival time. The mourners being involved and intangled in their long robes, could not ſtir out of the way; ſo that Don Quixote, without running any riſk, drubbed them all round, and obliged them at length to quit the field, much againſt their inclination; for they actually believed he was no man, but a devil incarnate, who lay in wait to carry off the dead body that was in the litter.

All this while Sancho ſtood beholding with admiration the courage and intrepidity of the knight; ſaying within himſelf, 'This maſter of mine is cer'tainly as ſtrong and valiant as he pre'tends to be.'

Meanwhile, Don Quixote, by the light of a torch that lay burning on the ground, perceiving the firſt whom the mule overthrew, rode up to him, and clapping the point of his lance to the poor man's throat, commanded him to yield, otherwiſe he would put him to death. To this declaration the other anſwered, 'Methinks I am already ſufficiently 'quiet; for one of my legs is broke, 'ſo that I cannot ſtir; I beſeech your 'worſhip, therefore, if you be a Chriſ'tian, not to kill me, as in ſo doing you 'will commit the horrid ſin of ſacri'lege; for I am a licentiate, and have 'taken holy orders.'—'If you are an 'eccleſiaſtick, what the devil brought 'you here?' cried Don Quixote. 'The 'devil, indeed, I think it was,' anſwered the overthrown prieſt. 'You will have 'to do with worſe than the devil,' ſaid the knight, 'if you refuſe the ſatis'faction I at firſt demanded.'—'That is 'eaſily granted,' replied the other; 'and 'in the firſt place your worſhip muſt 'know, that though I juſt now called 'myſelf a licentiate, I am no more than 'a batchelor: my name is Alonzo Lo'pez; I was born at Alcovendas; and 'now come from the city of Baeça, in 'company with eleven other prieſts, 'who are thoſe who fled with the torches; 'we are conveying to Segovia that litter 'which contains the corpſe of a gentle'man who died at Baeça, where it was 'depoſited till now, (as I was ſaying) 'that we are carrying his bones to be 'interred at Segovia, which was the 'place of his nativity.'—'And who 'killed him?' ſaid Don Quixote. 'God 'himſelf,' replied the batchelor, 'by

'means of a peſtilential calenture that 'ſeized him!'—'At that rate,' reſumed the knight, 'the Lord hath ſaved 'me the trouble of avenging his death, 'as I would have done, had he been 'ſlain by any mortal arm; but, conſi'dering how he died, there is nothing 'to be done, except to ſhrug up our 'ſhoulders in ſilence, for this is all that 'could happen, even if I myſelf ſhould 'fall by the ſame hand; and I deſire 'your reverence would take notice, that 'I am a knight of La Mancha, called 'Don Quixote, whoſe office and exer'ciſe is to travel through the world, 'redreſſing grievances and righting 'wrongs*.'—'I do not know how 'you can call this behaviour righting 'wrongs,' ſaid the batchelor: 'I am 'ſure you have changed my right into 'wrong, by breaking my leg, which 'will never be ſet to rights again ſo 'long as I live; and the grievances 'you have redreſſed for me, have been 'to aggrieve me in ſuch a manner, as 'that I ſhall never ceaſe to grieve at my 'miſventure, in meeting with you, 'while you was in ſearch of adven'tures.'—'All things do not equally 'ſucceed,' obſerved the knight; 'it 'was the misfortune of you and your 'companions, Mr. Batchelor Alonzo 'Lopez, to travel in the night, with 'theſe ſurplices and lighted flambeaus, 'ſinging all the way, before people clad 'in deep mourning, ſo that you ſeemed 'a company of ghoſts broke from the 'other world, therefore I could not 'help performing my duty in attacking 'you; and I would have behaved in the 'ſame manner, had I actually known 'you to be really and truly the inhabi'tants of hell; for ſuch indeed I thought 'you were.'—'Since my hard fate 'would have it ſo,' ſaid the batchelor, 'I entreat your worſhip, Sir knight-'errant, who have been the cauſe of an 'unlucky errand to me, to help me from 'getting under the mule, which keeps 'one of my legs faſt jammed between 'the ſtirrup and the ſaddle.'—'I might 'have talked on till morning,' ſaid the knight; 'why did not you inform me 'of your diſtreſs ſooner?'

He then called aloud to Sancho, who was in no hurry to hear him, but buſy in rummaging a ſumpter-mule which thoſe honeſt prieſts brought along with them, well furniſhed with proviſions. Having made a bag of his great coat, into which he crammed as much of their victuals as it would hold, he loaded his aſs with the bundle, and then running up to his maſter, helped to free Mr. Batchelor from the oppreſſion of his mule, on which having mounted him, with a torch in his hand, Don Quixote adviſed him to follow the route of his companions; and deſired him to beg their pardon in his name, for the injury he had done them, as it was not in his power to avoid it. Sancho, likewiſe interpoſing, ſaid, 'If in caſe the gen'tleman ſhould want to know who the 'valiant hero is who put them to flight, 'your worſhip may tell them, that he is 'the famous Don Quixote de La Man'cha, otherwiſe ſurnamed the Knight 'of the Rueful Countenance.'

Thus diſmiſſed, the batchelor purſued his way; and the knight aſked what had induced Sancho, now, rather than at any other time, to ſtile him the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. 'Truly,' anſwered Sancho, 'I have 'been looking at you ſome time by the 'light of that torch the unfortunate 'traveller held in his hand; and in good 'faith, your worſhip cuts the moſt diſ'mal figure I have almoſt ever ſeen; 'and it muſt certainly be occaſioned 'either by the fatigue you have under'gone in this battle, or by the want of 'your teeth.'—'That is not the caſe,' replied his maſter; 'but the ſage who 'is deſtined to write the hiſtory of my 'exploits, hath thought proper that I 'ſhould aſſume ſome appellation, by the 'example of former knights, one of 'whom took the title of the Flaming 'Sword; another of the Unicorn; a 'third of the Ladies; a fourth of the 'Phœnix; a fifth of the Griffin; a 'ſixth called himſelf the Knight of 'Death; and by theſe epithets and 'ſymbols they were known all over the 'face of the earth; and therefore I ſay, 'that the forementioned ſage hath now 'put it into thy thoughts, and directed 'thy tongue to call me the Knight of 'the Rueful Countenance; an appel'lation that henceforward I adopt: and

* Knights engaged themſelves, by oath, to protect the widow and the orphan, to redreſs all injuries; and, in a ſpecial manner, to defend the characters of ladies by force of arms.

'that

'that it may suit me the better, I am 'resolved to have a most woeful figure 'painted upon my shield, with the first 'opportunity.'—'There is no occa- 'sion,' said Sancho, 'to throw away 'time and money on such a device; 'your worship has nothing more to do 'but uncover your face; and I'll warrant 'those who behold it will call it a rue- 'ful one, without your having recourse 'to pictures and shields to explain your 'meaning; and you may believe I tell 'you nothing but the truth, when I 'maintain, though it be but in jest, that 'hunger and want of teeth makes your 'worship look so ill-favouredly, that 'we may very well save the expence of 'a rueful picture.'

Don Quixote could not help laughing at the pleasantry of Sancho, though he actually determined to assume that name, and have his shield and target painted according to his fancy, 'I know, San- 'cho,' said he, 'that I have incurred 'the sentence of excommunication, for 'having laid violent hands on conse- 'crated things, according to the canon; "*Si quis suadente diabolo, &c.*" yet 'you know I touched them not with 'my hands, but with my lance; and 'even then never dreamed of injuring 'priests, or of giving the smallest of- 'fence to the church, which I respect 'and adore, like a faithful catholick 'and Christian as I am; but, on the 'contrary, took them for phantoms and 'beings of another world: but the case 'being as it is, I remember what hap- 'pened to the Cid RuyDiaz, who broke 'to pieces the chair of a certain king's 'ambassador, in presence of his holiness 'the pope; for which outrage he was 'excommunicated; and that very day 'the worthy Rodrigo de Vivar behaved 'like a valiant and honourable knight.'

The batchelor being gone, as we have observed, without answering one word, Don Quixote expressed a desire of examining the litter, to see if it really contained a corpse; but Sancho would by no means consent to this enquiry, saying, 'Your worship has already finished this 'perilous adventure with less damage 'to yourself than I have seen you re- 'ceive in any other; but the people 'whom you have conquered and over- 'thrown, may chance to recollect that 'they were vanquished by a single man, 'and be so much ashamed and con- 'founded at their own cowardice as to 'rally, and if they find us, give us our 'belly-full. Dapple is at present very 'comfortably furnished; there is an un- 'inhabited mountain hard by, hunger 'is craving, we have nothing to do but 'retreat thither at a gentle trot; and, 'as the saying is, "The dead to the "bier, and the living to good cheer." With these words he took the lead with his ass, and the knight thinking there was a good deal of reason in what he said, followed him very peaceably, with- out making any reply.

When they had travelled a little way between two hills, they found them- selves in a spacious and retired valley, where they alighted; Sancho unloaded the ass, they sat down on the green turf, and with hunger for their sauce, dis- patched their breakfast, dinner, after- noon's luncheon, and supper, at one meal; solacing their stomachs out of more than one basket, which the eccle- siastical attendants of the defunct, who seldom neglect these things, had brought along with them on their sumpter-mule: but another misfortune befel them, which, in Sancho's opinion, was the worst that could happen: they had not one drop of wine to drink, nor indeed of water to cool their throats, so that they were parched with thirst; then the squire, perceiving the meadow where they sat was overgrown with green and tender grass, made the proposal which may be seen in the following chapter.

CHAP. VI.

OF THE UNSEEN AND UNHEARD OF ADVENTURE ATCHIEVED BY THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, WITH LESS HAZARD THAN EVER ATTENDED ANY EX- PLOIT PERFORMED BY THE MOST RENOWNED KNIGHT ON EARTH.

'THIS grass, my good master, 'proves beyond all contradic- 'tion, that there must be some spring 'or rivulet hereabouts by which it is 'watered; and therefore we had bet- 'ter proceed a little farther, until we 'find wherewith to allay this terrible 'thirst, which is more painful and fa- 'tiguing than hunger alone.' This advice appearing rational to Don Quix- ote, he took hold of Rozinante's bridle, and Sancho leading Dapple by the hal- 'ter,

ter, after he had loaded him again with the fragments of their ſupper, they began to move farther into the meadow, at a venture; for the night was ſo dark, they could not diſtinguiſh one object from another: but they had not gone two hundred paces, when their ears were ſaluted with a prodigious noiſe of water, that ſeemed to ruſh down from ſome huge and lofty rocks; they were infinitely rejoiced at the ſound, when halting to liſten, that they might know whence it came, they were all of a ſudden ſurprized with another kind of noiſe, that ſoon damped the pleaſure occaſioned by the water, eſpecially in Sancho, who was naturally fearful and faint-hearted; I ſay they heard the ſound of regular ſtrokes, accompanied with ſtrange clanking of iron chains, which, added to the dreadful din of the cataract, would have ſmote the heart of any other but Don Quixote with fear and conſternation.

The night, as we have already obſerved, was dark; our travellers happened at this time to be in a grove of tall trees, whoſe leaves, moving gently by the wind, yielded a ſort of dreary whiſper: ſo that the ſolitude of the place, the darkneſs of the night, the noiſe of the water, and ruſtling of the leaves, concurred to inſpire them with horror and diſmay; the more ſo, as the ſtrokes were continued, the wind ſighed on, and the morning was far off; and all theſe circumſtances were aggravated by their ignorance of the place in which they were. But Don Quixote, encouraged by his own intrepid heart, mounted Rozinante, braced his ſhield, and brandiſhing his lance, 'Friend Sancho,' cried he, 'know that I was born by Heaven's 'appointment in theſe iron times to revive the age of gold, or, as it is 'uſually called, the golden age. I am 'he for whom ſtrange perils, valiant 'deeds, and vaſt adventures, are reſerved! I am he, I ſay, ordained to reeſtabliſh the Knights of the Round-table, the Twelve Peers of France, with 'the Nine Worthies! He whoſe feats 'ſhall bury, in oblivion the Platirs, 'Tablantes, Olivantes, and Tirantes, 'the Febuſes and Belianiſes, together 'with the whole tribe of knights-errant who lived in former times; performing ſuch mighty and amazing 'deeds of arms, as will eclipſe their 'moſt renowned acts! Conſider well, 'thou true and loyal ſquire, the darkneſs and the ſolemn ſtillneſs of this 'night, the indiſtinct and hollow whiſpering of theſe trees, the dreadful din 'of that water we came to ſeek, which 'ſeems to ruſh and rumble down from 'the lofty mountains of the moon; together with theſe inceſſant ſtrokes that 'ſtrike and wound our ears: all thoſe 'circumſtances united, or each ſingly by 'itſelf, is ſufficient to infuſe fear, terror, 'and diſmay, into the breaſt of Mars 'himſelf; much more in him who is 'altogether unaccuſtomed to ſuch adventures and events. Yet all I have 'deſcribed are only incentives that awaken my courage, and already cauſe 'my heart to rebound within my breaſt, 'with deſire to atchieve this adventure, howſoever difficult it may appear to 'be! Therefore ſtraiten Rozinante's 'girth, recommend thyſelf to God, and 'wait for me in this place, three days 'at fartheſt; within which time, if I 'come not back, thou mayeſt return to 'our village; and, as the laſt favour and 'ſervice done to me, go from thence to 'Toboſo, and inform my incomparable miſtreſs, Dulcinea, that her captive knight died in attempting things 'that might render him worthy to be 'called her lover.'

When Sancho heard theſe laſt words of his maſter, he began to blubber with incredible tenderneſs. 'I cannot con'ceive, ſaid he, 'why your worſhip 'ſhould attempt ſuch a terrible adven'ture: it is now dark, and nobody ſees 'us; therefore we may turn out of this 'road and avoid the danger, though we 'ſhould not taſte liquor theſe three days; 'and if nobody ſees us, we run no riſk 'of being accuſed of cowardice; beſides, I have heard the curate of our 'town, whom your worſhip knows very 'well, remark in his preaching, "He "that ſeeketh danger periſheth therein;" 'therefore it muſt be a ſin to tempt 'God by engaging in this raſh exploit, 'from whence there is no eſcaping without a miracle; and Heaven hath 'wrought enow of them already, in 'preſerving you from being blanketed 'as I was, and bringing you off conqueror, and ſound wind and limb, 'from the midſt of ſo many adverſaries as accompanied the dead man: 'and if all this will not move you, nor 'ſoften your rugged heart, ſure you 'will relent, when you conſider and

'are assured that your worship will be scarce gone from hence, when I shall through pure fear yield my life to any thing that may chuse to take it. I left my habitation, wife and children, to come and serve your worship, believing it would be the better, not the worse for me so to do; but as greediness bursts the bag, so is the bag of my hopes burstten; for when they are at the highest pitch, in expectation of that curst unlucky island your worship has promised me so often, I find in lieu of that, you want to make me amends by leaving me in this desart, removed from all human footsteps: for the love of God, dear master, do me not such wrong; or if your worship is resolved to attempt this atchievement at any rate, at least delay it till morning, which, according to the signs I learned when I was a shepherd, will appear in less than three hours; for the muzzle of the bear is at the top of his head*, and shews midnight in the line of the left-paw.'

'How canst thou perceive,' said Don Quixote, 'that line, or head, or muzzle, 'thou talkest of, when the night is so 'dark that there is not a star to be seen?' —'It is so,' answered Sancho; 'but 'fear hath many eyes; and I can at 'present behold things that are hid with-'in the bowels of the earth; much more 'those that appear in the firmament a-'bove: a man of sound judgment, like 'me, can easily foretel that it will soon 'be day.'—'Let it come when it will,' answered Don Quixote, 'it shall not be 'said of me, either now or at any other 'time, that I was diverted by tears and 'intreaties from doing what I owed to 'the customs of chivalry; I therefore 'beseech thee, Sancho, to hold thy 'peace; for God, who hath put it 'in my heart to attempt this dreadful 'and unseen adventure, will doubtless 'take care of my safety, and comfort 'thee in thy affliction: thy business at 'present is to gird fast Rozinante, and 'remain in this place, for dead or alive 'I will soon return.'

Sancho finding this was the final resolution of his master, and how little all his tears, advice, and intreaties availed, determined, to make use of stratagem to detain the knight, if possible, till morning: with this purpose, under pretence of adjusting the girth of Rozinante, he fair and softly, without being perceived, tied two of the horse's feet together with the halter of his ass, in such a manner, that when Don Quixote attempted to depart, he found it impossible, because his steed could move no otherwise than by leaps. The squire perceiving the success of his invention, 'Sir,' said he, 'you may see 'that Heaven, melted by my tears and 'prayers, hath ordained that Rozinante 'shall not stir; and if you obstinately 'persist in spurring and driving him 'on, you will only give offence to Pro-'vidence, and, as the saying is, "Kick "against the pricks."'

The knight actually despaired of making him go forward, because the more he goaded his horse, the less was he inclined to stir; and therefore, without guessing a tittle of the ligature, thought proper to submit and wait with patience, either till morning, or such time as Rozinante should recover the use of his limbs; believing for certain, that his disappointment was owing to another cause than the craft of his squire, to whom he said, 'Since Rozinante is in-'capable of moving, I am content to 'wait for the dawn, though I cannot 'help lamenting it's delay.'—'You 'shall have no cause for lamentation,' answered Sancho; 'I will entertain your 'worship with telling stories till day, 'unless you chuse to alight, and take a 'nap on the soft grass, according to the 'custom of knights-errant, that you 'may find yourself refreshed when day 'breaks, and ready to undertake the 'unconscionable adventure that awaits 'you.'—'Talk not to me of alighting 'or sleeping,' said Don Quixote; 'dost 'thou imagine me to be one of those 'knights who seek their repose in times 'of danger? Sleep thou who wast born 'to sleep, or follow thy own inclina-'tions; for my own part, I will be-'have as becomes a person of my pre-'tensions.'—'Let not your worship be 'offended; for that was not my inten-'tion when I spoke;' answered Sancho; who coming close to him, laid hold of the saddle before and behind, and stood embracing his master's left thigh, without daring to stir a finger's breadth from the spot; such was his consternation, in-

* In Castilian, *bocina* signifies a cornet, or hunting-horn, to which the Spaniards suppose the constellation of Ursa Minor bears some resemblance.

spired

ſpired by the ſtrokes, which all this time ſounded alternately in his ears.

Then Don Quixote claiming his promiſe of entertaining him with ſome ſtory; 'I would with all my heart,' ſaid Sancho, 'if the dread of what I hear would 'allow me; but nevertheleſs I will try 'to force out one ſtory, which if I hit 'it aright, without letting it ſlip through 'my hands, is the beſt tale that ever 'was told; therefore I would have your 'worſhip be attentive, for thus I begin.

'There was, ſo there was; the good 'that ſhall fall, betide us all; and he 'that ſeeks evil, may he meet with the 'devil. Your worſhip may take notice, 'that the beginning of ancient tales is 'not juſt what came into the head of the 'teller: no, they always began with 'ſome ſaying of Cato the cenſor of 'Rome, like this of, "He that ſeeks "evil, may he meet with the devil." 'And truly it comes as pat to the purpoſe as the ring to my finger, in order 'to perſuade your worſhip to remain 'where you are, without going in ſearch 'of evil in any manner of way; or elſe 'to turn into another road, ſince we 'are not bound to follow this in which 'we have been ſurprized with fear and 'terror.'—'Follow thy ſtory, Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'and as to the road we 'have to follow, leave the care of that 'to me.'—'To proceed, then,' ſaid Sancho: 'in a certain village of Eſtre'madura there lived a certain goat-ſhep'herd; I mean, one that kept goats; 'and this ſhepherd or goatherd, as the 'ſtory goes, was called Lope Ruyz; 'and it came to paſs, that this Lope 'Ruyz fell in love with a ſhepherdeſs 'whoſe name was Torralva; which 'ſhepherdeſs, whoſe name was Tor'ralva, was the daughter of a rich 'herdſman; and this rich herdſman—'

'If thou telleſt thy tale in this man'ner,' cried Don Quixote, 'repeating 'every circumſtance twice over, it will 'not be finiſhed theſe two days: pro'ceed therefore connectedly, and re'hearſe it like a man of underſtanding; 'otherwiſe thou hadſt better hold thy 'tongue.'—'In my country,' anſwered Sancho, 'all the old ſtories are told in 'this manner; neither can I tell it in any 'other; nor is it civil in your worſhip 'to deſire I ſhould change the cuſtom.' —'Take thy own way,' ſaid the knight; 'and ſince it is the will of fate that I 'ſhould hear thee, pray go on.'

'Well, then, good maſter of mine,' proceeded Sancho, 'that ſame ſhepherd, 'as I have already remarked, fell in 'love with the ſhepherdeſs Torralva, 'who was a thick, brawny wench, a 'little coy, and ſomewhat maſculine; 'for ſhe wore a ſort of muſtachios: me'thinks I ſee her now for all the world.' —'Then thou knoweſt her?' ſaid the knight. 'Not I,' anſwered the ſquire; 'but the perſon who told me the ſtory, 'ſaid it was ſo true and certain, that if 'ever I ſhould chance to tell it again, 'I might affirm upon oath that I had 'ſeen it with my own eyes—And ſo, 'in proceſs of time, the devil, who ne'ver ſleeps, but wants to have a finger 'in every pye, managed matters in ſuch 'a manner, that the ſhepherd's love for 'the ſhepherdeſs was turned into malice 'and deadly hate: and the cauſe, ac'cording to evil tongues, was a certain 'quantity of ſmall jealouſies ſhe gave 'him, exceeding all bounds of meaſure. 'And ſuch was the abhorrence the ſhep'herd conceived for her, from that good 'day forward, that, in order to avoid 'the ſight of her, he reſolved to abſent 'himſelf from his own country, and go 'where he ſhould never ſet eyes on her 'again. Torralva, finding herſelf de'ſpiſed by Lope, began to love him 'more than ever.'—'That is the natural 'diſpoſition of the ſex,' ſaid Don Quix'ote, 'to diſdain thoſe who adore them, 'and love thoſe by whom they are 'abhorred: but proceed, Sancho.'

'It ſo fell out,' ſaid Sancho, 'that 'the ſhepherd put his reſolution in 'practice, and driving his goats before 'him, travelled through the plains of 'Eſtremadura, towards the kingdom of 'Portugal. Torralva, having got an 'inkling of his deſign, was ſoon at his 'heels, following him on foot, aye, and 'barefoot too, with a pilgrim's ſtaff in 'her hand, and a wallet at her back, 'in which, as the report goes, ſhe car'ried a bit of a looking-glaſs, a broken 'comb, and a kind of phial of waſh 'for her complexion: but howſomever, 'whether ſhe carried theſe things or 'not, I ſhall not at preſent take upon 'me to aver; but only ſay what is re'corded, that the ſhepherd came with 'his flock to the river Guadiana, which 'at that time was very high, having 'almoſt forſaken it's channel; and find'ing at the place neither boat nor bark 'to carry himſelf and his flock to the

'other

'other side, he was very much in the 'dumps, because he saw Torralva be- 'hind him, and knew what he must 'suffer from her tears and complaints: 'but looking about, he at last perceived 'hard by him a fisherman in a boat, 'that was so small as to contain only 'one person and one goat: nevertheless, they struck up a bargain, by 'which the man was to ferry over the 'shepherd with his three hundred goats. 'Accordingly the fisherman took one 'goat into the boat, and carried it over; 'then he returned and carried over another, then he returned again to fetch 'another. Pray, good your worship, 'keep an exact account of the goats, 'as the fisherman ferried them over; 'for, if one only should be lost in the 'reckoning, the story will break off, 'and it will be impossible for me to relate one word more. To be short, 'then, I say, the landing-place on the 'other side being full of mud and slippery, 'was a great hindrance to the fisherman 'in his going and coming; but however 'he returned for the other goat, and 'then for some more, and then for another.'

'Suppose them all passed over at 'once,' said Don Quixote, 'for if thou 'goest backwards and forwards in this 'manner, thou wilt not have them all 'ferried over in a year.'—'How many 'have already passed?' said the squire. 'How the devil should I know?' answered the knight. 'Did not I tell 'you to keep a good account?' said Sancho; 'now, before God, the tale is 'ended, and it is impossible to proceed!' —'How can that be?' replied Don Quixote; 'is it so essential to the story 'to know the number of goats as they 'passed, so precisely, that if I misreckon 'one, thou canst not proceed?'—'Certainly, Sir,' said Sancho, 'I can proceed in no manner of way: for when 'I desired your worship to tell me what 'number of goats had passed, and you 'answered you did not know; at that 'instant the whole of the story that remained untold, vanished from my remembrance; and, upon my conscience! 'it was very curious and entertaining.' —'At that rate, then, the story is at 'an end?' said Don Quixote. 'As 'much at an end,' replied the squire, 'as the mother that bore me.'

'In good sooth,' resumed the knight, 'thou hast related the strangest fable, 'tale, or story, that ever was invented; 'and finished thy relation in such a 'manner as never was or will be heard 'again in this world; but nothing else 'was to be expected from thy sound 'judgment; and indeed it is a matter 'of no admiration with me, because I 'take it for granted, that these incessant 'strokes have disordered thy understanding.'—'Not unlikely,' said Sancho; 'but this I know, that there is no more 'to be said of the tale, which ended in 'that place where the mistake began 'about the passage of the goats.'—'In 'good time end it according to thy 'own pleasure,' replied the knight, 'and 'now let us see if Rozinante will move.' So saying, he began again to spur, and the horse to leap without moving from his station, so effectually had Sancho fettered him.

About this time, whether it was owing to the coolness of the morning that approached, or to his having supped upon something that was laxative; or, which is more probable, to the operation of nature; Sancho was seized with an inclination and desire of doing that which could not be performed by proxy; but such was the terror that had taken possession of his soul, that he durst not move the breadth of a nail-pairing from his master's side; at the same time it was as impossible for him to resist the motion of his bowels; and therefore, to compromise the matter, he slipped his right-hand from the hinder part of the saddle, and without any noise softly undid the slip-knot by which his breeches were kept up; upon which they of themselves fell down to his heels, where they remained like a pair of shackles; he then gathered up his shirt behind as well as he could, and exposed his posteriors, which were none of the smallest, to the open air: this being done, and he imagined it was the chief step he could take to deliver himself from the pressing occasion and dilemma in which he was, another difficulty still greater occurred, namely, that he should not be able to disincumber himself without noise; he therefore began to fix his teeth close, shrug up his shoulders, and hold in his breath with all his might. But, notwithstanding these precautions, he was so unlucky in the issue, as to produce a rumbling sound very different from that which had terrified him so much. It did not escape the ears of

Don Quixote, who immediately cried, 'What noiſe is that, Sancho?'—'I know not, Sir,' ſaid the ſquire; 'it muſt be ſome new affair, for adventures and miſventures never begin with trifles.' He tried his fortune a ſecond time; and, without any more noiſe or diſorder, freed himſelf from the load which had given him ſo much uneaſineſs. But as Don Quixote's ſenſe of ſmelling was altogether as acute as that of his hearing, and Sancho ſtood ſo cloſe to him that the vapours aſcended towards him almoſt in a direct line, he could not exclude ſome of them from paying a viſit to his noſe. No ſooner was he ſenſible of the firſt ſalutation, than, in his own defence, he preſſed his noſe between his finger and thumb, and, in a ſnuffling tone, pronounced, 'Sancho, thou ſeemeſt to be in great fear.'—'I am ſo,' anſwered the ſquire; 'but how comes your worſhip to perceive my fears now more than ever?'—'Becauſe at preſent thou ſmelleſt more than ever, and that not of amber,' replied the knight. 'That may be,' ſaid Sancho; 'but I am not ſo much to blame as your worſhip, who drags me at ſuch unſeaſonable hours into theſe uninhabited places.'—'Retire three or four ſteps farther off, friend,' reſumed Don Quixote, ſtopping his noſe all the time, 'and henceforth take more heed of thy own perſon, and remember what thou oweſt to mine; for I find the frequent converſation I maintain with thee, hath engendered this diſreſpect.'—'I'll lay a wager,' replied Sancho, 'that your worſhip thinks I have been doing ſomething I ought not to have done.'—'The more you ſtir it, friend Sancho,' ſaid the knight, 'the more it will ſtink.'

In this and other ſuch diſcourſe, the maſter and his ſquire paſſed the night; but Sancho perceiving the day begin to break apace, with great care and ſecreſy unbound Rozinante, and tied up his breeches. The beaſt, which was naturally none of the briſkeſt, ſeemed to rejoice at his freedom, and began to paw the ground; for as to curvetting, with his leave be it ſpoken, he knew nothing of the matter. Don Quixote, finding him ſo mettleſome, conceived a good omen from his eagerneſs, believing it a certain preſage of his ſucceſs in the dreadful adventure he was about to atchieve. Aurora now diſcloſed herſelf, and objects appearing diſtinctly, Don Quixote found himſelf in a grove of tall cheſnut-trees, which formed a very thick ſhade. The ſtrokes ſtill continuing, though he could not conceive the meaning of them, he, without farther delay, made Rozinante feel the ſpur; then turning to take leave of Sancho, commanded him to wait three days at fartheſt, as he had directed before; and if he ſhould not return before that time was expired, he might take it for granted that God had been pleaſed to put a period to his life in that perilous adventure; he again recommended to him the embaſſy and meſſage he ſhould carry from him to his miſtreſs Dulcinea, and bade him give himſelf no uneaſineſs about his wages; for he had made a will before he quitted his family, in which he ſhould find his ſervices repaid, by a ſalary proportioned to the time of his attendance: but if Heaven ſhould be pleaſed to bring him off from that danger, ſafe, ſound, and free, he might, beyond all queſtion, lay his account with the government of the iſland he had promiſed him. Sancho, hearing theſe diſmal expreſſions of his worthy maſter repeated, began to blubber afreſh, and reſolved not to leave him until the laſt circumſtance and iſſue of the affair.

From theſe tears, and this honourable determination of Sancho Panza, the author of this hiſtory concludes, that he muſt have been a gentleman born, or an old Chriſtian at leaſt. His maſter himſelf was melted a little at this teſtimony of his affection, but not ſo much as to diſcover the leaſt weakneſs: on the contrary, diſguiſing his ſentiments, he rode forward towards the place from whence the noiſe of the ſtrokes and water ſeemed to come; Sancho followed on foot, and according to cuſtom, leading by the halter his aſs, which was the conſtant companion of his good and evil fortune. Having travelled a good way among thoſe ſhady cheſnut-trees, they arrived in a ſmall meadow lying at the foot of a huge rock, over which a ſtream of water ruſhed down with vaſt impetuoſity. Below appeared a few wretched huts, that looked more like ruins than houſes; and they obſerved that from them proceeded the horrible din of the ſtrokes, which had not yet ceaſed.

Rozinante

Rozinante being ſtartled at the dreadful noiſe of the ſtrokes and water, Don Quixote endeavoured to ſoothe him, and advanced by little and little towards the huts; recommending himſelf in the moſt earneſt manner to his miſtreſs, whoſe favour he implored in the atchievement of that fearful enterprize: neither did he omit praying to God for his protection. Sancho, who never ſtirred from his ſide, thruſt his neck as far as he could between the legs of Rozinante, in order to diſcover the objects that kept him in ſuch terror and ſuſpence; and when they had proceeded about a hundred paces farther, at the doubling of a corner, ſtood fully diſcloſed to view the very individual and undoubted cauſe of this tremendous ſound and terrible noiſe, which had filled them with ſuch doubts and conſternation all night long.

This was no other, (be not offended, gentle reader) than ſix fulling-hammers, which, by their alternate ſtrokes, produced that amazing din. Don Quixote was ſtruck dumb with aſtoniſhment at the ſight; Sancho looked at him, and found his head hanging down upon his breaſt, and other manifeſt ſigns of his being out of countenance. The knight, in his turn, looked at the ſquire, and ſaw his mouth ſhut, his cheeks puffed up, with other ſymptoms of his being ready to burſt with laughing. This comical ſituation of the ſquire, in ſpite of all his own melancholy, obliged the maſter to begin; and Sancho no ſooner beheld the ſeverity of the knight's features relaxed, than he opened the floodgates of his mirth, which broke forth with ſuch violence, that he was under the neceſſity of ſupporting his ſides with both fiſts, that they might not be rent to pieces by the convulſion. Four times did he exhauſt, and as often renew the laugh with the ſame impetuoſity as at firſt; for which Don Quixote already wiſhed him at the devil, more eſpecially when he heard him pronounce, by way of ſneer, 'Know, friend Sancho, that I 'was born by Heaven's appointment, 'in theſe iron times, to revive the age 'of gold, or the Golden Age! I am he 'for whom ſtrange perils, valiant deeds, 'and vaſt adventures, are reſerved!' And in this manner he proceeded, repeating all, or the greater part of the knight's exclamation, when they firſt heard the terrible noiſe.

Don Quixote finding that Sancho made a jeſt of him, was ſo much aſhamed and provoked, that, lifting up his lance, he beſtowed upon him two or three thwacks, which, had they fallen upon his head, as they lighted on his ſhoulders, would have ſaved his maſter the trouble of paying his ſalary, unleſs it might be to his heirs. Sancho feeling his joke turned into ſuch diſagreeable earneſt, which he was afraid might not be as yet over, addreſſed himſelf to his maſter with great humility, ſaying, 'Good your 'worſhip, forbear; before God, I was 'only in jeſt.'—'Though you was in 'jeſt,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'I was 'not quite ſo merrily diſpoſed: come hither, Mr. Joker; don't you think, that 'if, inſtead of fulling-hammers, theſe 'had been ſome very dangerous adventure, I have ſhewn courage enough to 'undertake and atchieve it? Am I, 'who am a knight, obliged, forſooth, to 'diſtinguiſh ſounds, and know which 'proceed from fulling-mills, and which 'do not? eſpecially as it may be the 'caſe, and it really is ſo, that I never 'ſaw one before; though it is otherwiſe with thee, baſe plebeian as thou 'art, who was born and bred up among 'them: but ſee if thou canſt metamorphoſe theſe ſix hammers into ſo many 'giants, and bring them within arm's 'length of me, one by one, or all 'together; and if I don't make them 'lie with their heels uppermoſt, make 'a jeſt of me as much as you pleaſe.'

'Enough, dear maſter,' replied Sancho, 'I confeſs I have exceeded a little 'in my pleaſantry; but, pray tell me 'now, that we are at peace again, as 'God ſhall deliver your worſhip from 'all ſucceeding adventures as ſafe and 'ſound as you have been extricated 'from this, is not the terror with 'which we were ſeized, a thing to be 'laughed at and repeated? I mean, 'my own terror; for, as to your wor'ſhip, I know you are an utter ſtran'ger to terror and diſmay!'—'I do 'not deny,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'that what hath happened to us is ridi'culous enough; but, nevertheleſs, it 'ought not to be repeated; becauſe 'every body has not diſcretion to take 'things by the right handle.'—'I am 'ſure,' replied Sancho, 'that your wor'ſhip knows how to handle your lance,' 'with which, while you wanted to 'handle my head, you happened to 'ſalute my ſhoulders; thanks be to

'God, and my own activity, in avoiding the blow: but all that, when it is dry, will rub out; and I have often heard it ſaid, "He that loves thee well, will often make thee cry." Nay, it is a common thing for your gentry, when they have ſaid a harſh thing to a ſervant, to make it up with him by giving him a pair of caſt breeches; though I don't know what they uſed to give after having beaten him, unleſs it be the practice of knights-errant, after blows, to give iſlands, or kingdoms on the main land.'

'Who knows,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'but the dice may run that way, and all that thou haſt mentioned come to paſs. I aſk pardon for what is paſt, ſince you are reſolved to be more diſcreet for the future; and as the firſt emotions are not in a man's own power, I muſt apprize thee henceforward to be more reſerved, and abſtain from ſpeaking ſo freely to me; for in all the books of chivalry I have read, and they are almoſt infinite, I never found that any ſquire talked ſo much to his maſter as thou haſt talked to thine: and really both you and I are very much to blame; thou, in regarding me ſo little; and I, in not making myſelf regarded more. Was not Gandalin, ſquire of Amadis de Gaul, count of the Firm Iſland? and yet we read of him, that he always ſpoke to his maſter cap in hand, with an inclination of his head, and his body bent in the Turkiſh manner. What need I mention Gaſabal, ſquire to Don Galaor, who was ſo reſerved, that, in order to expreſs the excellence of his ſurprizing ſilence, his name is mentioned but once in the whole courſe of that equally vaſt and true hiſtory. From what I have ſaid, Sancho, thou art to draw this inference, that there is a neceſſity for maintaining ſome diſtinction between the maſter and his man, the gentleman and his ſervant, and the knight and his ſquire: wherefore, from this day forward, we are to be treated with more reſpect and leſs provocation; for if ever I am incenſed by you again, in any ſhape whatever, the pitcher will pay for all. The favours and benefits I have promiſed will come in due time; and if they ſhould fail, your wages at leaſt will be forthcoming, as I have already informed you.'

'All that your worſhip obſerves is very juſt,' ſaid Sancho; 'but I ſhould be glad to know, ſince if the benefits come not in time, I muſt be fain to put up with the wages, what was the hire of a knight-errant's ſquire in thoſe days; and whether they agreed by the month or the day, like common labourers?'—'I do not believe,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'that they were retained for hire, but depended altogether on favour; and though I have bequeathed a ſum to thee in my will, which I have left ſigned and ſealed at home, it was done in caſe of the worſt; for one does not know how chivalry may ſucceed in theſe calamitous times: and I would not have my ſoul puniſhed in the other world for ſo ſmall a matter; for, let me tell thee, Sancho, in this there is not a more dangerous courſe than that of adventures.'—'That I know to be true,' anſwered the ſquire, 'ſince the noiſe of a fulling-mill could daunt and diſturb the heart of ſuch a valiant knight-errant as your worſhip: but this I aſſure you of, that from this good hour, my lips ſhall never give umbrage to your worſhip in turning your affairs to jeſt again; but, on the contrary, honour you as my natural lord and maſter.'—'In ſo doing,' replied Don Quixote, 'thou ſhalt live long upon the face of the earth; for, after your father and mother, you ought to reſpect your maſter as another parent.'

CHAP. VII.

OF THE SUBLIME ADVENTURE AND SHINING ACQUISITION OF MAMBRINO'S HELMET—WITH OTHER ACCIDENTS THAT HAPPENED TO OUR INVINCIBLE KNIGHT.

ABOUT this time ſome rain beginning to fall, Sancho propoſed that they ſhould ſhelter themſelves in the fulling-mill; but Don Quixote had conceived ſuch abhorrence for it on account of what was paſt, that he would by no means ſet foot within it's walls; wherefore, turning to the right-hand, they chanced to fall in with a road different from that in which they had travelled

velled the day before: they had not gone far, when the knight discovered a man riding with something on his head, that glittered like polished gold; and scarce had he descried this phænomenon, when turning to Sancho, 'I find,' said he, 'that every proverb is strictly true; 'indeed all of them are apothegms dictated by Experience herself, the mother of all science; more especially 'that which says, "Shut one door, and "another will soon open:" this I mention, because if last night Fortune shut 'against us the door we sought to enter, 'by deceiving us with the fulling-'hammers; to-day another stands wide 'open, in profering to us another greater 'and more certain adventure, by which 'if I fail to enter, it shall be my own 'fault, and not imputed to my ignorance of fulling-mills, or the darkness of the night. This I take upon 'me to say, because, if I am not egregiously mistaken, the person who 'comes towards us, wears upon his 'head the very helmet of Mambrino, 'about which I swore the oath which 'thou mayest remember.'

'Consider well what your worship 'says, and better still what you do!' said Sancho. 'I should not chuse to 'meet with more fulling-mills to mill 'us and maul us altogether out of our 'senses.'—'The devil take the fellow,' cried Don Quixote, 'what affinity is 'there between a fulling-mill and a 'helmet?'—'Truly, I know not,' answered the squire; 'but in good faith, 'if I were permitted to speak freely, as 'usual, I could perhaps give such reasons as would convince your worship, 'that you are mistaken in what you 'say.'—'How can I be mistaken, scrupulous traitor?' replied Don Quixote: 'seest thou not yonder knight who rides 'this way upon a dapple steed with a 'golden helmet on his head?'—'What 'I perceive and discern,' said Sancho, 'is no other than a man upon a grey 'ass, like my own, with something that 'glitters on his head.'—'And that is 'the very helmet of Mambrino,' replied the knight: 'stand aside, and 'leave me alone to deal with him; thou 'shalt see, that without speaking a syllable, in order to spare time, this adventure will be concluded by my acquisition of the helmet I have longed 'for so much.'—'Yes, I will take care 'to get out of the way,' answered Sancho; 'and God grant,' cried he, as he went off, 'that this may turn out a 'melon rather than a milling*.'—'I 'have already warned thee, brother,' said the knight, 'not to mention, nor 'even so much as think of the mill 'again: else, by Heaven! I'll say no 'more, but mill the soul out of thy 'body.'

Sancho was fain to hold his tongue, dreading the performance of his master's oath, which had already struck him all of a heap. The whole affair of the helmet, steed, and knight, which Don Quixote saw, was no more than this: in that neighbourhood were two villages, one of them so poor and small, that it had neither shop nor barber: for which reason, the trimmer of the larger that was hard by, served the lesser also, in which, at that time, there was a sick person to be blooded, and another to be shaved; so that this barber was going thither with his brass bason under his arm; but, as it chanced to rain while he was on the road, that he might not spoil his hat, which probably was a new one, he sheltered his head under the bason, which being clean scoured, made a flaming appearance, at the distance of half a league; and, as Sancho had observed, he rode upon a grey ass, which gave occasion to Don Quixote to believe he was some knight with a helmet of gold, mounted upon a dapple steed; for he accommodated every thing he saw, with incredible facility, to the extravagant ravings of his disordered judgment. When he, therefore, saw this unlucky knight approach, without the least expostulation, he put Rozinante to full speed, and couching his lance in the rest, resolved to run him through the body at once; but, when he was almost up with him, without checking the impetuosity of his career, he cried aloud, 'Defend thyself, wretched caitiff, or 'voluntarily yield what so justly be-'longs to me.'

The poor barber, who neither dreaded nor dreamed of any such demand, seeing this phantom coming full speed upon him, could find no other means to defend himself from the stroke of the

* *Oregano*, in the original, signifies sweet marjoram; as if Sancho had wished his master might find a nosegay, rather than a bloody nose.

lance,

lance, than to throw himself down over the buttocks of his ass: then getting up, before he had scarce touched the ground, with the nimbleness of a stag, he began to fly across the plain so swift, that the wind itself could not overtake him: but he left his bason upon the spot, with which Don Quixote was satisfied, saying, 'The pagan hath acted 'with discretion, in imitating the beaver, which, seeing itself chaced by the 'hunters, tears off with it's teeth, by 'natural instinct, those parts for which 'it is pursued.' Then, he ordered Sancho to take up the helmet, which the squire having examined all round, 'Egad!' said he, 'it is a special good 'bason, well worth a piece of eight, if 'it be worth a farthing!' and gave it to his master, who putting it on his head, and turning it round and round, without being able to find the vizor, said, 'Without doubt, the pagan for whom 'this renowned helmet was first forged, 'must have had a most capacious head: 'but the worst of it is, that one half is 'wanting.'

When Sancho heard him call the bason a helmet, he could not refrain from laughing; but, remembering the indignation of his master, checked his mirth all of a sudden; and when Don Quixote asked what he laughed at, replied, 'I cannot help laughing when 'I think of the huge head of the pagan 'who owned that helmet, which looks 'for all the world like a barber's bason.'—'Why, truly Sancho,' said he, 'I imagine that this very individual inchanted helmet, by some strange accident or other, must have fallen into 'the hands of somebody who did not 'know it's inestimable value, but seeing it was made of the purest gold, 'melted down one half of it for sale, 'and left the other in this shape, resembling, as thou sayest, a barber's bason: but be that as it may, since I 'am satisfied of it's real worth and identity, the transmutation is of small 'consequence; for I will order it to be 'repaired in the first village where we 'can find a blacksmith, in such a 'manner as to be unexcelled, nay even 'unequalled by that which Vulcan 'forged and finished for the god of 'war; meanwhile, I will wear it in 'this manner, for it is still better than 'nothing at all, and will be sufficient 'to defend me from any shower of stones 'that may chance to fall.'

'Yes, if they come not out of 'slings, as was the case in the skirmish 'between the two armies, when they 'demolished your worship's grinders, 'and broke the cruse which contained 'that blessed balsam, which made me 'vomit up my liver and lights!'—'That loss gives me not much uneasiness,' answered the knight, 'because 'thou knowest, Sancho, I retain the 'receipt of it in my memory.'—'So do 'I,' replied the squire. 'But, Lord, 'let me never stir from the place where 'I now stand, if ever I either make or 'meddle with it for the future; especially as I hope I never shall have occasion for it again, being resolved, 'with the assistance of my five senses, 'to avoid being hurt myself, and also 'to refrain from hurting any person 'whatsoever. As to another bout of 'blanketing, I have little to say: such 'misfortunes are not easily prevented; 'but when they happen, there is nothing else to be done, but to shrug up 'our shoulders, hold in our breath, shut 'our eyes, and leave ourselves to the determination of chance and the blanket.'

'Thou art a bad Christian, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, when he heard these words; 'for once you receive an injury, 'you never forget it; but know it is 'peculiar to noble and generous minds 'to overlook such trifles: hast thou got 'a leg lamed, a rib fractured, or thy 'head broke in the prosecution of that 'jest, that thou canst not forget it? for 'the affair, when duly considered, was 'no more than jest and pastime; had I 'not understood it so, I should have 'returned ere now, and done more 'mischief in revenging thy quarrel, 'than the Grecians did for the rape of 'Helen; who, if she had lived in this age, 'or if my Dulcinea had flourished in 'her time, would not have been so renowned for beauty.' Here he fetched a profound sigh, and sent it to the clouds. 'Let it pass, then, for a joke,' said Sancho, 'since there is no likeli'hood of it's being revenged in earnest: 'but I know what sort of jokes and 'earnests those are; and I believe they 'will scarce slip out of my memory, 'while they remain engraven on my 'shoulders. But, setting this aside, I 'wish your worship would tell me what

'I shall

'I shall do with this dapple steed so 'like a grey ass, which was abandoned 'by that caitiff, whom your worship 'overthrew; for by the swiftness of his 'heels, when he ran away, he seems to 'have no thoughts of returning; and 'by my whiskers 'tis an excellent beast!'

'It is never my custom,' said Don Quixote, 'to plunder those I overcome; 'neither is it according to the laws of 'chivalry, to take them from their 'horses and leave them on foot, unless 'the conqueror hath lost his own during 'the engagement; in which case we 'are allowed to take the horse of the 'vanquished as the lawful spoils of 'war: wherefore, Sancho, leave that 'horse or ass, or what thou wilt, where 'he now stands, and perhaps his master, 'perceiving we are gone, will return 'and find him.'—'God is my witness,' answered Sancho, 'I should be glad to 'carry him off, or at least exchange 'him for my own, which seems to be 'the worst of the two: truly the laws 'of chivalry are too confined; and 'since they do not extend to the ex'change of one ass for another, I 'would fain know if they allow me to 'change the furniture of the one for 'that of the other?'—'I am not quite 'clear in that particular,' replied the knight; 'and in such a dubious case, 'till such time as we can get better information, I think thou mayest exchange 'the furniture, if the necessity for so 'doing be extreme.'—'It is so ex'treme,' said Sancho, 'that if it were 'for my own particular wearing, I 'could not want it more.' Thus provided with a licence, he made the exchange of caparisons, and equipped his beast with such finery, that he looked ten per cent. the better.

This exploit being performed, they went to breakfast on the remains of what they had plundered from the sumpter-mule, and quenched their thirst with the water from the fulling-mills, without turning their heads that way, so much did they abhor them on account of the dread which they had inspired. The rage of hunger and anxiety being thus appeased, they mounted, and without following any determined course, (for it is the practice of true knights-errant to keep no certain road) they left the choice of their route to the will and pleasure of Rozinante, which was always a rule to his master, as well as to the ass, that followed whithersoever he led, like a trusty friend and companion. In consequence, therefore, of his determination, they returned into the high-road, in which they travelled at random without any particular scheme.

While they thus jogged on, 'Sir,' said Sancho to his master, 'I wish 'your worship would allow me to con'fer a little with you; for, since you 'imposed that severe command of si'lence upon me, divers things have 'perished in my stomach; and this mo'ment I have somewhat at my tongue's 'end, which I would not for the world 'have miscarry.'—'Speak then,' said Don Quixote, 'and be concise in thy 'discourse; for nothing that is prolix 'can relish well.'—'I say, Sir,' answered Sancho, 'that for some days 'past I have been considering how little 'is to be got and saved by going in 'quest of those adventures your wor'ship hunts after, through these cross-'paths and deserts, where, though you 'conquer and atchieve the most peri'lous exploits, there is nobody present 'to be witness of your prowess; so that 'it may remain in everlasting silence, 'contrary to the intention, and preju'dicial to the merits of your worship; 'wherefore, in my opinion, with sub'mission to your better judgment, our 'wisest course would be to go into the 'service of some emperor or great 'prince, who hath a war upon his 'hands, in whose service your worship 'may have occasion to shew your per'sonal valour, your great strength, and 'greater understanding; which being 'perceived by the king we serve, he 'cannot chuse but reward each of us 'according to his deserts; neither will 'there be wanting some person to write 'the history of your worship's exploits, 'for a perpetual memorial: I shall not 'mention my own, because they cannot 'exceed the bounds of a squire's pro'vince; though this I will venture to say, 'that if it was customary in chivalry to 'recount the atchievements of our fra'ternity, I don't think but mine might 'be inserted between the lines of the 'book.'

'Thou art not much in the wrong,' replied Don Quixote; 'but before it 'comes to that issue, a knight must 'travel up and down the world as a 'probationer in quest of adventures, 'until by his repeated atchievements he 'shall

'shall have acquired a sufficient stock 'of fame; so that when he arrives at 'the court of some mighty monarch, 'he may be immediately known by his 'works. In that case, as soon as he 'shall be seen to enter the gates of the 'city, all the boys will surround and fol-'low him, shouting and crying, "Be-"hold the knight of the sun," or the 'serpent, or of any other badge under 'which he hath performed his great ex-'ploits. "Behold," they will say, "the man who vanquished in single "combat the mighty giant Brocarbru-"no, and delivered the great Mamaluke "of Persia from the strange inchant-"ment that prevailed over him for the "space of nine hundred years." Thus 'shall they proceed, recounting his ex-'ploits from mouth to mouth; until, 'surprized at the noise of the children 'and populace, the king of that coun-'try shall appear at one of the palace-'windows; and no sooner behold the 'knight, than knowing him immedi-'ately by his armour, or the device 'upon his shield, he will certainly ex-'claim, "So ho, there! let all the "knights belonging to my court go "forth and receive the flower of chi-"valry that comes yonder."

'At this command all of them will 'come out, and the king himself ad-'vance to meet him on the middle of 'the stair-case, where he will embrace 'him most affectionately, giving him 'the kiss of friendship and welcome; 'then taking him by the hand, will he 'conduct him to the queen's closet, 'where he will find her majesty with 'the princess her daughter, who is one 'of the most beautiful and accomplish-'ed young ladies that ever was seen in 'the known world. In this interview 'she will immediately fix her eyes upon 'the knight, who at that instant shall 'be gazing at her, and each will ap-'pear to the other something supernat-'ural; without knowing how or where-'fore, they will find themselves pre-'sently caught and intangled in the 'inextricable net of love, and be in-'finitely concerned because they have 'no opportunity of conversing together, 'and of disclosing the reciprocal anxiety 'of their thoughts. After this audi-'ence, he will, doubtless, be carried 'to some apartment of the palace richly 'furnished, where, after they shall have 'taken off his armour, they will clothe 'him in a rich scarlet robe brought for 'the purpose; and if he made a fine 'appearance in armour, he will look 'infinitely more genteel in his doublet. 'At night he will sup at the same 'table with the king, queen, and in-'fanta, upon whom he will fix his 'eyes as often as he can, without being 'perceived by the by-standers; while 'she will practise the same expedient 'with equal sagacity: for, as I have 'already observed, she must be a young 'lady of vast discretion.

'The table being uncovered, there 'will enter at midnight through the 'hall-door, a little deformed dwarf, 'followed by a beautiful lady, guarded 'by two giants; and he will propose a 'certain adventure, contrived by a most 'ancient sage, which whosoever shall 'finish, will be deemed the most valiant 'knight in the whole world: then the 'king will order every warrior in wait-'ing to attempt it; but all of them 'shall fail except the strange knight, 'who will perform and accomplish it 'very much to his own credit, as well 'as to the satisfaction of the princess, "who will think herself extremely happy, and well requited, for having placed 'her affections so worthily. What is 'better still, this king or prince, or 'whatever he is, being at that time en-'gaged in a most obstinate war with a 'potentate of equal strength, his guest, 'after having staid a few days at court, 'begs leave to go and serve him in the 'field; and the king granting his 'request with pleasure, the knight 'most politely kisses his hand for the 'great honour he hath done him; that 'same night he goes to take his leave 'of his mistress the infanta, through 'the rails of a garden adjoining to the 'chamber in which she lies; where 'they have already at different times 'enjoyed each other's conversation, by 'the means of a damsel, who being the 'infanta's confidante, is privy to the 'whole amour: on this occasion he will 'sigh most piteously, she will actually 'faint away; the damsel will run for 'water, and the knight will be ex-'tremely concerned, because the day 'begins to break, and he would not 'for the world be discovered to the 'prejudice of the lady's reputation. In 'fine, the princess recovers, and reaches 'her fair hand through the rails to the 'knight, who kisses it a thousand

'times,

'times, and bathes it with his tears; 'then is concerted between them some 'method by which he is to inform her 'of his good or bad success, and the 'infanta intreats him to return as soon 'as possible: he swears solemnly to 'comply with her request, kisses her 'hand again, and bids her farewel with 'such affliction as well-nigh deprives 'him of life: from thence he retreats 'to his chamber, throws himself upon 'the bed, but cannot sleep, so grieved 'is he at parting; he rises early in the 'morning, goes to take leave of the 'king, queen, and infanta; their ma-'jesties accordingly bid him farewel, 'after having informed him that the 'princess is indisposed, and cannot see 'company; the knight imputing her 'disorder to her sorrow for his depar-'ture, is pierced to the soul, and well-'nigh betrays his own anxiety. The 'confidante being present all the while, 'takes notice of every circumstance, 'which she imparts to her lady, who 'listens with tears in her eyes, and ob-'serves that nothing gives so much un-'easiness as her ignorance of the knight's 'pedigree, and her impatience to know 'whether or not he is of royal extrac-'tion: the damsel assures her, that so 'much politeness, gentility, and valour 'as he possessed, could never be united 'except in a dignified and royal dispo-'sition; the afflicted infanta consoles 'herself with this observation, and en-'deavouring to regain her serenity, that 'she may not give cause of suspicion to 'her parents, in two days appears again 'in publick.

'The knight having set out for the 'army, comes to battle, overcomes the 'king's adversary, takes many towns, 'makes divers conquests, returns to 'court, visits his mistress in the usual 'manner, and the affair being con-'certed between them, demands her in 'marriage, as the reward of his service; 'her father refuses to grant the boon, on 'pretence of not knowing who this hero 'is: but, nevertheless, either by stealth, 'or some other way, the infanta be-'comes his wife; and at last the king 'is overjoyed at his good fortune, when 'this knight proves to be the son of a 'valiant monarch of some unknown 'country, for I suppose it could not be 'found in the map. The father dies, 'the infanta succeeds, and in two words 'the knight becomes king; this, then, 'is the time to reward his squire, and 'all those who helped him to ascend 'the throne. The squire accordingly 'is married to a damsel belonging to 'the infanta, who doubtless must be 'she that was privy to her amours, and 'daughter of some powerful duke.'

'This is what I want,' cried Sancho, 'and what with fair play I shall obtain; 'for all that you have mentioned will 'exactly happen to your worship, un-'der the title of The Knight of the Rue-'ful Countenance.'—'Never doubt it, 'Sancho,' replied Don Quixote; 'for 'in the same manner, and by the same 'steps I have recounted, knights er-'rant rise, and have risen to the rank 'of kings and emperors. Our only 'business now is to look out for some 'Christian or Pagan king who is at 'war, and hath a beautiful daughter; 'but there will be time to think of that, 'since, as I have already told thee, re-'nown must be acquired elsewhere, be-'fore we repair to court; nay, ano-'ther difficulty occurs, namely, that 'though we should find a king at war 'who has a beautiful daughter, after 'I shall have acquired incredible glory 'through the whole universe; I do not 'know how it can be proved that I am 'of royal extraction, or even second 'cousin to an emperor; and no king 'will grant his daughter to me in mar-'riage, until he is first thoroughly sa-'tisfied in that particular, though my 'famous exploits should merit a much 'more valuable reward; wherefore, on 'account of this defect, I am afraid I 'shall lose that which the prowess of 'my arm may well deserve. True it 'is, I am a gentleman of an ancient 'and honourable family, not without 'property, possession, and a title to the 'revenge of the five hundred sueldos*; 'and it is not impossible, that the sage 'ordained to write my history, may 'furbish up my parentage and pedigree 'in such a manner, as to prove me de-'scended in the fifteenth or sixteenth

* The Spaniards of old paid a tribute of five hundred sueldos, or pieces of coin, to the Moors, until they were delivered from this imposition by the gallantry of the gentlemen or people of rank, from which exploit a Castilian of family used to express the nobility and worth of his extraction, by saying he was of the revenge of the Sueldos.

'generation from a king; for I must 'tell thee, Sancho, there are two sorts 'of pedigree in the world; one that 'brings and derives it's original from 'princes and monarchs, which time 'hath defaced by little and little, till 'at last it ends in a point like a pyra-'mid; the other owes it's beginning to 'people of mean degree, and increases 'gradually to nobility and power; so 'that the difference is, the one was 'once something, but is now nothing; 'and the other was once nothing, but 'is now something! perhaps, there-'fore, I may be one of the first men-'tioned division; and my origin, upon 'enquiry, be found high and mighty; 'a circumstance that ought to satisfy 'the king, who is to be my father-in-'law; and if it should not have that 'effect, the infanta will be so enamour-'ed of me, that in spite of her father, 'she will receive me as her lord and 'husband, even though she were cer-'tain of my being the son of a porter; 'but should she be shy, then is the time 'to carry her away by force, to any 'corner of the earth I shall chuse for 'my residence, until time or death shall 'put an end to the resentment of her 'parents.'

'And here,' cried Sancho, 'nothing 'can be more pat to the purpose, than 'what some of your unconscionable 'fellows often say, "Who would beg "a benison, that for the taking may "have venison*?" though it would 'still be more proper, if they had said, 'Better thieve than grieve†." This 'I observe, that in case the king, your 'worship's father-in-law, should not 'prevail upon himself to give you the 'infanta his daughter, you may, as 'your worship says, steal and convey 'her off by main force; but the mis-'fortune is, that while the peace is on 'the anvil, and before you come to 'the peaceable enjoyment of your king-'dom, the poor squire may chew his 'cud in expectation of his recompence, 'unless that confidante damsel, who is 'to be his spouse, should make her 'escape with the princess, and be con-'tent to join her evil fortune to his, 'until such time as Heaven shall or-'dain it otherwise; for I believe his 'master may very safely give her away 'in lawful marriage.'—'That thou 'mayest depend upon,' said Don Quix-ote. 'Since it is so, then,' answered San-cho, 'we have nothing to do but re-'commend ourselves to God, and let 'fortune take it's own course.'—'The 'Lord conduct it,' replied the knight, 'according to my desires and my neces-'sity; and small be his grace, who 'counts himself base.'—'A God's 'name be it so,' said Sancho; 'for my 'own part I am an old Christian, and 'therefore fit to be a lord.'—'Aye, to 'be greater than a lord,' answered Don Quixote; 'and even if thou wast not 'so well qualified, it would be of no 'signification‡, because I being king, 'can confer nobility upon thee, with-'out putting thee to the expence of pur-'chasing, or of subjecting thyself to 'any kind of servitude; for, in creating 'thee an earl, behold thou art a gen-'tleman at once; and let people say 'what they will, in good faith, they 'must call thee your lordship, if it 'should maketheirheartsache.'—'And 'do you reckon that I should not know 'how to give authority to the portent?' said the squire. 'Patent, thou wouldst 'say, and not portent,' replied the knight. 'It may be so,' answered San-cho; 'but I insist upon it, that I should 'demean myself very decently; for 'once in my life-time I was beadle of 'a corporation, and the gown became 'me so well, that every body said I 'had the presence of a warden: then 'what shall I be when I am clothed 'in a ducal-robe, all glittering with 'pearls like a foreign count? Upon 'my conscience, I believe people will 'come a hundred leagues on purpose 'to see me.'—'You will make a very 'good appearance,' said Don Quixote; 'but thou must take care to keep thy 'beard close shaved; for it is so thick, 'matted, and unseemly, that unless 'thou hast recourse to the razor, every 'second day at least, they will see what

* Literally, 'Never beg when you can take.'

† In the original, 'A snatch from behind a bush is better than the prayer of good 'men.'

‡ This seems to have been intended as a stroke of satire against those princes who sell nobility to the highest bidder, without any regard to the merit of the purchaser.

'thou

'thou art a gun-shot off.'—'What 'else have I to do,' said the squire, 'but to hire a barber, and keep him 'constantly in the house; and if I 'find occasion for it, even make him 'follow me as a master of the horse follows one of your grandees.'

'How do'st thou know,' said Don Quixote, 'that our grandees are attended by their masters of horse?'—'That you shall be satisfied in,' answered the squire: 'heretofore I was a 'whole month at court, where I saw a 'very little gentleman, who they told 'me was a very great lord, passing to 'and fro, and a man following him a 'horseback, turning ever and anon as 'he turned, as if he had been the nobleman's own tail: when I asked why 'the man did not overtake the other, 'but always kept behind him; they 'answered, that he was his master of 'horse, and that it was a fashion among 'the great, for each to be attended by 'an officer of that name. Ever since 'that time I have remembered their office so distinctly, that I believe I shall 'never forget it.'—'I think thou art 'much in the right,' said Don Quixote, 'in resolving to carry thy barber 'along with thee; for customs come 'not all together, because they were not 'invented all at once; therefore thou 'mayest be the first earl that ever went 'attended by a shaver; and truly it is 'an office of greater confidence to trim 'the beard than to saddle the horse.'—'Leave that affair of the barber to my 'management,' said Sancho, 'and be 'it your care to make yourself a king, 'and me an earl, with all convenient 'speed.'—'That shall be done,' replied the knight; who lifting up his eyes, perceived that which shall be recounted in the succeeding chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

DON QUIXOTE SETS AT LIBERTY A NUMBER OF UNFORTUNATE PEOPLE, WHO, MUCH AGAINST THEIR WILLS, WERE GOING A JOURNEY THAT WAS NOT AT ALL TO THEIR LIKING.

CID Hamet Benengeli, the Arabian and Manchegan author, recounts in this solemn, sublime, minute, pleasant, and fanciful history, that the conversation between the renowned Don Quixote, and his squire Sancho Panza, as related in the foregoing chapter, was no sooner concluded, than the knight lifting up his eyes, beheld upon the road before him about twelve men on foot, strung together like beads, with a great iron chain fastened to their necks, and he perceived shackles upon the arms of each. They were conducted by two men on horseback, and the like number on foot: the horsemen armed with firelocks, and the foot with javelins and swords. Sancho seeing them advance, 'That,' said he, 'is the chain of slaves 'compelled by the king to work in the 'gallies.'—'How, compelled!' cried the knight; 'is it possible the king compels people into his service?'—'I don't 'say so,' answered Sancho; 'those 'people are condemned for their crimes 'to serve in the king's gallies on compulsion.'—'In short,' replied Don Quixote, 'be that as it will, they go not vo'luntarily, but are driven by force.'—'Certainly,' said Sancho. 'Since that 'is the case,' resumed his master, 'here 'the execution of my office is concerned, to annul force, and bring succour 'to the miserable.'—'Pray, good your 'worship, take notice that justice, 'which is the king himself, never uses 'violence nor severity to such people, 'except as a punishment for their crimes.'

By this time the chain of galley-slaves being come up, Don Quixote, with much courtesy, desired the guards would be pleased to inform him of the cause or causes for which those people were treated in that manner: one of the horsemen replied, that they were slaves belonging to his majesty going to the gallies, and that was all he could say, or the enquirer had occasion to know of the matter. 'Nevertheless,' resumed the knight, 'I 'am desirous of knowing from each in 'particular the occasion of his misfortune.' To these he added other such courteous entreaties to induce them to satisfy his desire, that the other man on horseback said, 'Though we have got 'along with us the register and certificate of the sentence of each of those 'malefactors, we have no time at pre'sent to take it out and give you the 'reading of it; but if you have a mind 'to go and question themselves, they 'will answer every thing you ask, to 'the best of their knowledge; for they 'are a set of miscreants, who delight in

'recounting as well as in acting their 'roguery.'

With this permiſſion, which he would have taken if they had not granted it, Don Quixote approached the chain and aſked of the foremoſt, for what offence he travelled in that equipage. 'Only 'for being in love,' anſwered the criminal. 'For that only!' replied the knight. 'If they condemn people 'for being in love, I might have been 'tugging in the gallies long ago.'—'But my love,' anſwered the ſlave, 'was quite different from what your 'worſhip imagines. I fell deeply in love 'with a baſket crammed full of white 'linen, and locked it ſo faſt in my em-'brace, that if juſtice had not tore it 'from my arms by force, I ſhould not 'have quitted it willingly to this good 'hour: the thing being flagrant, there 'was no room for putting me to the 'torture, and therefore the cauſe was 'ſoon diſcuſſed; my ſhoulders were ac-'commodated with a cool hundred, I 'was adviſed to divert myſelf three 'years in the gurapas, and ſo the buſi-'neſs ended.'—'Pray what are the gu-'rapas?' ſaid Don Quixote. 'The gu-'rapas are the gallies,' anſwered the thief; who was a young fellow, about twenty years of age, and ſaid he was a native of Piedrahita.

The knight put the ſame queſtion to the ſecond, who ſeemed ſo overwhelmed with grief and melancholy, that he could not anſwer one word; but the firſt ſaved him the trouble, by ſaying, 'This man, 'Sir, goes to the gallies for being a 'canary bird; I mean, for his ſkill in 'vocal muſick.'—'What!' ſaid the knight, 'are people ſentenced to the 'gallies for their ſkill in muſick.'—'Yes, Sir,' anſwered the other, 'for 'nothing is worſe than to ſing in the 'heart-ache.'—'On the contrary,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'I have always heard it 'obſerved, that muſick and play will 'fright ſorrow away.'—'But here,' replied the ſlave, 'the caſe is quite diffe-'rent; for he that ſings but once will 'have cauſe to weep for ever.' Don Quixote ſaying he could not comprehend his meaning, one of the guards explained it. 'Sir,' ſaid he, 'to ſing in the 'heart-ache, is a term uſed by theſe miſ-'creants to expreſs a criminal who con-'feſſes under the torture; and it hath 'been applied to that delinquent, he 'owned his crime, which was horſe-'ſtealing; accordingly, having received 'two hundred laſhes he was condemn-'ed for ſix years to the gallies, and he 'appears always penſive and ſad, be-'cauſe his brother-rogues who keep him 'company, continually maltreat, up-'braid, diſpute, and ſcoff at him, for 'having confeſſed out of pure puſilla-'nimity. "For," ſay they, "No con-"tains as many letters as Ay: an offen-"der is very lucky, when his life or "death depends upon his own tongue, "and not upon the evidence of witneſ-"ſes;" and truly I think they are not 'far miſtaken.'

'I am of the ſame opinion,' ſaid Don Quixote; and paſſing on, repeated his former queſtion to the third, who, with great readineſs and alacrity, anſwered, 'I am going to pay a viſit of 'five years to Lady Gurapa, for having 'wanted ten ducats.'—'I will give 'twenty with all my ſoul,' replied the knight, 'to eaſe you of your miſfor-'tune.'—'That,' reſumed the ſlave, 'is like giving money to a man pe-'riſhing with hunger at ſea, where there 'is no food to be bought. I ſay this, 'becauſe had I been maſter in time of 'thoſe twenty ducats your worſhip now 'offers, I would have anointed the ſe-'cretary's pen, and quickened my law-'yer's invention with them, to ſo good 'purpoſe, that I ſhould be now ſtand-'ing at liberty in the ſquare of Zoco-'dover in Toledo, and not dragging 'like a hound to the gallies; but Hea-'ven is above—Patience and—that is 'enough.'

Don Quixote then advanced to the fourth, who was a man of a venerable aſpect, with a long white beard hang-ing down to his girdle; and he no ſoon-er heard the knight aſk the cauſe of his being in that ſituation, than he began to weep bitterly, without anſwering one word; but the fifth criminal lent him his tongue, ſaying, 'That honourable 'gentleman is going to the gallies for 'four years, after having made his 'publick appearance on horſeback with 'great ſolemnity.'—'That is, I ſup-'poſe,' ſaid Sancho, 'after having been 'expoſed to publick ſhame*.'—'Even

* A crime that is puniſhed by the pillory in England, is in Spain expiated by the convict's being mounted upon an aſs, in a particular dreſs, and led through the ſtreets by a crier, who proclaims the tranſgreſſion.

'ſo,'

'so,' replied the slave, 'and that punishment was inflicted upon him for being an ear-broker, or rather a broker for the whole body: to be plain with you, the gentleman was convicted of pimping, and giving himself out for a conjurer.'—'Were it not for the addition of his conjuring scheme,' said Don Quixote, 'he is so far from deserving to row in the gallies for pure pimping, that it rather intitles him to the command of them*, as general in chief; for if the office of a pander was well regulated, it would be a most honourable and necessary employment in a well-ordered commonwealth, reserved for people of birth and talents, and like the other places of trust, laid under the inspection of proper comptrollers, and limited to a certain number, like the brokers of merchandize: such a regulation would prevent many mischiefs, which are now occasioned by that employment's being in the hands of idiots or simple wretches, such as silly women, pages, and buffoons, without either age or experience; who, upon the most urgent occasions, when there is need of the most important contrivance, let the morsel freeze between the dish and the mouth, and can scarce distinguish betwixt their right-hands and their left. I could proceed and advance many arguments to prove how advantageous it would be in a commonwealth to make proper distinctions in the choice of those who exercise such a necessary employment; but this is no place to settle that affair in; and one day I may chance to recommend it to the consideration of those who can both discern and provide a suitable remedy for this defect. I shall only at present observe, that the compassion I feel at sight of these grey hairs, and that venerable countenance in distress for having been a pander, is extinguished by the additional crime of sorcery; though I am well apprized there are no conjurers in the world, who can force or alter the will, as some weak-minded people imagine: for the inclination is free, and not to be enslaved by any incantation whatsoever. The practice of some simple women, and knavish impostors, is to compose poisonous mixtures, to deprive people of their senses, under pretence of causing them to be beloved; it being a thing impossible, as I have said, to compel the will.'—'What your honour says is very true,' replied the good old man; 'and really, Sir, as to the affair of conjuring, I am not guilty; though I cannot deny that I have been a pimp; but I never thought I was to blame in that capacity, because my whole intention was, that all the world should enjoy themselves, and live in peace and quiet without quarrels and anxiety. Yet the uprightness of my intention was of no service in preventing my being sent to a place from which I shall never return, oppressed as I am with years and a violent strangury, that will not allow me a moment's rest.' So saying, he began to weep again, as before; and his tears raised the pity of Sancho to such a degree, that he took a rial out of his bosom, and gave it in charity to the distressed senior.

Then Don Quixote addressed himself to the next, who answered his question, not with less, but infinitely more vivacity than that of the former; saying, 'I trudge in this manner, for having jested a little extravagantly with two of my female cousins, and with two more, who, though not related to me, were in the same degree of blood to each other: in short, I jested with them so long, that in the end there was such an intricate increase of kindred as no casuist could unravel. Every thing was proved against me, I had neither interest nor money, and ran some risk of having my windpipe stopped; but they only condemned me for six years to the gallies; I submitted to the sentence, as the punishment of my crime; youth is on my side, life may be long, and time brings every thing to bear; if your worship, Sir knight, will part with any small matter for the comfort of poor wretches like us, God will requite you in heaven, and we upon earth will take care to petition him for long life and health to your worship, that you may be as happy as by your goodly appearance you deserve to be.' The person who spoke in this manner appeared in

* This is a good hint for a reforming legislature.

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the dreſs of a ſtudent, and one of the guards ſaid he was a great orator and excellent Latin ſcholar.

After all theſe came a man of a good mien, about thirty years of age, who ſquinted ſo horribly, that his eyes ſeemed to look at each other: he was equipped in a very different manner from the reſt; his foot being loaded with a huge chain that went round his whole body, and his neck adorned with two iron rings, to one of which the chain was faſtened; and the other was called a keep-friend, or friend's-foot; from which deſcended to his middle a couple of iron bolts fitted with a pair of manacles for his arms, ſecured by a large padlock, in ſuch a faſhion, as to hinder him from lifting up his hands to his mouth, and to diſable him from bending his head to his hands. Don Quixote enquiring why that man was more fettered than all the reſt, one of the guard anſwered, 'Becauſe he is a 'greater rogue than all the reſt put together, and ſo daring a villain, that 'although he is ſhackled in that manner, we are under ſome apprehenſion 'that he will give us the ſlip.'—'What 'crime has he committed,' ſaid the knight, 'that deſerves no greater puniſhment than that of going to the 'gallies?'—'He goes for ten years,' replied the guard, 'which is a kind of 'civil death; but you need not enquire 'any farther, when you know that this 'honeſt gentleman is the famous Gines 'de Paſſamonte, alias Geniſello de Parapilla.'—'Softly, Mr. Commiſſary,' ſaid the ſlave, hearing theſe words, 'don't tranſmography names and ſirnames in that manner. Gines is my 'name, and not Gineſello, and Paſſamonte the title of my family; not 'Parapilla, as your worſhip ſays: let 'every body turn about and look at 'home, and he will have buſineſs 'enough.'—'Speak with leſs inſolence, 'Mr. Thief above ſterling,' replied the commiſſary, 'or elſe I ſhall make you 'hold your peace with a vengeance.'—'It appears by this oppreſſion,' anſwered the galley-ſlave, 'that God's will 'muſt be done; but one day ſomebody 'ſhall know whether or not my name 'is Gineſello de Parapilla.'—'An't 'you called ſo, you lying vagabond?' ſaid the guard. 'Yes, yes, I am ſo 'called,' anſwered Gines; 'but I will 'make them change that name, or their 'ſkins ſhall pay for it, if ever I meet 'them in a place I don't chuſe at preſent to name.—Sir knight, if you have 'any thing to beſtow, pray let us have 'it, and the Lord be with you, for you 'only tire us with enquiring about 'other people's affairs; if you want to 'be informed of my hiſtory, know, I 'am that Gines de Paſſamonte, whoſe 'life is written by theſe ten fingers.'

'He tells nothing but the truth,' ſaid the commiſſary; 'for he has actu'ally written his own hiſtory, as well 'as could be deſired, and pawned the 'manuſcript in gaol for two hundred 'rials.'—'Aye, and I ſhall redeem it,' ſaid Gines, 'if it were for as many du'cats.'—'What! is it ſo entertain'ing?' ſaid Don Quixote. 'Yes,' anſwered Gines, 'it is ſo entertaining, 'that woe be unto Lazarillo de Tor'mes, and all who have written or ſhall 'write in that manner. What I can 'affirm of mine is, that it contains 'truths, and ſuch ingenious and ſavoury truths, as no fiction can equal.' —'And what is the title of your 'book?' ſaid the knight. 'The Life 'of Gines de Paſſamonte,' replied the other. 'Is it finiſhed?' ſaid Don Quixote. 'How can it be finiſhed,' anſwered the author, 'when my natural life is 'not yet concluded? I have already 'written my whole hiſtory from my 'birth till the laſt time I was ſent to 'the gallies.'—'You have viſited them 'before now then?' ſaid the knight. 'For the ſervice of God, and the good 'of my country, I have already ſerved 'in them, during the ſpace of four 'years, and know the difference be'tween the biſcuit and the bull's pizzle,' anſwered the thief; 'and my journey to 'them now gives me no great pain, for 'there I ſhall have time to finiſh my 'book, and ſet down a great many 'things I have to ſay: there being ſpare 'time enough in the gallies of Spain 'for that purpoſe, which does not re'quire much leiſure, as I have every 'circumſtance by heart.'—'You ſeem 'to be an ingenious fellow,' ſaid Don Quixote. 'And unfortunate,' anſwered Gines; 'for genius is always at'tended by evil fortune.'—'Evil for'tune ought to attend villains like you,' ſaid the guard. 'I have already deſired 'you, Mr. Commiſſary, to proceed fair 'and ſoftly,' anſwered Paſſamonte; 'your ſuperiors did not give you that

'rod

'rod to maltreat us poor wretches, but 'to conduct and carry us to the place 'of our destination, according to his 'majesty's command: and by the life 'of—but 'tis no matter. The spots we 'received in the inn, may one day be 'rubbed out in washing. Mum's the 'word. Let us live while we can, 'speak while we may, and at present 'pursue our journey; for this joke has 'already lasted too long.'

The commissary lifted up his rod, in order to give a proper reply to the threats of Passamonte; but Don Quixote interposing, begged he would not chastise him; because it was not to be wondered at, if one whose limbs were so shackled, should take such liberties with his tongue: then addressing himself to the prisoners, 'From all that you 'have told me, dear brethren,' said he, 'I clearly perceive, that although you 'ought to be chastised for your crimes, 'the punishment you are going to suffer is not much to your liking; on 'the contrary, you make this journey 'very much against your inclination; 'and perhaps, the pusillanimity of one 'of you under the torture, this man's 'want of money, and that others 'scarcity of friends, and last of all, 'the partiality of the judge, may have 'been the cause of your perdition, in 'depriving you of that justice your several cases entitled you to. Which 'consideration now operates within me, 'suggesting, persuading, and even compelling me to shew in your behalf, 'the end and aim for which Heaven 'sent me into this world, and made me 'profess the order of knight-errantry, 'by which I am bound by oath, to 'succour the needy and oppressed; but 'because I know, that one maxim of 'prudence is, not to do that by foul 'means which can be accomplished by 'fair, I beseech Mr. Commissary and 'the guards to unchain and let you depart in peace. The king will not want 'people to serve him on better occasions; and I think it is very hard to 'enslave those whom God and nature 'have made free. Besides, gentlemen 'soldiers,' added the knight, 'those poor 'people have committed no offence 'against you: and every body hath 'sins to answer for. There is a God 'in heaven, who will take care to chastise the wicked and reward the righteous: and it is not seemly, that honest men should be the executioners 'of their fellow-creatures, on account 'of matters with which they have no 'concern. This favour I entreat in a 'mild and peaceable manner; and if 'you grant my request, will thank you 'heartily: whereas, if you refuse to 'do quietly what I desire, this lance 'and sword, with the valour of my invincible arm, shall make you do it 'on compulsion.'

'A fine joke, truly!' replied the commissary; 'he has brought his harangue to a very merry conclusion; 'desiring us to set at liberty the king's 'prisoners, as if we had authority to 'grant, or he to demand, their discharge. I wish your worship would 'go about your business, and set to 'rights that bason on your skull, without going in quest of a cat with three 'feet.'—'You are a cat, and a rat, and 'a scoundrel to boot!' replied the knight, attacking him with such wonderful dispatch, that he had not time to put himself in a posture of defence, so was thrown from his horse, dangerously wounded by a thrust of the knight's lance. And it happened luckily that this was one of the two who had firelocks. The rest of the guard were at first astonished and confounded at this unexpected assault; but they soon recollected themselves, and the horsemen drawing their swords, while those on foot handled their javelins, set upon Don Quixote in their turn, who waited for them with vast composure; and doubtless he would have fared ill, if the galley-slaves, seeing a fair occasion offered of gaining their liberty, had not made shift to obtain it, by breaking the chain with which they were fettered. Such was the confusion, that the guards, between their endeavours to detain the slaves that were unbound, and their efforts against Don Quixote who assaulted them, could do nothing at all effectual. Sancho, for his part, assisted in disengaging Gines de Passamonte, who being the first that leaped free and disencumbered on the plain, attacked the wounded commissary, and robbed him of his sword and musket, with which pointing at one, and taking aim at another, without firing, however, in a trice there was not one of the guards to be seen; for they made the best of their way, not only from Passamonte's firelock, but also from the shower of stones

ſtones which was rained upon them by the reſt of the ſlaves, who had by this time diſengaged themſelves.

Sancho was infinitely grieved at this event, repreſenting to himſelf, that thoſe who fled would inſtantly give notice of the affair to the holy brotherhood, which, upon the tolling of a bell, would immediately ſally forth in ſearch of the delinquents. This ſuppoſition he ſuggeſted to his maſter, whom he entreated to depart forthwith, and conceal himſelf ſomewhere in the neighbouring mountain. 'That may be a very good 'expedient,' ſaid the knight; 'but I 'know what is proper for me to do at 'preſent.' He then called to the ſlaves, who were all in confuſion, and after they had plundered and ſtripped the commiſſary to the ſkin, they aſſembled round him in a circle in order to receive his commands, and he accoſted them in this manner: 'It is the duty of honeſt 'men to be thankful for benefits re-'ceived: and one of the ſins that gives 'the greateſt offence to God, is ingra-'titude. This truth I obſerve, gentle-'men, becauſe you muſt be ſenſible, by 'manifeſt experience, of that which you 'have received from me; as an acknow-'ledgment for which, it is my will and 'pleaſure, that you ſet out immediate-'ly, loaded with that chain from which 'I have delivered your neck, and re-'pairing to the city of Toboſo; there 'preſent yourſelves before the lady 'Dulcinea del Toboſo, and tell her that 'her Knight of the Rueful Countenance 'hath ſent you to her, with his hearty 'commendations. You ſhall alſo punc-'tually recount to her every circum-'ſtance of this famous adventure, even 'to the granting you that liberty you 'ſo ardently wiſhed for: and this duty 'being performed, you may go a God's 'name whitherſoever ye liſt.'

To this command Gines de Paſſamonte, in the name of all the reſt, anſwered, 'What your worſhip com-'mands, moſt worthy deliverer, is of 'all impoſſibilities the moſt impoſſible 'to fulfil. For we muſt by no means 'travel in a body, but ſingle and di-'vided, and each by himſelf endeavour 'to abſcond within the bowels of the 'earth, in order to avoid the holy bro-'therhood, which will doubtleſs come 'out in ſearch of us. But your wor-'ſhip may, and it is but juſtice you 'ſhould, change that ſervice and tri-'bute intended for my lady Dulcinea 'del Toboſo, into a certain number of 'Ave-maria's and Credo's, which we 'will ſay for your proſperity; and this 'is a duty we can fulfil by night as well 'as by day, in motion and at reſt, and 'in peace as well as in war: but to 'ſuppoſe that we will now return to 'the fleſh-pots of Egypt, I mean, to 'the carriage of our chain, and take 'the road to Toboſo, is to ſuppoſe that 'it is now midnight, though it wants 'little more than two hours of noon; 'and indeed, to expect this conde-'ſcenſion of us, is like expecting pears 'from an elm.'

'Then, by heavens!' ſaid Don Quixote in a rage, 'Don Son of a Whore, 'Don Gineſello de Parapilla, or what-'ſoever is thy name, you ſhall go alone, 'with your tail between your legs, and 'carry the whole chain upon your own 'ſhoulders.' Paſſamonte, who was none of the moſt paſſive people in the world, having already ſmoaked the knight's weak ſide, from the mad action he had committed in giving them their freedom, and finding himſelf treated by him in this haughty manner, tipped the wink to his companions; who retiring with him at a little diſtance, began to ſhower forth ſuch a number of ſtones upon their deliverer, that he could not contrive how to cover himſelf with his ſhield; and poor Rozinante minded the ſpur no more than if he had been made of braſs. Sancho retired behind his aſs, which ſheltered him from the ſtorm of hail that deſcended on them both; but his maſter could not ſcreen himſelf ſo well, as to avoid an infinite number of pebble-ſhot which took place upon different parts of his body, ſome of them with ſuch force, that he came tumbling to the ground; and no ſooner was he fallen, than the ſtudent ſet upon him, and ſnatching the baſon from his head, made a moſt furious application of it to the knight's ſhoulders, and then daſhed it upon the ground with ſuch force, that it went into a thouſand pieces. They likewiſe ſtripped him of a jacket* he

* It was the cuſtom of knights to wear a coat of arms made of ſome rich ſtuff figured in a particular manner. The Duke of Brabant being called in a hurry to the battle of Agincourt, took a trumpeter's banner, and making a hole through the middle, put it over his head, and wore it as his coat of arms.

wore

wore above his armour; and would even have taken his hose, had not his greaves been in the way: they plundered Sancho of his great coat, leaving him in his doublet and hose; and dividing the spoils of the battle among them, each took his own separate route, more anxious to escape the holy brotherhood, which they dreaded, than to load themselves with the chain again, and go to present themselves before the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

The ass and Rozinante, Sancho and Don Quixote, were the only persons remaining on the field. Dapple, with his head hanging down in a pensive attitude, and every now and then shaking his ears, as if he imagined the hurricane of stones that whizzed about them was not yet over; Rozinante lying stretched upon the ground, to which, like his master, he was humbled by a pebble: Sancho, in his doublet, terrified at the thoughts of the holy brotherhood; and Don Quixote excessively out of humour, at seeing himself so ill requited by those people whom he had served in such an essential manner.

CHAP. IX.

OF WHAT BEFEL THE RENOWNED DON QUIXOTE IN THE BROWN MOUNTAIN; BEING ONE OF THE MOST SURPRIZING ADVENTURES WHICH IS RECOUNTED IN THIS TRUE HISTORY.

DON Quixote, finding himself so evil entreated, said to his squire, 'I have always heard it observed, Sancho, that benefits conferred on base-minded people are like drops of water thrown into the sea. Had I taken thy advice, I might have avoided this vexation: but, now the affair is over, we must have recourse to patience, and take warning for the future.'—'Yes,' replied Sancho, 'your worship will take warning as sure as I am a Turk; but, since you allow, that if you had taken my advice, you would have avoided this misfortune, take my advice now, and you avoid a greater still! for I give you notice, that all your errantry will stand you in little stead against the holy brotherhood, who don't value all the knights errant in the universe three farthings: and, in faith, this minute methinks I hear their arrows buzzing about my ears.'—'Thou art naturally a coward, Sancho,' said the knight; 'but that thou mayest have no reason to say I am obstinate, and never follow thy counsel, for once thou shalt prevail; I will retreat from the danger thou dreadest so much; but it shall be on condition, that thou shalt never, either in life or death, hint to any person whatsoever, that I retired and avoided this peril through fear, but merely in compliance with thy earnest request; for to say otherwise would be to propagate falsehood; and from this hour to that, and from that hour to this, I give thee the lye, and affirm thou lyest, and wilt lye as often as thou shalt say or think any such thing: make no reply, therefore; the very thought of my being supposed to abscond, or retreat from danger, especially from this, as it implies some sort of shadow of fear, inspires me with such courage, that here am I alone, ready to remain, and expect not only the holy brotherhood, which thou hast mentioned with fear and trembling, but also the brothers of the twelve tribes of Israel, those of the seven Maccabees, with Castor and Pollux, and all the brethren and brotherhoods in the universe.'—'Sir,' replied Sancho, 'to retreat is not to fly; nor is it prudent to tarry when the danger overbalances the hope, and it is always the practice of wise people, to reserve something for to-morrow, without venturing all upon one cast; and you must know, that though I be a rustick and a clown, I have all my life-time had a small share of what is called good conduct; wherefore you need not repent of having taken my advice, but mount Rozinante, if you can; if not, I will lend you my assistance, and follow me; for this noddle of mine tells me, that, at present, we have more need of heels than of hands.'

Don Quixote accordingly mounted, without the least reply; and Sancho leading the way upon his ass, they took refuge in that part of the brown mountain which was nearest, the squire intending to go quite across to Viso or Almodavar del Campo, after they should have lurked for some days amongst the rocks, that they might not be found,

in case the holy brotherhood should come in search of them: he was encouraged to this resolution, by seeing, that in the scuffle with the galley slaves, the provisions his ass carried had escaped untouched*; a circumstance that, in his opinion, amounted to a miracle, considering what the thieves had taken, and how narrowly they had searched.

That evening they arrived in the very heart of the Sierra Morena†, where Sancho proposed to spend the night, and even to pass a few days, at least to stay as long as their store should last: accordingly they took up their lodging between two rocks in the midst of a great number of cork-trees; but fate, which, according to the opinion of those who do not enjoy the light of the true faith, guides, conducts, and disposes all things after it's own way, ordained that Gines de Passamonte, that famous robber and cheat, who had been delivered from the chain by the valour and madness of Don Quixote; I say, fate ordained that he, impelled by the fear of the holy brotherhood, which he did not dread without good reason happened likewise to take refuge in those mountains; and even to be carried by this fear to the same place whither the same principle had directed Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, just time enough to know who they were, notwithstanding their being gone to sleep. As the wicked are always ungrateful, and necessity puts them to their shifts, and the present convenience overcomes the prospect of future quiet; Gines, who was neither grateful nor good-natured, resolved to steal Sancho's ass, undervaluing Rozinante, as a subject that he could neither pawn nor sell: accordingly, while the squire was asleep, he stole Dapple; and, before morning, was gone far enough to elude all pursuit.

The appearance of Aurora that rejoices the earth, had a quite contrary effect upon Sancho Panza; who, missing his Dapple, and searching for him in vain, began to utter the most woeful lamentation that ever was heard; and Don Quixote, waked by the noise, heard him exclaiming in this manner: 'O 'son of my bowels! born in my house, 'the play fellow of my children, the 'delight of my spouse, the envy of my 'neighbours, and comforter of my 'cares! in short, the half of my subste-'nance: for with six and twenty ma-'ravedis, which thou hast daily earned, 'did I defray one half of my family-'expence!' Don Quixote hearing this complaint, and being informed of the cause, consoled Sancho with all the arguments in his power; and, begging him to have patience, promised to give him a bill of exchange, on sight of which he should receive three asses out of five, which the knight had left at home. Sancho being comforted with this declaration, dried up his tears, moderated his sighs, and returned a thousand thanks to Don Quixote for his generosity. As they sauntered among the rocks, the knight's heart was rejoiced to see places so well adapted to those adventures he was in quest of; for they recalled to his remembrance those wonderful events which had happened to knights-errant among such rocks and solitudes: he went on, musing on these subjects, and indeed so wrapped up and engrossed by them, that he minded nothing else; while Sancho's only care, now that he thought he travelled in safety, was to satisfy his appetite with what remained of the spoils of the clergy; he therefore jogged on leisurely after his master, sitting side-ways on his ass‡, and replenishing his own bags out of that which contained the provision; and while he was thus employed, would not have given a farthing for the best adventure that could happen.

Chancing, however, to lift up his eyes, he perceived his master had stopped, and was endeavouring, with the point of his lance to raise some bundle that lay upon the ground; he therefore hastened up to him, in order to lend his assistance, should it be found necessary; and arrived just as the knight had turned up with his lance, a pillion with a

* This is an oversight of the author, who seems to have forgot that Sancho lost his wallet at the inn, and was robbed by the galley-slaves of the great coat or cloak, in which he carried the remains of that provision he had taken from those who attended the dead body towards Segovia.

† A chain of dusky mountains that divide Castile from Andalusia.

‡ Here Cervantes hath been caught napping by the criticks; who observe, that Sancho could not be mounted on the ass, which was but just now stolen by Gines de Passamonte.

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Plate XI.

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portmanteau fixed to it, all rotted and consumed by the weather; but so heavy, that Sancho was obliged to alight, in order to take them up. His master having ordered him to examine the contents of the portmanteau, he obeyed with great alacrity, and though it was shut with a chain and padlock, there were so many holes in it, that he soon reached the inside, where he found four shirts of fine holland, with other provision of linen, equally fashionable and clean, together with a pretty large heap of crowns of gold, wrapped up in a rag; which he no sooner perceived, than he cried in a rapture, 'Blessed be Heaven for granting 'us one advantageous adventure!' then continuing his search, he found a pocket-book richly garnished, which Don Quixote desired to have, bidding him keep the money for his own use. Sancho kissed his hand for the favour, and taking the linen out of the portmanteau, crammed it into the bag that held their provision.

The knight having considered the whole affair, 'Sancho,' said he, 'I am 'of opinion, and I cannot possibly be 'mistaken, that some bewildered 'traveller, in his passage over these 'mountains, has been set upon by robbers, 'who having slain him, must have 'dragged his body to be buried in this 'unfrequented place.'—'That cannot 'be the case,' answered the squire; 'for 'if they had been robbers, they would 'not have left the money behind them.' —'Thou art in the right,' said Don Quixote; 'and I cannot guess nor con-'ceive what the matter can have been. 'Let us see if there be any thing writ-'ten in this pocket-book, by which we 'may trace out and come to the cer-'tainty of what we want to know.' He opened it accordingly, and the first thing he found was the rough draught, though very legible, of a sonnet, which he read aloud for the benefit of Sancho, in these words.

I.

LOVE either cruel is or blind;
Or still unequal to the cause,
Is this distemper of the mind,
That with infernal torture gnaws.

II.

But Love's a god, and cruelty
In heavenly breasts can never dwell:
Then say by what authority,
I'm doom'd to feel the pains of hell?

III.

Of all my sufferings and my woe,
Is Chloe then the fatal source?
Sure ill from good can never flow,
Nor so much beauty gild a curse.

IV.

With hopeless misery weigh'd down,
I'll seek for quiet in the grave;
For when the malady's unknown,
A miracle alone can save.

'From such rhyme,' said Sancho, 'there is no information to be got, un-'less by that Clue we could come to 'the bottom of the affair*.'—'What 'clue dost thou mean?' said the knight. 'The Clue your worship mentioned just 'now in the sonnet,' answered the squire. 'I mentioned no clue,' replied Don Quixote, 'but Chloe, which is 'without doubt the name of the lady 'of whom the author of these verses 'complains; and really he must have 'been a very ingenious poet, or else I 'know very little of the art.'—'Then 'your worship understands crambo?' said the squire. 'Better than you ima-'gine,' answered the knight, 'as you 'will see when you carry from me a 'letter to my mistress Dulcinea del To-'boso, written in verse from top to 'bottom; for thou must know, San-'cho, that all, or the greatest part of 'the knights-errant who lived in for-'mer ages, were very much addicted to 'poetry and musick; these two quali-'ties, or rather gifts of nature, being 'annexed to all errants in love; though 'the truth is, their couplets were ra-'ther sprightly than elegant.'—'I wish 'your worship would read on,' said Sancho; 'perhaps you may find some-'thing more to our satisfaction.' Accordingly the knight having turned over the leaf, 'Here is prose,' said he; 'and 'seems to be a letter.' Sancho asking if it was upon business, his master replied, 'In the beginning there was no-'thing

* As it is impossible to preserve the original blunders of Sancho, who mistakes Fili or Phillis, for Hilo, that signifies a thread, we are obliged to substitute another, by changing Phillis into Chloe, which Sancho, in English, might have as naturally mistaken for a clue; and by this expedient the sense of the passage is not hurt, and but very little altered.

'thing but love.'—'Pray, Sir,' cried Sancho, 'read it aloud; for I am highly delighted with matters of love.'—'With all my heart,' answered Don Quixote; who raising his voice, in compliance with the squire's request, read what follows.

'Thy false promises, together with 'the certainty of my misfortune, have 'exiled me to a corner of the world, 'from whence thou wilt hear an account of my death, before this my 'complaint shall reach thine ears. 'Thou hast cast me off, ungrateful as 'thou art, in favour of one who, 'though he is richer, is not a more deserving lover than me: for if virtue 'were the wealth that is most esteemed, 'I should have no cause to envy the happiness of others, or to bewail my own 'mishap. What thy beauty had raised, 'thy behaviour has overthrown: by 'the first I mistook thee for an angel; 'by the last I discovered thee to be a 'woman. Mayest thou live in peace, 'fair authoress of my misfortunes; 'and Heaven grant that the deceit of 'thy husband may never be disclosed, 'that thou mayest never repent of what 'thou hast done, nor I enjoy the revenge I do not desire!'

Don Quixote having read this letter, observed that nothing else could be inferred either from it, or the verses, but that the author was some despairing lover. Then perusing the rest of the book, he found more verses and letters, some legible, and others not intelligible; but the substance of them all was composed of complaints, lamentations, suspicions, desires, disgusts, favours, and disdain, some of which were extolled, and others deplored. While Don Quixote examined the book, Sancho rummaged the portmanteau, without leaving a corner in that of the pillion which he did not search, pry into, and overhaul; no seam was left unripped, no lock of wool unpicked, that nothing might be lost through negligence and want of care; so much was his cupidity awakened, by finding the money, which amounted to more than a hundred crowns; and though he reaped no other fruit from his industry, he thought himself abundantly requited for his capers in the blanket, his vomit of the balsam, the benediction of the pack-staves, the fifty cuffs of the carrier, the loss of his bags, the robbery of his great coat, with all the hunger, thirst, and fatigue he had undergone in the service of his worthy master, who had made him more than amends by his generous present of this windfall.

The knight of the rueful countenance was impatient to know the owner of the portmanteau; conjecturing by the sonnet, the letter, the gold, and the fine linen, that he must be some lover of quality, whom the disdain and barbarity of his mistress had driven to some desperate end: but, as in that uninhabited and rocky place, there was nobody who could give him the information he wanted, he resolved to penetrate still farther into the mountain, without taking any other road than what Rozinante should chuse for his own conveniency, still confident of meeting with some strange adventure among these briars and brambles.

As he went on, entertaining himself with these reflections, he perceived upon the top of a hill right before him, a man skipping from bush to bush, and rock to rock, with wonderful agility; his body seemed naked, his beard black and bushy, his hair long and matted, his feet unshod, his legs bare, and his thighs covered with breeches, which to all appearance were of crimson, but so ragged, that his skin appeared through many different holes, while his head was without any sort of covering. Notwithstanding the nimbleness with which he passed, all these minute circumstances were seen and remarked by the knight of the rueful countenance, who in vain attempted to follow him; those rough roads being quite unpassable by the feeble Rozinante, who was naturally phlegmatick and tender-footed. However, Don Quixote concluded that this must be the owner of the pillion and portmanteau, and determined within himself to find him out, although he should travel a whole year through the mountains for that very purpose. With this view he ordered Sancho to alight, and take a short cut over one part of the mountain, while he should go round the other; and by this expedient they might come up with the man who had so suddenly vanished from their sight.

'That proposal I can be no means 'comply with,' answered the squire; 'for if I stir but an inch from your 'worship, fear instantly lays hold on 'me,

'me, and assaults me in a thousand 'horrid shapes and visions; and let this 'serve to apprize you, that henceforward, I will not budge a finger's 'breadth from your presence.'—'Be 'it so,' said he of the rueful countenance; 'and I am very glad that thou 'canst avail thyself of my courage, 'which shall never fail thee, even if 'thy soul should fail thy body; follow me, therefore, step by step, or at 'thy own leisure; and use thine eyes 'like two spy glasses; we will take 'a compass round this little mountain, 'and perhaps we may meet again with 'that man, who is certainly no other 'than the owner of what we found.' To this observation Sancho replied, 'Methinks we may save ourselves that 'trouble; for if, upon finding him, 'he should prove to be the owner of 'the money, I must of course make 'restitution; therefore we had better 'spare all this fruitless search; and 'keep it *bona fide*, until the true owner 'appear of himself, without all this 'intricate enquiry: and before that 'happens, perhaps I shall have spent 'the whole, and then I shall be discharged by law.'—'In that notion 'thou art mistaken, Sancho,' resumed the knight; 'for as we have already 'good grounds to believe he is the 'owner, it is our duty to find him 'out, and restore what we have taken; 'and though we should not find him, 'the strong reason we have to believe 'that it belongs to him will make us 'equally guilty in detaining it, as we 'should be if it really did. Wherefore, friend Sancho, do not give thyself any uneasiness about the enquiry; 'because if we find him, I shall be 'freed from a great deal of anxiety.' So saying, he put spurs to Rozinante, and Sancho followed him in his usual manner. Having surrounded part of the mountain, they found in a brook that watered the foot of it, a dead mule saddled and bridled, and half consumed by the dogs and crows; another circumstance which confirmed them in the opinion, that he who fled from them was master both of the mule and portmanteau.

While they were looking at this object, they heard a shepherd's whistle, and presently on the left appeared a good number of goats, and behind them, on the top of the mountain, they descried the goatherd, who seemed to be a man in years. Don Quixote calling aloud, entreated him to come down; and he, in the same tone, asked what had brought them to that place, which was seldom trodden, except by the feet of goats, wolves, and other wild beasts that harboured thereabouts? Sancho bade him come down, and they would tell him what had brought them thither; upon which the goatherd descended, and coming up to Don Quixote, 'I will wager,' said he, 'that you are looking at the 'hireling mule, which lies dead in that 'bottom, where in good sooth it hath 'lain full six months. Pray, have you 'met with it's master?'—'We have 'met with nothing,' answered the knight, 'but a pillion and portmanteau, which we found not far from 'hence.'—'I have often seen the same 'things,' replied the goatherd, 'but 'would never touch nor go near them, 'being afraid of some misfortune, or 'of being questioned for theft; for the 'devil is very cunning, and raises 'blocks under our feet, over which we 'stumble, and very often fall, without 'knowing how or wherefore.'—'That 'is the very thing I say,' answered Sancho, 'though I saw them also, I would 'not go within a stone's throw of them; 'there I left them, and there they remain as they were; for I don't chuse 'to steal a dog with a collar about his 'neck*.'—'Pr'ythee, honest friend,' said Quixote, 'dost thou know who the 'owner of these things is?'—'All that 'I can say of the matter,' answered the goatherd, 'is, that it may be about 'six months, more or less, since there 'came to our hut, which is about three 'leagues from hence, a very genteel 'young man of a comely appearance, 'riding upon that very mule that now 'lies dead, with the same pillion and 'portmanteau which you say you found. 'He asked what part of the mountain 'was the most woody and concealed, 'and we told him, that it was this very 'spot where we now are; and it is so, 'for if you go half a league further

* Methinks it is inconsistent with the character of the knight, to allow Sancho to tell such a fraudulent untruth in his hearing; nor is Panza's behaviour on this occasion much for the honour of his simplicity.

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'into the mountain, you will perhaps 'find it a very difficult matter to return: 'and I marvel much how you have got 'so far, for there is neither high-road 'nor by-path that leads to this place. 'But as I was saying, the young man 'hearing our reply, turned his mule, 'and rode towards the place to which 'we had directed him, leaving us all 'very much pleased with his appear-'ance, though not a little surprized at 'his question, and the speed with which 'we saw him ride back into the heart 'of the mountain: from that time we 'saw no more of him, till a few days 'after; when he sprung upon one of our 'shepherds on the road; and, without 'saying why or wherefore, beat and 'bruised him unmercifully; after which 'he went to the sumpter-ass, and carry-'ing off all the bread and cheese that 'was on his back, with surprizing nim-'bleness, ran back again to the thicket. 'As soon as we understood this parti-'cular, several of us goatherds went in 'search of him, through the most wild 'and unfrequented part of the moun-'tain, for the space of two days, at the 'end of which we found him lying in 'the hollow of a large cork-tree. He 'came out to us in a very civil man-'ner, with his cloaths all torn, and his 'face so tanned and disfigured by the 'sun, that we should scarce have known 'him, had not his cloaths, tattered as 'they were, which we had before taken 'particular notice of, assured us that he 'was the person we went in search of. 'He saluted us very courteously, and in 'a few words, though very well cho-'sen, bade us not wonder at seeing him 'in that condition; for he was obliged 'in that manner to do penance, which 'had been enjoined him, on account 'of his manifold sins and transgres-'sions. We earnestly begged to know 'who he was; but that he never could 'be prevailed upon to tell: we desired 'him also, whenever he should have oc-'casion for food, without which he 'could not live, to tell us where we 'should find him, and we would bring 'it to him with great care and affection; 'or if that was not to his liking, we 'desired him to ask it civilly, without 'taking it by force. He thanked us 'kindly for our tenders of service, beg-'ged pardon for the assaults he had 'committed, and promised for the fu-'ture, to ask it for God's sake, without 'giving offence to any person whatso-'ever. With regard to the place of 'his habitation, he said, he had no 'other than that which chance present-'ed every night when it grew dark; 'and concluded his discourse with such 'piteous lamentation, that our hearts 'must have been made of flint, if we 'could have heard it without shedding 'tears, considering the woeful change he 'had undergone since we saw him at first: 'for as I have already observed, he was a 'genteel, comely youth, and by his cour-'teous and polite discourse, shewed him-'self to be a person of good birth and 'excellent breeding; and though we who 'heard him were only home-bred coun-'try people, the gentility of his car-'riage was easily perceived by our 'clownish ignorance. In the midst of 'this conversation that passed between 'him and us, he grew silent all of a 'sudden, and nailed, as it were, his 'eyes to the ground, for a considerable 'space of time, during which we re-'mained in suspense and no small con-'cern, to see the effect of this stupefac-'tion; for by his staring at the ground 'for a good while, without moving his 'eye-lids, then shutting them close and 'biting his lips, and then drawing up 'the skin of his forehead, we could 'easily perceive that he was seized with 'some fit of madness; and he soon con-'firmed the truth of our opinion, for 'he sprung up with surprizing force 'from the ground on which he had 'thrown himself, and attacked the 'person who was next to him with 'such rage and resolution, that if we 'had not taken him off, he would have 'beaten and bit him to death; crying 'aloud all the time, "Ha, treacherous "Fernando! now shalt thou pay for "the injury thou hast done me. These "hands shall tear out thy heart, in "which all kinds of wickedness, par-"ticularly fraud and deceit, are har-"boured and dwell!" To these he 'added other expressions, tending to re-'proach that Fernando with treachery 'and baseness. When we had got our 'friend out of his clutches, with no 'small trouble, he went off without 'speaking another word, and ran at 'full speed among these shrubs and 'brambles, so as that it was impossible 'for us to follow him. From these 'things we conjectured that his mad-'ness came upon him by fits, and that

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'some person of the name of Fernando must have done him some deadly 'wrong, which hath driven him to 'distraction. Indeed, this conjecture 'has been since confirmed by his different behaviour on divers occasions, 'when he hath met with our shepherds, 'from whom he hath sometimes begged part of their provision, and at 'other times hath taken it by force; 'for when the fit of lunacy is upon 'him, though they offer it of their own 'free will, he will not accept of it 'peaceably, without coming to blows; 'but when he is in his right senses, he 'begs it for God's sake, in a very 'courteous and civil manner, and returns many thanks for the favour, accompanied with abundance of tears. 'And truly, gentlemen,' addedthegoatherd, 'I and four more country lads, 'two of them my own servants, and 'the other two friends of mine, yesterday resolved to go in search of him, 'and after having found him, to carry 'him, either by force or fair means, to 'the city of Almodavar, which is about 'eight leagues from hence, and there 'have him cured, if he be curable; or 'learn of him, when he is in his 'senses, who he is, or whether or not 'he has any relations to whom we may 'give an account of his misfortune. 'This, gentlemen, is all I can say, in 'answer to the questions you asked; 'and you may take it for granted, that 'the owner of the goods you found, is 'the very same person whom you saw 'skip about half-naked, with such agility:' for Don Quixote had said that they had seen a man in that condition, leaping from rock to rock.

The knight was very much surprized at this information of the goatherd, which making him still more impatient to know who this unfortunate lunatick was, he determined with himself to put his former design in execution, and go in quest of him, through the whole mountain, without leaving a cave or corner unsearched until he should find him. But accident was more his friend on this occasion than he could either imagine or expect; for at that instant, the young man of himself appeared in the cleft of a rock hard by the place where they stood; and came towards them, muttering something to himself, which they could not have understood had he been near, much less as he was at some distance from them. His equipage was just as it has been described; but, as he approached, Don Quixote perceived that his buff doublet, though torn to rags, still retained the perfume: from whence he concluded, that the person who wore such dress, could not be a man of the lowest rank. When he came up, he saluted them very politely, though with a hoarse, mistuned voice; and the salutation was returned with no less courtesy by Don Quixote, who alighting from Rozinante, with genteel and graceful deportment, went and embraced the stranger, whom he strained within his arms a good while, as if he had been a very old acquaintance. The other, who might have been called the tatterdemalion of the distracted, as Don Quixote was stiled the knight of the rueful countenance, after having submitted to this embrace, stepped back, and laying his hands on the shoulders of the knight, stood looking attentively in his face, in order to recollect him; no less astonished, perhaps, at the figure, mien, and armour of Don Quixote, than this last was surprized at his forlorn appearance. At length, the first who broke silence after the embrace, was the ragged youth, who spoke what you may read in the following chapter.

CHAP. X.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURE IN THE SIERRA MORENA.

THE history relates, that Don Quixote listened with vast attention to the shabby knight of the mountain, who began the conversation thus: 'Assuredly, Signior, though I have not 'the honour to know who you are, 'I thank you heartily for those expressions of kindness with which you 'treat me; and wish I were in such a 'situation as would enable me to repay 'this courteous reception with something 'more than mere good-will: but my 'hapless fortune affords me nothing to 'offer in return for the civilities that 'are shewn me, except a hearty inclination to make a more adequate satisfaction.'—'My will and desire,' answered Don Quixote, 'to serve you is 'so strong, that I was determined not

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'to quit these mountains until I had 'found you, and learned of yourself 'whether or not the grief you manifest 'in this strange course of life, could be 'alleviated by any kind of remedy, for 'which, had need required, I would 'have searched with all possible dili-'gence; and had your misfortune been 'such as shut up all the avenues to ad-'vice and redress, I was resolved to 'join your lamentations, and bemoan 'your misery to the utmost of my pow-'er: for, in all misfortunes, the great-'est consolation is a sympathizing friend; 'and if this my friendly intention de-'serves the least return of civility, I 'entreat you, Signior, by that courtesy 'which I see you so eminently possess, 'and moreover conjure you by that 'object, which of all others in this life 'you have most loved, or are most in 'love with, to tell me who you are, 'and inform me of the cause that 'brings you to live and die in this soli-'tude, like the brute beasts among 'which you dwell, so different from 'that rank and situation to which your 'appearance and person declare you are 'entitled. And I swear by the order 'of chivalry which I have received, un-'worthy sinner that I am! and by the 'profession of a knight-errant, that if 'you comply with this my request, I will 'serve you with that earnestness which 'my duty obliges me to express; either 'in remedying your mishap, if it ad-'mits of remedy, or in condoling with 'you, as I have already promised.' The knight of the wood, hearing him of the rueful countenance talk in this manner, could do nothing for some time but gaze, and stare, and survey him from head to foot; at length, having examined him thoroughly, he said, 'If you have got any food, for 'God's sake spare me a little; and af-'ter I shall have eaten it, I will do as 'you desire, in return for the civility 'you now shew me.'

Sancho immediately pulled from his bag, and the goatherd from his scrip, some victuals to appease the hunger of the tatterdemalion, who swallowed what they gave him like a frantick person, with such hurry, that he left not the interval of an instant between one mouth-ful and another, but seemed to devour rather than eat, without either speaking or being spoke to by the spectators. His repast being ended, he beckoned them to follow, and conducted them to a verdant spot of grass, at the turning of a rock, a little way from the place where they were; and sitting down on the green turf, they followed his example; not a word being spoke all the time, until the ragged knight, after having adjusted himself in his seat, began in this manner. 'If you desire, gentlemen, 'that I should, in a few words, inform 'you of the immensity of my misfor-'tunes, you must give me your pro-'mise that you will not by any ques-'tion, or otherwise, interrupt the thread 'of my doleful story; for if you should, 'that instant I will break off the nar-'ration.' This warning recalled to the knight's memory the story recounted by his squire, which still remained unfi-nished, because he had not kept an ex-act account of the goats, as they passed the river. But, to return to the tattered knight: 'I give you this precaution,' added he, 'because I would briefly pass 'over the detail of my misfortunes, 'the remembrance of which brings 'fresh addition to my woe; and the 'fewer questions you ask, the sooner 'shall I have finished the relation; al-'though, in order to satisfy your cu-'riosity to the full, I will not fail to 'mention every material circumstance.' Don Quixote promised, in behalf of himself and the company, to avoid all manner of interruption; and the stranger, thus assured, began in these words:

'My name is Cardenio, the place of 'my nativity one of the best cities in 'this province of Andalusia, my family 'noble, my parents rich, and my mis-'fortunes so great, that no doubt they 'have been lamented by them, and even 'felt through my whole kindred, though 'all their wealth would not alleviate 'my woe; for the goods of fortune are 'but of little service against those ills 'inflicted by the hand of Heaven. In 'the same country lived, shall I call her, 'a paradise, which love had adorned 'with all the charms I could desire to 'possess; such was the beauty of Lu-'cinda, a young lady as well-born 'and rich as I, though more fortunate 'and endowed with less constancy than 'what was due to my honourable in-'tentions. This Lucinda did I admire, 'love, and adore, even from my most 'tender years; and she made me all the 'returns of love and inclination that I 'could expect from her infant age.

'Our



Plate XIV. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. June 8, 1782.

'Our parents were not ignorant of our 'mutual affection, which gave them no 'offence, because they foresaw that if 'it should increase with our years, it 'could have no other issue than mar-'riage; an union which the equality 'of our age and fortune seemed to point 'out. Meanwhile, our passion growing 'up with our age, Lucinda's father 'thought himself obliged to forbid me 'his house, imitating in that particu-'lar, the parents of Thisbe, whom the 'poets have celebrated so much. This 'prohibition added flame to flame, and 'wish to wish, for though our tongues 'were restrained, they could not silence 'our pens, which commonly express 'the sentiments of the heart with more 'liberty, because the presence of the 'beloved object often confounds the 'most determined intention, and puts 'to silence the most undaunted tongue.

'Good Heaven! what letters did I 'write! what chaste and daring answers 'did I receive! what songs did I com-'pose, inspired by love that displayed 'the soul unmasked, inflamed each soft 'desire, regaled the fancy, and indulg-'ed the wish! in fine, my patience being 'exhausted, and my heart almost con-'sumed with the desire of seeing her, I 'resolved to execute the scheme which 'seemed most favourable for my love 'and pretensions; and this I put in 'practice, by demanding her in mar-'riage of her father, who thanked me 'for the honour I intended him, by this 'proposal of marrying into his family; 'but said, as my own father was alive, 'it was properly his business to make 'the demand; for, unless his consent 'and inclination were obtained, Lucin-'da was not a person either to be given 'or taken in marriage by stealth. I 'thanked him in my turn, for his po-'liteness; and thinking there was a great 'deal of reason in what he said, assured 'myself that my father would readily 'agree to the proposal whenever I should 'make it. I therefore flew instantly to 'disclose my sentiments to him on that 'subject; and entering the closet where 'he was, found him reading a letter, 'which, before I could speak a syllable, 'he put into my hands saying, "By "this letter, Cardenio, you will see "how much Duke Ricardo is inclined "to do you service." This Duke Ri-'cardo, as you must know, gentlemen, 'is a grandee of Spain, whose estate lies 'in the best part of this province. I 'took and read this letter, which was 'so extremely kind, that I myself should 'have blamed my father, had he refused 'to comply with what he requested in 'it: this was to send me immediately 'to this house, he being desirous that I 'should live as the companion, not the 'servant, of the eldest son; and he would 'take care of my fortune in such a man-'ner as should manifest the esteem he 'had for me. Having read the letter, 'I was struck dumb at knowing the 'contents; especially when I heard my 'father pronounce, "Two days hence, "Cardenio, you shall set out, according "to the pleasure of the duke; and you "ought to thank God for having open-"ed an avenue, through which you "may arrive at that fortune I know "you deserve." To this declaration he added other services, as became a 'prudent father; and I, the night be-'fore I departed, finding means to speak 'with Lucinda, told her what had hap-'pened; nay, I even imparted it to 'her father, entreating him to wait a 'few days, without disposing of her to 'any other, until I should know in 'what manner Ricardo wanted to em-'ploy me. He gave me his promise 'accordingly, and she confirmed it by 'a thousand vows and anxious sighs.

'I at length arrived at the seat of 'Duke Ricardo, by whom I was so 'well received and kindly entertained, 'that Envy presently began to do her 'office, possessing the old servants with 'the opinion, that every expression of 'favour I received from the duke was 'prejudicial to their interest. But he 'who was most rejoiced at my residing 'there, was the duke's second son, Fer-'nando, a gay, genteel, liberal, and 'amorous youth, who in a short time 'was pleased to honour me with such 'intimacy of friendship as became the 'subject of every body's discourse; and 'though the eldest brother loved and 'favoured me also, he did not carry his 'favour and affection to such a pitch. 'Now, as all secrets are communicated 'between friends, and the confidence 'in which I lived with Fernando was 'soon changed into friendship, he im-'parted to me his most secret thoughts, 'and among other things, a love affair 'that gave him a good deal of disquiet. 'In short, he had an inclination for a 'country-maid, who was his father's

'vaſſal; her parents were very rich, 'and ſhe herſelf ſo beautiful, reſerved, 'modeſt and diſcreet, that nobody who 'knew her could determine in which of 'theſe qualifications ſhe moſt excelled. 'Theſe accompliſhments of this fair 'maiden inflamed the deſires of Don 'Fernando to ſuch a pitch, that he re'ſolved, as the eaſieſt conqueſt over her 'virtue, to promiſe he would marry her; 'for he found it impoſſible to gratify 'his wiſh in any other way. I, prompt'ed and bound by my friendſhip, en'deavoured to diſſuade and divert him 'from his purpoſe, by the ſtrongeſt ar'guments and moſt lively examples I 'could produce; but finding them all 'ineffectual, I reſolved to communi'cate the whole affair to his father Duke 'Ricardo.

'Don Fernando, having abundance of 'cunning and diſcernment, ſuſpected 'my intention; and was afraid, that 'the obligation he ſaw I was under, 'as a faithful ſervant, would not al'low me to conceal an affair ſo preju'dicial to the honour of the duke my 'maſter; he therefore, in order to di'vert and deceive me, obſerved that 'he could find no better remedy to re'move the beauty that enſlaved him 'from his remembrance, than that of 'abſence for a few months; and there'fore deſired that we ſhould go to my 'father's houſe, upon pretence, as he 'would tell the duke, of ſeeing and 'purchaſing ſome fine horſes in our 'town, which produces the beſt in the 'world. Scarce had he uttered this 'propoſal, when prompted by my love, 'excluſive of his prudent intention, I 'approved of it, as one of the beſt con'certed ſchemes that could be imagin'ed; and was rejoiced at meeting with 'ſuch a fair conjuncture and occaſion 'of returning to my dear Lucinda. In'duced by this motive and deſire, I ap'plauded his pretence, and enforced his 'propoſal, adviſing him to execute his 'plan with all ſpeed; for abſence would 'certainly do it's office, in ſpite of the 'moſt eſtabliſhed inclination. At that 'very time, as I afterwards underſtood, 'he had enjoyed the country-maid, un'der the title of her huſband, and wait'ed for an opportunity of owning it 'with ſafety to himſelf, being afraid of 'the duke's reſentment, in caſe he ſhould 'diſcover his folly. It happened af'terwards, that as love in young peo'ple is, for the moſt part, nothing but 'appetite, whoſe only aim is pleaſure, 'and this being enjoyed, what ſeemed 'love vaniſhes, becauſe it cannot ex'ceed the bounds of nature; whereas 'real love is bounded by no ſuch li'mits: I ſay, as ſoon as Don Fernando 'enjoyed the country girl, his deſires 'were appeaſed, and his raptures abat'ed; and if at firſt he pretended to ſeek 'a cure for them in abſence, he now 'earneſtly deſired to be abſent, that he 'might avoid any farther gratification.

'The duke having given him leave, 'and ordered me to attend him, we ar'rived at our habitation, where he was 'received by my father in a manner 'ſuitable to his rank and family. I 'went inſtantly to viſit Lucinda, whoſe 'preſence in a moment rekindled all 'my deſires, which indeed were neither 'dead nor decayed within me: and, to 'my infinite misfortune, I made Don 'Fernando acquainted with my love, 'becauſe I thought, by the laws of that 'intimate friendſhip with which he ho'noured me, I ought to conceal nothing 'from him. I therefore praiſed the beau'ty, grace, and diſcretion of Lucinda, 'in ſuch a manner, as excited his cu'rioſity to ſee ſuch an accompliſhed 'young lady. Prompted by my evil 'genius, I gratified his deſire, ſhewing 'her to him one night by the light of 'a taper at the window from which I 'uſed to converſe with her. At ſight 'of her he abſolutely forgot all the 'beauties he had formerly ſeen; he 'was ſtruck dumb with wonder; he 'ſeemed to loſe all ſenſe, became ab'ſent and penſive; and in ſhort, ena'moured of her to that degree, which 'you will perceive in the courſe of my 'unhappy ſtory: and the more to in'flame his deſire, which he concealed 'from me, and diſcloſed to Heaven 'alone, he happened one day to find a 'letter which ſhe had written, deſiring 'me to aſk her in marriage of her fa'ther, ſo prudent, modeſt, and tender, 'that upon peruſing it, he ſaid, "In "Lucinda alone are concentered all the "charms of beauty and underſtanding, "which are divided among the reſt of "her ſex." True it is, and I will now 'confeſs it, and although I knew how 'juſtly Fernando applauded Lucinda, 'I was vexed at hearing theſe praiſes 'proceed from his mouth, and began 'to dread and ſuſpect his inclination;

'for

'for he was eternally talking of her, 'and always turned the diſcourſe upon 'her, even when he was obliged to 'bring her in by the head and ſhoul-'ders; a circumſtance that waked a 'ſort of jealouſy within me; not that I 'imagined ought could alter the faith 'and affection of Lucinda; yet, not-'withſtanding, my deſtiny made me 'dread the very thing that confidence 'inſured. Don Fernando always con-'trived means to read the letters I ſent 'to Lucinda, together with her an-'ſwers, on pretence of being highly 'pleaſed with the good ſenſe they con-'tained; and it once happened, that 'ſhe having deſired me to ſend her a 'book of knight-errantry, in which 'ſhe took great delight, called Ama-'dis de Gaul——'

Don Quixote no ſooner heard him mention this book, than he ſaid, 'Had 'you told me in the beginning of your 'ſtory, that your miſtreſs Lucinda was 'an admirer of books of chivalry, you 'would have had no occaſion to uſe any 'other argument to convince me of 'her ſublime underſtanding; which I 'ſhould not have deemed quite ſo ex-'traordinary as you have repreſented it, 'had ſhe wanted reliſh for that ſort of 'reading: wherefore you need not ſpend 'any more words with me, in extol-'ling her beauty, virtue, and good ſenſe; 'for, upon the knowledge of her taſte 'only, I pronounce her to be the moſt 'beautiful and diſcreet lady in the uni-'verſe. I wiſh, however, that you had 'ſent along with Amadis de Gaul, the 'worthy Don Rugel of Greece; for I 'know your miſtreſs Lucinda would 'have been greatly pleaſed with Da-'rayra and Garaya, together with the 'judicious ſayings of the ſhepherd Da-'rinel, and thoſe admirable verſes of his 'eclogues, ſung and repreſented by him 'with ſuch grace, ſpirit, and diſcretion; 'but the time will come when that 'omiſſion may be rectified; indeed, the 'fault may be repaired as ſoon as you 'ſhall pleaſe to accompany me to the 'place of my habitation, where I can 'ſupply you with more than three hun-'dred books, which are the feaſt of my 'ſoul, and entertainment of my life; 'though now I recollect, not one of 'them remains in my poſſeſſion; thanks 'to the malice of wicked and envious 'inchanters. But I hope you will 'be ſo good as to forgive me for hav-'ing contradicted my promiſe of not 'interrupting your ſtory; for when 'the ſubject turns upon chivalry or 'knights-errant, I can no more for-'bear interpoſing, than the rays of the 'ſun can ceaſe to warm, or thoſe of 'the moon to wet: but I aſk pardon; 'pray proceed with your ſtory; for 'that is moſt to the purpoſe at preſent.'

While Don Quixote was talking in this manner, Cardenio hung his head, and fell into a profound reverie; and though the knight repeated his requeſt, would neither lift up his head, nor an-ſwer one word. At length, after a long pauſe, looking up, 'You cannot,' ſaid he, 'beat it out of my thoughts; nor 'is there any perſon upon earth, who 'can perſuade me to the contrary; and 'he muſt be a blockhead, who ima-'gines or believes otherwiſe, than that 'the villian Maſter Eliſabat carried on 'a criminal correſpondence with Queen 'Madaſima.'—'By Heaven, 'tis falſe,' cried Don Quixote, with great indig-nation and impetuoſity, as uſual; 'that 'report is the effect of malice, or rather 'mere wantonneſs. Queen Madaſima 'was a moſt royal dame, and it is not 'to be preſumed, that a princeſs of her 'rank would confer favours upon a 'mere quack doctor. Whoſoever thinks 'otherwiſe, lyes like a very great ſcoun-'drel; and I will prove him ſuch either 'on horſeback or a foot, armed or diſ-'armed, by night or by day, as will moſt 'ſuit his inclination.' Cardenio ſtood all the while looking attentively at him, and being by this time ſeized with the paroxiſm of his madneſs, could not pro-ceed with his ſtory; neither, if he had proceeded, would Don Quixote have liſtened to it, for he was offended at what he had heard to the prejudice of Queen Madaſima*, whoſe reputation intereſted him as much as if ſhe had been actually his own miſtreſs: ſuch wonderful impreſſion had thoſe profane books made on his imagination!

I ſay, then, Cardenio being by this time under the influence of his diſ-traction, and hearing himſelf called lyar and ſcoundrel, with other terms of re-proach, could not reliſh the joke; but,

* Queen Madaſima, a lady in Amadis de Gaul, attended by one Eliſabat, a ſurgeon with whom ſhe travels, and lies in woods and deſarts.

ſnatching up a large pebble that lay near him, aimed it ſo ſucceſsfully at Don Quixote's breaſt, that he fell fairly on his back with the blow. Sancho Panza, ſeeing his maſter treated in this manner, attacked the madman with his clenched fiſt; but the lunatick received him with ſuch a blow, as knocked him down to the ground at once, and then getting upon him, mauled his carcaſe to his heart's content; while the goatherd, who attempted to defend him, met with the ſame fate. Having thus maſtered and pummelled them all round, he left off, and with great compoſure retreated to the thickets from whence he came. Sancho then aroſe; and, enraged to find himſelf handled in this manner for nothing, ran to take vengeance on the goatherd, ſaying that he was to blame for the whole, becauſe he had not informed him, that the man had intervals of madneſs; which had they known, they might have guarded againſt them. The goatherd affirmed, that he had apprized them of what might happen; and if they had not heard him, it was no fault of his. The ſquire replied; the goatherd retorted; and, in concluſion, they went by the ears together, and pulled each other's beards with ſuch fury, that there would not have been a ſingle hair left on either chin, had not Don Quixote interpoſed. Sancho, grappling ſtoutly with his adverſary, cried, 'Give me leave, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance; this is no armed knight, but a plebeian like myſelf, of whom I can ſecurely take ſatisfaction for the injury he has done me, by fighting with him hand to hand, like a man of honour.'—'True,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'but the cauſe of what hath happened, cannot be juſtly imputed to him.' Peace accordingly enſued, and the knight aſked the goatherd again, if there was a poſſibility of finding Cardenio; for he was extremely deſirous of hearing the concluſion of his ſtory. The goatherd repeated what he had ſaid before, that he did not certainly know whereabouts he reſided; but, if they ſhould ſtay long in theſe parts, they could not fail of finding him either mad or ſober.

CHAP. XI.

OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURES THAT HAPPENED TO THE VALIANT KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA IN THE SIERRA MORENA, WHERE HE DID PENANCE, IN IMITATION OF BELTENEBROS.

DON Quixote, having taken leave of the goatherd, and mounted Rozinante again, commanded Sancho to follow him; and the ſquire, beſtriding his aſs, obeyed with great reluctance. As they advanced at leiſure, into the moſt rocky part of the mountain, Sancho longed to death for an opportunity of talking, and waited impatiently till his maſter ſhould begin, that he might not tranſgreſs his orders; but, being utterly unable to keep ſilence any longer, 'Sir Don Quixote,' ſaid he, 'be pleaſed to give me your bleſſing, and grant me leave to return immediately to my wife and children, with whom, at leaſt, I can talk and prattle my fill; for in commanding me to travel with you, through theſe deſarts, night and day, without opening my lips when I am diſpoſed to ſpeak, your worſhip buries me alive; if it were the will of Heaven, that beaſts ſpoke as they did in the days of Hyſſop, I ſhould be the leſs uneaſy, becauſe I would converſe with my aſs at pleaſure; and that would be ſome comfort to me in my misfortunes; but it is a very hard caſe, and what I cannot bear with patience, to travel in ſearch of adventures all my life, and find nought but rib-roaſtings, blankettings, robberies, and fifty-cuffs; and, after all, be obliged to ſew up our mouths, without daring to bring up what lies upon our ſtomachs, more than if we were dumb.'

'I underſtand thee, Sancho,' replied the knight; 'thou art impatient until I take off the interdiction I have laid upon thy tongue. I take it off, then; ſay what you pleaſe, on condition that this repeal ſhall laſt no longer than our ſtay in this mountain.'—'Be it ſo,' ſaid Sancho; 'to-day I will ſpeak, to-morrow God's will be done; and the firſt uſe I make of this ſafe conduct, is to aſk why your worſhip was in ſuch a paſſion about that Queen Magimaſa, or how d'ye call her; or of what ſignification was it to you, whether that ſame Abat was her ſweetheart or not? Had your worſhip overlooked that circumſtance, that you had no concern in, I firmly believe the madman would have gone

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'on with his ſtory, and you would 'have ſaved yourſelf the pebble-ſhot, 'with more than half a dozen kicks 'and cuffs.'

'In faith, Sancho,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'If thou knewelt, as I do, 'what an honourable and princely la- 'dy that Queen Madaſima was, thou 'wouldſt ſay, I had great patience in 'forbearing to demoliſh the mouth 'from whence ſuch blaſphemy pro- 'ceeded; for ſure, 'tis no leſs to ſay, 'or even think, that a queen ſhould 'take a ſurgeon to her bed. The truth 'of the ſtory is, that Maſter Eliſabat, 'whom the lunatick mentioned, was 'a man of prudence and diſcernment, 'and ſerved the queen in quality of tu- 'tor and phyſician; but to ſuppoſe 'that there was any indecent familia- 'rity between them, is a piece of folly 'that deſerves to be ſeverely chaſtiſed: 'and to convince thee that Cardenio 'knew not what he ſaid, thou mayeſt 'remember he was deprived of his 'ſenſes, when he took notice of that 'circumſtance.'—'This I'll venture to 'ſay,' replied the ſquire, 'that the 'words of a madman are not to be 'minded; for, if fortune had not ſtood 'your worſhip's friend, and directed 'to your breaſt the pebble that was 'aimed at your head, we ſhould have 'been in a fine condition, for your 'having quarrelled about that lady, 'whom Heaven confound! you may 'depend upon it, Cardenio would have 'been acquitted on account of his mad- 'neſs.'

'Every knight-errant,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'is obliged to quarrel with 'thoſe who are out of their ſenſes, as 'well as thoſe who are in them, if they 'aſperſe the honour of women, what- 'ſoever they might be. How much 'more, then, in behalf of princeſſes of 'ſuch high quality and accompliſhments 'as adorned Queen Madaſima, for 'whom I have a particular affection, 'on account of her admirable qualifi- 'cations; for, over and above her 'beauty, ſhe had a great ſhare of pru- 'dence and reſignation in her calami- 'ties, which were manifold: and the 'advice and company of Maſter Eli- 'ſabat were of great ſervice in encou- 'raging her to bear her afflictions with 'patience and equanimity. From hence, 'the ignorant and malicious vulgar 'took occaſion to ſay and ſuppoſe, that 'ſhe admitted of his careſſes; but they 'lye. I ſay again, all thoſe who either 'ſay or think ſo, lye in their throats, 'and I will tell them ſo two hundred 'times over.'—'As for my own part,' ſaid Sancho, 'I neither ſay nor think 'any ſuch thing; thoſe that do may dine 'upon it: if they were too familiar, 'by this time they have anſwered for it 'to God. I prune my own vine, and 'know nothing about thine. I never 'meddle with other people's concerns. 'He that buys and denies, his own 'purſe belyes,' as the ſaying is. Bare I was born, and bare I remain; and 'if I loſe nothing, as little I gain. If 'he did lie with her, that is no matter 'of mine. Many people hunt the hare 'without ever finding the ſcut; for, 'Till you hedge in the ſky, the ſtar- 'lings will fly. And evil tongues will 'not refrain from God himſelf.'

'Good Heaven,' cried Don Quix- ote, 'what fooleries art thou ſtringing 'together, Sancho? Pray, what rela- 'tion have theſe old ſaws to the ſubject 'of our converſation? I charge thee to 'hold thy peace, and henceforth en- 'tertain thyſelf with ſpurring up thy 'aſs, and leave off talking of things 'which do not concern thee: or let thy 'whole five ſenſes be convinced, that 'every thing I have done, am doing, 'or will do, is highly reaſonable, and 'in exact conformity with the laws of 'chivalry, which I underſtand better 'than any knight that ever profeſſed 'the order.'—'Yes Sir,' replied Sancho, 'to be ſure it is an excellent law of chi- 'valry, to ſtroll about bewildered in theſe 'mountains, where there is neither high 'road nor bye path, in ſearch of a mad- 'man, who, after we have found him, 'will perhaps take it in his head to fi- 'nith what he left undone; not of his 'ſtory, but of your worſhip's pate and 'my ribs, which he may chance to 'break in a thouſand ſhivers.'

'I ſay again, Sancho,' reſumed the knight, 'hold thy peace; for I would 'have thee know, that I am not de- 'tained in this place ſo much by the 'deſire of finding the lunatick, as of 'performing in it an exploit by which 'I ſhall acquire everlaſting renown 'throughout the whole known world; 'and put the ſtamp of perfection upon 'the wonderful efforts of knight-er- 'rantry?'—'And will this exploit be 'attended with much danger?' ſaid San- cho,

cho. 'No,' answered he of the rueful countenance, 'though the dice may run 'so as to produce bad instead of good 'fortune; but the whole will depend 'upon thy diligence.'—'Upon my diligence!' cried the squire. 'Without 'doubt,' answered his master; 'for, if 'thou wilt return speedily, from the 'place to which thou must be sent, my 'affliction will soon be at an end, and 'my glory will speedily begin: and, 'that I may no longer keep thee in suspence about the meaning of my 'words, know, Sancho, that the celebrated Amadis de Gaul was one of 'the most perfect knights-errant; one 'of them, said I? he alone was the 'only, single, chief, and superior of all 'his cotemporaries. Contempt and 'shame upon Bellianis, and all those 'who say he equalled him in any one 'particular; for, by this light, they 'are all egregiously deceived! I say, 'moreover, when a painter desires to 'become famous in his art, he endeavours to imitate the originals painted 'by the most noted artists; and the 'same maxim holds in every other 'science and exercise that adorns a 'commonwealth: therefore, he who 'wants to attain the virtues of prudence and equanimity, must endeavour to imitate the character of Ulysses, in whose person and sufferings 'Homer has drawn an excellent picture 'of wisdom and patience, as Virgil, in 'the person of Æneas, represents the 'piety of an affectionate son, and the 'sagacity of a wise and valiant general; not that they are described and 'set forth exactly as they were, but as 'they ought to have been, as examples 'of virtue to posterity. In the same manner, Amadis shone like the north-'star, the Lucifer and sun of all valiant 'and amorous knights; and therefore 'must be imitated as a pattern, by all 'those who serve under the banners of 'love and chivalry. Now, this being 'the case, friend Sancho, I find that 'the knight-errant who approaches the 'nearest to this great original, will bid 'fairest for attaining the perfection of 'chivalry: and one of the circumstances in which that knight gave the 'highest proofs of his worth, prudence, valour, patience, constancy, 'and love, was his retiring to the poor 'rock, when he was in disgrace with 'his mistress Oriana, there to do penance under the feigned name Beltenebros*; an appellation certainly 'very significant and proper to the way 'of life he had voluntarily chosen. As 'it is therefore more easy for me to 'imitate him in this than in cleaving 'giants, beheading serpents, slaying 'dragons, overthrowing armies, scattering navies, and dissolving inchantments; and as this solitude is so well 'adapted to such designs, I am resolved 'to seize occasion by the forelock, 'which she now so complaisantly presents.'

'In reality,' said Sancho, 'what is 'your worship resolved to do in this remote place?'—'Have I not already 'told thee,' replied the knight, 'that I 'am determined to imitate Amadis, in 'acting the desperado, the lunatick, 'the madman: to copy also after the 'valiant Don Roldan, when he discovered, in a fountain, certain marks by 'which he was convinced that Angelica the fair had committed uncleanness with Medoro. A piece of information attended with such grief 'and anxiety, that he ran mad, tore 'up the trees by the root, sullied the 'waters of the transparent springs, slew 'shepherds, destroyed flocks, set fire to 'cottages, demolished houses, dragged 'mares along the ground, and performed a thousand other insolent feats 'worthy to be inserted in Fame's eternal 'record: and because I do not propose 'to imitate Roldan, or Orlando, or Rotolando, for he went by all these 'names, literally in all the extravagancies he thought, said, and did, I will 'copy his outlines as well as I can, in 'the most essential parts of his character; nay, perhaps, I may content 'myself with the sole imitation of 'Amadis, who, by his tears and sighs 'alone, acquired as much fame as the 'other with all the mischief he did.'—'If I apprehend the matter aright,' said Sancho, 'the knights who played such 'mad pranks were provoked, and had 'some reason to act these fooleries and 'penance: but what cause hath your 'worship to turn madman? With what 'lady are you in disgrace? or by what

* The Beautiful Obscure.

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'signs are you given to understand that 'the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso has 'been playing the rogue either with 'Moor or Christian?'—'This is the 'point,' answered Don Quixote, 'and 'refinement of my design; a knight 'who turns madman, because he can-'not help it, can claim no merit from 'his misfortune; but the great matter 'is to run distracted without cause, 'and give my lady reason to conceive 'what I could do were I moisten-'ed, when I can do so much being 'dry. More especially, as I have suf-'ficient cause in the long absence to 'which I am doomed by my ever-dar-'ling mistress Dulcinea del Toboso; 'for, according to the words of the 'shepherd Matias Ambrosio, which 'thou mayest have heard,

"In absence of my charming fair,
"I suffer all those ills I fear."

'Wherefore, friend Sancho, you need 'not throw away your time unprofit-'ably, in advising me to refrain from 'an imitation at once so admirable, 'rare, and happy: mad I am, and 'mad I shall be until thou returnest 'with the answer of a letter which I 'propose to send by thee to my Lady 'Dulcinea; and if it be such as I am 'entitled to by my love and fidelity, 'my distraction and penance will end; 'but, should it be otherwise, I shall 'run mad in earnest, and consequently 'be insensible of my misfortune: where-'fore, let her answer be as it may, it 'will extricate me from the doubts and 'affliction in which thou leavest me; 'because, if it be favourable, I shall 'enjoy it in my right senses; and if 'it be unfavourable, my frenzy will 'not feel it.

'But tell me, Sancho, hast thou 'taken care of Mambrino's helmet, 'which I saw thee take up, after that 'ungrateful vagabond endeavoured in 'vain to break it in pieces; a circum-'stance that proves the excellency of 'it's temper?' To this exclamation, Sancho replied, ''Fore God! Sir Knight 'of the Rueful Countenance, I cannot 'suffer, nor bear with patience, some 'things which your worship says; for 'they make me imagine, that all you 'have mentioned about chivalry, and 'acquiring kingdoms and empires, and 'giving away islands, with other fa-'vours and presents, according to the 'practice of knights-errant, is nothing 'but puffs of falsehood, and the mere 'effect of piction or fiction, or what do 'you call it: for who that hears your 'worship call a barber's bason the hel-'met of Mambrino, and sees you con-'tinue in that error so many days, but 'will believe, that he who affirms such 'nonsense must be very much crazed 'in his understanding? The bason, 'which is all bruised and battered, I 'have put up in my bag, in order to be 'mended at home, and used for the ser-'vice of my own beard, if ever, by the 'grace of God, I come to see my wife 'and family.'—'Hark ye, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'by the same oath 'you swore, I swear again, that thou 'hast the most slender understanding 'that any squire in this world does or 'ever did possess! Is it possible, that 'after all thy travelling in my com-'pany, thou art not convinced that 'every thing belonging to knights-'errant, appears chimera, folly, and 'distraction, being metamorphosed into 'the reverse of what it is, by the 'power of a tribe of inchanters who 'attend us, changing, converting, and 'restoring each particular, according to 'their pleasure, and the inclination they 'have to favour or annoy us: for which 'reason, what seems a barber's bason to 'thee, I can easily discern to be the 'helmet of Mambrino, and perhaps to 'a third, it will assume a quite diffe-'rent appearance; and I cannot but 'admire the providence of the sage who 'is my friend, in making that which is 'really and truly Mambrino's helmet, 'appear a bason to the rest of mankind, 'because it is of such inestimable va-'lue, that if it was known, the whole 'world would combine to ravish it from 'me; but as it appears to them no 'more than a barber's bason, they ne-'ver attempt to obtain it. This was 'plainly the case with the villain, who, 'having endeavoured to break it in 'pieces, left it on the ground, when 'he went off; whereas, had he known 'what it was, in good faith he would 'not have quitted it so easily. Keep it, 'therefore with care, my friend, for at 'present there is no occasion for it; on 'the contrary, I shall strip off all my 'armour, and remain naked as I was

'born,

'born, in case I be inclined to imitate 'the penance of Roldan, rather than 'that of Amadis.'

Conversing in this manner, they arrived at the foot of a high mountain that stood alone, as if it had been cut out from the rest that surrounded it. A gentle rill murmured by the skirts of it, winding along a meadow, so green and fertile, that it ravished the spectator's eye; while a number of forest trees that grew around, together with some delicious herbs and flowers, conspired to make the place inchanting. This was the scene in which the knight of the rueful countenance chose to do penance; and therefore he no sooner perceived it, than he began to exclaim aloud, as if he had actually lost his senses, 'This is the spot, ye heavens! which I chuse and appoint my 'residence, while I bewail that misfortune to which you yourselves have reduced me. This is the place where 'the tears from these eyes will increase the waters of that little brook; 'and where my profound and uninterrupted sighs will incessantly move the 'leaves of these mountain-oaks, in 'witness and testimony of the pangs 'which my tormented heart endures. 'O ye rural deities, whosoever ye are, 'who take up your mansion in this uninhabited place, give ear to the complaints of an unhappy lover, whom a 'tedious absence and imaginary doubts 'have brought to lament among these 'craggy hills, and bemoan the cruel 'disposition of that ungrateful fair, 'who is the end and perfection of all 'human beauty? O ye nymphs and 'dryads, who were wont to inhabit the 'hills and groves, (so may no nimble 'and lascivious satyrs, by whom you 'are beloved, though loved in vain, 'disturb your sweet repose) help me to 'bewail my mishap: or at least disdain 'not to hear my moan!—O Dulcinea 'del Toboso! light of my darkness! 'glory of my affliction! north-star of 'my inclinations! and planet of my 'fortune! as Heaven shall pour upon 'you the blessings which you ask; consider the place and condition to which 'your absence hath exiled me, and put 'such a period to my woe, as my fidelity shall seem to deserve! O ye solitary trees, who henceforth are to bear 'me company in this retreat, convince 'me, by the gentle waving of your 'boughs, that my presence gives you 'no disgust.—And thou, my squire, the 'agreeable companion of my good and 'evil fortune, faithfully retain in thy 'remembrance what thou shalt see me 'do, that thou mayest recount and rehearse every circumstance to the lovely 'cause of all my distraction!' So saying, he alighted; and, taking off the bridle and saddle from Rozinante, gave him a slap on the buttocks, pronouncing these words: 'He who is a slave himself, bestows freedom upon thee, O 'steed, as excellent in thy qualities as 'unlucky in thy fate! go wheresoever 'thou wilt; thou beareſt engraven on 'thy forehead, that thou wast never 'equalled in swiftness, either by Astolpho's Hypogriff, or the renowned 'Frontino that cost Bradamante so 'dear.'

Sancho, hearing this apostrophe, 'My 'blessing,' cried he, 'be upon him 'whose industry now saves us the trouble of taking the halter from the head of Dapple*, who, in good faith, 'should not want slaps on the buttocks, 'nor abundance of fine things said in 'his praise; but, if he was here, I 'would not consent to his being turned 'loose, there being no reason for so doing; for he was never acquainted 'with love and despair, no more than 'I, who was his master, while it pleased God I should be so: and truly, 'Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, 'if this departure of mine, and distraction of your worship, are really 'to take place, you had better saddle 'Rozinante again, to supply the want 'of Dapple; by which means a great 'deal of time will be saved in my going and coming; whereas, if I make 'the journey on foot, I know not when 'it will be performed; for, in short, 'I am a very sorry walker.'—'I say, 'be it so, then, Sancho,' answered Don Quixote: 'I approve of thy pro'posal; and assure thee, that thou shalt 'set out in three days, during which I 'would have thee take notice of what 'I shall do for her sake, that thou 'mayest be able to give her a full account of my behaviour.'—'What 'more can I see,' said Sancho, 'than 'I have seen already?'—'You are pretty

* Lo! Sancho's ass hath disappeared again.

'perfect

'perfect in your ſtory,' anſwered the knight; 'but, as yet, I have not torn my 'cloaths, ſcattered my armour, and 'daſhed my head againſt the rocks, nor 'performed many other things of this 'ſort, which thou wilt behold with ad-'miration.'—'For the love of God, 'Sir!' cried Sancho, 'take care how 'you daſh your head againſt the rocks; 'for you may chance to meet with ſuch 'a one as will, at the firſt puſh, put the 'finiſhing ſtroke to this whole ſcheme 'of penance; and I ſhould think, that 'as knocks of the head are abſolutely 'neceſſary to compleat the work, your 'worſhip might content yourſelf, ſee-'ing the whole affair is a ſham, a 'counterfeit, and a joke; I ſay, your 'worſhip might content yourſelf with 'ramming your ſkull againſt water, or 'ſome ſoft thing, like a cotton bag; and 'leave it to my care to tell my lady, that 'your worſhip went to loggerheads with 'the point of a rock a thouſand times 'harder than adamant.'—'Friend San-'cho,' replied the knight, 'I am oblig-'ed to thee, for thy kind intention; 'but, thou muſt know, that what I 'do is not a ſham, but a very ſerious 'matter; for, to behave otherwiſe, were 'to tranſgreſs the orders of chivalry, 'which forbid us to lye, under pain of 'being degraded; and you know, that 'to ſubſtitute one thing inſtead of an-'other, is downright telling a lye: 'wherefore, my knocks on the head 'muſt be real, hard, and effectual, 'and not ſophiſticated or imaginary; 'and it will be neceſſary to leave me 'ſome lint for my wounds, ſince it was 'the will of fate that we ſhould loſe 'the balſam.'

'It was a much greater misfortune,' ſaid the ſquire, 'to loſe the aſs, and 'with him the lint and all; but I be-'ſeech your worſhip, not to talk of that 'accurſed drench, the ſole mention of 'which not only turns my ſtomach, 'but even my very ſoul; and I beſeech 'you, moreover, to ſuppoſe we have 'paſſed thoſe three days, which you 'have appointed for ſhewing me your 'mad pranks; for I take them all for 'granted, and will tell wonders of 'them to my lady. Write the letter, 'therefore, and diſpatch me forthwith: 'becauſe I am impatient till I return 'and deliver your worſhip from that 'purgatory in which I leave you.'—'Purgatory! call you it, Sancho?' re-plied Don Quixote: 'it rather deſerves 'the name of hell, or ſomething worſe, 'if worſe can be.'—'I have heard,' ſaid the ſquire, 'that from hell there is 'no retention.'—'I know not,' re-plied the knight, 'what you mean by 'retention.'—'Retention,' anſwered Sancho, 'ſignifies, that whoſoever goeth 'to hell, neither will nor can come 'back again. The contrary of which 'ſhall happen to your worſhip, or my 'feet will miſgive me, provided I car-'ry ſpurs to quicken Rozinante: and 'ſet me once face to face before my Lady 'Dulcinea, at Toboſo, I will tell her 'ſuch ſtories of the folly and madneſs, 'for they are both the ſame thing, which 'your worſhip has committed, and will 'then be committing, that though I 'ſhould find her harder than a cork-'tree, I will make her as pliant as a 'glove; and, with her ſweet and ho-'nied anſwer, return through the air, 'like a witch, and deliver your worſhip 'from this purgatory, that appears like 'hell, though it be not really ſo, becauſe 'there are ſome hopes of getting out of 'it; whereas thoſe who are actually in 'hell can have no ſuch expectation; and 'I dare ſay, your worſhip will not ad-'vance any thing to the contrary.'

'That is all very true,' ſaid he of the rueful countenance; 'but how ſhall 'we make ſhift to write this letter?'—'Aye, and the bill for the colts?' added Sancho. 'That ſhall be inſerted 'in the letter,' anſwered his maſter; 'and I think, as there is no paper to 'be had in this place, the beſt thing 'we can do, will be to write in the 'manner of the ancients, on the leaf 'of a tree, or on waxen tables; though 'I believe, thoſe will be as difficult to 'be found as the paper. But, now I 'remember what will do well, and ex-'cellently well, for our purpoſe: I will 'write it in the pocket-book which be-'longed to Cardenio, and thou ſhalt 'take care to have it fairly tranſcribed 'in the firſt place where thou canſt find 'a ſchool-maſter or a pariſh-clerk to 'copy it. But, by no means employ 'a ſcrivener, who may write it in ſuch 'an unintelligible court-hand, that Sa-'tan himſelf could not underſtand it.' —'But what is to be done about the 'ſigning of it?' ſaid Sancho. 'Love-'letters are never ſigned,' replied Don

Quixote. 'True,' resumed the squire; 'but all bills must be subscribed: and 'if this of yours were to be copied, 'they would say the subscription was 'counterfeit, and I might go whistle 'for my colts.'—'The bill shall be 'subscribed with my own hand in the 'pocket-book; which my niece shall 'no sooner see, than she will comply 'with the order, without any farther 'objection: and with regard to the letter, instead of my subscription, thou 'shalt cause to be inserted, "Yours, "till death; the Knight of the Rueful "Countenance." And though it be 'written by another hand, it is of small 'importance, because, now I remember, Dulcinea can neither read nor 'write, nor ever set eyes on any writing or letter of mine: for our mutual 'love has been altogether platonick, 'without extending farther than a modest glance; and even that so seldom, 'that I can safely swear, in twelve 'years, during which I have loved her 'more than the light of these eyes, which 'will one day be closed in dust, I have 'not seen her more than four times, 'and even in these four times, perhaps, 'she hath not perceived me looking at 'her more than once. Such is the restraint and reserve in which her father 'Lorenzo Corchuelo, and her mother 'Aldonza Nogales, have brought her 'up!'

'Ah, ha!' cried Sancho, 'is the 'daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, whose 'other name is Aldonza Lorenza, the 'same with the Lady Dulcinea?'—'Yes,' answered the knight; 'and she 'deserves to be lady of the whole uni'verse.'—'I know her perfectly well,' said Sancho; 'and this will venture to 'say in her behalf, that she will pitch 'the bar as well as e'er a lusty young 'fellow in the village. Bless the sender! 'she is a strapper, tall, and hale wind 'and limb; and can lift out of the 'mire any squire or knight errant, who 'shall chuse her for his sweetheart. 'Ah! the whore's chick! what a pair 'of lungs and voice has she got! I 'heard her one day hallow from the 'belfray to some young fellows of her 'acquaintance, who were at work in a 'corn-field of her father's; and, though 'it was at the distance of half a league, 'they heard her as plain as if they had 'been right under the steeple; and what 'is better still, she is not at all coy, 'but behaves herself civilly; and jokes 'and romps, and plays the rogue with 'any body. Now, Sir Knight of the 'Rueful Countenance, I say that your 'worship not only has cause to run 'mad for her, but even to despair and 'hang yourself; and I am sure nobody 'that heard it, but would say you had 'done extremely well; even though the 'devil should run away with you; and 'truly, I wish I were now upon my way, 'merely to see her; for I have not beheld her these many days: and, surely, she must be greatly altered; for 'the sun and weather does very much 'damage to the face of a woman 'who is always at work in the field. 'To tell you the truth, Sir Don Quixote, I have hitherto lived in great ignorance with respect to my Lady Dulcinea, whom I verily believed to be 'some princess, that your worship was 'in love with; or a person of such 'rank as to deserve the rich presents 'you sent to her; namely, the Biscayan 'and galley-slaves, with many others 'whom you conquered in the course of 'your numberless victories, both before and since I have been your squire. 'But, when one considers the affair, 'what benefits can my Lady Aldonza 'Lorenzo—I mean, my Lady Dulcinea 'del Toboso, reap from your worship's 'sending, or having sent those whom 'you overcome in battle, to fall upon 'their knees before her? especially as 'they might chance to come at a time 'when she is busy, carding flax and 'threshing corn; in which case, they 'would be ashamed to see her, and she 'laugh and be out of humour at their 'arrival.'—'I have frequently observed 'before now, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'that thou art an everlasting babler; 'and, though of a shallow understanding, thy bluntness borders often on 'severity; but, to convince thee of thy 'own ignorance and my discretion, thou 'shalt give ear to a short story which I 'will relate.

'Know, then, that once upon a time 'a certain handsome widow, young, free, 'wealthy, and, above all, good-humoured, fell in love with a thick, 'squat, brawny, lay-brother, belonging to a neighbouring convent; the 'superior of which being informed 'of the affair, said to the widow, one 'day, by way of brotherly reproof, "I am amazed, Madam, and not with-

"out

" out cauſe, that a lady of your rank, " beauty, and fortune, ſhould beſtow " your affection upon ſuch a low, ſim- " ple, clowniſh fellow; when there are " ſo many matters, graduates, and di- " vines, in the convent, among whom " your ladyſhip may chuſe, as one " picks pears, ſaying, " This I like, " that I loath." The lady anſwered, ' with great freedom and vivacity, " Signior, you are very much deceiv- " ed, and very old-faſhioned in your " opinion, if you think I have made a " bad choice in that fellow who ſeems " ſo ſimple: for, in that particular " which I admire, he is as much of a " philoſopher, nay, more than Ari- " ſtotle himſelf." In like manner, San- ' cho, Dulcinea del Toboſo is as pro- ' per for my occaſions as the higheſt ' princeſs upon earth. All the poets, ' who have celebrated ladies, under ' names which they invented at plea- ' ſure, had not really ſuch miſtreſſes as ' they deſcribe. Doſt thou imagine, ' that all the Amaryllis's, Silvia's, Phil- ' lis's, Diana's, Galatea's, Alida's, and ' other names ſo often met with in ro- ' mances, poems, barbers ſhops, and on ' the ſtage, actually belonging to ladies ' of fleſh and blood, who were adored ' by thoſe who ſing, and have ſung ' their praiſes? No, ſurely; but, on ' the contrary, are, for the moſt part, ' feigned and adopted as the ſubjects of ' verſe, that the poets may be thought ' men of amorous and gallant diſpoſi- ' tions. Wherefore, let it ſuffice, that ' I imagine and believe the worthy Al- ' donza Lorenzo to be beautiful and ' modeſt: and, as to her pedigree, it is ' a matter of ſmall importance; there ' is no neceſſity for taking information ' on that head, as if ſhe were to be in- ' veſted with ſome order of knighthood; ' and I take it for granted, that ſhe is ' the nobleſt princeſs in the univerſe; ' for, thou muſt know, Sancho, if it ' be a thing of which thou art ignorant, ' that the two qualities, which, above ' all others, inſpire love, are beauty ' and reputation: and theſe two is Dul- ' cinea in conſummate poſſeſſion of; ' for in beauty ſhe excels all women, ' and is equalled by very few in point ' of reputation. And, to conclude, I ' imagine that all I have ſaid is true, ' without exaggeration or diminution. ' I paint her in my fancy according to ' my wiſh, as well in beauty as in rank; ' unexcelled by Helen, unrivalled by ' Lucretia, or any other heroine of ages ' paſt, whether Grecian, Roman, or ' Barbarian; and let people ſay what ' they will, if I am blamed by the ig- ' norant, I ſhall be acquitted by the ' moſt rigid of thoſe who are proper ' judges of the caſe.'—' I ſay,' an- ſwered Sancho, ' that your worſhip is ' very much in the right, and I am no ' better than an aſs: but I know not ' why I ſhould mention the word aſs; ' for one ought not to talk of halters in ' the houſe of a man who was hanged. ' But give me the letter, and farewel ' till I return.'

Don Quixote pulled out the memo- randum-book, and, ſtepping aſide, with great compoſure, began to write the letter; which, when he had finiſhed, he called to Sancho, ſaying he wanted to read it to him, that he might retain it in his memory, in caſe he ſhould loſe it by the way; for every thing was to be feared from his evil fortune. ' Your ' worſhip,' anſwered Sancho, ' may ' write it down two or three times in ' the book, and I will take ſpecial care ' to convey it ſafely; but it is folly to ' ſuppoſe that I can retain it in my me- ' mory, which is ſo bad, that I have ' many a time forgot my own name; ' but, notwithſtanding, pray, Sir, read ' it to me; I ſhall be hugely rejoiced ' to hear it; for it muſt certainly be ' curiouſly penned.'—' Liſten then, and ' I will read it,' ſaid Don Quixote; who began as follows.

Don Quixote's Letter to Dulcinea del Toboſo.

' SOVEREIGN AND SUBLIME ' PRINCESS,

' HE who is wounded by the edge ' of abſence, and whoſe heart ' is ſtuck full of the darts of affliction, ' moſt divine Dulcinea del Toboſo! ' wiſhes thee that health which he is ' not doomed to enjoy. If I am ſcorn- ' ed by thy beauty, if thy virtue affords ' me no relief, if thy diſdain compleats ' my misfortune; albeit, I am inured ' to ſuffering, I can ill ſupport the ' miſery I bear; which hath not only ' been exceſſive, but alſo of long dura- ' tion. My truſty ſquire Sancho will give ' thee an ample relation, O ungrateful ' beauty and lovely foe! of the ſituation ' in which I remain on thy acc[illegible]

'if it be thy will to succour me, I am 'thy slave: if not, use thy pleasure; 'for the end of my life will satisfy thy 'cruelty and my desire. Thine till 'death,

'THE KNIGHT OF THE RUEFUL 'COUNTENANCE.'

'By my father's soul!' cried Sancho, 'this is the highest thing I ever heard. 'Odds-niggers! how your worship 'writes whatsoever you please, and how 'curiously you conclude, "The Knight "of the Rueful Countenance." I verily 'believe your worship is the devil him-'self, and knows every thing.'—'All 'that knowledge,' replied the knight, 'is necessary for the employment I pro-'fess.'—'Why, then,' said the squire, 'be so good as to write on the other 'leaf the order for the three colts, and 'be sure to subscribe distinctly, that 'when it is presented, your hand-writ-'ing may be known.'—'With all my 'heart!' said Don Quixote, who having written the order, read it aloud in these terms.

'DEAR NIECE,

'PLEASE deliver to Sancho Panza, 'my squire, or order, at sight of 'this my first bill of colts, three of the 'five which I left at home in your cus-'tody; which three colts I order you 'to pay, in return for the like number 'received of him: and this bill, toge-'ther with his receipt, shall be a suffi-'cient acquittance to you.

'Given in the heart of the brown 'mountain, the twentieth and second of 'August, this present year.'

Sancho liked the form, and desired his master to sign it. 'There is no oc-'casion for my signing it,' said Don Quixote, 'with any thing but my cy-'pher, which is sufficient not only for 'three, but three hundred asses.'—'As 'to that, I will take your worship's 'word; and now give me leave to go 'and saddle Rozinante, which when 'I have done, and received your bles-'sing, I intend forthwith to depart, 'without staying to see you play any 'foolish tricks, though I will affirm, I 'have beheld you perform so many, that 'she will desire to hear no more of 'the matter,'—'At least, Sancho,' said the knight, 'I would have thee, 'because there is a necessity for it, stay 'and see me strip, and perform a do-'zen or two of mad pranks, which I 'can easily finish in half an hour; for, 'when thine eyes shall have been wit-'nesses of some things I will act, thou 'mayest safely swear to what additions 'thou shalt make in thy report; and 'I assure thee, thou wilt not relate the 'half of what I intend to atchieve.'—'For the love of God, dear Sir!' cried Sancho, 'let me not see your worship 'naked; for it will give me so much 'uneasiness, that I shall not be able to 'refrain from weeping; and my head 'aches already with the sorrow I felt 'last night about Dapple; so that I 'cannot bear to be set a mourning a-'gain; wherefore, if it be your wor-'ship's pleasure that I should see some of 'your mad actions, pray dispatch them 'in your cloaths; and let them be such 'as will stand you in most stead: for my 'own part, I think there is no occasion 'for any such thing; and if you dis-'pense with them, it will save time, 'and send me back the sooner with 'such news as your worship desires 'and deserves. For, if my Lady 'Dulcinea is not prepared to send a 'reasonable answer, I solemnly pro-'test, I will extract a favourable reply 'out of her maw, by kicking and cuf-'fing. What! is it to be borne, that 'such a renowned knight-errant as your 'worship, should run mad without why 'or wherefore, on account of a —— I 'would not have her ladyship compel 'me to speak; or, egad, I shall blab 'things by the dozen, even though they 'should spoil the market. I am a rare 'fellow at that sport. I find she knows 'a little of my temper, otherwise i'faith! 'she would take care to give me no of-'fence.'—'In good faith, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'thou seemest to be as 'mad as myself.'—'Not quite so mad,' replied the squire, 'but a little more 'cholerick; but enough of that. What 'eatables has your worship got to live 'upon till my return? will you go to 'the high-road, and rob the shepherds, 'like Cardenio?'—'Let not that give 'thee any concern,' answered the knight; 'though I had store of provisions by me, 'I should eat nothing but the herbs and 'fruits which this meadow and these 'trees afford; the perfection of my de-'sign consisting in abstaining from food,

'and

'and in encountering other hardſhips.'—'Your worſhip muſt know,' ſaid Sancho, 'that I am afraid I ſhall not find 'my way back again to this concealed 'and unfrequented place, in which I 'leave your worſhip.'—'Take good 'notice of the marks,' anſwered the knight, 'and I ſhall endeavour to re-'main always near this very ſpot: nay, 'I will take care to aſcend the higheſt 'rocks hereabouts, that I may have a 'chance of deſcrying thee afar off, in 'thy return. But, the beſt ſcheme for 'preventing thy being bewildered, will 'be, to cut down ſome of the furze 'that grows here in great plenty, and 'drop bunches of it, at ſmall diſtan-'ces on the way, until thou ſhalt reach 'the flat country: and they will ſerve 'as land-marks to guide thee hither on 'thy return, like the clue of Theſeus, 'in the labyrinth of Crete.'

'I will take your advice,' ſaid Sancho; who accordingly cutting a large bundle, begged his maſter's bleſſing, and took his leave, not without many tears on both ſides. Then mounting Rozinante, whom Don Quixote ſtrongly recommended to his care, commanding him to pay as much regard to the ſteed as he would ſhew for his own perſon; he ſet out for the plain, ſcattering, by the way, the furze he had cut, according to the direction of his maſter. In this manner then, did he begin his journey, notwithſtanding the inceſſant importunities of Don Quixote, who ſolicited him to ſtay and ſee ſome of his extravagancies: but, he had not travelled above an hundred yards, when he returned, ſaying, 'I confeſs your wor-'ſhip was in the right, when you ob-'ſerved, that, in order to my ſwear-'ing with a ſafe conſcience that I have 'ſeen you perform mad pranks, it would 'be neceſſary for you to play ſome in 'my preſence; although, in my opi-'nion, I have ſeen a pretty good ſample 'already in your ſtaying here by your-'ſelf.'—'Did not I tell thee ſo, San-'cho?' ſaid Don Quixote: 'wait a lit-'tle, and I will finiſh them in a twink-'ling.' So ſaying, he ſtripped off his breeches in a great hurry, leaving his poſteriors covered by the tail of his ſhirt alone, and without farther ceremony, cut a couple of capers, and a like number of tumbles, with his head down and his heels up, diſcloſing particulars, which ſhocked the modeſty of Sancho ſo much, that in order to avoid the ſight of them a ſecond time, he turned Rozinante, fully ſatisfied and pleaſed, that he might now honeſtly ſwear he had left his maſter diſtracted. We will therefore let him purſue his journey, till his return, which was more ſpeedy than could be expected.

CHAP. XII.

A CONTINUATION OF THE REFINEMENTS IN LOVE, PRACTISED BY DON QUIXOTE IN THE BROWN MOUNTAIN.

BUT, to return to the account of what the Knight of the Rueful Countenance executed when he found himſelf alone. The hiſtory relates, that, having performed the capers and the tumbles, naked, from the waiſt downward, and perceived that Sancho was gone, without waiting to ſee more of his extravagancies, he climbed to the top of a high rock, and there revolved what he had often reflected upon without coming to any concluſion; namely, whether it was better and more fit for his purpoſe, to imitate Orlando in his outrageous, or Amadis in his melancholy madneſs. 'It is not 'to be wondered at,' ſaid he within himſelf, 'if Orlando was ſuch a ſtout 'and valiant knight as he is repreſent-'ed; for he was actually inchanted, 'and invulnerable by every weapon but 'the point of a pin, thruſt into his 'foot, upon which he always wore a 'ſhoe with ſeven ſoles of iron: though 'that precaution did not avail him againſt 'Bernardo del Carpeio, who being in-'formed of the contrivance, ſtrangled 'him in his arms at the battle of Ron-'cevalles: but the circumſtance of his 'valour apart, let us conſider that of 'his loſing his ſenſes, which actually 'happened, when he found the tokens 'in the fountain, and received the in-'formation of the ſhepherd, by which 'he learned that Angelica had ſlept 'more than two afternoons with Mo-'dero, the little Moor with curled 'locks, who was Agramante's page; 'and, truly, if he was convinced in his 'own mind, that his miſtreſs had miſ-'behaved in that manner, it was no 'great feat to run mad upon the diſ-'covery. But why ſhould I imitate

'him

'him in his madneſs, when the occaſion is not ſimilar; for, my Dulcinea del Toboſo, I dare ſwear, never 'in all the days of her life, beheld one 'Moor in his own likeneſs; and is this 'day as much a virgin as the mother 'that bore her; I ſhould therefore do 'her a manifeſt injury, in imagining 'otherwiſe, and adopting that kind of 'madneſs which poſſeſſed Orlando Furioſo. On the other hand, I am ſenſible that Amadis de Gaul, without loſing his ſenſes, or acting the madman, acquired as much, or more fame 'than he, in the character of a lover; 'for, according to the hiſtory, all that 'he did, when he found himſelf in 'diſgrace with his miſtreſs Oriana, who 'baniſhed him from her preſence during pleaſure, was to retire, in company of a hermit, to the poor rock, 'where he contented himſelf with bemoaning his misfortune, until Heaven ſent him ſuccour, in the midſt of 'his great neceſſity and affliction. If 'this circumſtance, therefore, be true, 'as I know it is, why ſhould I now 'take the trouble of ſtripping myſelf 'naked, or give umbrage to theſe 'trees; which have done me no harm! 'or what reaſon have I to defile the 'pure ſtream of theſe rivulets, which, 'when I want it, will yield me pleaſant 'drink! Flouriſh, then, the memory of 'Amadis! and let him be imitated as 'much as poſſible, by Don Quixote de 'La Mancha, of whom may be ſaid, 'that which is recorded of another*, '"If he did not atchieve great things, "at leaſt he died in attempting." And, 'though I am not baniſhed nor diſdained by my Dulcinea, let it ſuffice, 'as I have already ſaid, that I am abſent from her. Come, then, let us begin: recur to my remembrance, ye 'feats of Amadis, and initiate me in 'the imitation of your fame. I know 'his chief exerciſe was prayer, and in 'that too will I follow his example.' So ſaying, he compoſed a roſary of the large galls of a cork tree, which he ſtrung together inſtead of beads; but, he found an unſurmountable difficulty in the want of an hermit to confeſs and conſole him: wherefore, he entertained himſelf in ſtrolling about the meadow, writing and engraving verſes on the barks of trees, and the ſmooth ſand; all of them on the ſubject of his own melancholy, or in praiſe of his miſtreſs Dulcinea; but, after he was found in this place, none, except the following, remained intelligible and entire.

I.

YE trees and herbs, ſo green and tall,
That ſhade this meadow, and adorn,
If you rejoice not at my thrall,
Give ear unto a wretch forlorn;
Nor let my grief, though loud, invade
Your peace; but, by Don Quixote, be a
Self-offer'd tax of ſorrow, paid
In abſence of his Dulcinea
del Toboſo.

II.

Theſe are the rocks to which he's driven
By her who ſeems not much to care for
The trueſt lover under heaven:
And yet he knows not why nor wherefore.
By love toſs'd like a tennis-ball,
A caſk of tears will not defray a
Whole day's expence of grief and gall,
In abſence of his Dulcinea
del Toboſo.

III.

Among theſe craggy rocks and brambles,
He hangs, alas! on ſorrow's tenters;
Or curſes, as alone he rambles,
The cruel cauſe of his misventures.
Unpitying love about his ears,
With ſcourge ſevere began to play a
Moſt dreadful game, that made his tears
Flow for his abſent Dulcinea
del Toboſo.

Theſe verſes, with the addition of del Toboſo, to the name of Dulcinea, afforded infinite diverſion to thoſe who found them: for, they concluded Don Quixote had imagined, that, if he named her without this title, the ſtanza could not poſſibly be underſtood; and this was really the caſe, as he afterwards owned. Many other ditties did he compoſe; but, as we have already obſerved, none but theſe three ſtanzas could be decyphered and read. In this amuſement, in ſighing, invoking the fauns and ſylvans of thoſe woods, the nymphs of the brooks, with

* Probably alluding to the epitaph of Phaeton.

Hic ſitus eſt Phaeton, currus auriga paterni,
Quem ſi non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit auſis.

the

the damp and doleful echo to hear, console, and resound his complaints; and, in culling plants to sustain nature, he employed himself till the return of Sancho, who, had he stayed three weeks, instead of three days, the knight of the rueful countenance would have been so emaciated and disfigured, that he could not have been known by the mother who bore him.

However, it will not be amiss to leave him, engrossed by his sighs and poetry; in order to recount what happened to Sancho Panza, in the execution of his embassy. Having reached the highway, this trusty messenger took the road to Toboso, and next day arrived at the very inn where he had met with the disgraceful adventure of the blanketting. He no sooner perceived the unlucky house, than he fancied himself cutting capers in the air again; and was very lothe to enter, although it was then dinner time, and he was very much instigated by the desire of tasting something hot, as he had lived for a great many days past on cold victuals only. This inclination compelled him to ride close up to the inn, where, while he was sitting in suspence, and hesitating whether or not he should enter, two persons happened to come to the door, and knowing him immediately, the one said to the other, 'Pray, 'Mr. Licentiate, is not that man on 'horseback our neighbour Sancho Pan-'za; who, as the housekeeper told us, 'went out with our adventurer in qua-'lity of squire?'—'The very same,' answered the licentiate, 'and that is the in-'dividual horse of our friend Don Quix-'ote.' And no wonder they should know him so easily; for they were no other than the curate and barber of the knight's town, by whom the scrutiny and trial of his books were held. Having therefore recognized Sancho Panza and Rozinante, and being impatient to hear news of Don Quixote, they ran up to the squire, and the curate called him by name, saying, 'Friend Sancho, 'where is your master?' Sancho, who recollected them also, resolved to conceal the place and condition in which he had left his master; and therefore answered, that the knight was in a certain place, employed about a certain affair of the utmost importance, which he durst not disclose for the eyes that stood in his head. 'That pretence will not 'do, Sancho,' said the barber; 'if 'you refuse to tell where he is, we shall 'imagine, as indeed we do, that you 'have robbed and murdered him, and 'taken possession of his horse; so that 'in good sooth, you must either pro-'duce him, or in this very spot, we 'will——' 'You have no occasion,' cried Sancho, interrupting him, 'to 'threaten people in this manner; I am 'not the man to rob and murder any 'person; every man must fall by his 'own fortune, or by the will of God 'that created him: my master is sound 'and safe, doing penance in the midst 'of that mountain, to his heart's con-'tent.' He then, without pausing, in a breath informed them of the condition in which he left him, recounted all the adventures which had happened to him, and told them of the letter he was carrying to my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who was no other than Lorenzo Corchuelo's daughter, with whom his master was up to his ears in love.

They were astonished at what the squire related, and though well acquainted with the particular species of Don Quixote's madness, this instance afforded fresh admiration: they desired Sancho to shew them the letter for the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso; and he told them it was only a rough draught, written on the leaf of a pocket-book; and that his master had ordered him to get it transcribed on a sheet of paper, with the first convenient opportunity. The curate promised to transcribe it in a fair legible hand, and again desiring a sight of it, Sancho put his hand in his bosom, in search of the book, which, however, he could not find; and indeed, had he fumbled till this time, it would have been to no purpose; for he had left it with Don Quixote, who had forgot to give, as he to ask it of him, before he set out. Sancho missing his charge, grew pale as death, and searching again his whole body with great eagerness, could find nothing; upon which, without more ado, he laid hold of his beard with both hands, and plucked one half of it from his chin; then, with vast dispatch and precipitation, belaboured his face and nose in such a manner, as left the whole covered with blood. The curate and barber seeing him make so free with his own person, asked what had happened to him, that made him handle himself so roughly. 'What 'has happened to me?' cried the squire, 'I have

'I have loſt and let ſlip through my 'fingers in an inſtant, three aſs colts, 'each of which was as tall as a tower.' —'By what means?' reſumed the barber. 'I have loſt,' anſwered Sancho, 'the pocket-book, in which was writ-'ten the letter for Dulcinea, together 'with an order, ſigned by my maſter's 'own hand, deſiring his niece to de-'liver to me three colts out of four or 'five which he has at home.' At the ſame time he told them how he had loſt Dapple. The curate comforted him, by ſaying, that when he returned, his maſter would renew the order, and give him a bill upon paper, as the cuſtom is, for thoſe written in pocket-books are never accepted or paid.

With this aſſurance Sancho conſoled himſelf, obſerving, ſince that was the caſe, he ſhould not give himſelf much uneaſineſs about the loſs of the letter, which, as he retained it by heart, he could cauſe to be tranſcribed where and when he pleaſed. The barber deſired him to repeat it, telling him they would tranſcribe it; upon which Sancho began to ſcratch his head, in order to recollect it, ſtanding ſometimes on one foot, ſometimes on the other. One while he fixed his eyes upon the ground, then lifted them up to Heaven; at laſt, after a moſt tedious pauſe, during which he gnawed off the half of one of his nails, and kept his hearers in the moſt impatient ſuſpence; 'Fore God, Mr. 'Licentiate,' ſaid he, 'I believe the de-'vil has run away with every word that 'I remembered of this letter; though I 'am poſitive it began with ſubterrene 'and ſublime princeſs!'—'It could 'not be ſubterrene,' ſaid the barber, 'but ſuperterrene or ſovereign.'—'You 'are in the right,' reſumed Sancho; 'then, if my memory does not fail me, 'it went on with the ſmitten, the ſleep-'leſs, and the ſore, kiſſes your hands, 'moſt ungrateful and unregarded beau-'ty; and ſomething or other of health 'and diſtemper which he wiſhed her; 'running on at this rate, till he con-'cluded with, "yours, till death, the "Knight of the Rueful Countenance."

The hearers were not a little diverted with this ſpecimen of Sancho's memory, which they applauded very much; deſiring him to repeat the letter again, twice over, that they might retain it, until they could have an opportunity of tranſcribing it. He accordingly renewed his efforts, repeated it three times; and as often recited three thouſand other abſurdities. He likewiſe gave them an account of every thing which had befallen his maſter; but mentioned not a ſyllable of the blanketting that had happened to himſelf, in that very inn which he refuſed to enter; nay, he gave them to underſtand that his maſter, as ſoon as he could bring him a favourable diſpatch from my Lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, would put himſelf in the way of becoming an emperor or monarch at leaſt, according to the plan ſettled between them. This he repreſented as a very eaſy matter, conſidering the valour of his perſon, and ſtrength of his arm; and told them, that this deſign would be no ſooner accompliſhed, than the knight would beſtow upon him in marriage, (for by that time, he muſt of neceſſity be a widower) one of the maids of honour to the empreſs; a fine young lady, and heireſs of a vaſt and wealthy eſtate upon the main land, without any oilands or iſlands, which he did not much care for.

Sancho uttered this piece of wrong-headed information with ſuch compoſure, wiping his noſe from time to time, that his townſmen could not help admiring anew the madneſs of Don Quixote; which, like a whirlpool, had ſucked in and ſwept along with it the underſtanding of this poor ſimpleton. They did not chuſe to fatigue themſelves with endeavours to convince him of his error; but, as they believed it was not prejudicial to his conſcience, reſolved, for their amuſement, to encourage him in his folly; with this view they adviſed him to pray to God for long life and health to his maſter; and obſerved, that it was a thing both likely and feaſible that he ſhould, in proceſs of time, become an emperor, at leaſt an archbiſhop, or attain ſome ſtation of equal dignity. To this encouragement Sancho replied, 'Gentlemen, if for-'tune ſhould bring matters about, ſo 'as that my maſter ſhould incline to 'be an archbiſhop rather than an em-'peror, I ſhould be glad to know what 'archbiſhops-errant beſtow upon their 'ſquires?' The curate told him, that they commonly gave him ſome ſimple benefice, curacy, or the office of ſacriſtan, with a good yearly income, beſides the fees of the altar, which are uſually reckoned at as much more.

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'In order to fill an employment of that 'kind,' answered Sancho, 'the squire 'must be unmarried, and at least capa- 'ble of assisting at mass; and if that 'be the case, what will become of me, 'who have not only the misfortune to 'be married, but am also ignorant of 'the first letter of the A, B, C; should 'my master take it in his head to be an 'archbishop, rather than an emperor, 'according to the custom of knights- 'errant?'—'Don't make yourself un- 'easy about that matter, friend San- 'cho,' said the barber; 'for we will 'intreat and advise your master, nay, 'even make it an affair of conscience, 'for him to become an emperor rather 'than archbishop, as a station more suited 'to his disposition, which is more war- 'like than studious.'—'I was of the 'same opinion,' resumed Sancho; 'but 'now, I'll venture to say, he has a ca- 'pacity for every thing: and what I 'intend to do, is to beseech our Lord 'to direct his choice to that station 'which will be most for his own ho- 'nour and my advantage.'—'You 'speak like a sensible man,' said the curate; 'and in so doing will act the 'part of a good Christian; but, our 'present business is to think on some 'means of putting an end to this use- 'less penance your master has imposed 'upon himself; and in the mean time 'go in to dinner.' Sancho desired them to enter, saying he would wait for them at the door, and afterwards tell them why he did not go in, and wherefore it was not proper for him so to do; but begged they would be so good as to bring out something hot for himself, and some barley for Rozinante. They accordingly went in, and in a little time the barber brought him out a mess of hot victuals. After they had both maturely deliberated about the means of accomplishing their design, the curate fell upon a scheme, extremely well-adapted to the taste of the knight, as well as to their purpose. He proposed to clothe himself in the dress of a lady-errant, and that the barber should disguise himself as well as he could, in the likeness of a squire; which being done, they should go to the place where Don Quixote was, and the priest, on pretence of being a damsel in distress, should beg a boon, which he, as a valiant knight-errant, could not help granting. This boon should be a request, that he would accompany her to a certain place whither she would conduct him, there to redress an injury she had received from a discourteous knight; and the boon should be attended with an humble supplication, that he would not desire her to take off her mask, nor ask any question about her affairs, until he should have done her justice upon her adversary. And as he firmly believed that Don Quixote would comply with any request made in that stile, he hoped, by these means, to withdraw him from the mountain, and conduct him to his own habitation, where they would endeavour to find some remedy for his strange disorder.

CHAP. XIII.

HOW THE CURATE AND BARBER SET OUT ON THE EXECUTION OF THEIR PLAN; WITH OTHER EVENTS WORTHY TO BE RECORDED IN THIS SUBLIME HISTORY.

THIS scheme of the curate was so well relished by the barber, that they began to put it in execution immediately; by borrowing of the landlady a petticoat and tucker, for which the priest left a new cassock in pawn; while the barber made an artificial beard of the tail of a pied ox, in which the innkeeper used to stick his comb. When the hostess asked what occasion they had for these things, the curate gave her a brief account of Don Quixote's madness, and explained the use to which they intended to put the disguise, in order to disengage him from the mountain where he then was. The innkeeper and his wife immediately discovered that this lunatick was no other than their quondam guest, who was author of the balsam, and master of the blanketted squire; and recounted to the curate every thing that had happened, not even forgetting the circumstance which Sancho was at such pains to conceal. In short, the landlady dressed up the curate in a most curious manner; she put upon him a cloth petticoat flounced and furbelowed, with a broad border of black velvet, and a cloth jerkin of green velvet, garnished with robings of white sattin, which, together with the petticoat, seemed to have been made in

the reign of King Bamba*; he would not suffer himself to be coifed, but covered his head with a quilted linen night-cap, which he always carried about with him; and bound his forehead with a garter of black taffety, making a sort of mask with the other, which effectually concealed his countenance and beard. Over all, he flapped his beaver, which was so broad that it might have served for an umbrella; and, wrapping himself up in his cloak, mounted his mule, sitting sideways like a woman; while the barber bestrid his own beast, with his beard flowing down to his girdle, of a white and red colour, being made, as we have before observed, of a pied ox's tail.

Thus equipped, they took leave of every body present, even the kind Maritornes, who promised, though a sinner, to mumble a whole rosary over in prayers to God, for the good success of that arduous and Christian design they had undertaken; but scarce had they sallied from the inn, when the curate began to think he was to blame for disguising himself; it being, in his opinion, indecent for a priest to appear in such a manner, how much soever depended upon their success. He therefore proposed that he should exchange characters with the barber, who might act the part of the damsel in distress, while he took that of the squire, which he thought did not so much profane the dignity of the cloth; and unless his neighbour would agree to this proposal, he assured him that he was resolved to go no farther, even if the devil himself should carry off Don Quixote. At that instant Sancho chanced to come up, and seeing them in such a garb, could not refrain from laughing; in short, the barber assented to every thing the other proposed; and the plan being thus altered, the curate began to instruct him touching his behaviour and speech to Don Quixote, in order to move and induce him to accompany them, and quit that place he had chosen for the scene of his vain and extravagant penance. The barber told him, that without his lessons, he knew very well how to demean himself in the character; and as he did not chuse to put on the dress till they should be near Don Quixote, he folded it up with great care; the priest adjusted his beard; and both together proceeded on their journey, under the direction of Sancho Panza, who by the way related to them what happened between his master and the madman whom they met with in the Brown Mountain; concealing, nevertheless, the circumstance of the portmanteau, and it's contents; for, notwithstanding his simplicity, our youth was as covetous as wiser people.

Next day they came to the broom boughs, which Sancho had strewed, in order to ascertain the place where he had left his master: he no sooner, therefore, perceived his marks, than he told them that was the entrance into the mountain; and desired them to put on their dresses, if they were necessary towards the deliverance of his master: for they had already assured him, that their travelling in such disguise was of the utmost importance, in disengaging the knight from that disagreeable course of life he had chosen: and they charged him not to tell his master that he knew who they were; and if he should ask, as doubtless he would, whether or not he had delivered the letter to Dulcinea, they advised him to answer in the affirmative, and tell him, that as she could not read it, she had sent her answer by word of mouth, commanding him, on pain of her displeasure, to appear in her presence with all convenient speed, on an affair of the utmost consequence to him: for, with this answer, and other speeches they intended to make, they did not at all doubt of reconciling him to a better way of life, and prevail upon him immediately to begin his career towards being an emperor or king; and as to the office of archbishop, Sancho had nothing to fear. The squire listened to these directions, which he carefully deposited in his memory, thanking them heartily for their intention to advise his master to accept of an emperor's crown, rather than an archbishop's mitre; as he was very sensible that emperors could do more for their squires than archbishops-errant. He also proposed to go before, in search of his master, and impart to him this answer of his lady, which, he assured them,

* Bamba, or Wamba, king of the Visigoths in Spain, mounted the throne in the year 672, and was famous for his success against the Arabians, as well as for his attachment to the Christian religion, as a proof of which he retired into a monastery, and resigned the kingdom to Ervige.

would

would be ſufficient to bring him out of the mountain, without their being put to any farther trouble. They approved of his opinion, and reſolved to ſtay where they were until he ſhould return with the news of his having found Don Quixote: accordingly, Sancho proceeded towards the heart of the mountain, leaving them in a ſpot watered by a ſmall purling brook, and ſhaded in a moſt cool and agreeable manner by ſome rocks and trees that grew round it.

It being then the month of Auguſt, when the heat in thoſe parts is exceſſive, and three in the afternoon, which is the hotteſt time of the day, they were the more charmed with the ſituation, which was ſo inviting, that they choſe it for the place of their reſidence, until Sancho ſhould return. While they lay at their eaſe, under the covert of this ſhade, their ears were ſaluted with the ſound of a voice, which, though unaccompanied by any inſtrument, ſung ſo ſweet and melodiouſly, that they were ſtruck with aſtoniſhment; little expecting to meet with ſuch a delicious warbler in that unfrequented place; for though it is uſually ſaid, that the woods and mountains abound with ſhepherds, who ſing moſt inchantingly, that report is rather the fiction of poets than the voice of truth: beſides, the verſes which they heard were not compoſed in the ruſtick phraſe of clowns, but in a polite and courtly ſtrain; as may be perceived by the ſong itſelf, which follows:

I.

Ah! what inſpires my woeful ſtrain?
Unkind diſdain!
Ah! what augments my miſery?
Fell jealouſy!
Or ſay, what hath my patience worn?
An abſent lover's ſcorn.
The torments, then, that I endure,
No mortal remedy can cure:
For every languid hope is ſlain,
By abſence, jealouſy, diſdain!

II.

From Love, my unrelenting foe,
Theſe ſorrows flow!
My infant glory's overthrown,
By Fortune's frown;
Confirm'd in this my wretched ſtate,
By the decrees of Fate.
In Death alone I hope releaſe
From this compounded, dire diſeaſe;
Whoſe cruel pangs to aggravate,
Fortune and Love conſpire with Fate!

III.

Ah, what will mitigate my doom?
The ſilent tomb!
Ah! what retrieve departed joy?
Inconſtancy!
Or ſay, can aught but frenzy, bear
This tempeſt of deſpair?
All other efforts, then, are vain,
To cure this ſoul-tormenting pain,
That owns no other remedy
Than madneſs, death, inconſtancy.

The hour, the ſeaſon, and the ſolitude, conſpired with the agreeable voice of the ſinger, to increaſe the wonder and ſatisfaction of the hearers, who liſtened for ſome time in expectation of ſomething elſe; but the ſilence having continued a good while, they reſolved to go in queſt of the perſon who ſung ſo enchantingly, and were juſt going to ſet out on this deſign, when they were arreſted by the ſame voice, which again ſaluted their ears with this other ſong:

I.

O ſacred Friendſhip! mild and gay,
Who to the regions of the bleſs'd
Hath ſoar'd, and left mankind a prey
To fraud, in thy reſemblance dreſs'd:

II.

Auſpicious hear, and hither ſend
Thy ſiſter Truth, with radiant eyes,
To brand the falſe profeſſing friend,
Detected in the fair diſguiſe.

III.

Or come thyſelf, and re-inſpire
The purpoſe candid and humane;
Elſe Peace and Order will retire,
While Horror and Confuſion reign.

This ſonnet was concluded with a moſt profound ſigh, and the curate and barber began again to liſten for more; but, finding the muſick converted into mournful ſobs and interjections, they were determined to know who this melancholy perſon was, who ſung ſo well, and groaned ſo piteouſly. They had not gone many paces with this intent, when turning the point of a rock, they perceived a man of the ſame make and appearance that Sancho deſcribed, when he related the ſtory of Cardenio: he did not ſeem ſurprized at ſight of them, but ſtood with his head reclining upon his breaſt, in a very penſive poſture, without lifting his eyes to look at them, after their firſt ſudden appearance. The

curate, who was a well-spoken man, concluding, from the description, that this must be he whose misfortune he had been apprized of, went up, and in a short, but pathetick address, exhorted and entreated him to quit that miserable course of life, which was the greatest of all misfortunes, and altogether perverted the end of his being. Cardenio being at that time in one of his lucid intervals, entirely free of that frantick paroxism which used so utterly to deprive him of his senses, and seeing two people so differently dressed from those he commonly met with in that solitude, could not help being somewhat surprized; especially, when he heard him talk of his misfortune as a circumstance with which they were well acquainted; for the curate had mentioned it in the course of his expostulation: and therefore he answered in this manner:

'I plainly perceive, gentlemen, that 'Heaven, which is careful in succouring the good, and sometimes even the 'bad, hath sent, though I little deserve 'such favour and condescension, divers 'people into this unfrequented solitude, 'so remote from all commerce and so'ciety, in order to convince me by just 'and various arguments, how unreasonably I act in leading this kind of 'life, which they have endeavoured to 'make me exchange for a better; and, 'as they know not the reasons I have to 'think that, in quitting this situation, 'I shall be plunged into a worse; they 'have perhaps looked upon me as a 'person of very shallow understanding, 'or, which is still a conjecture more 'unfavourable, a downright madman: 'and truly, it is not to be wondered at, 'if that was really the case; for I can 'easily conceive, that my misfortunes 'operate so intensely upon my imagi'nation, and impair my faculties so 'much, that sometimes, in spite of 'all my endeavours to the contrary, I 'become, like that rock, void of all 'sentiment and knowledge; and am 'convinced of my infirmity too late, 'when people shew me the marks of 'what I have done, while I was un'der the influence of that terrible transport: then, all that I can do, is to 'bewail my distemper; curse my lot in 'vain; and, in excuse of my madness, 'relate my sufferings to all who express 'the least desire of hearing them; that 'those of sounder judgment, knowing 'the cause, may not wonder at the ef'fects; and if they cannot prevent, at 'least pardon my frenzy; converting 'their indignation at my extravagance 'into compassion for my woes; and if 'you, gentlemen, are come with that 'intention, which hath brought others 'to this place, before you proceed with 'your prudent admonitions, I intreat 'you to hear the detail of my misfor'tunes, which you do not yet know, 'and then, perhaps, you will save your'selves the trouble which you might 'otherwise take, in consoling an af'fliction that admits of no consola'tion.'

The two friends, who desired nothing else than to hear from his own mouth the cause of his misfortune, earnestly begged he would recount it, and promised to attempt nothing contrary to his own inclination in the way of remedy or comfort. Thus assured, the melancholy gentleman began his distressful story, nearly in the same words and circumstances which he had used a few days before, to Don Quixote and the goatherd, when he was interrupted in the affair of Mr. Elisabat, by the knight's punctuality in asserting the decorum of chivalry, as the particulars of that quarrel have been already related: but now he remained fortunately free from his paroxism, and of consequence, had time to finish the narration, which was imperfect before. When he therefore came to the circumstances of the letter which Don Fernando had found between the leaves of Amadis de Gaul*, he said he remembered the contents, and accordingly repeated them in these terms.

"LUCINDA TO CARDENIO.

"I Every day discover new qualities in "Cardenio, which oblige and com"pel me to esteem him the more. If "you are inclined to extricate me out of "all suspence, you may effectuate your "purpose, without the least prejudice to "my honour; for my father, who is "well acquainted with your virtues, "loves me dearly, and far from tyran"nizing over my affections, will chear-

* There is no such letter mentioned in his conversation with Don Quixote.

"fully

" fully grant that which is so justly your " due, if your passion is such as I wish " and believe it to be."

' I resolved, as I have already told ' you, to demand Lucinda in marriage, ' upon the receipt of this letter, which ' not only confirmed Don Fernando's ' high opinion of her prudence and vir- ' tue, but also inflamed him with the ' desire of ruining my hopes, before I ' should be able to bring them to matu- ' rity. I told this faithless friend, Lu- ' cinda's father expected that mine ' should propose the match; and that ' I durst not communicate my desire to ' him, lest he should refuse to comply ' with it: not that he was ignorant of ' Lucinda's rank, virtue, beauty, and ' qualifications, which were sufficient ' to ennoble any other family in Spain; ' but, because I understood he was ' averse to my being married, until he ' should see what Duke Ricardo would ' do in my behalf; in short, I told him ' that I would not venture to propose it, ' being afraid not only of this ill con- ' sequence, but also of many others ' which I could not foresee; although I ' had a strong impression upon my ' mind, that my wishes would never ' be compleated. In answer to this de- ' claration, Don Fernando undertook ' to manage the affair, and prevail upon ' my father to propose the match to Lu- ' cinda's parents.——O villain! more ' ambitious than Marius, more cruel ' than Catiline, more savage than Sylla, ' more fraudulent than Galalon, more ' treacherous than Vellido*, more venge- ' ful than Julian, and more covetous ' than Judas! cruel, false, vindictive ' traitor! what injuries hadst thou suf- ' fered from this poor credulous wretch, ' who with such confidence discloseth to ' thee the most secret recesses of his soul! ' What offence had he given? what ' words had he uttered, or what ad- ' vice had he offered, that did not di- ' rectly tend to thy honour and advan- ' tage?——But, unhappy that I am! ' wherefore should I complain? seeing ' it is a thing certain, that when once ' the tide of misfortune, heaped up by ' one's malignant stars, begins to de- ' scend with violence and fury, no earth- ' ly mound can oppose, nor human in- ' dustry divert it's course. Who could ' imagine, that such an illustrious, ac- ' complished young gentleman, as Don ' Fernando, who lay under obligations ' for the services I had done him, and ' was powerful enough to obtain the ' gratification of his wish, whithersо- ' ever his amorous inclination pointed, ' should plague himself, as I may ' say, in attempts to rob me of my ' single lamb, even before I had possess- ' ed it?

' But, let us lay aside these vain and ' unprofitable reflections, and rejoin the ' broken thread of my unfortunate sto- ' ry. Well, then, Don Fernando, per- ' ceiving that my presence would be an ' obstruction to the execution of his ' false and perfidious design, resolved ' to send me back to his elder brother, ' on pretence of getting money to pay ' for six horses, which he purposely ' bought that very day he undertook to ' speak to my father, in order to have ' an excuse for sending me away, that ' he might, in my absence, the more ' easily succeed in his villainous inten- ' tion. Was it possible for me to pre- ' vent this treachery, or indeed conceive ' his design! No, surely. On the con- ' trary, I offered, with the utmost ala- ' crity, to set out forthwith, so pleased ' was I with the purchase he had made. ' That very night I had a private con- ' versation with Lucinda, in which I ' told her the scheme I had concerted ' with Don Fernando, and bade her rest ' assured in the hope that our just and ' honourable desires would soon be gra- ' tified. She, as little suspicious of ' Don Fernando's perfidy as I was, en- ' treated me to return with speed, be- ' lieving that our wishes would be com- ' pleated, as soon as my father should ' mention the affair to her's. I don't ' know upon what account, her eyes ' were filled with tears when she pro- ' nounced these words; and something ' that seemed to swell in her throat, ' prevented her from uttering another ' syllable, though she looked as if she ' had something more to say. I was ' confounded at this new circumstance, ' which had never happened before: in ' all our former conversations, which ' my good fortune offered, or my dili- ' gence effected, there had been nothing

* Who murdered Sancho I. king of Castile, while he was engaged in the siege of Zamora.

' but

'but joy and satisfaction, without any 'mixture of tears, sighs, jealousy, 'dread, or suspicion; all my discourse 'used to consist of acknowledgments 'to Heaven, for having bestowed upon 'me such a mistress, whose beauty I 'extolled, and whose virtue and good 'sense I admired; while she returned 'the compliment, by praising those 'qualities in me, which she, in the 'partiality of her fondness, deemed 'worthy of applause; besides, we 'used to entertain each other with an 'account of a thousand trifling ac-'cidents that happened among our 'neighbours and acquaintance: and 'the heighth of my vivacity never 'amounted to more than the seizing of 'one of her delicate white hands, and 'pressing it to my lips, through the 'narrow distance betwixt the rails that 'divided us. But, on that night, 'which preceded the fatal day of my 'departure, she wept, sighed, and sob-'bed, and left me filled with confu-'sion and surprize, and terrified at such 'unusual and melancholy marks of 'grief and affliction in my Lucinda. 'But I was flattered by my hopes, 'which ascribed the whole to the 'strength of her passion, and that sor-'row which is commonly produced by 'the absence of a beloved object. In 'fine, I set out, pensive and sad, my 'imagination tortured with suspicions 'and doubts, which my reflection 'could neither digest nor explain: a 'sure presage of the melancholy fate 'that awaited me.

'I arrived at the place of my desti-'nation, and delivered my letters to 'Don Fernando's brother, who re-'ceived me kindly; but, far from dis-'patching me immediately, desired me, 'to my infinite regret, to wait eight 'whole days in a place where his fa-'ther should not see me, because his 'brother had writ to him to send the 'money without the knowledge of the 'duke. But this was altogether an 'invention of the false Fernando, whose 'brother had money enough, and could 'have sent me back the very same day 'on which I arrived. This was such 'an order as I was scarce able to obey, 'for I thought it impossible to support 'life for so many days in the absence of 'Lucinda, considering the sorrow in 'which I had left her. Yet, notwith-'standing, I resolved to do my duty 'like a faithful servant, though I very 'well foresaw that my obedience must 'be at the expence of my peace. Four 'days of the eight were not yet elaps-'ed, when a man came in search of 'me, and gave me a letter, the super-'scription of which I no sooner beheld, 'than I knew it to be written by Lu-'cinda's own hand. I opened it with 'fear and trembling, believing that 'there must be something very extraor-'dinary in the case, which induced her 'to write to me in my absence; consi-'dering that while I was present, she 'had been so sparing of her pen *. 'But, before I read a syllable, I asked 'the messenger, who had put it into his 'hands, and how long he had been upon 'his journey? He answered, that pass-'ing through a certain street, about noon, 'he was stopped by a very beautiful 'young lady, who called to him from 'a window, saying, with great earnest-'ness, while the tears trickled from 'her eyes, "Brother, if you are a "Christian, as you seem to be, I en-"treat you, for God's sake, to carry "this letter to the place and person for "whom it is directed; they are both "well known; and in so doing, you "will render a piece of service accept-"able to the Lord. That you may "not want conveniencies upon the "road, here is something to defray "the expence of your journey." So "saying, she threw down a handker-"chief, in which were tied a hundred "rials, this gold ring, and the letter I "have delivered. Then, without wait-"ing for a reply, she went from the "window, after having seen me take "up the handkerchief and the letter, "and make signs that I would do as "she desired. Accordingly, finding "myself so well paid for the trouble I "should be at, and seeing, by the di-

* The original *pues presente pocas vezes lo hazía*, signifies, 'Since while I was present 'she did it very seldom.' This at first sight appears a solecism, and the petulant critick will exclaim, 'What occasion had she to write to her lover who was present, unless she 'had lost the faculty of speech!' But the seeming absurdity will vanish, when we reflect that by *present*, he means, in the same city with his mistress; to whom, however, according to the custom of Spain, he had little or no access but by a literary correspondence.

"rection,

" rection, that you was the person to " whom it was sent, (and I know you " perfectly well;) induced, moreover, " by the tears of that beautiful young " lady, I resolved to trust no other " messenger, but come and deliver it " with my own hand; and in sixteen " hours, which are past since I receiv- " ed it, I have travelled to this place, " which, as you know, is about eighteen " leagues from our town." While ' I listened attentively to the informa- ' tion of this grateful and extraordinary ' courier, my legs shook under me in ' such a manner, that I could scarce ' stand upright. At length, however, ' I ventured to read the letter, which ' contained these words.

" THE promise which Don Fernan- " do made, to prevail upon your " father to propose a match to mine, " hath been performed more to his " inclination than your advantage. " Know, Cardenio, that your pre- " tended friend asked me in marriage " for himself; and my father, swayed " by the advantage which he thinks " Don Fernando has over you in point " of fortune, hath given his consent so " much in earnest, that two days hence " the nuptials are to be celebrated so " privately, that none but Heaven, and " some people in the family, are to be " present at the marriage. My situ- " ation you may guess. If it be in " your power, return with all speed, " and the event of this affair will shew " whether I love you tenderly or not. " Heaven grant that this may come to " your hand, before mine shall be pre- " sented to him who so ill performs the " duty of a friend!"

' This, which was the sum of what ' the letter contained, made me set out ' immediately, without waiting for any ' answer, or the money for which I had ' come. For, by that time, I plainly ' perceived that it was not the purchase ' of the horses, but his own treacherous ' intention, which had induced Don ' Fernando to send me out of the way. ' The indignation I conceived against ' him, together with the fear of losing ' the jewel which I had acquired, and ' treasured up with such unwearied ser- ' vices and care, added wings to my ' speed, and conveyed me to the place ' of my habitation, just at the hour and ' minute proper for my going to visit ' Lucinda. I entered the town privately, ' and leaving my mule at the house of ' the honest man who brought the let- ' ter, I went to the rail, which was the ' constant witness of our love, and there ' was so far favoured by fortune as to ' find Lucinda.—We knew each other ' presently; though not as we ought to ' have known each other. But, who ' is he who can arrogate praise to him- ' self, for having fathomed and discern- ' ed the capricious sentiments and ' fickly disposition of woman? Surely no man on earth.—But this apart. ' Lucinda perceiving me, " Carde- " nio," said she, " I am now in my " bridal dress, and this moment ex- " pected in the hall by the traitor Don " Fernando, my covetous father, and " some other people, who shall bear " witness to my death sooner than to " my marriage. Be not confounded, " my friend, but endeavour to be pre- " sent at the sacrifice, which, if I can- " not prevent by my declaration, I " wear a dagger concealed, which can " obstruct a more vigorous determina- " tion; and, by putting an end to my " life, begin to convince thee of the " sincere passion I have always enter- " tained, and still retain for my Car- " denio." Afraid I should want time ' to answer her, I replied with great ' hurry and confusion, " Let your " words be verified by your deeds, Ma- " dam. If you have a dagger to assert " your love, I wear a sword to defend " it; or, should fortune prove our foe, " to rid myself of life." I believe she ' did not hear all that I said, because ' she was called away in a hurry, to the ' bridegroom, who waited for her.'

' Thus deepened the night of my ' distress; thus set the sun of my hap- ' piness! I remained without light to ' my eyes, or reflection to my mind, ' for some time; I could neither resolve ' to enter her father's house, nor re- ' move to any other place; at length, ' however, considering of what conse- ' quence my presence might be, in case ' any thing extraordinary should hap- ' pen, I recollected myself, as well as ' I could, and went in, without being ' perceived, as I was well acquainted ' with all the passages and corners of ' the house, and was favoured by the ' confusion which then prevailed in it ' on account of the nuptials. Thus

' entering,

'entering, unseen, I found means to 'conceal myself in the hollow of a 'window in the hall, that was covered 'by the meeting of two pieces of ta-'pestry, from behind which I could, 'without being perceived, observe eve-'ry thing that happened.

'How shall I describe the throbbings 'and palpitations of my heart, the 'images that occurred to my fancy, 'the reflections that I made while I re-'mained in that situation! they were 'such as I neither can nor ought to de-'scribe. Let it suffice to say, the bride-'groom came into the hall, without 'any other ornaments than his usual 'dress, attended by a first cousin of 'Lucinda, in quality of bridesman, no 'other person being present, except 'some servants of the family. A lit-'tle while after Lucinda came in from 'her closet, accompanied by her mo-'ther and two waiting-women; and as 'richly dressed and adorned as her rank 'and beauty deserved, or as the per-'fection of gaiety and gallantry could 'invent. The suspence and transport 'of my soul would not allow me to ob-'serve and mark the particulars of her 'dress; I could only take notice of the 'colours, which were carnation and 'white; and the blaze of jewels that 'adorned her, which was even excelled 'by the singular beauty of her golden 'locks, that struck the eye with more 'splendor than all the precious stones, 'together with the light of four torches 'that burned in the hall.—O memory! 'thou mortal enemy of my repose! to 'what purpose dost thou now represent 'to my fancy the unparalleled beauty 'of that adorable foe? Cruel remem-'brance! rather recal to my view the 'particulars of what then happened, 'that, incensed by such a manifest in-'jury, I may take vengeance, if not 'upon her, at least upon my own life. 'But you, gentlemen, must be tired 'with these digressions; though my 'misfortune is such as neither can, nor 'ought to be superficially or succinctly 'related; because every circumstance, 'in my opinion, requires a full dis-'cussion.' The curate answered, that far from being tired, they were very much entertained by those minute par-ticulars, which he thought deserved as much attention as the principal events of the story.

'I say, then,' resumed Cardenio, 'that the parties being assembled in the 'hall, the curate of the parish entered, 'and taking them both by the hands, in 'order to perform his function, he said, "Madam Lucinda, are you willing to "take Don Fernando here present for "your lawful spouse, as holy mother "church ordains?" At this question, I 'thrust out my whole head and neck 'from behind the tapestry, and, with 'the utmost attention and disorder of 'soul, listened to Lucinda's answer, 'which I expected, as either the sen-'tence of my death or confirmation 'of my life.—O that I had boldly ad-'vanced, and called aloud, "Ah Lu-"cinda! Lucinda! take care what you "do; reflect upon your duty to me, "remember you are mine, and can ne-"ver belong to any other husband. "Consider, that my life must end the "moment you answer yes.—Ha! trea-"cherous Don Fernando! robber of "my glory! death of my life! what "are thy intentions! What wouldst "thou have! remember that, as a Chris-"tian, thou canst not fulfil thy de-"sires; for I am Lucinda's husband, "and she is my lawful wife!"—Fool 'that I am! now, when I am absent, 'and far removed from the danger, I 'can reflect upon what I ought to have 'done. Now that I am robbed of all 'that was dear to my soul! accursed 'be the robber, on whom I might have 'taken vengeance, had my heart sup-'plied me with courage, as it now af-'fords inclination to complain. In 'fine, as I then acted like a booby 'and a coward, it is but reasonable 'that I should now die of madness, 'sorrow, and shame. The priest wait-'ed for the reply of Lucinda, who 'declined it a good while; and when I 'expected she would either unsheath 'her dagger to vindicate her love, em-'ploy her tongue in the cause of truth, 'or utter some ingenious fraud that 'should tend to my advantage, I heard 'her pronounce with a weak and faul-'tering voice, "Yes, I will." Don 'Fernando repeated the same words, 'and the ring being put upon her fin-'ger, they were united in the indisso-'luble bond of marriage; then he em-'braced his new-married spouse, who, 'laying her hand on her heart, fainted 'away in the arms of her mother. It 'now remains to describe my own si-'tuation, when I heard and saw my

'hopes

'hopes thus baffled by Lucinda's breach 'of promise; and found myself ren- 'dered incapable of ever retrieving the 'happiness I had that instant lost. I 'remained without sense or reflection, 'abandoned, as I thought, by Heaven, 'and a declared enemy to that earth on 'which I lived. The air refused breath 'for my sighs, the water denied mois- 'ture for my tears, fire alone increased 'within me, to such a degree, that I 'was scorched with jealousy and rage! 'Lucinda's swooning threw the whole 'company into confusion; and her mo- 'ther opening her breast to give her 'air, found in it a folded paper, which 'Don Fernando taking, read by the 'light of one of the torches, and then 'sat down in a chair, and leaned one 'side of his head upon his hand, in a 'pensive attitude, without minding the 'remedies they were applying for the 'recovery of his spouse.

'I, seeing the whole family in con- 'fusion, ventured to come out, cost 'what it would; resolving, should I 'be seen, to do some desperate action 'that would convince the whole world 'of my just indignation, in chastising 'the false Don Fernando, and the fickle 'fainting traitress. But fate, that re- 'served me, if possible, for greater mis- 'fortunes, ordained that I should then 'abound in reflection, which hath since 'failed me; and resolve, rather than take 'vengeance upon my greatest enemies, 'who, as they had no suspicion of me, 'were then at my mercy, to turn upon 'myself that resentment which they so 'justly deserved to feel; and, perhaps, 'with more rigour than I should have 'exercised upon them, had I at that 'time sacrificed them to my rage, be- 'cause sudden death is infinitely more 'easy than that which is lengthened 'out by lingering torments. In short, 'I quitted the house, and went to the 'place where I had left my mule, 'which being saddled, I mounted her, 'and without taking leave of my host, 'sallied out of town, dreading, like ano- 'ther Lot, to look behind me. When 'I found myself alone in the open field, 'shrouded by the darkness of the night, 'and invited by the silence to complain, 'without caution or fear of being over- 'heard or known, I raised my voice, 'and gave a loose to my indignation, 'in venting curses upon Lucinda and 'Don Fernando, as if those vain ex- 'clamations could have atoned for the 'injury they had done me. I bestowed 'upon her the epithets of cruel, false, 'perfidious, and ungrateful; but, above 'all, avaricious; since the wealth of 'my rival had shut the eyes of her love, 'detached her from me, and swayed 'her inclination towards him to whom 'fortune had shewn herself more kind 'and liberal. Yet, in the midst of these 'reproaches and invectives, I could not 'help excusing her, observing, it was 'no wonder, that a damsel educated 'under restraint, in the house of her 'parents, bred up, and always accus- 'tomed to obey them, should comply 'with their will and pleasure, in mar- 'rying a young gentleman of such 'wealth, rank, and qualifications, that 'her refusal might have been thought 'to proceed either from want of sense, 'or a passion for some other man, which 'would have been a suspicion equally 'prejudicial to her virtue and reputa- 'tion: then I argued on the other side 'of the question; saying, had she own- 'ed that I was her husband, her pa- 'rents would have seen she had not 'committed an unpardonable crime in 'making such a choice; since, before 'the offer of Don Fernando, they them- 'selves could not have desired, had 'their desires been bounded by reason, 'a better match than me for their daugh- 'ter; and consequently, before she com- 'plied with that compulsive injunction 'of giving her hand to another, she 'might have told them, that she had al- 'ready given it to me; in which case, I 'would have appeared and confirmed 'the truth of every thing she should 'have feigned for the occasion; in fine, 'I concluded, that superficial love, slen- 'der understanding, vast ambition, and 'thirst after grandeur, had obliterated 'in her memory those professions by 'which I had been deceived, cherish- 'ed, and supported, in the unshaken 'hope of my honourable desires.

'In this exclamation and anxiety I 'travelled all night; and in the morn- 'ing found myself in one of the pas- 'sages to this mountain, in which I 'proceeded three days more, without 'high-road, or bye-path, till I stopped 'at a small meadow, that lies either on 'the right or left of these rocks; there 'I enquired of some goatherds where- 'abouts the most craggy part of the 'mountain was; and, according to

'their directions, thither I rode, resolving to put an end to my life. When I arrived among those ragged 'rocks, my mule fell down dead of 'weariness and hunger; or, as I rather believe, to disencumber herself 'of such a useless load as then burdened her; and I remained on foot, 'quite spent and famished, without 'having or desiring any support. In 'this situation, I know not how long I 'continued stretched upon the ground: 'but, at length, I got up without feeling any cravings or hunger, and found 'myself in the midst of some shepherds, who, doubtless, had relieved 'my necessity. Indeed, they told me in 'what condition I had been found, uttering such incoherent and extravagant expressions, as clearly demonstrated that I had lost my senses. 'Since that time, I have frequently 'perceived my intellects so crazy and 'unsound, that I perform a thousand 'mad actions, tearing my cloaths, bellowing through these unfrequented 'places, cursing my fate, and repeating 'in vain the beloved name of my fair 'enemy, without any connected sentences, or indeed any other intent 'than that of putting an end to my 'life by violent outcries; and when I 'recover the use of my senses, I find 'myself so weak and exhausted, that I 'scarce can move. My usual habitation is the hollow of a cork tree, large 'enough to contain this miserable carcase; the cow and goatherds who 'frequent these mountains, maintain me 'out of charity, by leaving food upon 'the road, or rocks, on which they 'think I may chance to find it; and, 'even while I am deprived of my understanding, natural instinct teaches 'me to distinguish this necessary nourishment, awakening my appetite and 'desire of seizing it for my use. They 'tell me, too, when they meet with me 'in one of my lucid intervals, that at 'other times I sally out by the high-'way, and take it by force from the 'shepherds, as they are bringing it 'from their cots, although they offer it 'of their own accord. In this manner I lead my woeful and wretched 'life, until Heaven shall be pleased to 'put a period to it, or give me grace to 'forget the beauty and falshood of Lucinda, together with the wrong I 'have suffered from Don Fernando. 'If this shall happen before I die, my 'intellects will return into their right 'channel; otherwise there is nothing 'to be done, but to supplicate Heaven 'to have mercy on my soul; for I find 'I have neither virtue nor strength to 'extricate myself out of this extremity 'into which I was voluntarily plunged.

'This, gentlemen, is the bitter story 'of my misfortune; tell me, if you 'think it could have been rehearsed 'with less concern than I have shewn; 'and pray give yourselves no trouble 'in offering to me such persuasions and 'advice, as your reason prompts you to 'think will do me service; for they can 'have no other effect upon me, than the 'prescription of a celebrated physician 'upon a patient who will not receive 'it. I will have no health without 'Lucinda; and since she who is, or 'ought to be mine, hath attached herself to another, I, who might have 'been the child of happiness, am now 'the willing votary of woe. She, by 'her inconstancy, wants to fix my perdition; and I welcome it, in order to 'gratify her desire, and be an example 'to posterity, of one who wanted that 'consolation, which almost all the 'wretched use! namely, the impossibility of receiving comfort; a consideration that increases my misery, 'which, I fear, will not end even with 'death.'

Thus did Cardenio wind up the long thread of his amorous and unfortunate story; and just as the curate was about to give him his best advice and consolation, he was prevented by a voice that saluted his ears, and in mournful accents pronounced what will be rehearsed in the fourth book of this narration; for, in this place, the third is concluded by the sage and attentive historian Cid Hamet Benengeli.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE

ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK IV.

VOLUME II.

CHAP. I.

OF THE NEW AND AGREEABLE ADVENTURE THAT HAPPENED TO THE CURATE AND BARBER, IN THE BROWN MOUNTAIN.

THRICE happy and fortunate was that age which produced the moſt audacious knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, in conſequence of whoſe honourable reſolution to reſtore and revive the loſt, and, as it were, buried order of knight-errantry, we of theſe times, barren and unfruitful of ſprightly amuſements, enjoy the agreeable entertainment, not only of his own true and delightful adventures, but alſo the intervening epiſodes, which are no leſs real, artful, and delicious, than the main hiſtory itſelf, the twiſted, reeled, and ravelled thread of which is continued thus!

Juſt as the curate was ready to offer ſome conſolation to Cardenio, he was prevented by a voice that ſaluted his ears in theſe mournful accents, 'Would 'to God I could find a place to ſerve 'as a private tomb for this wearieſome 'burden of life, which I bear ſo much 'againſt my inclination! this very ſpot 'will yield me what I aſk, if I can 'truſt the ſolitary appearance of theſe 'mountains. Alas! how much more 'agreeable is the company of theſe 'rocks and thickets, which give me op-'portunities of complaining to Heaven, 'than that of faithleſs man! ſince na-'ture hath not created one of whom I 'could reaſonably expect advice in dif-'ficulty, comfort in affliction, or re-'medy in diſtreſs!'

This exclamation was diſtinctly overheard by the prieſt and his company, who, concluding that the perſon who ſpoke muſt be hard by, aroſe to make farther enquiry, and had not gone twenty paces, when behind the fragment of a rock they perceived a boy ſitting under an aſh-tree, in the habit of a peaſant, whoſe face, as he ſtooped, in order to waſh his feet in a brook that murmured by him, they could not then ſurvey. Their approach they managed with ſoftneſs and ſilence, while his whole attention was employed in bathing his legs, that ſeemed two cryſtal pillars, which had been produced among the pebbles in the rill. They were ſurprized at the whiteneſs and beauty of his feet, which they could not believe had been formed to tread the clods, and follow the cattle or plough, as his dreſs would have ſeemed to intimate; and the curate, who went foremoſt, finding himſelf ſtill unperceived by the youth, made ſigns to the reſt to

crouch down, or hide themſelves behind a neighbouring rock. This being done, all three ſtood gazing attentively at the apparition, which was clad in a double-ſkirted grey jacket, girt about the middle with a white napkin, and wore breeches and hoſe of the ſame cloth, with a grey hunting-cap upon his head; the hoſe being pulled up to the middle of his leg, which actually ſeemed of white alabaſter. Having waſhed his delicate feet, he wiped them with a handkerchief which he took out of his cap, and in ſo doing, lifted up his head, ſhewing to the by-ſtanders a face of ſuch exquiſite beauty, that Cardenio ſaid in a whiſper to the curate, 'Since that is not Lucinda, it 'can be no earthly, but ſome celeſtial 'being!' The youth taking off his cap, and ſhaking his head, a large quantity of hair, that Apollo himſelf might envy, flowed down upon his ſhoulders, and diſcovered to the ſpectators, that the ſuppoſed peaſant was no other than a woman, the moſt delicate and handſome that the curate and barber had ever beheld; or even Cardenio, had he not ſeen and been acquainted with Lucinda, who alone, as he afterwards owned, could contend with her in beauty. Her golden locks fell down in ſuch length and quantity, as not only covered her ſhoulders, but alſo concealed every other part of her body except her feet: and, inſtead of a comb, ſhe made uſe of her hands, which, if her feet looked like cryſtal in the brook, appeared among her hair like moulds of drifted ſnow. All theſe circumſtances increaſing the deſire of the by-ſtanders to know who ſhe was, they reſolved to ſhew themſelves, and at the ſtir they made in advancing, the beauteous phantom raiſed her head, and parting her locks with both hands, to ſee what occaſioned the noiſe ſhe heard, no ſooner perceived them than ſhe ſtarted up, and, without ſtaying to put on her ſhoes, or tie up her hair, ſeized a bundle that lay by her, and betook herſelf to flight, full of conſternation and ſurprize: but ſhe had not run ſix yards, when her delicate feet, unable to bear the roughneſs of the ſtones, failed under her, and ſhe fell to the ground. This accident being perceived by the other three, they ran to her aſſiſtance, and the curate approaching her firſt, 'Stay, Madam,' ſaid he, 'whoſoever you are; thoſe 'whom you ſee have no other deſign 'that that of doing you ſervice: there'fore there is no neceſſity for your at'tempting ſuch a precipitate flight, which 'neither your own feet nor our in'clination will allow.' To this addreſs ſhe made no reply, being quite aſtoniſhed and confuſed; but the prieſt taking her by the hand, proceeded in this manner: 'Madam, though your dreſs con'cealed, your hair hath diſcovered ma'nifeſt ſigns, that it muſt be no ſlight 'cauſe which hath ſhrouded your beau'ty in ſuch unworthy diſguiſe, and 'brought you to this ſolitude, where it 'is our fortune to find you; and to 'offer, if not a certain remedy for your 'misfortune, at leaſt our beſt advice; 'for no grievance can harraſs or drive 'the afflicted to ſuch extremity, while 'life remains, as to make them ſhut 'their ears againſt that counſel which 'is given with the moſt humane and 'benevolent intention. Wherefore, 'Madam, or Sir, or what you pleaſe to 'be, recollect yourſelf from the con'fuſion in which the ſight of us hath 'thrown you, and tell us the particu'lars of your good or evil fortune, in 'full aſſurance of finding us all toge'ther, or each by himſelf, diſpoſed to 'ſympathize with your affliction.'

While the curate pronounced theſe words, the diſguiſed damſel ſtood wrapt in attention, gazing at them all round, without moving her lips, or uttering one ſyllable, like a country villager gaping at rarities which he had never ſeen before: but the prieſt enforcing what he had ſaid, with other arguments to the ſame effect, ſhe heaved a profound ſigh, and broke ſilence, ſaying, 'Since theſe 'ſolitary mountains have not been able 'to conceal me, and my looſe diſhevel'led hair allows me not to diſguiſe the 'truth, it would be in vain for me to 'feign ſuch things as your reaſon could 'not believe, though your courteſy 'might excuſe them. On that ſuppo'ſition, I thank you, gentlemen, for 'your humane offer, which lays me 'under the obligation of giving you 'all the ſatisfaction you deſire; though 'I am afraid, that the relation I ſhall 'make of my misfortunes will, inſtead 'of compaſſion, excite your diſguſt, 'for you will find it impoſſible either 'to cure my woes, or teach me to bear 'them with fortitude; but, nevertheleſs, that my reputation may not ſuf-

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'fer in your opinion, as you have dis-
'covered me to be a woman, and a young
'one, alone, and in this disguise; cir-
'cumstances which, considered either
'together or apart, might prejudice my
'good name in this world; I will freely
'disclose to you those things, which, if
'possible, I would have willingly con-
'cealed.'

All this preamble was uttered in a breath by the beautiful apparition, with such volubility of tongue, and sweetness of voice, that they admired her good sense as much as her beauty; and repeating their proffers of service, as well as their intreaties that she would perform her promise; she, without farther importunity, put on her shoes with great modesty, adjusted her hair, and sat down in the midst of her three hearers, upon a seat in the rock, where, after having endeavoured to repress a few tears that started in her eyes, she, with a clear and deliberate voice, began the story of her life in this manner.

'In this province of Andalusia,
'there is a place, from whence a cer-
'tain duke, one of those who are called
'grandees of Spain, derives his title:
'he hath two sons, the eldest of whom
'is heir to his estate, and, in all ap-
'pearance, to his good qualities; but
'the younger inherits nothing that I
'know, but the treachery of Vellido,
'and falsehood of Galalon. To this
'nobleman my parents are vassals; and
'though low in pedigree, so consider-
'able in wealth, that if their descent
'was equal to their fortune, they
'would have nothing more to desire,
'nor I the mortification of seeing my-
'self in this distress; for, I believe,
'my misfortunes proceed from their
'defect in point of birth, which though
'not so mean as to make them ashamed
'of their origin, is not splendid enough
'to overthrow my conjecture about the
'source of my affliction: in short,
'they are farmers, of a plain honest
'family, without the least intermixture
'of Moorish blood; but, as the saying
'is, old, rusty Christians; aye, and so
'rusty, that by their riches and opulent
'way of living, they are gradually ac-
'quiring the title of gentlefolks, nay,
'of quality too; though what they
'prized above all riches and title, was
'their happiness in having me for their
'daughter; and therefore, as they had
'no other child to inherit their estate,
'and were naturally the most affection-
'ate of parents, I was beloved and in-
'dulged by them with the utmost de-
'gree of parental fondness. I was the
'mirror in which they beheld them-
'selves, the staff of their age, and
'shared with Heaven their whole atten-
'tion and desires, with which, as they
'were pure and unblemished, my own
'perfectly corresponded; and therefore,
'I was mistress of their affection as
'well as their wealth. By my advice,
'they received and dismissed their ser-
'vants; the tale and account of what
'was both sowed and reaped, passed
'through my hands; I managed the
'oil-mills, the vineyards, the herds and
'the flocks, the bee-hives, and every
'thing that such a rich farmer as my
'father may be supposed to possess: in
'short, I was steward and mistress; and
'acted with such care and œconomy,
'that I should not find it easy to exag-
'gerate the pleasure and satisfaction
'which my parents enjoyed. Those
'parts of the day that remained, after
'I had given all due attention to the
'herdsmen, overseers, and other day-
'labourers, I employed in exercises
'equally decent and necessary for young
'women, such as lace-making, needle-
'work, and spinning; and if, at any
'time, I interrupted these employ-
'ments, in order to recreate the mind,
'I entertained myself with some re-
'ligious book, or diversified my amuse-
'ment with the harp; being con-
'vinced by experience, that musick
'lulls the disordered thoughts, and
'elevates the dejected spirits. Such
'was the life I led in my father's house;
'and if I have described it too minute-
'ly, it is not through ostentation, in
'order to display our riches, but with
'a view of manifesting how innocently
'I forfeited that happy situation, and
'incurred the misery of my present
'state. While I passed my time in
'these occupations, my retirement was
'such as almost equalled that of a nun-
'nery, being seen by nobody, as I
'thought, but the servants of the fa-
'mily; for I went to mass early in
'the morning, accompanied by my
'mother and the maids, and veiled
'with such reserve, that my eyes scarce
'beheld the ground on which I trod;
'yet, nevertheless, I was perceived by
'those of love, or rather libertinism,
'which

'which even exceeds the lynx in pene-
'tration, and then poſſeſſed the facul-
'ties of Don Fernando, younger ſon
'of the duke whom I have already
'mentioned.'

She no ſooner mentioned the name of Don Fernando, than Cardenio changed colour, and began to ſweat with ſuch agitation, that the curate and barber, perceiving it, were afraid he would be ſeized with one of thoſe fits of diſtraction which, as they had heard, aſſaulted him from time to time; but, after ſome drops of ſweat had burſt out upon his ſkin, he remained quiet, and looking earneſtly at the farmer's fair daughter, immediately gueſſed who ſhe was; while ſhe, without obſerving the emotions of Cardenio, went on with her ſtory, in theſe words: 'And he no ſooner beheld me, 'than, as he afterwards proteſted, he 'deeply felt the power of love, which 'indeed his behaviour clearly evinced; 'but, to ſhorten the account of my 'misfortune, which is lengthened be-'yond all comfort, I will paſs over in 'ſilence the induſtrious ſchemes that 'Don Fernando planned, for opportu-'nities of declaring his paſſion. He 'bribed every ſervant in the family, 'and even made preſents and proffers 'of ſervice to my relations: there was 'nothing but gaiety and rejoicing all 'day long in our ſtreet; and all night, 'it was impoſſible to ſleep for ſerenades. 'The letters which, through an un-'known channel, came to my hand, 'were without number, filled with the 'moſt amorous flights and profeſſions, 'and vows and promiſes in every line; 'but all theſe efforts, far from ſooth-'ing, hardened me againſt him, as 'much as if he had been my mortal 'foe; and all the ſtratagems he practiſ-'ed, in order to ſubdue my coyneſs, 'had a quite contrary effect: not that 'I was diſguſted at the gallantry of 'Don Fernando, or enraged at his im-'portunities, for I felt a certain kind 'of pleaſure in being courted and be-'loved by ſuch a noble cavalier; nei-'ther did I take umbrage at ſeeing my-'ſelf praiſed in his letters; for it is 'my opinion, that all women, let them 'be never ſo homely, are pleaſed to 'hear themſelves celebrated for beauty; 'but, to all theſe artifices, I oppoſed my 'own virtue, together with the repeated 'advices of my parents, who plainly 'perceived the paſſion of Don Fernan-'do, becauſe he himſelf took no care 'to conceal it from the world. They 'aſſured me, that in my virtue and pru-'dence alone they confided and de-'poſited their own honour and reputa-'tion: they bade me conſider the ine-'quality between Don Fernando and 'me, which was a convincing proof 'that his love, though he himſelf 'aſſerted the contrary, tended more to 'his gratification than my advan-'tage; and ſaid, if I could throw any 'obſtruction in his way, to make him 'quit his unjuſt pretenſions, I ſhould 'be married immediately, according to 'my own choice, either to one of the 'principal perſons of our own town, or 'to ſome gentleman in the neighbour-'hood, as I had abundance of lovers, 'attracted by their wealth, and my re-'putation. With theſe aſſurances, the 'truth of which I could not doubt, I 'fortified my integrity, and would ne-'ver ſend any reply to Don Fernando, 'that could in the moſt diſtant man-'ner flatter him with the hope of ac-'compliſhing his wiſh: but all my 'reſerve, which he ought to have look-'ed upon as the effect of diſdain, ſerved 'only to whet his libidinous appetite, 'which is the true name of the paſſion 'he profeſſed; for, had it been genuine 'love, you would not now be liſtening 'to my ſtory, which I ſhould have had 'no occaſion to recount.

'In fine, Don Fernando got notice 'that my parents intended to beſtow 'me in marriage, that they might de-'prive him of all hope of poſſeſſing 'me, or, at leaſt, provide me with 'more guards to protect my virtue; 'and this piece of news alarmed him 'ſo much, that he put in practice an 'expedient to retard the dreaded match. 'One night, while I ſat in my apart-'ment, attended by my maid only, the 'doors being all faſt locked, that 'through negligence my virtue might 'not be in danger, without knowing 'or comprehending the means of his 'conveyance, he appeared before me, in 'the midſt of this reſerve, precaution, 'ſolitude, ſilence, and retreat! At 'ſight of him, I was ſo much con-'founded, that the light forſook my 'eyes, and my tongue denied it's office; 'ſo that being deprived of the power 'of utterance, I could not cry for 'help, neither, I believe, would he have 'ſuffered me to exclaim; for he in-

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'stantly seized me in his arms, my confusion being such, that I had not 'strength to defend myself, and began 'to pour forth such protestations, that 'I cannot conceive how falshood is able 'to ape truth so exactly. The traitor's 'tears gave credit to his words, and 'his sighs confirmed the honesty of his 'intention. I, being a poor young crea-'ture by myself, altogether unexpe-'rienced in those affairs, began, I know 'not how, to believe his false profes-'sions; but, not so as to be moved to 'weak compassion, either by his vows 'or artful sorrow; on the contrary, my 'first surprize being over, I recollected 'my dissipated spirits, and with more 'courage than I thought myself posses-'sed of, said to him, "Signior, if, in-"stead of being within your arms, as I "now am, I was in the paws of a fierce "lion, and my deliverance entirely de-"pended upon my doing or saying "any thing prejudicial to my virtue, it "would be as impossible for me to "comply with these terms, as it is "impossible for that which is, to lose "it's existence; wherefore, though you "keep my body confined within your "arms, I am in full possession of my "soul, with all her chaste desires, "which are entirely opposite to yours, "as you will plainly perceive, if you "resolve to proceed in gratifying your "wishes by force. I am your vassal, "but not your slave; the nobility of "your blood neither has, nor ought "to have, the power of dishonouring "or despising the lowliness of mine; "and my character is as precious to "me, though I am but a plebeian "farmer's daughter, as yours can be "to you, who are a nobleman and ca-"valier. All your strength shall not "effect your purpose, neither am I "to be influenced by your riches, de-"ceived by your words, or melted by "your sighs and tears. Any of these "expressions in a man, to whom my "parents should give me in marriage, "would gain my consent and recipro-"cal inclination; nay, if my honour "were safe, I could sacrifice my satis-"faction, and voluntarily yield what "you, Signior, now attempt to obtain "by force; this I observe, that you "may rest assured, I will never grant "any favour to him who is not my "lawful spouse."

"If that be your sole objection, "charming Dorothea," (for that is the 'name of this wretched creature) said 'the perfidious cavalier, "behold I here "present my hand, in pledge, of being "yours for ever; and may Heaven, from "which nothing is concealed, together "with that image of the blessed Virgin, "bear witness to the sincerity and truth "of this declaration!" Cardenio, when she called herself Dorothea, was sur-prized anew, and confirmed in his first conjecture; but, unwilling to interrupt the story in which he expected to hear the issue of what he already knew, he only said, 'Is your name Dorothea, 'Madam? I have heard of one of that 'name, to whose misfortunes yours 'bear a great resemblance: but pray 'proceed; the time will come when I 'shall tell you such things as will equal-'ly excite your terror and affliction.' Dorothea, surprized at the discourse of Cardenio, as well as at his strange and ragged attire, intreated him, if he knew any thing of her affairs, to communi-cate it immediately; saying, that if for-tune had left her any thing of value, it was the courage to endure any disaster that might befal her; though she was almost certain, that what she had al-ready suffered could admit of no addi-tion. 'Madam,' replied Cardenio, 'I 'would not be the means of impairing 'that fortitude, by telling you what I 'know, if my conjecture be right; 'neither is there any opportunity lost, 'nor is it of any consequence to you, 'whether you hear it or not.'—'Be 'that as it will,' answered Dorothea, 'I will go on with the sequel of my 'story. Don Fernando, addressing him-'self to the image he found in my 'apartment, invoked the blessed Virgin 'to bear witness to our nuptials, and 'avowed himself my husband with the 'most bindingand solemn oaths; though, 'before he proceeded so far, I desired 'him to reflect upon what he was going 'to do, and consider how much his fa-'ther might be incensed at his conduct, 'when he should find him married to 'the daughter of his own farmer and 'vassal. I cautioned him against being 'blinded by my beauty, such as it was, 'telling him it would be far from be-'ing a sufficient excuse for his error; 'and begged, if he had any love and 'regard for me, he would manifest it,

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'in leaving me to a fate more adequate 'to my rank and circumſtances; ob- 'ſerving, that ſuch unequal matches 'were ſeldom bleſſed with a long du- 'ration of thoſe raptures with which 'they begin.

'All theſe reflections I repeated to 'him, with many more which I do not 'remember; but they had no effect in 'diverting him from the proſecution of 'his purpoſe; for he was like a man, 'who, in making a bargain, never 'boggles at the price of the commodity, 'becauſe he never intends to pay it. 'At the ſame time, I held a ſhort con- 'ference with my own breaſt, ſaying 'within myſelf, "Neither ſhall I be "the firſt, who, by marriage, has riſen "from a low ſtation to rank and gran- "deur; nor will Don Fernando be the "firſt nobleman whom beauty, or ra- "ther blind affection, hath induced to "ſhare his greatneſs with a partner of "unequal birth. Since, therefore, I "neither make a new world nor a new "cuſtom, it is but reaſonable in me to "embrace this honour that fortune "throws in my way; and although "the affection he profeſſes ſhould not "ſurvive the accompliſhment of his "wiſh, I ſhall nevertheleſs, in the ſight "of God, remain his true and lawful "wife. Beſides, ſhould I treat him "with diſdain, I ſee he is determined "to tranſgreſs the bounds of duty, and "avail himſelf of force; in which caſe, "I ſhall be diſhonoured and inexcuſ- "able in the opinion of thoſe who do "not know how innocently I have in- "curred their cenſure; for where ſhall "I find arguments to perſuade my pa- "rents, that this cavalier entered my "apartment without my knowledge and "conſent?"

'All theſe reflections, which my ima- 'gination revolved in an inſtant, be- 'gan to ſway me towards that which '(though I little thought ſo) proved 'my ruin; eſpecially when aided and 'enforced by the oaths of Don Fer- 'nando, the powers he called to wit- 'neſs, the tears he ſhed, and, in ſhort, 'by his genteel carriage and agreeable 'diſpoſition accompanied by ſuch marks 'of real paſſion, as might have melted 'any other heart as ſoft and unexpe- 'rienced as mine. I called my maid 'to be a joint evidence with the pow- 'ers of Heaven: Don Fernando re- 'peated and confirmed his oaths; took 'other ſaints to witneſs his integrity; 'imprecated a thouſand curſes on his 'head, in caſe he ſhould fail to fulfil 'his promiſe; had recourſe to ſighs and 'tears again, ſtraining me ſtill cloſer in 'his arms, from which he had never re- 'leaſed me. By theſe means, and the 'departure of my maid, I forfeited that 'name, and he became a falſe and fi- 'niſhed traitor.

'The morning that ſucceeded this 'night of my misfortune, did not ar- 'rive ſo ſoon, I believe, as Don Fer- 'nando could have wiſhed; for, when 'once a man hath ſatisfied his rage of 'appetite, his chief inclination is to 'quit the ſcene of his ſucceſs. This I 'obſerve, becauſe Don Fernando ſeem- 'ed impatient to be gone; and, by the 'induſtry of my maid, who had con- 'ducted him to my chamber, found 'himſelf in the ſtreet before day: when 'he took his leave, he told me, though 'not with ſuch violence of rapture as 'he expreſſed on his firſt coming, that 'I might depend upon his honour, and 'the ſincerity of the oaths he had ſworn; 'as a farther confirmation of which, 'he took a ring of value from his fin- 'ger, and put it upon mine. In ſhort, 'he vaniſhed, leaving me in a ſituation 'which I can neither call joyful nor ſad. 'This I know, that I remained in a 'ſtate of confuſion and perplexity, and, 'as it were, beſide myſelf, on account 'of what had happened; but I either 'wanted courage or memory to quarrel 'with my maid for the perfidy ſhe had 'been guilty of, in conducting Don 'Fernando to my apartment; indeed, 'I could not as yet determine, whether 'the adventure would redound to my 'advantage or misfortune. I told him, 'at parting, that now I was his wife, 'he might ſee me any night, by the 'ſame means he had uſed to procure 'the firſt interview, until he ſhould 'think proper to make our marriage 'publick: but, except the following 'night, I could never ſet eyes on him, 'either in the ſtreet or at church, dur- 'ing a whole month, which I ſpent in 'the utmoſt anxiety of expectation; al- 'though I knew he was in town, and 'almoſt every day employed in the 'chace, an exerciſe to which he was 'greatly addicted. Thoſe were dole- 'ful and diſtracting hours and days

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'to me; for then I began to doubt, and afterwards to disbelieve the faith of Don Fernando; then was my maid exposed to those rebukes for her presumption, which she had never heard before; then was I obliged to husband my tears, and wear composure on my countenance, that I might not give occasion to my parents to ask the cause of my discontent, and be put to the trouble of inventing falsehoods to deceive them. But all this constraint was banished by an event, the knowledge of which trod down all other respects, put an end to all my prudent measures, and by destroying my patience, published my misfortune to the world. This was no other than a report that soon after prevailed in our town, by which I learned that Don Fernando was married, in a neighbouring city, to a young lady of exceeding beauty, and distinguished birth, though her parents could not give her a portion suitable to such a noble alliance. I understood her name was Lucinda, and that several surprizing accidents had happened at their nuptials.'

Cardenio hearing Lucinda's name, though he said nothing, shrugged up his shoulders, bit his lips, contracted the skin of his forehead, and discharged from his eyes two fountains of tears; but, notwithstanding, Dorothea continued her story, saying, 'This melancholy piece of news no sooner reached my ears, than, instead of freezing, it inflamed my heart with such rage and fury, that I had well-nigh run out into the streets, and published aloud the falsehood and treachery he had practised upon me: but my rage was restrained for that time, by a plan which I conceived, and actually put in execution that very night. I dressed myself in this garb, which I received from one of the swains belonging to the house, to whom I disclosed my whole misfortune, intreating him to attend me to the city, where I understood my adversary was. After having disapproved of the attempt, and blamed my resolution, seeing me determined, he offered to keep me company, as he said, to the world's end: that moment I packed up my woman's dress in a pillow-case, together with some jewels and money, as a resource in time of need; and in the dead of that very night, without giving the least hint to my perfidious maid, left my father's house, and accompanied by my servant, and a thousand strange imaginations, set out for that city on foot, winged with the desire of finding Don Fernando; and resolved, though I could not prevent what was already done, to demand with what conscience he had done it.

'In two days and an half I arrived at the city, and enquiring for the house of Lucinda's parents, the first person to whom I put the question, told me more than I desired to hear. He directed me to the house, and related every incident which had happened at his daughter's wedding; a story so publick, that it was the common town-talk. He said, that on the night of their nuptials, after she had pronounced the "Yes," by which he became her husband, Lucinda was seized with a violent fit; that Don Fernando opening her breast to give her fresh air, found in it a paper written with her own hand, importing that she could not lawfully espouse Fernando, being already the wife of Cardenio, who, as the man told me, was one of the principal cavaliers of that town; and that she had now pronounced the fatal "Yes," merely because she would not swerve from the obedience she owed to her parents; in short, he said, the contents of the paper plainly gave them to understand, that she intended to make away with herself, immediately after the ceremony, induced by the reasons which were there contained; and this resolution was confirmed by a poignard which they found concealed in some part of her dress. Don Fernando perceiving, by what happened, that Lucinda had baffled, scorned, and undervalued his addresses, ran to her before she had recovered the use of her senses, and with the poignard they had found, would have stabbed her to the heart, had he not been prevented by her parents and the rest of the company. It was, moreover, reported that Don Fernando immediately retired; and that Lucinda continued in a fit till next day. When she recovered from her swoon, she declared to her father and mother, that she was the true and lawful wife of that same Cardenio, who, it seems, was present at the ceremony; and

'who, when he saw her actually married, contrary to his former belief and firm expectation, quitted the city in despair, having first left a writing that declared the wrong she had done him, and signified his intention to banish himself for ever from the society of mankind. All this transaction was so notorious and publick in the city, as to furnish discourse for every body; and the subject was not diminished, when it was known that Lucinda was not to be found either in her father's house, or in any other part of the town, which were searched all over by her parents, who had almost run distracted, not knowing what other method they should take to retrieve her. This information revived my hopes a little; for I was better pleased to have missed Don Fernando, than to have found him married to another; thinking, that every gate of comfort was not yet shut against me; and that Heaven, perhaps, had thrown that impediment in the way of his second marriage, with a view of making him reflect upon what he owed to the first; and reminding him of his being a Christian, consequently more interested in the care of his soul than in any other human concern. All these things I revolved in my imagination; and, as I had no real comfort, consoled myself with the most feeble and distant hope, in order to support a life which I now abhor.

'While I remained in this city, undetermined what course to take, as I could not find Don Fernando, I heard a publick crier describe my person and dress, and offer a considerable reward to any one that should discover where I was. Nay, it was said, that I had seduced from my father's house, the young man who attended me; a circumstance that touched me to the very soul: finding my credit fallen so low, that they were not satisfied with publishing my escape, but must needs also mention my attendant, a creature so mean and unworthy of my attention and regard, as soon as I heard myself proclaimed, I quitted the town, accompanied by my servant, who already began to give marks of staggering in his promised faith and fidelity, and that night reached the most woody part of this mountain, urged by the fear of being discovered; but, as it is commonly observed, one mischance invites another, and the end of one misfortune is often the beginning of a worse, this was literally my case: my trusty servant, who had hitherto behaved with such zeal and fidelity, seeing me in this solitary place, and instigated by his own villainy rather than any beauty of mine, attempted to avail himself of the opportunity which he thought this desart offered; and with great impudence, contempt of Heaven, and disregard to me, began to talk of love; when, finding that I rejected his immodest proposals with just indignation and disdain, he laid aside intreaties for the use of those who might please to use them, and began to employ force for the accomplishment of his will; but, just Heaven, who seldom or never abandons the righteous intention, favoured and assisted mine so effectually, that with the little strength I have, and no great trouble, I pushed him over a precipice, unknowing whether or not he survived the fall; then, as nimbly as my weariness and terror would allow, I penetrated farther into the mountain, without any other thought or intention, than that of keeping myself concealed from my father, and those whom he had employed to find me out.

'I know not how many months I have lived in this place, where I met with a grazier, who took me into his service, and carried me to his house, which stands in the very heart of the mountain. Him I served all this time, in quality of a cowherd, endeavouring to be always in the field, that I might the more easily conceal that hair which now so unexpectedly discovered my sex: yet, all my care and industry were vain; for, my master having found me out to be a woman, was seized with the same desire that took possession of my own servant. But fortune, with the evil, does not always send the remedy; for, I could neither find rock nor bog, by which I might have disabled my master, as I had before punished my man; and therefore, as the least inconvenience, I have left his house, and chosen to hide myself again among these thickets, rather than try my strength against him, in defence of my innocence. I say, I returned to these woods in hopes

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'of finding a place in which I might, 'without impediment, implore Heaven 'with sighs and tears, to have com- 'passion upon my misery, and give me 'industry and grace to overcome it, or 'quit my being in this solitude, with- 'out leaving behind me the least trace 'or remembrance of this forlorn wretch, 'who, without any fault of her own, 'hath afforded so much matter for con- 'versation and censure both at home 'and abroad.

CHAP. II.

OF THE BEAUTIFUL DOROTHEA'S DISCRETION — WITH OTHER PLEASANT AND ENTERTAINING PARTICULARS.

'THIS, gentlemen, is the genuine 'detail of my tragick story; 'consider, therefore, and judge whe- 'ther or not I have sufficient cause to 'heave more sighs than I have vented, 'utter more complaints than you have 'heard, and shed more tears than have 'flowed from mine eyes; and when 'you shall have deliberated upon the 'quality of my misfortune, you will 'perceive how vain all consolation 'must be, as the disease admits of no 'remedy. I only ask what you easily 'can, and ought to grant, namely, that 'you would inform me where I can pass 'my life, without being harrassed by 'the surprize and fear of being found by 'those who are in search of me. For, 'though I am well assured, that my pa- 'rents, out of their great love and affec- 'tion, would receive me again into their 'favour, such is the shame and confu- 'sion I feel at the bare thought of their 'having altered their opinion to my 'prejudice, that I would rather conceal 'myself from their sight for ever, than 'appear in their presence under the 'suspicion of having acted contrary to 'the expectations they entertained from 'my virtue.' So saying, she left off speaking, and her face was overspread with a blush that plainly denoted the sentiments and confusion of her soul. Those who had heard her story, were equally surprized and afflicted at her misfortune; to which the curate was going to offer some consolation and advice, when Cardenio took her by the hand, saying, 'It seems, then, Madam, 'you are the beauteous Dorothea, only 'daughter of Cleonardo the rich!' She was astonished to hear her father's name pronounced by one of such a miserable appearance, (for we have already observed, how wretchedly Cardenio was cloathed) and said to him, 'And who 'are you, brother, who know so well 'my father's name; which, if I re- 'member aright, I have not once men- 'tioned in the whole course of my un- 'fortunate story?'

'I am,' replied Cardenio, 'that un- 'fortunate man, to whom, as you have 'observed, Lucinda said she was mar- 'ried. I am that miserable Cardenio, 'whom the villainy of him who re- 'duced you to your present situation, 'hath brought to this deplorable con- 'dition in which you now see me, rag- 'ged, half-naked, destitute of all hu- 'man comfort, and, which is still 'worse, deprived of my understanding, 'except at certain short intervals, that 'I enjoy by the permission of Heaven. 'I, Dorothea, am the person who was 'present at the perfidy of Don Fernan- 'do, and heard Lucinda pronounce the 'fatal "Yes," by which she accepted 'him for a husband. I am he who want- 'ed resolution to wait the issue of her 'swoon, or stay and see the result of 'that paper which was found in her 'bosom; for, my soul could not sus- 'tain the shock of such accumulated 'misfortune; and therefore, I quitted 'the house, already abandoned by my 'patience, and leaving a letter with my 'host, whom I charged to deliver it 'into Lucinda's own hand, betook my- 'self to these deserts, with an intention 'here to finish the life which from that 'instant I have abhorred as my most 'inveterate foe. But fate hath not 'been pleased to grant my wish, con- 'tenting itself with having deprived me 'of my judgment, with a view, per- 'haps, of reserving me for better for- 'tune; which I begin to hope may 'proceed from this lucky meeting with 'you, since, if that which you have 'recounted be true, as I believe it is, 'there is a possibility that Heaven may 'have in store for us both, a more fa- 'vourable termination of our disasters 'than we imagine; for, supposing that 'Lucinda, who is already my wife, 'as she hath openly declared, cannot 'be married to Don Fernando, nor he 'lawfully wed her, being already

'espoused to you, I think we have 'reason to hope, that Heaven will one 'day restore what mutually belongs to 'us; as it is neither alienated, ruined, 'nor irretrievable. And since this con-'solation still remains, sprung from 'hopes that are not very remote, and 'founded on expectations which are not 'the effects of a disordered imagina-'tion, I entreat you, Madam, in the 'purity of your sentiments, to change 'your present resolution, as I intend to 'alter mine, and accomodate yourself' to the hopes of better fortune; for, I 'swear upon the faith of a gentleman 'and a Christian, that I will never a-'bandon you, until I see you in the 'arms of Don Fernando, whom, if I 'cannot by reasonable arguments, bring 'to a true sense of his duty towards 'you, I will then use that privilege to 'which every gentleman is intitled, 'and in single combat demand satis-'faction for the injury he has done you, 'without minding my own wrongs, 'which I will leave to the vengeance 'of Heaven, that I may the sooner re-'venge yours upon earth.'

This speech of Cardenio put an end to the surprize of Dorothea, who being at a loss how to thank him for his kind and generous offer, stooped in order to kiss his feet, but this piece of condescension he would by no means allow. The priest answering for both, approved of Cardenio's declaration; and, in a particular manner, intreated, advised, and persuaded them, to accompany him to the village where he lived, in order to provide themselves with what they wanted; and there consult some scheme either for finding Don Fernando, or for carrying Dorothea back to her parents, or, in short, for doing that which should seem most necessary and convenient. Cardenio and Dorothea thanked him for his courteous offer, which they immediately embraced; and the barber, who had been silent and attentive all this time, having joined the curate in his compliments and hearty proffers of service, briefly recounted the cause which had brought them thither; namely, the strange madness of Don Quixote; observing, that they were then waiting for the return of his squire, whom they had sent in quest of his master. Cardenio immediately, as if it had been the faint impression of a dream, recollected and related the quarrel which had happened between the knight and him, though he could not remember the cause of the dispute.

At that instant they heard and recognized the voice of Sancho; who, not finding them in the place where he had left them, hallooed aloud; upon which they went to meet him, and enquiring about Don Quixote, were told by the squire, that he found him naked to the shirt, wan, meagre, half famished, and sighing for his mistress Dulcinea; that when he (Sancho) told him she had commanded him to quit that place, and go immediately to Toboso, where she waited with impatience to see him, he had answered, that he was determined never to appear before her, until he should have performed such atchievements as would render him worthy of her favour; and Sancho observed, that if this resolution should hold, it was possible he might never attain to the rank of an emperor, as he was in duty bound, nor even to that of an archbishop, which was the least he could expect. He desired them, therefore, to consider some means of disengaging the knight from his solitude. The priest bade him be under no concern, for they would fall upon a method to remove his master, whether he would or no.

Then he explained to Cardenio and Dorothea, the plan they had laid to cure Don Quixote of his madness, or at least bring him back to his own house. This Dorothea no sooner understood, than she told him, that she was more proper than the barber for acting the part of the distressed damsel; especially, as she had cloaths along with her, that would answer the purpose; and bade them trust to her, for representing every part of the character which should be necessary towards the success of their design, for she had read a great many books of chivalry, and was perfectly well acquainted with the stile in which afflicted damsels were wont to beg boons of knights-errant. 'If that be the case,' said the curate, 'let us not delay the execution of our 'scheme; for, without doubt, Heaven 'seems to favour my endeavours; not 'only in opening a door so unex-'pectedly, towards the cure of your 'misfortunes, but also in making you 'subservient in facilitating our success.' Dorothea then pulled out of her pillow-case, a gown and petticoat of very rich

rich ſtuff, with a beautiful green mantelet, and opening a little caſket, took out a rich necklace and other jewels, with which ſhe inſtantly dreſſed herſelf to ſuch advantage that ſhe appeared like a lady of the firſt rank and fortune. All theſe, and other ornaments, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had carried off from her father's houſe, in caſe of what might happen; though hitherto ſhe had met with no opportunity of uſing them. Every one preſent was charmed with her graceful mien, eaſy deportment, and exceeding beauty; and paſſed ſentence on Don Fernando, as a perſon of little taſte and diſcernment, for having abandoned ſuch excellence. But the admiration of Sancho was ſuperior to that of all the reſt; for he actually thought, and indeed it was true, that in all the days of his life, he had never ſeen ſuch a beautiful creature; and, accordingly, aſked the curate, with great eagerneſs, who that handſome lady was, and what ſhe looked for in theſe bye places. 'Friend 'Sancho,' anſwered the curate, 'that 'handſome lady, to ſay no more of her, 'is heireſs, in the direct male line, of 'the kingdom of Micomicon*, come 'hither to beg a boon of your maſter, 'that he would redreſs a wrong and 'grievance done to her by a diſcourteous giant; for ſuch is the fame and 'reputation of that excellent knight, 'Don Quixote, through the whole extent of Guinea, as to induce this 'princeſs to come from thence in queſt 'of him.'—'Bleſſed queſt!' cried Sancho, 'and happy finding, ſay I! eſpecially if my maſter ſhould be ſo fortunate as to right the wrong, and redreſs the grievance, by killing that 'ſon of a whore of a giant that your 'worſhip mentions; and kill him he 'certainly will, if they ſhould once 'meet, provided he be not a phantom; 'for you muſt know, my maſter has 'no power over phantoms. But one 'thing, among many others, I muſt 'beg of you, Mr. Licentiate, and 'that is, to put my maſter out of 'conceit of an archbiſhoprick, for I 'am afraid his inclination leans that 'way, and adviſe him to marry this 'princeſs out of hand, a match which 'will make it impoſſible for him to receive holy orders; and therefore he 'will the more eaſily arrive at the ſeat 'of empire, and I at the end of my 'wiſh. For I have carefully conſidered the affair, and by my reckoning, I ſhall not find my account in 'his being an archbiſhop, as I am altogether unfit for the church, by reaſon of my being married; and for 'me, who have a wife and children, 'to be petitioning for diſpenſations to 'hold livings, would be an endleſs taſk. 'Wherefore, Signior, the point is this: 'let my maſter immediately take to 'wife the ſame lady, whoſe name I do 'not know; for, indeed, I never ſaw 'her grace before this bleſſed minute.' —'She is called the princeſs Micomicona,' replied the curate, 'becauſe 'her kingdom being Micomicon, it is 'plain her name muſt be Micomicona.' —'Yes, to be ſure,' ſaid Sancho, 'I 'have known ſeveral people take a ſurname and addition from the place of 'their nativity, calling themſelves, for 'example, Pedro d'Alcala, Juna de 'Ubeda, Diego de Valladolid; and I 'ſuppoſe they have the ſame cuſtom in 'Guinea, where the queens take their 'names from the kingdoms they rule.' The prieſt confirmed Sancho's opinion, and promiſed to uſe his utmoſt influence to promote the marriage of the knight. With this aſſurance Sancho reſted as much ſatisfied as the other was ſurprized at his ſimplicity, when he perceived how carefully he cheriſhed, in his imagination, the ſame extravagant whims that poſſeſſed his maſter, who he firmly believed would one day become an emperor.

By this time, Dorothea being mounted on the curate's mule, and the barber's face accommodated with the ox's tail by way of beard, they deſired Sancho to guide them to the place where Don Quixote was, and cautioned him againſt pretending to know the licentiate and his companion, aſſuring him that his maſter's becoming an emperor entirely depended upon his profeſſing ignorance of their perſons. Yet neither the curate nor Cardenio would accompany them; becauſe the preſence of this laſt might recal to the knight's memory the quarrel which had happened between them; and it was not yet proper that the prieſt ſhould appear; for which reaſons, they let the reſt proceed by themſelves, and they followed

* As if he had ſaid Ape-land, *mico* ſignifying an ape.

at a ſmall diſtance, after the curate had given her cue to Dorothea; who deſired him to make himſelf perfectly eaſy on her account, for ſhe would act the part aſſigned to her, without the leaſt occaſion for a prompter, in the true ſtile and ſpirit of knight-errantry.

Having travelled about three quarters of a league, they diſcovered Don Quixote already cloathed, though ſtill unarmed, ſitting in the midſt of a labyrinth of rocks: and Dorothea no ſooner underſtood it was he, in conſequence of Sancho's information, than ſhe whipped up her palfrey, cloſe attended by the well-bearded barber, who, when ſhe approached the knight, threw himſelf from his mule, and ran to help his lady to alight. But ſhe, diſmounting with great agility, went and fell upon her knees before Don Quixote, whom, in ſpite of his repeated endeavours to raiſe her, ſhe accoſted in theſe words.

'Never will I riſe from this poſture, 'moſt valiant and invincible knight, 'until your benevolence and courteſy 'grant me a boon, which will not only 'redound to the honour and applauſe 'of your own perſon, but alſo to the 'advantage of the moſt injured and 'diſconſolate damſel that ever the ſun 'beheld; and if the valour of your 'mighty arm correſponds with the 'voice of your immortal fame, you 'are obliged to favour the unfortu'nate, who, attracted by the odour 'of your celebrated name, come from 'far diſtant regions, in queſt of your 'aſſiſtance.'—'Beauteous lady,' replied Don Quixote, 'I will not anſwer one 'word, nor hear one circumſtance of 'your affairs, until you riſe from the 'ground.'—'I will not riſe, Signior,' anſwered the afflicted damſel, 'until I 'ſhall have obtained from your con'deſcenſion, the boon I beg.'—'I con'deſcend and grant it,' reſumed the knight, 'provided, in ſo doing, I act 'neither to the detriment nor derogation of my king, my country, and 'her who holds my heart and liberty*.' —'Your compliance, worthy Signior,' replied the mourning lady, 'ſhall in no 'ways affect the exceptions you have 'made.'

At that inſtant Sancho came up, and whiſpered ſoftly in his maſter's ear: 'Your worſhip may ſafely grant the 'boon ſhe aſks, which is a mere trifle; 'no more than ſlaying a giantiſh ſort 'of a fellow; and ſhe who begs it, 'is the high and mighty princeſs Micomicona, queen of the great empire 'of Micomicon in Ethiopia.'—'Who'ſoever ſhe is,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'I will do what I am in duty bound to 'perform, and act according to the 'dictates of my own conſcience, and 'conformable to the order I profeſs.' Then turning to Dorothea, 'Riſe, moſt 'beautiful lady,' ſaid he, 'the boon 'you aſk is granted.'—'Then, what I 'aſk is this,' reſumed the damſel, 'that 'your magnanimity would immediate'ly accompany me to the place from 'whence I came, and promiſe to at'tempt no other adventure, nor grant 'any other requeſt, until you ſhall have 'taken vengeance on a traitor who hath 'uſurped my crown, contrary to all 'right, human and divine.'—'I grant 'your requeſt, Madam,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'henceforth you may diſpel 'that melancholy with which you are 'depreſſed, and let your fainting hope 'reſume new ſtrength and vigour; for, 'with the aſſiſtance of God, and this my 'arm, you ſhall, in a ſhort time, ſee 'yourſelf reſtored to your kingdom, 'and ſeated on the throne of your royal 'anceſtors, in defiance and deſpite of 'all thoſe evil-deſigning perſons who 'mean to oppoſe you: let us ſet hands 'to the work then; for, according to 'the common obſervation, Delay breeds 'danger.'

The diſtreſſed damſel ſtruggled with great perſeverance, to kiſs his hand;

* When a knight had once granted a boon in this manner, it was impoſſible for him to retract, let the requeſt be never ſo extravagant. We are told by Joinville, that the queen of St. Lewis, being big with child, and in the utmoſt terror of falling alive into the hands of the infidels at Damietta in Egypt, fell upon her knees before an old knight turned of fourſcore, and conjured him to grant her boon: the old man having promiſed to comply, on the faith of his knighthood, ſhe told him the favour ſhe ſo preſſingly ſolicited, was, that he would cut off her head before ſhe ſhould fall into the hands of the enemy, provided the Saracens ſhould become maſters of the town. The ſenior anſwered without heſitation, that ſhe might depend upon his ſword; and owned he had taken that reſolution even before ſhe ſignified her requeſt.

but

but Don Quixote, who was in all reſpects a well-bred knight, would by no means allow ſuch humiliation: on the contrary, raiſing her up, he embraced her with great politeneſs and cordiality, ordering Sancho to ſecure Rozinante's girths, and help him to arm with all expedition. The ſquire taking down the armour, which hung on a tree, in the manner of a trophy, and adjuſting the horſe's girths, in a twinkling, equipped his maſter, who finding himſelf armed, 'Now,' ſaid he, 'let us go, in 'the name of God, to the aſſiſtance of 'this high-born lady.' The barber, who was all this time on his knees, at infinite pains to preſerve his gravity and his beard, the fall of which, perhaps, would have utterly ruined their laudable deſign, when he found the boon was granted, and ſaw with what eagerneſs the knight undertook to fulfil it, roſe up, and with the aſſiſtance of Don Quixote, helped his lady upon her mule again; then her protector beſtrode Rozinante, and he himſelf mounted his own beaſt, while Sancho Panza being left on foot, felt the loſs of Dapple anew: but this he contentedly bore, believing that his maſter was now in the right road, and almoſt at the very point of being an emperor; for he aſſured himſelf, that the knight would wed that princeſs, and ſo become King of Micomicon at leaſt; the only uneaſineſs he felt, was, on account of that kingdom's being in the land of negroes, ſo that all his ſervants and vaſſals muſt be black; but, his imagination ſupplied him with a remedy for this inconvenience, and he ſaid within himſelf, 'Suppoſe my vaſ-'ſals are negroes, what elſe have I to 'do, but tranſport them to Spain, 'where I can ſell them for ready-mo-'ney, with which I may purchaſe ſome 'title or poſt that will maintain me 'at my eaſe all the days of my life? 'No, to be ſure! ſleep on, void of all 'invention or ability to diſpoſe of your 'ware, and ſell thirty, or ten thouſand 'ſlaves in the turning of a ſtraw! Be-'fore God! I'll make them fly, little 'and big, or juſt as I may; and, 'blacks as they are, turn them all into 'whites and yellows! Let me alone to 'ſuck my own fingers.' With theſe conceits he was ſo much engroſſed, and ſo well ſatisfied, that he actually forgot the pain of travelling on foot.

Cardenio and the curate ſaw every thing that paſſed, from behind ſome buſhes where they were hid, and could fall upon no method of joining them conveniently, until the prieſt, who was an excellent ſchemer, thought of an expedient for the purpoſe; having a pair of ſciſſars about him, he cut off the beard of Cardenio with infinite diſpatch, and giving him a grey jacket, with his own black cloak, he himſelf remaining in his doublet and hoſe, the tattered cavalier was ſo much altered in point of appearance, that he would ſcarce have known himſelf had he looked in a glaſs. Although the others were jogging on, while they diſguiſed themſelves in this manner, they eaſily reached the highway, before the knight and his company, whoſe beaſts were retarded by the buſhes and rockineſs of the ground; and taking their ſtation juſt at the mouth of the entrance to the mountain, no ſooner perceived the knight and his attendants come forth, than the curate looked earneſtly at him a good while, as if he had been recollecting a perſon whom he knew, then ran to him with open arms, crying aloud, 'Bleſſed be this meeting with 'the mirror of chivalry, my worthy 'compatriot Don Quixote de La Man-'cha, the flower and cream of gentility, 'the protector and phyſician of the diſ-'treſſed, and quinteſſence of knights-errant!' So ſaying, he embraced the left-knee of Don Quixote; who being aſtoniſhed at the words and action of the man, began to conſider his features with great attention, and at length, recollecting him, was ſtruck dumb with admiration, at ſeeing him in that place, and made many efforts to alight; which when the prieſt oppoſed, 'Give me 'leave, Mr. Licentiate,' ſaid he, 'it 'is not ſeemly that I ſhould remain 'on horſeback, when ſuch a reverend 'perſon as you travels on foot.'—'I 'will by no means,' anſwered the curate, 'conſent to your alighting; ſince, 'on horſeback, your mighty arm hath 'atchieved the greateſt exploits and ad-'ventures that this age hath ſeen; it 'ſhall ſuffice for me, who am but an 'unworthy prieſt, to get up, with per-'miſſion, behind this gentleman who 'travels in your worſhip's company; 'and then I ſhall imagine myſelf 'mounted upon Pegaſus, a zebra, or 'that

'that fiery courſer that carried the famous Moor Muzaraque, who ſtill 'lies inchanted in the vaſt mountain 'Zulema, at a little diſtance from the 'great Compluto.'—'I did not think 'of that expedient, Mr. Licentiate,' reſumed the knight; 'but I know that 'my lady the princeſs will, out of regard to me, be pleaſed to order her 'ſquire to accommodate you with the 'ſaddle of his mule, and he himſelf 'may ride upon the crupper, if the 'beaſt will carry double.'—'I believe 'ſhe will,' ſaid the princeſs; 'and I 'am ſure, there will be no occaſion to 'lay my commands upon my ſquire 'who is too courteous and polite, to 'ſuffer an eccleſiaſtick to travel on foot, 'when it is in his power to provide him 'with a beaſt.'—'Your majeſty is in 'the right,' anſwered the barber; who inſtantly alighting, complimented the curate with the ſaddle, which was accepted without much intreaty.

But the misfortune was, when the ſquire attempted to get up behind, the mule, which was an hireling, conſequently miſchievous, lifted up her hind legs, and kicked with ſuch fury, that had they lighted on the head or breaſt of Mr. Nicholas, he would have had reaſon to curſe the hour on which he ſet out in queſt of Don Quixote: ſuch, however, was his confuſion, that he came to the ground, and his beard being neglected, fell off; ſo that he could find no other method to prevent a diſcovery, than to clap both hands to his face, with great expedition, and roar out that his teeth were demoliſhed. Don Quixote, ſeeing that huge maſs of beard torn from the jaw, without blood, and lying at a good diſtance from the ſquire's face, 'Good Heavens!' cried he, 'what 'a wonderful phænomenon is this! the 'beard is taken off and ſhaved as clean by 'the heel of the mule, as if it had been 'done by the hand of a barber.' The curate, ſeeing the riſk he ran of being detected in his ſcheme, ſnatched up the tail, and running with it to Mr. Nicholas, who ſtill lay bellowing for help, pulled his head to his breaſt with one jerk, and clapping it on again, muttered ſome words, which he ſaid were an infallible charm for fixing on beards, as they ſhould preſently ſee; accordingly, when the affair was adjuſted, he quitted the ſquire, who now ſeemed as well bearded and as ſound as ever; a circumſtance that, above meaſure, ſurprized the knight, who begged that the curate, at a proper opportunity, would impart to him the charm, which he imagined muſt contain more virtues than that of cementing beards, becauſe it was plain, that where the hair was torn off, the ſkin and fleſh muſt be lacerated and hurt, and if the application could heal thoſe wounded parts, it was good for ſomething more than mere muſtachios. The curate confirmed his conjecture, and promiſed to diſcloſe the ſecret to him, with the firſt proper opportunity; then it was agreed, that the prieſt ſhould mount the mule by himſelf, and, with the other two, ride her by turns, until they ſhould arrive at the inn, which was about two leagues off.

Don Quixote, the princeſs, and the curate, being thus mounted, and Cardenio, the barber, and Sancho Panza following on foot, the knight told the damſel, that her highneſs might conduct him whithſoever ſhe pleaſed; but, before ſhe could make any reply, the prieſt interpoſed, ſaying, 'Towards 'what kingdom is your majeſty journeying? I am much miſtaken in my 'notions of kingdoms, if you are not 'bound for Micomicon?' She, who had been well inſtructed in her cue, concluding that ſhe muſt anſwer in the affirmative, ſaid, 'Yes, Signior, that 'is the place of my deſtination.'—'Then you muſt paſs through our vil'lage,' anſwered the curate, 'and take 'your route to Carthagena, where your 'highneſs may happily embark; and 'if you meet with no hurricane, but 'be favoured with a fair wind and 'ſmooth ſea, in ſomething leſs than 'nine years, you may get ſight of that 'vaſt Lake Meona, I mean, Meotis, 'which is a little more than one hun'dred days journey from your maje'ſty's kingdom.'—'Your worſhip muſt 'be miſtaken,' ſaid the princeſs, 'for 'two years are not yet elapſed ſince I 'ſet out from thence; and though the 'weather has always been bad, I have 'already obtained what I ſo much 'longed after, namely, the ſight of 'Signior Don Quixote de La Mancha, 'whoſe fame reached my ears as ſoon 'as I landed in Spain, and induced me 'to come in queſt of him, that I might 'ſolicit his courteſy, and truſt my 'righteous cauſe to the valour of his

'invincible

'invincible arm.'—'Enough, Madam,' said Don Quixote; 'spare your encomiums; for I am an utter enemy to 'all sorts of adulation; and, although 'you are not to be suspected of flattery, 'my chaste ears are always offended at 'that kind of discourse. What I can 'safely affirm, is this: whether I have 'valour or not, here is he, valiant or 'pusillanimous, who will exert himself 'to the last drop of his blood in the 'service of your highness. But, this 'apart——Pray, Mr. Licentiate, what 'cause hath brought you hither alone, 'where I am really astonished to find 'you so ill attended, and so slightly 'cloathed?'

'In that particular you shall soon be 'satisfied, answered the curate: 'your 'worship must know that I and our 'friend Mr. Nicholas the barber, set 'out for Seville, to recover a sum of 'money, which was sent to me by a re'lation of mine that went to the Indies, 'a good many years ago; no less than 'sixty thousand pieces of eight in good 'silver, which make no inconsiderable 'sum: and yesterday, passing through 'this place, we were set upon by four 'highwaymen, who stripped us even 'to our very whiskers, and that in such 'a manner as obliged the barber to 'wear artificial ones; and you may see,' pointing to Cardenio, 'how they have 'despoiled the face of this young man 'who accompanied us; and the cream 'of the story is, that, according to the 'publick report, which prevails in this 'neighbourhood, those who robbed us 'were galley-slaves, that, almost in 'this very place, were set at liberty by 'a man so valiant, as to let them all 'loose, in spite of the commissary and 'his guards. Without all doubt he 'must have been deprived of his senses, 'or as great a villain as any of those he 'freed, or some person void of all con'science and feeling, who could thus 'turn loose the wolf among the lambs, 'the fox among the poultry, and the 'flies among the honey-pots; defraud'ing justice, and rebelling against his 'king and rightful sovereign, by acting 'contrary to his just commands, in de'priving the gallies of their hands, and 'putting in confusion the holy brother'hood, which have continued so many 'years in undisturbed repose: in short, 'he hath done a deed that may tend to 'the perdition of his own soul as well 'as body.'

Sancho had before recounted to them the adventure of the galley-slaves, which he had atchieved with so much glory; and therefore the curate urged it home, in order to observe the behaviour of Don Quixote, who changed colour at every word, without daring to own himself the deliverer of that worthy crew. 'Those,' added the priest, 'were the 'persons who rifled us; and God of 'his infinite mercy forgive the man 'who prevented the punishment they 'so richly deserved!'

CHAP. III.

THE PLEASANT ARTIFICE PRACTISED TO EXTRICATE OUR ENAMOURED KNIGHT FROM THE MOST RIGOROUS PENANCE HE HAD IMPOSED UPON HIMSELF.

SCARCE had the curate pronounced this apostrophe, when Sancho blundered out—'Then, in good faith, 'Mr. Licentiate, he who performed 'this exploit, was no other than my 'master; not that I neglected to tell 'and advise him beforehand, to con'sider what he was about, and think 'what a sin it would be to let loose 'those who were going to the gallies 'for the most grievous enormities'—'You blockhead,' cried Don Quixote, incensed, 'it neither concerns, nor be'longs to knights-errant, to examine 'whether the afflicted, the enslaved, and 'oppressed, whom they meet on the high'way, are reduced, to these wretched 'circumstances by their crimes, or 'their misfortunes; our business is only 'to assist them in their distress, having 'an eye to their sufferings, and not to 'their demerits. I chanced to light 'upon a string of miserable and dis'contented objects, in behalf of whom 'I acted according to the dictates of 'my religion, without minding the 'consequence; and he who takes um'brage at what I have done, saving the 'sacred character and honourable per'son of Mr. Licentiate, is, I insist 'upon it, utterly ignorant of chivalry, 'and lyes like the base-born son of a 'whore; and this assertion I will make 'good with my sword, in the most

'ample manner.' So saying, he fixed himself in the stirrups, and cocked his beaver; the barber's bason, which he mistook for Mambrino's helmet, hanging useless at the saddle-bow, until the damage it received from the galley-slaves could be repaired.

Dorothea, who was equally prudent and witty, understanding that every body present, except Sancho, diverted themselves with the extravagant humour of Don Quixote, was willing to have her share of the entertainment; and accordingly, perceiving that his indignation was raised, 'Sir knight,' said she, 'I hope your worship will remember your promise to me, by which 'you are restricted from engaging in 'any other adventure, however pressing it may be. Subdue your resentment therefore, and be assured, that 'had Mr. Licentiate known the galley-'slaves were set at liberty by that invincible arm, he would have taken 'three stitches in his mouth, and bit 'his tongue three times, rather than 'have uttered one word that should redound to the prejudice of your worship.'—'That I swear I would have done,' said the curate; 'aye, and have 'plucked off one of my whiskers to 'boot.'—'Madam,' answered the knight, 'I am silent. I will restrain the 'just indignation which begins to rise 'within me, and proceed in the utmost 'peace and quiet, until I shall have 'fulfilled the boon I promised to your 'highness; but, in recompence for 'this my kind intention, I beseech 'you, if it be not too much trouble, 'to make me acquainted with the nature of your misfortune; and tell me 'the number, quality, and condition 'of those persons on whom I am to 'take just satisfaction and full vengeance, in your behalf.'—'With all 'my heart,' answered Dorothea; 'though I am afraid of tiring you with 'a recital of woes and misfortunes.' The knight assured her that would be impossible; and she resumed, 'Well 'then, be so good as to favour me with 'your attention.'

At these words, Cardenio and the barber went up close to her, in order to hear what story she, in her discretion, would invent; and Sancho Panza, who was as much deceived as his master, followed their example. After she had seated herself firmly in the saddle, cleared her pipes with a hem or two, and made other preliminary gestures, she with great sprightliness thus began:

'In the first place, gentlemen, you 'must know that my name is ———' Here she made a full stop, having forgot how the curate had christened her: but this defect was soon remedied; for, immediately conceiving the cause of her hesitation, he said, 'It is no wonder, 'Madam, that your highness is disturbed and disordered at the recollection of 'your misfortunes, which are often so 'great, as to impair the memory to such 'a degree, that the afflicted cannot even 'remember their own names: this effect 'they have had upon you, Madam, 'who have forgot that you are the Princess Micomicona, legitimate heiress 'of the great kingdom of Micomicon. 'With the assistance of this hint, your 'highness will easily recal the whole 'thread of your story to your sorrowful remembrance.'—'You are in the right,' replied the damsel; 'and I believe I shall be able to bring my true narrative to a happy conclusion without farther prompting.

'The king, my father, whose name 'was Tinacrio the sage, foreiaw, by his profound skill in magick, that my 'mother, who was called Queen Zaramilla, would die before him; and 'that, as he himself must quit this life 'soon after, I should be left an helpless orphan; but this consideration, 'he said, did not give him so much 'pain and confusion, as the certain 'foreknowledge that a monstrous giant, 'lord of a great island that bordered on 'our kingdom, called Pandafilando of 'the Gloomy Aspect: (for, it is affirmed, that although his eyes are, like any other person's, placed in the middle of his face, he always looks askance, as if he squinted; and this obliquity the malicious tyrant practises, in order to surprize and intimidate those who behold him;) I say, 'my father foresaw by his art, that this 'giant, informed of my being an orphan, would invade me with a great 'army, and deprive me of my whole 'kingdom, without leaving so much as 'a village for my retreat; and that 'nothing could prevent this my ruin 'and misfortune, unless I would consent to marry him; though, so far as 'he could learn, it would never come 'into my thoughts to make such an

'unequal

'unequal match; and truly his conjecture was well founded; for, it never entered into my head, to wed this giant, or any other person, howsoever tall and unmeasurable he might be. My father, therefore, advised me, that when, after his death, I should get notice that Pandafilando was beginning to invade my kingdom, I should not stay to put myself in a posture of defence, which would prove my destruction, but freely leave him the possession of my realms, if I was resolved to avoid my own death, and to prevent the total destruction of my good and faithful subjects; for it would be impossible to defend myself against the infernal force of the giant: but, that I should immediately set out for Spain, where I would find a remedy for all my misfortunes, in the person of a certain knight-errant, whose fame would be at that time spread over the whole kingdom, and whose name, if I right remember, would be Don Hacksot, or Kicksot.'—'Don Quixote your ladyship would say,' cried Sancho, interposing, 'alias the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.'—'The very same,' replied Dorothea: 'he told me, moreover, that this knight would be a tall man, with a long meagre visage, and have on his right-side, below his left-shoulder, or thereabouts, a grey mole garnished with hairs, which bear some resemblance to a hog's bristles.'

Don Quixote hearing this circumstance, said to his squire, 'Come hither, son Sancho, and help me to strip; for I want to see if I am actually the knight of whom that sage king foretold.'—'Why should your worship strip?' said Dorothea. 'In order to satisfy myself about that mole which your royal father mentioned.'—'You need not give yourself the trouble,' said Sancho; 'I know your worship hath just such a mole on the middle of your back-bone, which is a sign of strength.'—'That assurance is sufficient,' resumed Dorothea, 'for, among friends, we ought not to stand upon trifles; and it is of very little consequence whether the mole be upon the shoulder or the back bone; provided there is really such a mark on any part of your body, which is all composed of the same flesh. Without doubt my worthy father was right in every thing he prognosticated; and I have exactly followed his directions, in recommending my cause to the protection of Signior Don Quixote, who is certainly the individual knight my father described; since his features correspond with his fame, which fills not only Spain, but likewise the whole province of La Mancha*; for scarce had I landed at Ossuna, than hearing of his vast exploits, my mind suggested that he must be the very person I came in quest of.'—'How could your highness,' said Don Quixote, 'land at Ossuna, which is not a sea-port?'

Before she had time to make a reply, the curate took the task upon himself, saying, 'The princess must mean, that after she landed at Malaga, Ossuna was the first place in which she heard of your worship.'—'That was my meaning,' said Dorothea. 'There is nothing more plain,' answered the priest; 'and now your majesty may proceed.'—'I have nothing more to say,' resumed the princess, 'but that, at length, destiny has been so favourable to me, in my finding Don Quixote, I reckon and look upon myself as queen again, and mistress of my whole realms, since out of his great courtesy and magnificence, he hath promised, in consequence of the boon I asked, to go with me whithersoever I shall conduct him; and my intention is no other than to bring him face to face with Pandafilando of the Gloomy Aspect, that he may, by putting him to death, restore me to the possession of that which he so unjustly usurps; and all this will literally happen, as it was prophesied by my worthy father Tinacrio the Sage, who hath also left it written in Chaldean or Greek characters, for I cannot read them, that if the knight mentioned in the prophecy should, after having cut off the giant's head, demand me in marriage, I must instantly accept of him as my lawful husband, without the

* This is a diverting example of the Bathos, not unlike that anticlimax repeated in the art of sinking.

Nor Alps, nor Appenines could keep us out,
Nor fortified redoubt!

'leaſt heſitation, and give him immediate poſſeſſion of my perſon and throne.'

Don Quixote hearing this circumſtance, cried, 'What do you think now, friend Sancho? do you hear what paſſes? and did not I tell thee as much? Obſerve now, whether or not we have not a queen to marry, and a kingdom to govern.'—'Adzookers, it is even ſo!' cried the ſquire; 'and plague upon the ſon of a whore who refuſes to marry her, as ſoon as Mr. Pandahiladoe's weazond is cut; then, what a delicate morſel the queen is! odd, I wiſh all the fleas in my bed were ſuch as ſhe!' So ſaying, he cut a brace of capers, with marks of infinite ſatisfaction; then running up, and taking hold of the bridle of Dorothea's mule, made her halt, while he, falling down on his knees before her, beſought the princeſs to let him kiſs her hand, in token of his receiving her as his queen and miſtreſs. Which of the company could behold the madneſs of the maſter, and the ſimplicity of the man, without laughing! Dorothea actually gave him her hand, and promiſed to make him a grandee, as ſoon as, by the favour of Heaven, ſhe ſhould be reſtored to the poſſeſſion of her kingdom; and he thanked her in terms which redoubled the mirth of all preſent.

'This, gentlemen,' added the damſel, 'is my ſtory, and nothing now remains but to tell you, that of all the people who attended me when I left my own country, not one ſurvives, except this well-bearded ſquire; all the reſt having periſhed in a dreadful ſtorm that overtook us after we were within ſight of land: he and I miraculouſly floated to the ſhore on two planks; and indeed the whole courſe of my life, as you may have obſerved in my narration, hath been full of myſtery and wonder. If I have in any thing exceeded the bounds of credibility, or been leſs accurate than I ought, I hope you will impute it to that cauſe aſſigned by the licentiate, in the beginning of my ſtory; namely, the continual and extraordinary affliction, that often impairs the memory of the unfortunate.'—'But, mine ſhall not be impaired, moſt high and virtuous lady!' ſaid Don Quixote, 'by all the misfortunes I ſhall undergo in your ſervice, let them be never ſo great and unprecedented: therefore I again confirm the boon I have promiſed, and ſwear to attend you even to the world's end, until I get ſight of that ferocious adverſary of yours, whole proud head I hope to ſlice off, with the aſſiſtance of God, my own arm, and the edge of this (I will not ſay good) ſword; thanks to Gines de Paſſamonte who run away with my own*.' This laſt apoſtrophe he muttered between his teeth, and then proceeded aloud, ſaying—'and after I ſhall have deprived him of his head, and put you in peaceable poſſeſſion of your throne, you ſhall be at free liberty to diſpoſe of your perſon, according to your own will and pleaſure; for, while my memory is engroſſed, my will enſlaved, and my underſtanding ſubjected to her who—— I ſay no more; but, that it is impoſſible I ſhould incline, or have the leaſt thought towards marrying any other perſon, though ſhe were a perfect phœnix.'

Sancho was ſo much diſguſted at this laſt declaration of his maſter, refuſing the marriage, that raiſing his voice, he cried with great indignation, 'Signior Don Quixote, I vow and ſwear your worſhip is crazy, elſe you would never boggle at marrying ſuch a high-born princeſs as this! Do you imagine that fortune will offer ſuch good luck at every turn, as ſhe now preſents? or pray, do you think my Lady Dulcinea more handſome than the princeſs? I am ſure ſhe is not half ſo beautiful, and will even venture to ſay, that ſhe is not worthy to tie her majeſty's ſhoe-ſtrings. How the plague ſhall I ever obtain the earldom I expect, if your worſhip goes thus afiſhing for muſhrooms at ſea? Marry her, marry her, in the devil's name, without much ado; lay hold on this kingdom that drops, as it were, into your hand; and, after your coronation, make me a marquis or lord-lieutenant, and then the devil, if he will, may run away with the reſt.'

Don Quixote was enraged, when he

* If the knight was robbed of his own ſword by Gines, where did he find that which he wore on this occaſion?

heard

heard such blasphemies uttered against his mistress Dulcinea, and lifting up his lance, without speaking a syllable, or giving the least notice of his intention, discharged two such hearty blows upon the squire, as brought him instantly to the ground; and had not Dorothea called aloud, and begged of him to forbear, would certainly have murdered poor Sancho on the spot. 'Do you 'think,' said he, after some pause, 'you plebeian scoundrel, that I will always stand with my hands in my 'pockets; and that there is nothing to 'be done, but for you to misbehave, 'and for me to forgive you? I'll teach 'you better manners, you excommunicated rascal; for such to be sure you 'are, else you would not wag your 'tongue against the peerless Dulcinea. 'Don't you know, you grovelling beggarly villain, that were it not for the 'valour with which she inspires this 'arm, I should not have enough to kill 'a flea? Tell me, you viperish scoffer, 'what you think hath won this kingdom, cut off the giant's head, and 'made you a marquis, for all this I 'look upon as already done and determined? Is it not the valour of 'Dulcinea that makes use of my arm 'as the instrument of her exploits? In 'me she fights and overcomes; in her 'I live, breathe, and have my being. 'O thou whoreson, ungrateful ruffian, 'who seest thyself raised from the dust 'of the earth to the rank of nobility, 'and repayest the obligation by slandering thy benefactress.'

Sancho was not so roughly handled but he heard every syllable that his master spoke; and, starting up as nimbly as he could, ran behind Dorothea's palfrey, from whence he said to the knight, 'Pray, Sir, if your worship 'is determined against marrying this 'great princess, is it not plain, that the 'kingdom cannot be yours; and if that 'be the case, what favours can you bestow upon me? This is what I complain of. I would your worship would, 'once for all, marry this queen, who 'is, at it were, rained down from 'Heaven upon us; and then you may 'converse with my Lady Dulcinea, according to the custom of some kings 'who keep concubines. As to the 'affair of beauty, I will not intermeddle; but, if the truth may be 'told, I like them both very well, 'though I never saw my Lady Dulcinea in my life.'—'How! not seen 'her, blasphemous traitor!' cried Don Quixote; 'have you not just brought a 'message from her?'—'I say,' answered Sancho, 'that when I saw her, I had 'not an opportunity of examining the 'particulars of her beauty and good 'qualities one by one; but all together 'she pleased me very much.'—'Now, 'Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'I exculpate thee, and thou must forgive 'what I did in my wrath; for no man can command the first emotions of his 'passion.'—'That I can plainly perceive,' answered the squire, 'and 'therefore, the desire of speaking is always the first motion in me; and 'truly, when once my tongue begins to 'itch, I cannot for my blood keep it 'within my teeth.'—'For all that, 'friend Sancho,' said the knight, 'I 'would have you consider before you 'speak; for, though the pitcher goes 'often to the well—I need not mention 'what follows.'—'In good time,' replied the squire, 'there is a God above, 'who sees the snare, and will judge 'which of us is the most to blame; I in 'speaking, or your worship in doing 'evil.'—'Let there be no more of this, 'Sancho,' said Dorothea, 'but run 'and kiss your master's hand, and beg 'his pardon; and henceforth set a better guard upon your praise and disparagement; above all things, beware 'of saying any thing to the prejudice 'of that Lady Toboso, whom I know 'by nothing else than my inclination to 'serve her: and if you put your trust in 'God, you will not fail of acquiring 'some estate, by which you will live 'like a prince.'

Sancho took her advice, and, hanging his head, went to beg a kiss of his master's hand, which was granted with great solemnity of deportment; nay, the knight gave him his blessing also, desiring he would attend him while he rode on a little before the rest of the company, that he might have a better opportunity of asking a few questions, and conversing with him about affairs of the utmost importance. Sancho obeyed the order; and the two having advanced a good way before the rest, 'Since thy return,' said Don Quixote, 'I have had neither time nor conve'nience, to enquire about many par'ticular circumstances of thy embassy, 'with

'with the anſwer thou haſt brought: 'and now that fortune favours us with 'a fit opportunity, thou muſt not deny 'me the pleaſure I ſhall receive from 'thy agreeable information.'—'Your 'worſhip,' anſwered the ſquire, 'may 'aſk as many queſtions as you pleaſe: 'I ſhall make every thing come out as 'clear as it went in; but I intreat your 'worſhip, dear Sir, not to be ſo revenge-'ful for the future.'—'Why doſt thou 'call me revengeful?' ſaid the knight. 'Becauſe,' reſumed the ſquire, 'thoſe 'blows I was juſt now honoured with, 'were more owing to the quarrel the 'devil picked between us, t'other night, 'than to any thing I ſaid againſt my 'Lady Dulcinea, whom I love and re-'verence as a relick, though ſhe be not 'one, merely, becauſe ſhe appertains to 'your worſhip.'—'No more of theſe 'reflections, on thy life,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'elſe thou wilt give me freſh 'umbrage: I freely forgave thee at that 'time, and thou knoweſt, that, ac-'cording to the common obſervation, 'Every new fault deſerves a new pe-'nance.'

While this converſation paſſed be-tween them, they perceived a man riding towards them on an aſs; and, when he came a little nearer, diſcerned him to be a gypſie; but Sancho Panza, who ſent his ſoul abroad with his eyes, to examine every aſs that appeared, no ſooner beheld the rider, than he recognized Gines de Paſſamonte, and by the thread of the gypſie diſcovered the clue of his own aſs; for it was actually Dapple that carried Paſſamonte, who, for the better conve-nience of ſelling the beaſt, had diſguiſed himſelf in the dreſs of a gypſie, whoſe language, with many others, he could ſpeak as fluently as his mother-tongue. Sancho ſaw and recollected him, and no ſooner had he ſeen and recollected him, than he bellowed forth, 'Ah, villain, 'Geneſillo! reſtore my goods! give me 'back the comfort of my life! rob me 'not of my heart's content! give me 'my aſs! give me my darling! Fly, 'thief! ſkip, robber; and ſeek not to 'preſerve that which is none of thy 'own.'

There was no need of all this ex-clamation and reproach; for Gines leap-ed off at the firſt word, and at a pretty round trot, which might have paſſed for a gallop, made the beſt of his way, and vaniſhed in a twinkling. Sancho run-ning to his aſs, embraced it with great affection, ſaying, 'How haſt thou been, 'my dear Dapple? my truſty compa-'nion and joy of my eyes!' Then kiſſed and careſſed it as if it had been a Chriſtian; while Dapple very peaceably received theſe demonſtrations of love and kindneſs, without anſwering one word. The whole company wiſhed him joy of his recovery; particularly Don Quix-ote, who aſſured him, that although he had retrieved Dapple, the promiſe of the three colts ſhould not be annulled; and Sancho thanked him for his gene-roſity.

While the maſter and man were con-verſing by themſelves, the curate told Dorothea, that ſhe had behaved with great diſcretion in her ſtory, both with regard to the matter and brevity of it, as well as the reſemblance it bore to thoſe legends that are found in books of chivalry. She obſerved that ſhe had employed a good part of her leiſure time in reading ſuch romances; but, being ignorant of the ſituation of dif-ferent provinces and ſea-ports, ſhe had ſpoke at random, when ſhe mentioned her landing at Oſſuna.'—'I thought ſo,' reſumed the prieſt, 'and made all haſte 'to adjuſt matters by what I ſaid; but, 'is it not very ſtrange, to ſee with what 'facility this poor unfortunate gentle-'man ſwallows all thoſe lyes and fic-'tions, merely, becauſe they are de-'livered in the ſtile and manner of his 'nonſenſical books?'—'So very ſtrange 'and ſingular,' ſaid Cardenio, 'that 'I queſtion if there be any genius 'whatever, ſo fertile as to frame ſuch 'a character by the mere force of in-'vention.'—'And what is a very re-'markable circumſtance,' replied the curate, 'waving thoſe extravagancies 'which this worthy gentleman utters 'upon the ſubject of his diſorder, he 'can diſcourſe upon other topicks with 'ſurprizing ability, and appears to be a 'man of great knowledge and intel-'lects; ſo that, if you do not touch 'upon chivalry, his hearers muſt look 'upon him as a perſon of excellent un-'derſtanding.'

While they were engaged in this con-verſation, Don Quixote proceeded in his with Sancho; to whom he ſaid, 'Come, friend Panza, let us forget 'what is paſt, with regard to animo-'ſity, and tell me, without any ingre-'dient of rancour and reſentment, where

'and

'and how you found Dulcinea? What 'was she doing? What did she say? 'What answer did she make? How did 'she look when she read my letter? Who 'transcribed it for her perusal? These 'particulars, and every other circum-'stance of the affair, which you think 'worthy to be known, asked, and an-'swered, I expect you will explain, 'without seeking to increase my plea-'sure with false additions, much less to 'diminish it by malicious omission.'—'Signior,' said Sancho, 'if the truth 'must be told, nobody transcribed the 'letter; because I had no letter to be 'transcribed.'—'That is very true,' replied the knight; 'for, two days af-'ter thy departure, I found the pocket-'book in which it was written; a cir-'cumstance that gave me infinite pain, 'as I could not conceive what thou 'wouldst do when the mistake should 'appear; indeed I always imagined 'thou wouldst have returned hither im-'mediately upon the discovery.'—'That 'would certainly have been the case,' said the squire, 'if, when your worship 'read it to me, I had not retained it in 'my memory, so perfect as to be able 'to dictate it to a parish clerk, who, as 'I repeated, transcribed it so exactly, 'that he said, in all the days of his life, 'though he had read many letters of 'excommunication, he had never seen 'such a clever letter as yours.'—'And 'dost thou still retain it?' said Don Quixote. 'No, Sir' replied Sancho, 'For, 'after I had put it into her hand, I 'thought there was no farther occasion 'to retain it, and therefore let it slip out 'of my remembrance; or, if any part 'remains, it is that of the subterrene, I 'mean sovereign lady, and the conclu-'sion. Yours till death, the Knight of 'the Rueful Countenance; with about 'three hundred souls, and lives, and pigs-'nies, which I set down in the middle.'

CHAP. IV.

THE SAVOURY CONVERSATION THAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE SANCHO PANZA, WITH MANY OTHER INCIDENTS.

'ALL this is pretty well; proceed!' said Don Quixote: 'how was 'that queen of beauty employed, when 'you arrived? I dare say, you found 'her stringing pearls, or embroidering 'some device for this her captive knight, 'with threads of gold.'—'No, truly,' answered the squire; 'I found her win-'nowing two bushels of wheat in the 'yard.'—'Then you may depend 'upon it,' resumed the knight, 'the 'grains of that wheat were converted 'into pearls by the touch of her hand; 'and didst thou observe, my friend, 'whether it was of the finer or com-'mon sort?'—'Why, neither!' said Sancho; 'it seemed to be, as it were, 'red wheat.'—'But, since it was win-'nowed by her fair hands,' answered Don Quixote, 'I dare affirm, it will 'make the whitest bread in Spain. Go 'on with thy information. When the 'letter was delivered, did she not kiss 'it, and place it on the crown of her 'head, in token of respect? Did she not 'perform some ceremony worthy of such 'a letter? Pray, how did she receive 'it?'—'When I presented the letter,' answered Sancho, 'she was in a main 'hurry, winnowing a large heap of 'wheat that was in her sieve; and said 'to me, "Friend, lay down the letter "on that sack; for I cannot pretend "to read it, until I have made an end "of my work."'—'Discreet lady!' cried the knight; 'her intention cer-'tainly was to read it at her leisure, that 'she might recreate herself with the 'contents. Proceed, Sancho; and while 'she was thus employed, what con-'versation passed between you? what 'questions did she ask concerning me? 'and what answers didst thou make? 'Recount the whole, without leaving 'one syllable untold.'

'She asked me no questions,' replied the squire; 'but I told her, how I had 'left your worship doing penance for 'love of her, skipping among those 'rocks, naked from the waist up-'wards, like a mere savage, sleeping 'on the bare ground; neglecting to 'eat your food like a Christian, or to 'comb your beard like a decent man; 'but whining, and weeping, and curs-'ing your fortune.'—'If you said 'I cursed my fortune, you misrepre-'sented me,' said Don Quixote; 'for 'I bless my fate, and will bless it all 'the days of my life, for having made 'me worthy to aspire to the love of such 'an high lady as Dulcinea del Tobo-'so.'—'High indeed!' answered San-

cho,

cho, 'for, in faith, she is a good hand 'taller than I am.'—'How hast thou 'been measured with her, Sancho?' said the knight. 'I'll tell you how,' answered the squire; 'while I was helping to lay a load of corn upon an ass, 'we came so close together, that I 'could easily perceive she over-topped 'me by a full hand.'—'That may be 'true,' said Don Quixote; 'though 'her tallness is accompanied and adorned 'by a myriad of mental graces. 'But this you will not deny, Sancho, that while you was so near her, 'your nostrils were regaled by a Sabæan 'odour, an aromatick fragrance, a certain delicious sensation, for which 'there is no name. I mean, a scent, a 'perfume, such as fills the shop of 'some curious glover.'—'All that I 'can say,' answered Sancho, 'is, that I 'was sensible of a sort of rammish smell, 'which I believe was owing to her being 'in a muck sweat with hard work.'—'That is impossible,' cried the knight; 'thy sense must have been depraved, or 'that smell must have proceeded from 'thy own body; for I am perfectly 'well acquainted with the odour of 'that rose among briars, that lily of 'the valley, that liquid amber.'—'It 'may be so,' said Sancho: 'I have often known such smells come from 'myself, as then seemed to come from 'my Lady Dulcinea: but that is not to 'be wondered at; because, as the saying is, every fiend may stink of brimstone.'—'Well, then,' added Don Quixote, 'she hath now winnowed the 'wheat and sent it to the mill; how 'did she behave after she had read my 'letter?'—'The letter,' answered Sancho, 'was not read at all; for, as she 'could neither read nor write, she 'chose to rend and tear it to pieces, rather than give it to any body who 'might publish her secrets in the village, saying, she was very well satisfied with the information I gave her 'by word of mouth, concerning your 'worship's love for her, and the extraordinary penance I left you doing on 'her account. Finally, she bade me 'tell you, that she kissed your wor'ship's hands, being much more desirous of seeing than writing to you; 'and therefore she entreated and com'manded your worship, by these presents, to quit this desart, and leave off 'playing the fool, and forthwith set 'out on your journey to Toboso, provided that something else of greater 'importance should not happen, for 'she longed very much for a sight of 'your worship, and laughed heartily 'when I told her, that you had taken 'the name of the Knight with the 'Rueful Countenance. When I asked 'if the Biscayan had been lately with 'her, she answered, "Yes;" and that 'he was very much of a gentleman; 'but, when I enquired about the gal'ley-slaves, she said she had as yet seen 'none of them.'

'Hitherto all goes well,' said the knight, 'but pray tell me what jewel 'she gave you at parting, for the news 'you had brought of me her lover; for, 'it is an ancient practice and custom 'among knights-errant and their mis'tresses, to bestow upon their squires, 'damsels, or dwarfs, who bring them 'news of each other, some rich jewel, 'as a reward and acknowledgment 'for the message.'—'It may be so,' said Sancho; 'and I think it an excel'lent custom, but that must have been 'in time past; for in this age it is 'customary to give nothing but a piece 'of bread and cheese, which was all 'the present I received from my Lady 'Dulcinea, who reached it over the 'yard wall, when I took my leave; 'by this token, that the cheese was 'made of ewe's milk.'—'She is libe'ral to excess,' said the knight; 'and if 'she omitted giving thee a jewel, it must 'certainly have been owing to her not 'having any by her; but all in good 'time*; I shall see her soon, and then 'every thing will be set to rights. Yet 'there is one thing, Sancho, which 'overwhelms me with astonishment. 'You seem to have travelled through 'the air; for you have spent little 'more than three days in your journey; 'though Toboso is more than thirty 'leagues distant from hence. From 'this extraordinary expedition, I con'jecture, that the sage, who is my 'friend, and interests himself in my 'affairs, and such there certainly is,

* Lit rally. Sleeves are good even after Easter; i. e. Though a good thing comes late, it is never unseasonable.

'and

'and must be, else I should be no 'true knight-errant; I say, this in-'chanter must have assisted thee in thy 'journey, though thou didst not per-'ceive it; for some there are of that 'class, who will take up a knight-er-'rant while he is asleep in his bed, and 'without his knowing any thing of the 'matter, he shall awake next morning 'in some place more than a thousand 'leagues from the house where he took 'up his lodging the night before; and 'without such sudden transportations, it 'would be impossible for knights to 'succour each other in distress, as they 'frequently do. A knight errant, for 'example, happens to be fighting in 'the deserts of Armenia, with some 'fierce dragon, dreadful goblin, or ri-'val knight; and being worsted, and 'just at the point of being slain, be-'hold, when he least expects it, there 'suddenly appears in a cloud or fiery 'chariot, another knight, a friend of 'his, who but a minute before resided 'in England, and who assists and deli-'vers him from death; and that same 'night, he finds himself supping at his 'ease at his own house, which is often 'two or three thousand leagues from 'the field of battle; and all this is ef-'fected by the industry and art of sage 'inchanters, who take those valiant 'knights under their protection.

'Wherefore, friend Sancho, I can 'easily believe that thou hast in so 'little time travelled from hence to 'Toboso and back again; because, as 'I have already observed, some friendly 'sage must have carried thee through 'the air, though thou didst not per-'ceive it.'—'Not unlikely,' replied the squire, 'for, in good faith, Rozinante went like a gypsy's ass, with quick-'silver in his ears.'—'With quicksil-'ver,' cried the knight; 'ay, and a 'legion of dæmons to boot, who are 'beings that travel themselves, and 'make other people travel as fast as 'they please, without tiring.

'But, waving this subject, how doest 'thou think I ought to regulate my 'conduct, now that my mistress com-'mands me to appear in her presence! 'for, although I find myself obliged to 'comply with her orders, I am utterly 'incapacitated by the boon I have grant-'ed to this princess: and I am bound 'by the laws of chivalry to fulfil my 'promise, before I indulge my inclina-'tion. On one hand, I am persecuted 'and harrassed by the desire of seeing 'Dulcinea; on the other, I am incited 'and invited by my honour and the 'glory I shall acquire in this enterprize. 'I am therefore determined to travel 'with all expedition, until I arrive at 'the place where the giant resides; and, 'when I shall have restored the prin-'cess to the peaceful possession of her 'kingdom, after having shortened the 'usurper by the head, I will return to 'the rays of that beauty which en-'lightens my thoughts, and excuse 'myself in such a manner as to obtain 'her forgiveness, as she will plainly 'perceive that my delay tended to the 'increase of her glory and fame; see-'ing all my reputation in arms, past, 'present, or to come, proceeds from 'her favour and inspiration.'—'Lord!' cried Sancho 'how your worship is 'concerned about a parcel of pot-'sherds. Pray tell me, Sir, do you 'intend to make this journey for no-'thing, and to let such a rich and 'noble marriage as this slip through 'your fingers; while the dowry is no 'less than a kingdom, which I have 'actually heard is more than twenty 'thousand leagues round, plentifully 'stored with every thing that is needful 'for the sustenance of mortal man, and 'larger than Portugal and Castile put 'together? Hold your tongue, a God's 'name, and take shame to yourself, for 'what you have said; pardon my free-'dom, take my advice, and marry in 'the first place where we can find a 'curate, or make use of our friend the 'licentiate, who will buckle you hand-'somely. Take notice, therefore, that 'I am of an age to give good counsel, 'and this that I offer will fit you to a 'hair, for a bird in hand is worth two 'in the bush; and, as the saying is, 'He that hath good in his view, and 'yet will not evil eschew, his folly de-'serveth to rue.'

'Sancho,' answered Don Quixote, 'if thou adviseſt me to marry, with a 'view of seeing me king, after I shall 'have killed the giant, that I may have 'an opportunity of rewarding thee with 'what I have promised, thou must 'know that I can easily gratify thy 'wishes, without wedding the princess; 'for, before I engage in the combat, I 'will covenant, that, provided I come 'off conqueror, and decline the mar-

'riage, I shall have it in my power to 'dispose of one part of the kingdom, 'as I shall think proper; and to whom 'should I give it but to thee?'—'That 'is very plain,' replied the squire; 'but 'I beseech your worship to make choice 'of the sea-coast, because if I should 'happen to dislike the country, I may 'ship off my black slaves, and sell them, 'as I have already hinted. Wherefore, 'without troubling yourself at present, 'about my Lady Dulcinea, I would 'have you go and slay the giant, and 'conclude that affair from which, be-'fore God! we shall certainly reap 'much honour and advantage.'—'I 'tell thee, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'thou art in the right, and I will follow 'thy advice, so far as it regards my at-'tendance upon the princess, before I 'visit Dulcinea. But say not a word 'to any body, even those of our com-'pany not excepted, of this conversa-'tion; for, as she is so reserved and 'careful of concealing her sentiments, 'it would be inexcusable in me, if I, 'or any other through my means, 'should disclose them.'—'Since this is 'the case,' said the squire, 'why does 'your worship command all those that 'are vanquished by your arm to go and 'present themselves before my Lady 'Dulcinea? you may as well give it 'under your hand, that you are her 'true and trusty lover; for, if you com-'pel them to fall upon their knees before 'her, and say they are sent by your 'worship to pay homage to her, how 'is it possible that the sentiments of 'either you or her can be concealed?'

'What an ignorant and simple fel-'low thou art!' resumed the knight; 'canst thou not see that all this re-'dounds to her praise and exaltation? 'Thou must know, that in our style 'of chivalry, it is deemed a great ho-'nour for a lady to be admired by a 'great many knights, whose wishes ex-'tend no farther than to the desire of 'serving her for her own sake, without 'expecting any other reward for their 'great and manifold services, than the 'glory of being admitted into the num-'ber of her knights.'—'In like man-'ner,' said Sancho, 'I have heard a 'priest in the pulpit observe, that we 'must love our Saviour for his own 'sake, without being moved thereto, 'by any fear of punishment or hopes 'of applause, though, for my own 'part, I am inclined to love and serve 'him on account of his power.'—'Now, the devil take the clown!' cried Don Quixote; 'he sometimes makes 'such shrewd observations that one 'would think he had actually studied!' —'And yet, upon my conscience,' answered the squire, 'I know not so much 'as my letters.' At that instant Master Nicholas calling aloud to them to stop a little, that the rest might have time to drink at a spring which they found in the way; Don Quixote turned back, to the no small satisfaction of Sancho, who was already tired with telling lyes, and afraid of being detected by his master; for, although he knew that Dulcinea was the daughter of a peasant at Toboso, he had never seen her in his life. By this time Cardenio had put on the cloaths which Dorothea wore when they found her; and, though they were none of the most elegant, he made a much better figure than with his tattered dress, which he now threw away. The whole company sat down by the spring, where, while they appeased the keen hunger that possessed them all, with what the curate had brought from the inn, a lad chanced to pass that way, who, looking earnestly at the whole company, at length run up to Don Quixote, and embracing his knees, began to blubber most heartily, saying, 'Ah! Signior, don't you know me? 'look at me again; I am that same in-'dividual young man called Andrew, 'whom your worship delivered from 'the tree to which I was tied.' The knight recollected his features, and taking him by the hand, addressed himself to the company in these words.

'That you may see of what impor-'tance knight-errantry is, to redress the 'wrongs and grievances which are dai-'ly committed by the insolent and 'wicked wretches who live upon this 'earth; know, that as I passed by a 'wood some time ago, I heard the 'screams and woeful cries of some af-'flicted creature in the utmost distress: 'and in consequence of my oath 'and obligation, riding towards the 'place from which the lamentation 'seemed to come, I found this very 'young man tied to an oak tree; and 'I am glad from my soul that he is 'here in person, to bear witness to the 'truth. I say, he was bound to an 'oak, naked from the waist upwards; 'and

'and a peasant, who I afterwards 'understood was his master, stood 'scourging him with the reins of a 'bridle. When I enquired into the 'cause of this barbarous treatment, the 'rustick answered, that he only whipped 'his own servant for being guilty of 'some neglect that savoured more of 'knavishness than simplicity. The 'boy protested he had done nothing but 'asked his wages: to this affirmation 'the master replied, by some asseverations which I have forgot; but though 'I heard his excuses, I would not admit of them. In short, I ordered the 'peasant to untie the youth, and made 'him swear that he would carry him 'home and pay him his wages in ready 'cash, nay, and pay him in rials that 'should be perfumed. Is not this literally true, son Andrew? Didst thou not 'observe with what authority I commanded, and with what humility he 'promised to comply with every thing 'that I imposed, suggested, and desired? 'Answer without perturbation or doubt, 'and tell this honourable company what 'passed, that they may see and be convinced of what use it is, as I said, to 'have knights-errant continually upon 'duty.'

'All that your worship hath told is 'very true,' answered the young man; 'but the end of the business was quite 'the reverse of what you imagined.'—'How! the reverse!' cried the knight; 'has not the peasant paid thee thy wages?'—'Far from paying me my wages,' said Andrew, 'your worship was 'no sooner out of the wood, and we by 'ourselves again, than he bound me a 'second time to the same oak, and 'lashed me so severely, that I remained 'like St. Bartholomew, flayed alive, 'and at every stripe he jeered and scoffed, and made game of your worship 'in such a manner, that if it had not 'been for the excessive pain I felt, I 'could not have refrained from laughing at what he said. In short, he 'treated me so cruelly, that till this very 'day, I have been in the hospital, for 'the cure of the wounds I received from 'that mischievous farmer; and truly 'your worship was the cause of all that 'I suffered; for if you had followed 'your own road, without going where 'nobody called you, or meddling with 'other people's affairs, my master 'would have been satisfied with giving 'me a cool dozen or two, and then 'loosed and paid me my due. But 'when your worship abused him so unseasonably, and called him so many 'bad names, his choler was inflamed; 'and, as he could not be revenged upon 'you, as soon as you was gone, he 'discharged the storm of his wrath upon me, in such a manner that I shall 'never be my own man again.'

'The misfortune,' said the knight, 'was in my leaving him before I had 'seen thee paid; for I ought to have 'known by long experience, that no 'peasant will keep his word, if he 'thinks it his interest to break it. 'But thou mayest remember, Andrew, 'that I swore if he did not perform his 'promise, I would return and search 'for him, until he should be found, 'even if he should hide himself in the 'whale's belly.'—'Very true,' replied Andrew; 'but that threat signified 'nothing.'—'Thou shalt presently see 'what it signifies!' resumed Don Quixote; who, getting up hastily, ordered Sancho to bridle Rozinante, who was following their example in refreshing himself with grass.

When Dorothea asked what he intended to do, he replied, he was going in quest of the peasant, to chastise him for his villainous behaviour, and make him pay Andrew to the last farthing, in despite and defiance of all the rusticks upon earth. To this declaration, she answered, by desiring him to consider, that according to the promised boon, he could not engage in any enterprize, until her affair should be finished; and since this stipulation was known to himself better than to any other person, she intreated him to repress his resentment till his return from her kingdom. 'That is very true,' resumed the knight, 'and Andrew must wait with patience 'for my return, as your majesty observes; but I repeat my oath and my 'promise, never to desist until I shall 'have seen his wages paid, and his injuries revenged.'—'I don't trust to 'those oaths,' said Andrew, 'and 'would rather, at present, have wherewithal to bear my expences to Seville, 'than all the revenge in the world; be 'so good, if you have any victuals, to 'give me something to eat upon my 'journey, and the Lord be with your 'worship and all knights-errant, who, 'I wish, may always err as much in

'their own affairs, as they have done 'in mine.' Sancho, taking a luncheon of bread and cheese from the store, gave it to the young man, saying, 'Here, 'brother Andrew, take this; and now 'we have all shared in your misfor-'tune.' When Andrew asked what share of it had fallen to him, he replied, 'That share of bread and cheese, which 'I have given you; and God knows whe-'ther I shall not feel the loss of it; for 'you must know, friend, that we squires 'of knights-errant are subject to many 'a hungry belly, with other misfor-'tunes which are more easily felt than 'described.'

Andrew accepted of the bread and cheese, and seeing that nobody offered him any thing else, made his bows, and as the saying is, took his foot in his hand *. True it is, before he departed, he addressed himself to Don Quixote, saying, 'For the love of God! Sir knight-'errant, if ever you meet me again, 'spare yourself the trouble of coming 'to my assistance, even though you 'should see me cut into minced meat, 'but leave me to my misfortune, which 'cannot be so great but that it may be 'increased by the succour of your wor-'ship, whom God confound, together 'with all the knights errant that ever 'were born.' Don Quixote started up, in order to chastise him, but he ran away with such nimbleness, that nobody attempted to pursue him; and the knight was so ashamed of his exploit, that the company were at great pains to contain their laughter, to prevent his being quite out of countenance.

CHAP. V.

WHICH TREATS OF WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE AND HIS COMPANY AT THE INN.

THEIR sumptuous meal being ended, they saddled their beasts, and without meeting any thing worthy of mention, arrived next day at the very inn which was so much the dread and terror of Sancho; but, unwilling as he was to enter, he could not avoid going into it. The innkeeper, his wife, daughter, and Maritornes, seeing Don Quixote and Sancho at the gate, went out to receive them, with great demonstrations of joy; and the knight returned their compliments with grave deportment and solemn approbation, desiring them to prepare a better bed for him than that which he had occupied before. To this demand, the landlady answered, that, provided he would pay better than he did before, he should lie like a prince; he promised to see her satisfied, and they immediately made up a tolerable bed, in the same garret where he had formerly lodged, in which he laid himself down, very much disordered, both in body and mind. He was no sooner locked up in his chamber, than the landlady attacked the barber, and seizing him by the beard, cried, 'By my faith! you shall 'no longer use my tail for a beard. 'Give me my tail, I say; for it is a 'shame to see how my husband's thing 'is bandied about for want of it; I 'mean the comb that he used to stick 'in my tail.' But the barber would not part with it, for all her tugging, until the priest desired him to restore it: because there was no farther occasion for the disguise, as he might now appear in his own shape, and tell the knight, that after he had been robbed by the galley-slaves, he had fled to that inn; and if he should enquire for the princess's gentleman usher, they would tell him, she had dispatched him away before her, to advertise her friends and subjects, that she was upon the road, accompanied by the deliverer of them all. Thus satisfied, the barber willingly restored the landlady's tail, and every thing else they had borrowed with a view of disengaging Don Quixote from the mountain; and all the people of the inn were astonished at the beauty of Dorothea, as also at the genteel mien of the swain Cardenio. The curate ordered them to get ready something to eat; and the innkeeper, in hope of being well paid, dressed, with all dispatch, a pretty reasonable dinner; but they did not think proper to waken Don Quixote, who, they believed, stood at that time more in need of sleep than of food.

The discourse at table, in presence of the innkeeper, his wife, daughter, Maritornes, and all the other lodgers, happening to turn upon the uncommon madness of the knight, and the condition in which they found him; the hostess recounted to them, what had

* Literally, "Took the road in his hands."

happened

happened in her house between him and the carrier; then looking round the room, and seeing Sancho was not present, she told the whole story of the blanketting, to the no small entertainment of the company. The curate observing that Don Quixote's understanding was disordered by the books of chivalry he had read, the innkeeper replied, 'I 'cannot conceive how that is possible; 'for, really, in my opinion, they are 'the best reading in the world: I have 'now in my custody two or three of 'them, together with some other pa-'pers, which, I verily believe, have 'preserved not only my life, but also 'that of many others; for, in harvest-'time, a great number of reapers come 'hither, to pass the heat of the day; 'and there being always one among 'them who can read, he takes up a 'book, and we, to the number of thirty 'or more, forming a ring about him, 'listen with such pleasure, as were 'enough to make an old man grow 'young again; at least, I can say for 'myself; when I hear him read of those 'furious and terrible strokes that have 'been given by certain knights, I am 'seized with the desire of being at it 'myself, and could listen to such sto-'ries whole nights and days without 'ceasing.'—'I wish you would, with 'all my heart,' replied the wife; 'for, 'I am sure, I never enjoy a quiet mi-'nute in the house, except when they 'are reading, and then you are so bam-'boozled with what you hear, you for-'get to scold for that time.'—'That 'is the very truth of the matter,' said Maritornes; 'in good faith, I my-'self am hugely diverted, when I hear 'those things; they are so clever, espe-'cially when they tell us how yon t'other 'lady lay among orange trees, in the 'embraces of her knight, while a du-'enna, half dead with envy and surprize, 'kept sentry over them; odd! all these 'thing make my chops water.'

'And what is your opinion of the 'matter, my young mistress?' said the priest to the innkeeper's daughter. 'Truly, Signior, I don't well know,' she replied; 'but listen among the rest; 'and really, though I do not under-'stand it, I am pleased with what I 'hear; yet I take no delight in those 'strokes that my father loves; but, in 'the lamentations made by the knights, 'when they are absent from their mis-'tresses, which in good sooth, often 'make me weep with compassion.'—'Then you would soon give them re-'lief, if they mourned for you, my 'pretty maid?' said Dorothea. 'I 'don't know what I should do,' an-swered the girl; 'but, this I know, that 'some of those ladies are so cruel, their 'knights call them lions, tygers, and 'a thousand other reproachful names. 'Jesus! I can't conceive what sort of 'folks those must be, who are so hard-'hearted and unconscionable as to let a 'man of honour die, or lose his senses, 'rather than take the least notice of 'him; why should they be so coy? If 'their suitors court them in an honest 'way, let them marry, and that is all 'the men desire.'—'Hold your peace, 'child,' said the landlady; 'methinks, 'you are too well acquainted with these 'things; young maidens, like you, 'should neither know nor speak so 'much.' The daughter said, as the gentleman asked her the question, she could do no less than answer him: and the curate demanding a sight of the books, 'With all my heart,' replied the innkeeper, who, going to his own chamber, brought out an old port-manteau secured with a chain, which being opened, the priest found in it three large volumes and some manu-scripts written in a very fair character.

The first book they opened appeared to be Don Cirongilio of Thrace; the second, Felixmarte of Hyrcania; and the third, was the history of that great Captain Gonçalo Hernandes de Cor-dova, with the life of Diego Garcia de Paredes. The curate having read the titles of the two first, turned to the barber, saying, 'We now want our 'friend's housekeeper and cousin.'—'Not at all,' answered Mr. Nicholas, 'I myself can convey them to the yard, 'or rather to the chimney, where there 'is actually a special good fire.'—'What! you intend to burn these 'books, then?' said the innkeeper. 'Only these two,' answered the curate, pointing to Don Cirongilio and Felix-marte. 'I suppose, then,' resumed the landlord, 'my books are heretick and 'flegmatick?'—'You mean schisma-'tick, honest friend, and not flegma-'tick,' said the barber. 'Even so,' replied the landlord; 'but, if any of 'them be burnt, let it be the history of 'that great captain, together with Diego 'Garcia;

'Garcia; for, I would rather ſuffer you 'to commit my ſon to the flames, than 'to burn e'er a one of the reſt.'—'Hark ye, brother,' ſaid the curate, 'theſe two books are ſtuffed with lyes, 'vanity and extravagance; but that 'of the great captain is a true hiſtory, 'containing the exploits of Gonçalo 'Hernandez de Cordova, who, by his 'numerous and valiant atchievements, 'acquired, all the world over, the epi-'thet of the Great Captain, a renowned 'and ſplendid appellation, merited by 'him alone; and that Diego Garcia de 'Paredes was a noble cavalier, born in 'the city of Truxillo in Eſtremadura, 'a moſt valiant ſoldier, and endowed 'with ſuch bodily ſtrength, that with 'a ſingle finger he could ſtop a mill-'wheel in the heat of it's motion; and 'being once poſted at the end of a 'bridge, with a two-handed ſword, he 'alone prevented a vaſt army from paſ-'ſing over it; he performed a great 'many actions of the ſame kind, which 'he himſelf hath recounted with all 'the modeſty of a gentleman who writes 'his own memoirs; whereas, had they 'been committed to writing by any 'other free and diſpaſſionate author, 'they would have eclipſed all the Hec-'tor's, Achilles's, and Orlando's, that 'ever lived.'—'You may tell ſuch 'ſtuff to my grannam,' ſaid the inn-keeper. 'Lord! how you are ſurpriz-'ed at the ſtopping of a mill-wheel! 'before God, I adviſe your worſhip to 'read, as I have done*, the hiſtory of 'Felixmarte of Hyrcania, who, with a 'ſingle back-ſtroke, cut five giants 'through the middle, as eaſily as if they 'had been made of beans, like the fi-'gures with which the boys divert 'themſelves. Another time, he engaged 'a moſt infinite and powerful army, 'conſiſting of a million and ſix hundred 'thouſand ſoldiers, all armed cap-a-pee, 'whom he totally routed, as if they 'had been flocks of ſheep. Then what 'ſhall we ſay of the moſt excellent 'Don Cirongilio of Thrace, who was 'ſo valiant and courageous, as may be 'ſeen in the book of his hiſtory, that 'while he was ſailing on the river, a 'fiery ſerpent roſe above the water, 'which he no ſooner ſaw, than leaping 'on it's back, he faſtened himſelf aſtride 'upon it's ſcaly ſhoulders, and ſeized it 'by the throat, with both hands, ſo 'forcibly, that the ſerpent feeling itſelf 'well-nigh ſtrangled, could find no 'other remedy but dive into the pro-'found, with the knight, who would 'not quit his hold; and when he de-'ſcended to the bottom, he found him-'ſelf in a palace ſituated in the midſt of 'a garden that was wonderfully plea-'ſant; and then the ſerpent turned it-'ſelf into an ancient man, who told 'him ſuch things as you would rejoice 'to hear. Say no more, Signior; if 'you was to hear it, you would run 'ſtark mad for joy; ſo that, a fig for 'your great captain, and that fame 'Diego Garcia you talk of!'

Dorothea hearing this harangue, whiſpered to Cardenio, 'Our hoſt wants not 'much to make the ſecond edition of 'Don Quixote.'—'I think ſo too,' anſwered Cardenio; 'for, by his diſ-'courſe, he ſeems to take it for granted, 'that every thing which is recounted in 'theſe books, is neither more nor leſs 'than the truth; and all the capuchins 'in Spain will not be able to alter his 'belief.'—'Conſider, brother,' reſumed the curate, 'that there never was up-'on earth ſuch a perſon as Felixmarte 'of Hyrcania, nor Don Cirongilio 'of Thrace, nor any other of ſuch 'knights as are celebrated in books of 'chivalry. The whole is a fiction 'compoſed by idle perſons of genius, 'for the very purpoſe you mentioned, 'namely paſtime, which was the aim of 'your reapers; for, I ſwear to you, no 'ſuch knights ever exiſted, nor were 'any ſuch exploits and extravagancies 'ever performed in this world.'—'You 'muſt throw that bone to ſome other 'dog!' replied the landlord: 'as if I 'did not know that two and three make 'five; or where my own ſhoe pinches. 'Your worſhip muſt not think to feed me 'with pap, for egad I am no ſuch ſuck-'ling! A good joke, faith! You would 'make me believe that all the contents 'of theſe books are madneſs and lyes, 'although they are printed by licence 'from the king's council; as if they 'were perſons who would wink at the 'printing of ſuch lyes, battles, and in-'chantments, as turn people's brains.' —'Friend,' replied the curate, 'I have

* It will appear in the ſequel, that the landlord could not read at all; nevertheleſs, he might boaſt of what he could not do.

'already

'already told you, that they are designed for the amusement of our idle hours; and, as in every well-governed commonwealth, the games of chess, billiards, and tennis, are licensed for the entertainment of those who neither can nor ought to work; in like manner, those books are allowed to be printed, on the supposition, that no body is so ignorant as to believe a syllable of what they contain; and if I was now permitted, or the company required it, I could give some hints towards the improvements of books of chivalry, which perhaps might be both serviceable and entertaining; but, I hope, the time will come, when I may have an opportunity of imparting my suggestions to those who can convert them to general use: meanwhile, Mr. Publican, you may depend upon the truth of what I have said; take your books away, and settle the affair of their truth or falshood, just as your own comprehension will permit; much good may they do you, and God grant that you may never halt on the same foot on which your lodger Don Quixote is lame!'—'I hope,' answered the innkeeper, 'I shall never be mad enough to turn knight-errant, as I can easily perceive that the customs now-a-days are quite different from those in times past, when, as it is reported, those famous heroes travelled about the world.'

Sancho, who had come into the room, about the middle of this conversation, was very much confounded and perplexed, when he heard them observe, that there was no such thing as knight-errantry in the present age, and that all the books of chivalry were filled with extravagance and fiction; he therefore determined within himself, to wait the issue of his master's last undertaking; and if it should not succeed as happily as he expected, to leave him, and return, with his wife and children, to his former labour.

When the innkeeper took up the portmanteau with the books, in order to carry them away, 'Stay,' said the curate, 'until I examine these papers 'which are written in such a fair character.' The landlord accordingly pulled out a manuscript, consisting of eight sheets of paper, intitled, in large letters, 'The Novel of the Impertinent Curiosity*.' The priest having read three or four lines to himself, said, 'Really the title of this novel pleases 'me so much, that I have a strong inclination to peruse the whole.' To this observation, the innkeeper replied, 'Then your reverence may read it aloud; 'for, you must know, the reading of it 'hath given great satisfaction to several 'lodgers at this inn, who have earnestly 'begged the copy; but that request I 'would not comply with, because I 'think of restoring it to the right owner, 'as I expect that the person who left 'the portmanteau with the books and 'papers, in a mistake, will return, on 'purpose to fetch them; or, you know, 'he may chance to travel this way on 'other business; and though I should 'miss them heavily, in faith they shall 'be restored; for, though an innkeeper, 'I am still a Christian.'—'Friend,' said the curate, 'you are very much in 'the right; but, for all that, if I like 'the novel, you shall give me leave to 'transcribe it.'—'With all my heart,' replied the landlord. While this discourse passed between them, Cardenio having taken up the manuscript, and began to read, was of the curate's opinion, and inteated him to read it aloud, that the whole company might hear it. 'I will,' answered the priest, 'if you 'think we had not better spend the time 'in sleeping than in reading.'—'For 'my own part,' said Dorothea, 'it will 'be a sufficient refreshment for me to 'listen to some entertaining story; for 'my mind is not composed enough 'to let me sleep, even if I stood in need 'of repose.'—'If that be the case,' resumed the curate, 'I will read it out 'of curiosity, at a venture, and perhaps it will yield us some entertainment into the bargain.' Master Nicholas earnestly joined in the request, and Sancho himself expressed a desire of hearing it; upon which the licentiate finding he should please the whole company as well as himself, 'Well, then,' said he, 'listen with attention, for the 'novel begins in this manner.

* The original, which is *curioso impertinente*, signifies one who is impertinently curious, not a curious impertinent.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

THE NOVEL OF THE IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.

'IN Florence, a rich and celebrated 'city of Italy, situated in the province called Tuscany, lived Anselmo 'and Lothario, two wealthy and noble 'cavaliers, so strictly united in the 'bands of amity, that every body who 'knew them, called them by way of 'excellence and epithet, the Two 'Friends; and, indeed, being both 'batchelors, and their age and education so much alike, it was not to be 'wondered at if a reciprocal affection 'sprung up between them; true it is, 'Anselmo was rather more addicted to 'amorous pastime than Lothario, whose 'chief delight was in hunting; yet, 'upon occasion, Anselmo could quit 'his own amusements to pursue those 'of his friend; and Lothario could 'postpone his favourite diversion, in 'order to practise that of Anselmo; in 'this manner their inclinations pro'ceeded so mutually, that no clock ever 'went with more regularity. Anselmo 'happened to fall desperately in love 'with a young lady of rank and beauty 'in the same city, descended from such 'a noble family, and so amiable in her'self, that he determined, with the ap'probation of his friend, without which 'he did nothing, to demand her of her 'parents in marriage; and accordingly 'put his resolution in practice. Lotha'rio was intrusted with the message, 'and concluded the affair so much to 'the satisfaction of his friends, that in 'a very little time Anselmo saw him'self in possession of his heart's desire; 'and Camilla thought herself so happy in having obtained such a hus'band, that she was incessant in her 'acknowledgments to Heaven and Lo'thario, by whose mediation her hap'piness was effected.

'During the first two days after mar'riage, which are commonly spent in 'feasting and mirth, Lothario, as usual, 'frequented the house of his friend, 'with a view of honouring his nup'tials, and endeavouring, as much as in 'him lay, to promote the joy and festi'vity attending all such occasions; but 'the wedding being over, and the fre'quency of visits and congratulations 'abated, he began carefully and gra'dually to absent himself from Ansel'mo's house, thinking, as every pru'dent person would naturally conclude, 'that a man ought not to visit and fre'quent the house of a friend after he is 'married, in the same manner as he had 'practised while he was single; for, 'though suspicion should never find 'harbour with true and virtuous friend'ship, yet the honour of a married 'man is so delicate, as to be thought 'subject to injury, not only from a 'friend, but even from a brother. 'Anselmo perceived Lothario's remiss'ness, and complained of it loudly; say'ing, that if he had thought his mar'riage would have impaired their for'mer correspondence, he never would 'have altered his condition; and beg'ged, that as by the mutual friendship 'which inspired them while he was 'single, they had acquired such an 'agreeable title as that of the Two 'Friends, he would not now suffer 'that endearing and celebrated name to 'be lost, by a scrupulous adherence to 'mere form and punctilio. He there'fore entreated him, if he might be al'lowed to use the expression, to be 'master of his house, and to come in 'and go out as formerly, assuring him 'that the inclinations of Camilla, in 'that respect, were exactly conformable 'to his own; and that knowing the 'perfect friendship which subsisted be'tween them, she was extremely mor'tified at his late shyness.

'To these and many other arguments 'used by Anselmo, to persuade his 'friend to frequent his house as usual, 'Lothario answered with such prudence, 'force, and discernment, that the other 'was convinced of his discreet conduct; 'and it was agreed betwixt them, that 'Lothario should dine with him twice 'a week, besides holidays; but, not'withstanding this agreement, he re'solved to comply with it no farther 'than he should see convenient for the 'honour of Anselmo, which was dearer 'to him than his own. He said, and 'his observation was just, that a man 'on whom Heaven hath bestowed a 'beautiful wife, should be as cautious 'of the men he brings home to his 'house, as careful in observing the fe'male friends with whom his spouse 'converses abroad; for that which can'not

'not be performed nor concerted in the 'ſtreet or the church, or at public 'ſhows and diverſions, with which a 'huſband muſt ſometimes indulge his 'wife, may be eaſily tranſacted in the 'houſe of a female friend or relation, 'in whom his chief confidence is re-'poſed. Wherefore, Lothario obſerved, 'that every married man had occaſion 'for ſome friend to apprize him of any 'omiſſion in her conduct; for it often 'happens that he is too much in love 'with his wife, to obſerve, or too 'much afraid of offending her, to 'preſcribe limits to her behaviour, in 'thoſe things, the following or eſchew-'ing of which may tend to his honour 'or reproach, whereas that inconve-'nience might be eaſily amended by the 'advice of a friend. But where ſhall 'we find ſuch a zealous, diſcreet, truſty 'friend, as is here required? I really 'know not, except in Lothario himſelf, 'who, conſulting the honour of Anſel-'mo, with the utmoſt care and circum-'ſpection, was at great pains to con-'tract, abridge, and diminiſh, the num-'ber of the days on which he had a-'greed to frequent his houſe; that the 'idle vulgar, and prying eyes of ma-'lice, might not indulge their love of 'ſlander, when they perceived a genteel 'young man of ſuch birth, fortune, 'and accompliſhments as he knew him-'ſelf poſſeſſed of, go into the houſe of 'ſuch a celebrated beauty as Camilla; 'for, although his virtue and honour 'might be a ſufficient check to the moſt 'malevolent tongue, he would not ex-'poſe his own character, or that of his 'friend, to the ſmalleſt cenſure; and 'therefore employed the greateſt part 'of thoſe days on which he had agreed 'to viſit Anſelmo, in ſuch things as he 'pretended were indiſpenſible; ſo that 'when they were preſent, a great deal 'of time was conſumed by the com-'plaints of the one, and excuſes of the 'other. One day, however, as they 'were walking through a meadow, 'near the ſuburbs of the city, Anſel-'mo addreſſed himſelf to Lothario in 'theſe terms.

"You believe, my friend Lothario, "that I can never be thankful enough "to Heaven for the bleſſings I enjoy, "not only in the moſt indulgent pa-"rents, and in the abundance of thoſe "things which are called the goods "of nature and fortune, but alſo in a "friend like you, and a wife like Ca-"milla, two pledges which I eſteem, "if not as highly as I ought, at leaſt "as much as I can. Yet, though I "poſſeſs all thoſe benefits which uſual-"ly conſtitute the happineſs of man-"kind, I find myſelf one of the moſt "diſguſted and diſcontented men alive. "I have been for theſe many days ſo "harraſſed and fatigued with ſuch an "odd unaccountable deſire, that I can-"not help being amazed at my infatu-"ation, for which I often blame and "rebuke myſelf, endeavouring to ſup-"preſs and conceal it from my own re-"flection; but I find it as impoſſible to "keep the ſecret, as if I had induſtri-"ouſly publiſhed it to the whole world, "and ſince it muſt actually be diſcloſed "to ſomebody, I would have it depo-"ſited in the moſt ſecret archives of "your heart, in full confidence, that by "the diligence which you as a truſty "friend will exert in my behalf, when "you know it, I ſhall ſoon ſee myſelf "delivered from that anxiety to which "it hath reduced me, and by your aſſi-"duity be raiſed to a pitch of joy equal "to the degree of vexation which my "own folly hath intailed upon me."

'Lothario was aſtoniſhed at this diſ-'courſe of Anſelmo, as he could not 'comprehend the meaning of ſuch a 'long preface and preamble, and endea-'voured, by revolving every thing in 'his imagination, to find out what this 'deſire could be, that preyed ſo much 'upon the ſpirits of his friend; but, 'finding himſelf always wide of the 'mark, he was willing to eaſe himſelf 'immediately of the exceſſive pain his 'ſuſpence occaſioned; and with this view 'told Anſelmo, that he did a manifeſt 'injury to the warmth of his friend-'ſhip, in going about the buſh, ſeeking 'indirect methods to impart his moſt 'ſecret thoughts, ſince he was well aſ-'ſured that he might entirely depend 'upon him, either for advice to ſup-'preſs, or aſſiſtance to ſupport them. "I am well convinced of the truth of "what you ſay," anſwered Anſelmo, "and in that confidence will tell you, "my friend, that the deſire with which "I am poſſeſſed, is to be certain, whe-"ther or not my wife Camilla is as "virtuous and perfect as I believe her "to be; and this truth I ſhall never "be fully perſuaded of, until the per-"fection of her nature appear upon

" trial, as pure gold is proved by fire; " for it is my opinion, that there is no " woman virtuous, but in proportion " to the solicitation she hath withstood; " and that she only is chaste, who hath " not yielded to the promises, pre- " sents, tears, and continual impor- " tunities of persevering lovers. And " pray where is the merit of a woman's " being chaste, when nobody ever " courted her to be otherwise? what " wonder that she should be reserved " and cautious, who has no opportu- " nity of indulging loose inclinations, " and who knows her husband would " immediately put her to death should " he once catch her tripping? Where- " fore I can never entertain the same " degree of esteem for a woman who " is chaste out of fear, or want of " opportunity, as I would for her who " hath triumphed over perseverance of " solicitation; so that for these, and " many other reasons I could urge to " sanction and enforce my opinion, I " desire that my wife Camilla may un- " dergo the test, and be refined in the " fire of importunate addresses, by one " possessed of sufficient accomplish- " ments to inspire a woman with love; " and if she comes off, as I believe she " will, victorious in the trial, I shall " think my own happiness unparallel- " ed. I shall then be able to say that " my wishes are fulfilled, and that she " hath fallen to my lot, of whom the " wise man saith, " *Who hath found* " *her?*" And even if the contrary of " what I expect should happen, the " satisfaction of seeing my opinion " confirmed, will help me to bear with " patience that which would otherwise " prove such a costly experiment. Sup- " posing, then, that nothing you can say, " in opposition to this desire of mine, " can avail in diverting me from my " purpose, I expect and entreat that " you, my friend Lothario, will con- " descend to be the instrument with " which I execute this work of my in- " clination. I will give you proper " opportunities, and supply you with " every thing I see necessary for solicit- " ing a woman of virtue, honour, and " disinterested reserve; and what among " other things induces me to intrust " you with this enterprize, is the con- " sideration, that should Camilla's " scruples be overcome, you will not " pursue your conquest to the last cir- " cumstance of rigour, but only sup- " pose that done, which, for good rea- " son, ought to remain undone; so that " I shall be injured by her inclination " alone, and my wrongs lie buried in " the virtue of your silence, which I " know, in whatever concerns my wel- " fare, will be eternal as that of death. " Wherefore, if you would have me " enjoy what deserves to be called life, " you will forthwith undertake this " amorous contest, not with luke- " warmness and languor, but with that " eagerness and diligence which cor- " responds with my wish, and the con- " fidence in which I am secured by " your friendship."

' Such was the discourse of Anselmo; to which Lothario listened so attentively, that except what he is already said to have uttered, he did not open his lips, until his friend had finished his proposal: but finding he had nothing more to alledge, after having for some time gazed upon him as an object hitherto unseen, that inspired him with astonishment and surprize, " I cannot be persuaded, Anselmo," said he, " but what you have " said was spoke in jest; for, had I " thought you in earnest, I should " not have suffered you to proceed " so far; but, by refusing to listen, " have prevented such a long harangue. " Without doubt, you must either mis- " take my disposition, or I be utterly " unacquainted with yours; and yet I " know you to be Anselmo, and you " must be sensible that I am Lothario; " the misfortune is, I no longer find " you the same Anselmo you was wont " to be, nor do I appear to you the same " Lothario as before; your discourse " favours not of that Anselmo who was " my friend, nor is what you ask a " thing to be demanded of that Lotha- " rio who shared your confidence. " Good men, as a certain poet observes, " may try and avail themselves of their " friends, *usque ad aras*; I mean, not " presume upon their friendship, in " things contrary to the decrees of " Heaven. Now, if a heathen enter- " tained such ideas of friendship, how " much more should they be cherished " by a Christian, who knows, that no " human affection ought to interfere " with our love to God; and, when a " person stretches his connections so far " as to lay aside all respect for Heaven,

" in

" in order to manifeſt his regard for a " friend, he ought not to be ſwayed by " trifles or matters of ſmall conſequence, " but by thoſe things only on which the " life and honour of a friend depend. " Tell me then, Anſelmo, which of theſe " is in danger, before I venture to gra- " tify your wiſh, by complying with the " deteſtable propoſal you have made? " Surely, neither; on the contrary, if " I conceive you aright, you are deſir- " ous that I ſhould indefatigably en- " deavour to deprive you, and myſelf " alſo, of that very life and honour " which it is my duty to preſerve; for " if I rob you of honour, I rob you " of life; ſince a man without honour, " is worſe than dead, and I being the " inſtrument, as you deſire I ſhould be, " that entails ſuch a curſe upon you, " ſhall not I be diſhonoured, and of " conſequence dead to all enjoyment " and fame. Liſten with patience, my " friend Anſelmo, and make no anſwer " until I ſhall have done with imparting " the ſuggeſtions of my mind, concern- " ing the ſtrange propoſal you have " made; for there will be time enough " for you to reply, and me to liſten in " my turn."—" With all my heart," cried Anſelmo; " you may ſpeak as " long as you pleaſe."

' Accordingly, Lothario proceeded, ſaying, " In my opinion, Anſelmo, " your diſpoſition is at preſent like that " of the Moors, who will not ſuffer " themſelves to be convicted of the er- " rors of their ſect, by quotations from " the Holy Scripture, nor with argu- " ments founded on ſpeculation, or the " articles of faith; but muſt be con- " futed or convinced by examples that " are palpable, eaſy, familiar, and ſub- " ject to the certainty of mathematical " demonſtration; for inſtance, if from " equal parts, we take equal parts, " thoſe that remain are equal. And if " they do not underſtand this propoſi- " tion verbally, as is frequently the " caſe, it muſt be explained and ſet be- " fore their eyes by manual operation, " which is alſo inſufficient to perſuade " them of the truth of our holy reli- " gion. The ſelf-ſame method muſt I " practiſe with you, whoſe deſire de- " viates ſo far from every thing that " bears the leaſt ſhadow of reaſon, that " I ſhould look upon it as time miſ- " ſpent, to endeavour to convince you of " your folly, which is the only name " your intention ſeems to deſerve. Nay, " I am even tempted to leave you in " your extravagancy, as a puniſhment " for your prepoſterous deſire; but I " am prevented from uſing ſuch rigour " by my friendſhip, which will not per- " mit me to deſert you in ſuch manifeſt " danger of perdition. But, to make " this affair ſtill more plain, tell me, " Anſelmo, did not you deſire me " to ſolicit one that was reſerved, ſe- " duce one that was chaſte, make pre- " ſents to one that was diſintereſted, " and aſſiduouſly court one that was " wiſe? Yes, ſuch was your demand. " If you are apprized, then, of the re- " ſerve, virtue, diſintereſtedneſs, and " prudence of your wife, pray what is " your aim? If you believe that ſhe will " triumph over all my aſſaults, as un- " doubtedly ſhe will, what fairer titles " can you beſtow upon her, than thoſe " ſhe poſſeſſes already? or how will ſhe " be more perfect after that trial, than " ſhe is at preſent? You either do not " believe ſhe is ſo virtuous as you have " repreſented her, or know not the na- " ture of your demand. If you think " ſhe is not ſo chaſte as you have de- " ſcribed her, you ſhould not hazard " the trial; but rather, according to " the dictates of your own prudence, " treat her as a vicious woman: if you " are ſatisfied of her virtue, it would " be altogether impertinent to make " trial of that truth, which, from the " teſt, can acquire no additional eſ- " teem. From whence we may rea- " ſonably conclude, that for men to ex- " ecute deſigns which are clearly pro- " ductive of more hurt than benefit, is " the province of madneſs and teme- " rity; eſpecially, when they are not " incited or compelled to theſe deſigns " by any ſort of conſideration; but, " on the contrary, may at a greater " diſtance perceive the manifeſt mad- " neſs of their intention. Difficulties " are undertaken, either for the ſake of " God, of this world, or of both. The " firſt are incurred by holy men, who " live the life of angels here on earth; " the ſecond, by thoſe who traverſe the " boundleſs ocean, viſiting ſuch a di- " verſity of climates and nations, with " a view of acquiring what are called " the goods of fortune; and ſuch un- " dertakings as equally regard God and " man, fall to the ſhare of thoſe valiant " ſoldiers, who no ſooner behold, in

" the wall of an adverſe city, a breach, " though no bigger than that which is " made by a ſingle cannon ball, than " laying aſide all fear, and overlooking " with unconcern the manifeſt danger " that menaces them, winged with de- " ſire of ſignalizing their valour in be- " half of their king, country, and re- " ligion, throw themſelves, with the " utmoſt intrepidity, into the midſt of a " thouſand deaths that oppoſe and await " them. Theſe are the enterprizes which " are generally undertaken, and though " full of peril and inconvenience, at- " tended with glory, honour, and ad- " vantage; but that which you have " planned, and purpoſe to put in ex- " ecution, neither tends to your ac- " quiring the approbation of God, " the goods of fortune, nor the ap- " plauſe of mankind; for, granting " that the experiment ſhould ſucceed " to your wiſh, it will make you nei- " ther more happy, rich, or reſpect- " ed than you are; and ſhould it turn " out contrary to your expectation, " you will find yourſelf the moſt mi- " ſerable of all mortals. It will then " give you little eaſe to reflect, that " your misfortune is unknown; for, " the bare knowing it yourſelf, will be " ſufficient to plunge you in affliction " and deſpair. As a confirmation of " this truth, you muſt give me leave to " repeat the following ſtanza, written " by the celebrated poet Lewis Tan- " ſilo, at the end of the firſt part of the " tears of St. Peter.

" When Peter ſaw the approach of roſy
" morn,
" His ſoul with ſorrow and remorſe was
" torn;
" For, though from ev'ry mortal eye con-
" ceal'd,
" The guilt to his own boſom ſtood reveal'd:
" The candid breaſt will ſelf-accuſing, own
" Each conſcious fault, though to the
" world unknown,
" Nor will th' offender 'ſcape internal
" ſhame,
" Tho' unimpeach'd by juſtice or by fame."

" Wherefore, ſecreſy will never aſ- " ſuage your grief; but, on the con- " trary, you will inceſſantly weep, not " tears from your eyes, but drops of " blood from your heart, like that " ſimple doctor, whom our poet men- " tions*, who made trial of the veſſel, " which the prudent Rinaldo, with " more diſcretion, refuſed to touch; " and although this be a poetical fiction, " it nevertheleſs contains a well couch- " ed moral, worthy of notice, ſtudy " and imitation; eſpecially, as what I " am going to ſay, will, I hope, bring " you to a due ſenſe of the great error " you want to commit.

" Tell me, Anſelmo, if Heaven or " good fortune had made you maſter " and lawful poſſeſſor of an exquiſite " diamond, the brilliancy of which was " admired by all the lapidaries who " had ſeen it, and unanimouſly allow- " ed to be the moſt perfect of it's kind; " an opinion, which, as you knew no- " thing to the contrary, was exactly " conformable to your own; would it " be wiſe or pardonable in you, to put " that jewel betwixt an anvil and a " hammer, and by mere dint of blows " and ſtrength of arm, try if it was as " hard and perfect as it had been pro- " nounced? for, ſuppoſing that the dia- " mond ſhould reſiſt the force of this " fooliſh experiment, it would there- " by acquire no addition of value or " fame; and, if it ſhould be broke to " pieces, a thing that might eaſily hap- " pen, would not all be loſt? Yes, " for certain; and the owner be uni- " verſally deemed a fool. Conſider, " then, my friend, that Camilla is an " exquiſite diamond, not only in your " eſtimation, but in that of every one " who knows her; and it would be " highly unreaſonable to expoſe her to " the leaſt poſſibility of being broke; " for, even ſhould ſhe remain intire, " her reputation will receive no in- " creaſe; but, ſhould ſhe fail in the " trial, reflect upon what you muſt feel, " and the reaſon you will then have to

* Ludovico Arioſto, author of Orlando Furioſo, to which poem Cervantes frequently alludes. Here, however, he ſeems to have forgot the paſſage he meant to cite; for the perſon who proffered the cup to Rinaldo, was no doctor. In Canto 43, of the Orlando Furioſo, mention is made, indeed, of one Anſelmo, who was a Doctor of Law, but not at all concerned in the inchanted cup: yet it muſt be owned, that Dr. Anſelmo had recourſe to an aſtrologer, in order to know whether his wife preſerved her chaſtity in his abſence.

" complain

" complain of yourself, for having been " the fatal cause of her perdition and " your own despair. Consider, that no " jewel upon earth is comparable to a " woman of virtue and honour; and, " that the honour of the sex consists in " the fair characters they maintain. " Since, therefore, the reputation of " your wife is already as high as it " possibly can be, why would you bring " this truth into question? Remember, " my friend, that woman is an imper- " fect creature; and that, far from lay- " ing blocks in her way, over which " she might stumble and fall, we ought " to remove them with care, and clear " her paths from all obstructions, that " she may, without trouble, proceed " smoothly, in attaining to that per- " fection which she may still want, " namely, immaculate virtue. We are " informed by naturalists, that the er- " min is a little animal, covered with " a furr of excessive whiteness, and that " the hunters use this artifice to catch " it: being well acquainted with the " places through which it chuses to " pass in it's flight, they daub them " all over with mud, and as soon as " they get sight of the creature, drive " it directly thither. The ermin find- " ing himself thus barricadoed, stands " still, and is taken; chusing captivity, " rather than, by passing through the " filth, to stain and sully the whiteness " of it's furr, which it prizes above li- " berty, and even life itself. A chaste " and virtuous wife is like the ermin, " her character being more pure and " white than dritted snow; but he, " who would guard and preserve it, must " use a method quite different from " that which is practised upon the lit- " tle animal, and beware of clogging " her way with the mud of entertain- " ments, and the addresses of impor- " tunate lovers; lest, perhaps, (nay, " without a perhaps) she should not " possess such virtue and resolution as " are sufficient of themselves to sur- " mount those obstructions. It is there- " fore necessary to remove them, and " place before her the purity of virtue, " and the beauty of an unblemished re- " putation. A virtuous woman also " resembles a bright transparent mir- " ror, which is liable to be stained and " obscured by the breath of those who " approach too near it. A virtuous " woman, like relicks, ought to be " adored at a distance. She ought to be " preserved and esteemed as a beautiful " garden, full of flowers and roses, the " owner of which will suffer nobody " to handle them or pass through it, " permitting them only to enjoy it's " fragrance and beauty afar off, through " the iron rails that furround it. In " fine, I will repeat a few verses that I " just now recollect, from a modern " comedy, because they seem to have " been composed upon the very subject " of our present discourse. A sage old " man advising his friend, who is bless- " sed with a handsome daughter, to " lock her up, and watch over her with " the utmost vigilance and care, among " other reasons, cautions him with " these—

I.

" WOMAN is form'd of brittle " ware;
" Then, wherefore rashly seek to know
" What force, unbroken, she will bear,
" And strike, perhaps, some fatal blow.

II.

" Though easily to fragments tore,
" 'Twere equally absurd and vain,
" To dash in pieces on the floor,
" What never can be join'd again.

III.

" This maxim, then, by facts assur'd,
" Should henceforth be espous'd by all;
" Where'er a Danæ lies immur'd,
" The tempting show'r of gold will fall."

" All that I have hitherto suggested, " Anselmo, regards yourself; and now " it is but reasonable you should hear " something that concerns me; and if " I should be prolix in my observa- " tions, you must excuse me, because " it is absolutely necessary to expa- " tiate on the subject, in order to ex- " tricate you from the labyrinth in " which you are involved, and from " which you desire to be disengaged by " my assistance. You consider me as " a friend, and yet seek to deprive me " of my honour; a desire opposite to " all friendship or regard; nay, even " endeavour to make me rob you of " your own. That you want to de- " stroy mine, is plain; for Camilla, " finding herself exposed to my solici- " tations, as you desire, will certainly " look upon me as a man void of all " principle and honour; because I at- " tempt

" tempt to ſucceed in a deſign ſo con-
" trary to the dignity of my own cha-
" racter, and the friendſhip ſubſiſting
" between us. That you deſire I
" ſhould rob you of yours, is not to be
" doubted; becauſe, Camilla, ſeeing
" herſelf importuned by my addreſſes,
" will think I muſt have obſerved ſome
" levity in her conduct, which hath
" encouraged me to diſcloſe my vicious
" inclinations, and think herſelf diſ-
" honoured accordingly; ſo that you
" will be as much concerned in her
" diſhonour, as if it was your own.
" Hence ſprings the common obſerva-
" tion, that the huſband of a lewd wo-
" man, though he neither knows, nor
" hath given the leaſt occaſion for the
" miſconduct of his wife, and though
" his misfortune was neither owing to
" his want of prudence or care, is, not-
" withſtanding, pointed at, and diſ-
" tinguiſhed by a name of ſcandal and
" reproach; being looked upon, by
" thoſe who know the frailty of his
" wife, with an eye of diſdain, inſtead
" of compaſſion, which he certainly de-
" ſerves, as his diſgrace proceeds not
" from any fault of his, but from the
" looſe inclinations of his worthleſs
" ſpouſe. I will now explain the rea-
" ſon, why the huſband of a bad wo-
" man is juſtly diſhonoured, though he
" neither knows, nor hath been in any
" ſhape acceſſary to her backſlidings;
" and you muſt hear me with patience,
" becauſe my remarks will, I hope, re-
" dound to your own advantage.

" When God created our firſt pa-
" rent in the terreſtrial paradiſe, we are
" told, by the holy Scripture, that he
" was thrown into a deep ſleep, dur-
" ing which, the Almighty took a rib
" from his left ſide, and of this Eve
" being formed, Adam no ſooner awoke
" and beheld her, than he cried, "*This
" creature is fleſh of my fleſh, and bone
" of my bone.*" Nay, God himſelf pro-
" nounced, "*For this ſhall a man leave
" father and mother, and they two
" ſhall be one fleſh.*" Then was inſtitu-
" ted the divine ſacrament of marriage,
" conſiſting of ſuch ties as death alone
" can unbind; and endowed with ſuch
" miraculous virtue and power, as to
" unite two different perſons in one
" fleſh; nay, what is ſtill more won-
" derful, to combine two ſouls, ſo as
" to produce but one will; provided
" the union be happily effected. From
" hence it follows, that the fleſh of the
" wife being the ſame with that of the
" huſband, whatever ſtains or blemiſhes
" are imbibed by the firſt, muſt equally
" affect the other, although, as I have
" already obſerved, he is in no man-
" ner acceſſary to the misfortune.
" Wherefore, as the whole perſon is
" affected by the pain of the foot or
" any other member of the human bo-
" dy; and the head, though no way
" concerned in the cauſe, be a fellow-
" ſufferer with the ancle when it is
" hurt; by the ſame rule, an huſband,
" being a part of the ſame whole, muſt
" bear a ſhare of his wife's diſhonour;
" for, as all the honours and diſgraces
" of this life proceed from fleſh and
" blood; the infamy of a vicious wo-
" man, being of the ſame origin, muſt
" be ſhared by her huſband, who ought
" to be looked upon as a diſhonoured
" perſon, though he be utterly ignorant
" of the guilt. Reflect, therefore, An-
" ſelmo, on the danger into which you
" bring yourſelf, by ſeeking to diſturb
" the peace and tranquillity of your
" virtuous wife. Reflect upon the va-
" nity and impertinence of that cu-
" rioſity, which prompts you to awaken
" and ſtir up thoſe humours, that now
" lie tamed and quiet in the boſom of
" your chaſte ſpouſe. Conſider, that in
" this raſh adventure, your gain muſt
" be very ſmall, but your loſs may be
" ſo great, that I leave it unmentioned,
" becauſe I want words to expreſs it's
" eſtimation. On the whole, if what
" I have ſaid be inſufficient to divert
" you from your miſchievous deſign,
" I deſire you will chuſe ſome other in-
" ſtrument of your misfortune and diſ-
" grace; for I will not undertake the
" office, though, by my refuſal, I
" ſhould even loſe your friendſhip,
" which is dearer to me than any thing
" upon earth."

' Here the virtuous and prudent Lo-
' thario left off ſpeaking, and Anſel-
' mo remained in ſuch confuſion and
' perplexity, that, for ſome time, he
' could not anſwer one word; at length,
' however, he broke ſilence, ſaying,
" I have liſtened, my friend Lothario,
" as you may have perceived, with
" great attention to all you had to ſay,
" and by your arguments, examples,
" and compariſons, am fully convinced,
" not only of your great diſcretion,
" but alſo of that perfection of friend-
" ſhip

" ſhip to which you have attained: I " ſee alſo, and own, that in refuſing " your counſel, and following my own, " I avoid the good and purſue the evil. " This truth being acknowledged, you " muſt conſider me as a perſon afflicted " with that infirmity, which induces " ſome women to ſwallow earth, chalk, " coals, and other things of a worſe " nature, which, if loathſome to the " ſight, how much more diſagreeable " muſt they be to the taſte. Where- " fore, there is an abſolute neceſſity for " uſing ſome method of cure, which " you may eaſily effect, by beginning " to ſolicit the love of Camilla, though " coldly and feignedly; and, ſure, ſhe " cannot be ſo frail as to ſurrender her " virtue at the firſt encounter. With " this ſlight attempt I ſhall reſt ſatis- " fied, and you fulfil the duty of friend- " ſhip, not only in giving me new life, " but alſo in diſſuading me from being " the cauſe of my own diſhonour. Nay, " you are obliged to comply with my " requeſt, by this other conſideration, " that, determined as I am to put my " deſign in execution, you ought not " to allow me to communicate this " extravagant reſolution to any other " perſon, leſt I run the riſk of loſing " that honour which you endeavour to " preſerve; and, as to your ſuffering in " the opinion of Camilla, by attempting " to ſeduce her, that is a reflection of " ſmall importance, becauſe, when her " integrity is proved, you can ſoon in- " form her of our whole contrivance; " conſequently, regain and repoſſeſs the " former place you held in her eſteem. " Since, therefore, by adventuring ſo " little, it is in your power to give me " ſo much ſatisfaction; I hope, you " will not refuſe the office, even if it " was attended with more inconve- " nience; for, I have already told you, " that I ſhall look upon the affair as " concluded, whenever you ſhall have " made the firſt attempt."

' Lothario ſeeing him fixed in his re- ' ſolution, even after he had exhauſted ' all his rhetorick to diſſuade him from ' it; and fearing he would execute his ' threat of imparting his unhappy de- ' ſign to ſome other perſon, determined ' to prevent a greater misfortune, by ' complying with his deſire; purpoſing, ' however, to manage the buſineſs in ' ſuch a manner, as to ſatisfy Anſelmo, ' without altering the ſentiment of his ' wife. With this view, he told An- ' ſelmo that he ſhould have no occaſion ' to communicate his intention to any ' other man; for he, Lothario, would ' undertake the affair, and begin when ' he pleaſed. Anſelmo, embracing his ' friend with great tenderneſs and af- ' fection, thanked him as much for his ' compliance, as if he had granted him ' ſome vaſt favour; and it was con- ' certed between them, that Lothario ' ſhould begin the enterprize the very ' next day, when Anſelmo would give ' him time and opportunity of being ' alone with Camilla, that he might ' ſpeak to her with freedom; and alſo ' ſupply him with money and jewels, ' that with ſuch preſents he might pro- ' mote his ſuit; he, moreover, adviſed ' him to attempt her by muſick, and ' write verſes in her praiſe; or, if that ' would be too much trouble for the ' gallant, he himſelf would compoſe ' them for the purpoſe. Lothario un- ' dertook every thing, but with a very ' different intention from what Anſel- ' mo ſuppoſed; and the agreement be- ' ing made, they returned to the houſe ' of this laſt, where they found Ca- ' milla waiting with great anxiety, for ' her huſband, who had that day tar- ' ried longer than uſual abroad. Lo- ' thario ſoon after went home to his ' own lodgings, leaving his friend as ' happy as himſelf was perplexed how ' to contrive a ſcheme for bringing this ' affair to a fortunate iſſue; but that ' night he fell upon an expedient to de- ' ceive Anſelmo, without giving offence ' to his wife.

' Next day he went to dine with his ' friend, and was very kindly received ' by Camilla, who entertained him ' with great cordiality, as her huſ- ' band's intimate companion. Dinner ' being ended, and the table withdrawn, ' Anſelmo riſing up, deſired Lothario ' to ſtay with Camilla till his return ' from an indiſpenſable piece of buſi- ' neſs, that would detain him an hour ' and a half. Camilla intreated him to ' defer it until another time, and Lo- ' thario offered to go along with him; ' but he was deaf to both, preſſing Lo- ' thario to let him go, while he ſhould ' wait at his houſe till he came back, ' for he wanted to talk with him upon ' a ſubject of the laſt importance; at ' the ſame time, deſiring Camilla to ' keep Lothario company till his re- ' turn;

'turn; in ſhort, he ſo well feigned 'the neceſſity, or rather folly of his 'abſence, that nobody could have ſuſpected the deceit. He accordingly 'went out, and left Camilla and his 'friend by themſelves, for the reſt of 'the family had gone to dinner; ſo 'that Lothario ſeeing himſelf within the 'liſts, according to Anſelmo's deſire, 'with his fair enemy, whoſe beauty 'alone was powerful enough to overcome a whole ſquadron of armed 'knights, it may be eaſily conceived 'what reaſon he had to fear, yet all he 'did was to lean his head on his hand, 'while his elbow reſted upon the arm 'of the chair in which he ſat, and after 'having begged pardon for his ill-'manners, to tell Camilla he would 'take a nap till Anſelmo's return. She 'ſaid he would be more at his eaſe in a 'couch than in the chair, and adviſed 'him to walk into a chamber where he 'would find one. This offer, how-'ever, he declined, and ſlept where he 'was till the return of his friend, who 'finding Camilla in her own apartment, 'and Lothario aſleep, concluded that 'by his long ſtay he had given them 'time not only to ſpeak, but alſo to 'take their repoſe, and was impatient 'for Lothario's waking, that he might 'carry him out to walk, and enquire 'about his own fortune.

'Every thing ſucceeded to his wiſh: 'when his friend awoke, they went 'forth together, and he put every queſ-'tion to him that his curioſity ſuggeſted. Lothario anſwered, that thinking 'it improper to explain himſelf on the 'firſt occaſion, he had done nothing 'but praiſed Camilla's beauty, which, 'together with her diſcretion, he told 'her engroſſed the converſation of the 'whole city; this he imagined was the 'moſt prudent beginning, as it might 'prepoſſeſs her in his favour, and diſpoſe her to liſten to him another time 'with pleaſure; being the ſame artifice 'which is practiſed by the devil, who, 'when he would ſeduce thoſe who are 'on their guard, transforms himſelf 'from an imp of darkneſs into an angel 'of light, and flattering them with 'ſpecious appearances, at length diſcovers his cloven foot, and ſucceeds 'in his deſign, provided his deceit be 'not detected in the beginning. This 'declaration was altogether ſatisfactory 'to Anſelmo, who ſaid he would give 'him the ſame opportunity every day, 'without quitting the houſe, in which 'he would employ himſelf ſo artfully, 'that Camilla ſhould never ſuſpect his 'deſign. Many days paſſed, in which, 'though Lothario never opened his 'mouth on the ſubject to Camilla, he 'told Anſelmo that he had made many 'efforts, but could never perceive in 'her the leaſt tendency to weakneſs, or 'obtain the leaſt ſhadow of hope; on 'the contrary, that ſhe had threatened, 'if he did not lay aſide the wicked deſign, to diſcloſe the whole affair to 'her huſband. "Very well," ſaid 'Anſelmo, "hitherto the is proof againſt "words, we muſt now try whether or "not ſhe can reliſt works alſo. To-"morrow you ſhall have two thouſand "crowns in gold, for a preſent to her; "and as much more to purchaſe jew-"els, for a bait; theſe are things with "which all beautiful women are capti-"vated; for, be they ever ſo chaſte, they "love finery and gay apparel, if ſhe with-"ſtands that temptation, I will reſt ſatis-"fied and give you no farther trouble."

'Lothario promiſed to go through 'with the enterprize, now that he had 'begun, though he was perſuaded he 'ſhould be fatigued and baffled in the 'execution. Next day he received four 'thouſand crowns, and as many perplexities along with them; for he did 'not know what lye he ſhould next invent; however, he determined to tell 'his friend, that Camilla was as invincible to preſents as to words, and that 'he ſhould give himſelf no farther vexation, ſince all his endeavours were 'thrown away to no purpoſe: but fortune, which conducted matters in another manner, ordained that Anſelmo, 'one day, after having, according to 'cuſtom, left Lothario and his wife by 'themſelves, and gone to his own 'chamber, ſhould peep through the 'key-hole, and liſten to their converſation, it was then he perceived, that 'in half an hour and more, Lothario did not ſpeak one word, neither 'would he have opened his mouth, 'had he remained a whole age in the 'ſame ſituation. From hence he concluded, that every thing his friend 'had told him of Camilla's replies, 'was mere fiction; but, to be ſtill 'more aſſured, he came out of his 'chamber, and calling Lothario aſide, 'aſked what news he had, and how

'Camilla

'Camilla ſtood affected to him? He re-
'plied, that he was reſolved to drop the
'buſineſs entirely, for ſhe had checked
'him with ſuch bitterneſs and indigna-
'tion, that he had no mind to return to
'the charge. "Ah, Lothario! Lo-
"thario!" ſaid Anſelmo, "how much
"you have failed in the duty of friend-
"ſhip, and abuſed the confidence I
"have repoſed in your affection! I have
"been all this time looking through the
"key-hole of that door, and perceived
"that you have not ſpoken one word
"to Camilla, from whence I ſuſpect
"that your firſt declaration is yet to
"come; and if that be the caſe, as
"without doubt it is, wherefore have
"you thus deceived me; and in ſo
"doing, prevented me from other
"means to ſatisfy my deſire?" He ſaid
'no more, but this was ſufficient to
'cover Lothario with ſhame and con-
'fuſion; who, thinking his honour con-
'cerned in being convicted of a lye,
'ſwore to Anſelmo, he would from
'that moment take the charge of giv-
'ing him the ſatisfaction he required,
'without the leaſt equivocation, as
'he might perceive by watching him
'narrowly; though there would be no
'occaſion for uſing ſuch diligence, be-
'cauſe his future behaviour in that af-
'fair would acquit him of all ſuſpicion.

'Anſelmo gave credit to his proteſta-
'tion; and, that his opportunities might
'be more ſecure, and leſs ſubject to in-
'terruption, reſolved to abſent himſelf
'from his own houſe for eight days,
'during which he propoſed to viſit a
'friend who lived in a village not far
'from the city; and whom he deſired
'to invite him to his houſe with the
'moſt earneſt intreaties, that he might
'excuſe himſelf to Camilla for his ab-
'ſence. Unfortunate and imprudent
'Anſelmo! what art thou doing? what
'art thou contriving and concerting?
'Conſider that thou art acting againſt
'thyſelf, planning thy own diſhonour
'and perdition. Your wife Camilla is
'virtuous and ſober, and you poſſeſs
'her at preſent in quiet, enjoying unin-
'terrupted pleaſure; her inclinations
'never ramble beyond the walls of your
'own houſe; you are her paradiſe
'upon earth, the goal of her deſires,
'the accompliſhment of her wiſhes,
'and the ſtandard by which ſhe mea-
'ſures her will, adjuſting it in all re-
'ſpects according to your pleaſure and
'the directions of Heaven. Since the
'mine of her honour, beauty, modeſty,
'and virtue, yields thee, without trou-
'ble, all the riches which it contains,
'or thou canſt deſire; why would'ſt
'thou, by digging in ſearch of a new
'and unheard-of treaſure, riſk the fall
'or deſtruction of the whole, which is
'ſuſtained by the feeble props of fe-
'male conſtancy? Remember it is but
'juſt, that he who builds on impoſſibi-
'lities ſhould be denied the privilege
'of any other foundation; as the poet
'hath better expreſſed it in the follow-
'ing couplets—

"In death I ſought new life to find,
"And health, where pale diſtemper pin'd:
"I look'd for freedom in the gaol,
"And faith, where perjuries prevail;
"But Fate ſupreme, whoſe ſtern decree
"To ſorrow match'd my deſtiny,
"All poſſible relief withdrew,
"Becauſe th' impoſſible I kept in view."

'Next day Anſelmo went to the
'country, after having told Camilla,
'that in his abſence Lothario would
'take charge of the family, and dine
'with her every day; he therefore de-
'ſired her to treat him with all the re-
'ſpect due to his own perſon. Ca-
'milla, being a woman of honour and
'diſcretion, was diſguſted at this or-
'der, and bade him conſider how un-
'ſeemly it was for another man to ſit
'at the head of his table in his ab-
'ſence; at the ſame time begging,
'that if his directions proceeded from
'his diffidence in her capacity, he
'would for once put her management
'to the trial, and be convinced by ex-
'perience, that ſhe was equal to a more
'important charge. Anſelmo replied,
'that ſuch was his pleaſure, and her
'province was to bow the head and
'obey; upon which, ſhe, though un-
'willingly, ſubmitted. Next day he
'ſet out accordingly, and Lothario
'went to his houſe, where he met with
'a very kind and honourable reception
'from Camilla, who never gave him
'an opportunity of being alone with
'her, but was always ſurrounded by
'her ſervants, generally attended by
'her own maid, whoſe name was Le-
'onela, for whom her miſtreſs had a
'particular affection, becauſe they had
'been brought up together from their
'infancy, in the houſe of Camilla's
'parents; and when ſhe married An-

'selmo, she accompanied her to his 'house in quality of waiting-woman.

'During the first three days Lotha-'rio did not declare himself, although 'he had opportunities immediately af-'ter the table was uncovered, while 'the servants were at dinner, which 'Camilla always ordered them to fi-'nish with all expedition. Nay, she 'gave directions to Leonela, to dine 'every day before the cloth was laid 'for herself, that she might always be 'in waiting; but her maid's thoughts 'were too much engrossed by her own 'amusements, the enjoyment of which 'required such time and opportunity, 'as often hindered her from obeying 'the commands of her mistress, so that 'she frequently behaved as if she had 'received orders to leave them alone; 'but the dignified presence of Ca-'milla, the gravity of her counte-'nance, and awfulness of person, were 'such as effectually bridled Lothario's 'tongue: yet the energy of virtue, in 'having this very effect, redounded the 'more to the disadvantage of them 'both; for, though his tongue was re-'stricted, his thoughts had a full and 'free opportunity of contemplating at 'leisure the charms both of her mind 'and person, which were sufficient to 'captivate not only an heart of flesh, 'but even a statue of stone.

'Lothario, by gazing at her during 'those opportunities, beheld how wor-'thy she was to be beloved; and this 'conviction began gradually to sap his 'regard for his friend, so that he made 'a thousand resolutions to quit the 'city, and go where he should never 'more be seen by Anselmo, or be ex-'posed to danger from the beauty of 'his wife; but all these were baffled 'by the pleasure he had already felt, in 'seeing and admiring her charms; he 'constrained himself, and combated his 'own inclinations, in order to expel 'and efface that satisfaction: when he 'was alone he condemned his own mad-'ness, and reproached himself as a false 'friend and worthless Christian; he 'made a thousand reflections and com-'parisons between himself and Ansel-'mo; and they all terminated in this 'conclusion, that the madness and rash 'confidence of his friend greatly ex-'ceeded his own infidelity, and that if 'he could excuse himself to Heaven, 'for what he intended to do, as easily 'as to mankind, he had no reason to 'dread any punishment for the crime. 'In short, the beauty and other accom-'plishments of Camilla, together with 'the opportunity which the ignorant 'husband put into his hands, entirely 'overthrew the integrity of Lothario; 'who, giving way at once to the dic-'tates of his passion, began at the end 'of three days, during which he had 'been at continual war with his de-'sires, to address himself to Camilla 'with such disorder and amorous dis-'course, that she was utterly astonished, 'and rising up went to her own cham-'ber without answering one word. But 'this coyness did not abate Lothario's 'hope, which always increases with a 'man's love; on the contrary, he re-'doubled his efforts: while she, per-'ceiving him behave so wide of expec-'tation, did not well know what con-'duct to espouse; but, thinking it 'would be both unseemly and unsafe 'in her, to grant him another opportu-'nity, she determined that very night 'to send a message to her husband, and 'actually dispatched a servant to him 'with the following letter.

CHAP. VII.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE NOVEL CALLED THE IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.

"IT is a common observation, that "an army without a general, and "a garrison without a chief, make but "a very indifferent appearance; but I "say, that a young married woman "without a husband makes a worse, "especially when his absence is not "the effect of absolute necessity; for "my own part, I find myself so un-"easy, and unable to support our se-"paration, that if you do not return "immediately, I must go and pass my "time at my father's house, though I "should leave yours without a guard; "for I believe he that you left, if he "was designed for that purpose, hath "more regard to his own pleasure than "to your advantage; and since you are "wise, I have nothing more to say, "nor is it proper I should."

'When Anselmo received this letter, 'he was convinced that Lothario had be-

'gan

'gan the enterprize, and that his wife 'had behaved according to his wish; 'rejoiced beyond measure at this information, he answered by a verbal message, that she should by no means leave the house, for he would return 'in a very little time. Camilla was astonished at this reply, which perplexed her more than ever, as she durst neither stay in her own house, nor go to her father's; for, in staying at home, she endangered her honour, and in going to her parents she transgressed the commands of her husband. In fine, she resolved upon that which was worst of all, namely to remain where she was, determined not to avoid Lothario, that the servants might not observe her situation; and she was already sorry for what she had written to Anselmo, being afraid he would imagine Lothario had perceived some levity in her conduct, which encouraged him to lay aside the decorum he ought to have preserved. Confident of her own virtue, she trusted to God and her conscious prudence, by the help of which she thought she could in silence resist all the solicitations of Lothario, without giving her husband any farther information, lest it should involve him in some trouble or dangerous dispute; nay, she was even industrious in inventing some excuse for Lothario, in case Anselmo should ask the reason that induced her to write such a letter.

'With these sentiments, which were more honourable than prudent and advantageous, she next day sat listening to Lothario, who exerted himself in such a manner, as to shake her fortitude, which, with all her virtue, was barely sufficient to hinder her eyes from giving manifest indications of the amorous compassion that his tears and addresses had awakened in her breast. All this tenderness, which Lothario observed, inflamed his passion the more; and thinking there was a necessity for shortening the siege, while this opportunity of Anselmo's absence lasted, he assaulted her pride with the praises of her beauty; for nothing sooner succeeds in overthrowing the embattled towers of female vanity, than vanity itself, employed by the tongue of adulation: in short, he so assiduously undermined 'the fortress of her virtue, and plied it 'with such irresistible engines, that 'though she had been made of brass, she must have surrendered at mercy. 'He wept, intreated, promised, flattered, feigned, and importuned, with 'such earnest expressions of love, as 'conquered all her reserve; at last he 'obtained a compleat triumph, which, 'though what he least expected, was 'what of all things he most ardently 'desired; she yielded—the chaste Camilla yielded! But what wonder? 'since even Lothario's friendship gave 'way: a clear and incontestible proof, 'that love is to be conquered by flight 'alone; and that no person whatever 'ought to engage such a powerful adversary, hand to hand, because nothing but force divine can subdue that 'human power.

'Leonela alone was privy to the 'weakness of her mistress, which the 'two new lovers and false friends could 'not possibly conceal from her knowledge; and Lothario did not chuse to tell Camilla the contrivance of Anselmo, who had given him the opportunity of accomplishing his design; 'that she might not undervalue his 'love, by supposing that he courted her 'by accident, without being at first 'really enamoured of her charms. Anselmo returning in a few days, did 'not perceive the loss of that, which, 'though he preserved with the least 'care, he prized above all other possessions; but going in quest of Lothario, whom he found in his own lodging, after a mutual embrace, he desired he would tell him the news that 'must determine his life or death. "The "news which I have to give you, my "friend," said Lothario, "are these; "you have a wife who truly deserves "to be the pattern and queen of all "good women. The expressions I "used to her were spent in the air, my "promises were despised, my presents "rejected, and some tears that I feigned, most heartily ridiculed; in short, "Camilla is the sum of all beauty, and "the casket in which are deposited honour, affability, modesty, and all the "qualifications that dignify and adorn "a woman of virtue. Here, take back "your money, which I have had no occasion to use: the chastity of your "spouse is not to be shaken by such "mean considerations as those of pro-

" miſes and preſents; be ſatisfied; An-
" ſelmo, and make no more unpro-
" fitable trials; ſince you have dry-
" ſhod croſſed the ſea of thoſe doubts
" and ſuſpicions which are and may
" be entertained of women, ſeek not to
" plunge yourſelf anew into the dan-
" gerous gulf of freſh difficulties, by
" uſing another pilot to make a ſecond
" trial of the ſtreng h and tightneſs of
" the veſſel which you have received
" from Heaven to perform the voyage
" of this life, but conſider yourſelf as
" in a ſafe harbour, where you ought
" to ſecure yourſelf with the anchor of
" ſound reflection, and remain until
" you are called upon to pay that tax
" from which no human rank can ex-
" empt you."

' Anſelmo was infinitely rejoiced at
' this information of Lothario, which
' he believed as implicitly as if it had
' been pronounced by an oracle; but,
' nevertheleſs, he beſought him to con-
' tinue his addreſſes, merely for curi-
' oſity and amuſement, though not with
' the ſame eagerneſs and diligence which
' he had uſed before; he deſired him
' to write verſes in praiſe of Camilla,
' under the name of Chloris, promiſing
' to tell his wife, that he, Lothario, was
' in love with a lady whom he cele-
' brated under that fictitious name, in
' order to preſerve the decorum due to
' her character; and he aſſured him,
' that if Lothario did not chuſe to take
' the trouble of making verſes, he him-
' ſelf would compoſe them for the oc-
' caſion. "You ſhall not need," ſaid
' Lothario; "the muſes are not quite
" ſo averſe, but they viſit me ſome-
" times: you may tell Camilla what
" you have mentioned, concerning my
" pretended love; and as for the verſes,
" if not adequate to the ſubject, they
" ſhall at all events be the beſt I can
" make."

' This agreement being concerted be-
' tween the impertinent huſband and
' treacherous friend, Anſelmo returned
' to his own houſe, and aſked Camilla,
' what ſhe wondered he had not men-
' tioned before; namely, the meaning
' of that letter which ſhe had diſpatch-
' ed to him in the country. She an-
' ſwered, that ſhe then fancied Lotha-
' rio looked at her with more freedom
' than he uſed to take when Anſelmo
' was at home: but now ſhe was un-
' deceived, and convinced of it's being
' no more than mere imagination, for
' he had of late avoided all occaſions of
' being alone with her. Anſelmo ſaid
' ſhe might make herſelf entirely eaſy,
' from that quarter; for he knew that
' Lothario was in love with a lady of
' faſhion in the city, whom he celebrated
' under the name of Chloris; and even,
' if he was free of any ſuch engage-
' ments, there was nothing to be feared
' from the honour of Lothario, and the
' friendſhip ſubſiſting between them.
' If Camilla had not been previouſly
' advertiſed by her ſecret gallant, of
' this ſuppoſed love of Chloris, with
' which he intended to hoodwink her
' huſband, that he might ſometimes in-
' dulge himſelf in her own praiſe, under
' the cover of that name, ſhe would,
' without doubt, have been diſtracted
' with jealouſy; but thus inſtructed,
' ſhe heard him without ſurprize or
' concern.

' Next day, while they were at din-
' ner, Anſelmo intreated his friend to
' repeat ſome of the verſes he had com-
' poſed in praiſe of Chloris, who being
' utterly unknown to Camilla, he might
' ſecurely ſay what he pleaſed. "Tho'
" ſhe were of her acquaintance," an-
' ſwered Lothario, "I ſhould not think
" myſelf bound to conceal my paſſion;
" for, when a lover praiſes the beauty,
" and at the ſame time bewails the
" cruelty of his miſtreſs, her reputation
" can ſuffer no prejudice; but, be that
" as it will, I own, I yeſterday wrote a
" ſong on the ingratitude of Chloris,
" which you ſhall hear.

I.

" WHEN night extends her ſilent
" reign,
" And ſleep vouchſafes the world to bleſs,
" To Heav'n and Chloris I complain
" Of dire and affluent diſtreſs.

II.

" When Phœbus, led by roſy morn,
" At firſt, his radiant viſage ſhews,
" With tears, and ſighs, and groans forlorn,
" My ſoul the bitter plaint renews.

III.

" When from his bright meridian throne,
" The dazzling rays deſcend amain,
" With aggravated grief I moan,
" And night brings back the woeful ſtrain.
" Thus, to my vows and pray'rs, I find,
" My Chloris deaf, and Heav'n unkind."

' The

'The song was approved by Camilla, and much more so by her husband, who applauded it to the skies, and observed that the lady must be excessively cruel, who could resist such a true and pathetick complaint. "What!" said Camilla, "is every "thing true that we are told by the "poets when they are in love?"—"What they rehearse as poets," answered Lothario, "is not always truth; "but what they affirm as lovers, is always from the heart."—"You are certainly in the right," replied Anselmo, with a view of supporting and giving sanction to Lothario's sentiments, in the opinion of Camilla, whose indifference about her husband's artifice was now equal to her love for his pretended friend. Pleased therefore with his performances, because she very well knew that his inclinations and compositions were inspired by, and addressed to her, who was the true Chloris, she desired him, if he had any more songs or verses, to repeat them. "I have another," said Lothario, "but "I believe it is not so good; or, rather, "it is less tolerable than the last. However, you shall judge for yourself; "here it is.

I.

"YES, cruel maid! I welcome death,
"And tho' I perish undeplor'd,
"Thy beauty with my latest breath,
"Shall be applauded and ador'd.

II.

"Tho' lost in dark oblivion's shade,
"Bereft of favour, life, and fame,
"My faithful heart, when open laid,
"Will shew thine image and thy name.

III.

"These reliques I preserve with care,
"My comfort in disastrous fate;
"For, steel'd and whetted by despair,
"My love new force acquires from hate.
"Unhappy those! who, darkling, sail
"Where stars, and ports, and pilots fail."

'This song was commended as much as the first, by Anselmo, who in this manner added link to link of the chain with which he enslaved himself, and secured his own dishonour: for then Lothario disgraced him most, when he thought himself most honoured, and every step that Camilla descended towards the very center of contempt, she, in the opinion of her husband, mounted to the very summit of virtuous reputation. About this time, happening to be alone with her maid, "I am ashamed, dear Leonela," said she, "when I consider how I have undervalued myself; for I ought to "have made Lothario employ a great "deal of time in purchasing the entire "possession of my favours, which I so "willingly surrendered at once; and I "am afraid that he will look upon my "sudden yielding as the effect of levity, "without reflecting upon the violence "of his own addresses, which it was "impossible to resist."—"Let not that "give you the least disturbance, Madam," answered Leonela, "for there "is no reason why a thing should lose "it's estimation, by being freely given, "if it is actually good in it's kind and "worthy of esteem; nay, it is a common saying, That he who gives freely, "gives twice."—"There is also another common observation," replied Camilla, "That which is easily got "is little valued."—"You are not at "all affected by that observation," resumed Leonela, "for love, they say, "sometimes flies, sometimes walks, "runs with one, creeps with another, "warms a third, burns a fourth, wounding some, and slaying others. In "one moment it begins, performs, and "concludes it's career; lays siege in "the morning to a fortress, which is "surrendered before night, there being "no fortress that can withstand it's "power. This being the case, what "cause have you to be alarmed or afraid? This was the power that assisted "Lothario, by making use of my master's absence, as the instrument of his "success; and what love had determined, must of necessity have been "concluded during that period, before "Anselmo could, by his return, prevent the perfection of the work. Opportunity is the best minister for executing the designs of love; and is "employed in all his undertakings, "especially in the beginning of them. "This I know to be true, more by "experience than hearsay; and I shall "one day tell you, Madam, that I am a "girl of flesh and blood, as well as your "ladyship. Besides, your ladyship did "not yield until you had discerned in "the looks, sighs, protestations, promises, and presents of Lothario, his "whole

" whole soul undisguised, and adorned " with such virtues as rendered him " worthy of your love. Let not, there- " fore, these scrupulous and whining " reflections harrass your imagination; " but assure yourself, that Lothario's " love and yours are mutual: so that " you may think yourself extremely " happy, in being caught in the amo- " rous snare by a man of worth and " honour, who not only possesses the " four qualities beginning with S *, " which ought to be the case of all true " lovers, but also a whole alphabet of " accomplishments. Listen, and you " shall hear how cleverly I will re- " count them. He is, in my simple " opinion, amiable, benevolent, cou- " rageous, diverting, enamoured, firm, " gay, honourable, illustrious, loyal, " mettlesome, noble, obedient, prince- " ly, qualified, rich, and the S. S. as I " have already observed. Then, he is " trusty, vigilant; the X does not suit " him, because it is a harsh letter; Y " stands for youth, and Z for zeal, in " his attachment to you."

' Camilla laughed at the alphabet of ' her maid, whom she found more ' knowing in the affairs of love than ' she pretended to be; and this ' knowledge indeed she confessed, dis- ' closing to her mistress an intrigue that ' she carried on with a young man of a ' good family in town. Camilla was ' disturbed at this information, fearing ' that her honour ran some risk from ' their correspondence; and when she ' pressed her to confess, whether or not ' it had been brought to the last ex- ' tremity, she, without the least symp- ' tom of shame, answered in the affir- ' mative: for, it is very certain, that ' the failings of mistresses divest their ' servants of all modesty; because, see- ' ing their ladies trip, they think them- ' selves intitled to halt, without being ' at the trouble to conceal their defect. ' Camilla, thus circumstanced, could ' fall upon no other expedient than that ' of cautioning her maid against betray- ' ing her to the person who was her gal- ' lant, and beseeching her to keep her ' own intrigue secret, that it might not ' fall under the observation of Anselmo ' and Lothario.

' Leonela promised to be upon her ' guard, but managed her affairs with ' so little discretion, that she confirmed ' Camilla in the apprehension of losing ' her reputation by the carelessness of ' her maid; for the bold and immodest ' Leonela, seeing that her lady's conduct ' was not the same as formerly, had the ' assurance to introduce and conceal her ' lover in the house, conscious, that al- ' though her mistress should perceive, ' she durst not detect him in that situ- ' ation. Among other disadvantages ' incurred by the slips of women of fa- ' shion, they become slaves to their ' own servants, and find themselves ' obliged to connive at their impudence ' and vice.

' This was the very case of Camilla, ' who, though she more than once ob- ' served Leonela engaged with her gal- ' lant, in one of the chambers, far from ' reprimanding her on that score, she ' gave opportunities of concealing him, ' and did all she could to prevent his ' being seen by her husband. But all ' their caution could not screen him ' from the notice of Lothario; who, ' perceiving him come out of the house, ' one morning at break of day, and not ' knowing who he was, at first mistook ' him for a phantom; but seeing him ' run away, and seek to hide himself ' with care and concern, he soon chang- ' ed that simple opinion for another, ' which would have ruined them all, ' had not Camilla found out an expe- ' dient to prevent their destruction. He ' was so far from thinking, that this ' man whom he saw coming out of An- ' selmo's house, at such an unseasonable ' hour, had gone in on Leonela's ac- ' count, that he did not even remember ' there was such a person in the world; ' on the contrary, he was firmly per- ' suaded, that Camilla, who yielded so ' easily to his addresses, had acted in the ' same manner to some other person; ' for this additional misfortune attends ' a loose woman, that she loses her cre- ' dit even with the man by whose im- ' portunities and intreaties her honour ' was subdued. Nay, he believes, that ' she will be more easily won by another ' than by him, and implicitly credits ' every suspicion that may arise from ' that unjust inference. On this occa- ' sion, Lothario's good sense failed, and

* *Sensato, secreto, sobrepujado, sincero*; Sensible, secret, surpassing, and sincere.

' all

'all his caution ſeemed to vaniſh; 'ſince, regardleſs of every thing that 'was right or reaſonable, without far-'ther examination, he hied him to An-'ſelmo before he was up, where, im-'patient and blind with the jealous fury 'that preyed upon his entrails, and in-'flamed with the deſire of being re-'venged upon Camilla, who had given 'him no offence, he expreſſed himſelf 'thus.

"You muſt know, Anſelmo, that "for ſome days paſt, I have had a con-"tinual ſtruggle with myſelf, endea-"vouring to ſuppreſs that which I "no longer either can or ought to con-"ceal from your knowledge. The "fortreſs of Camilla is at laſt ſurren-"dered, and ſubmitted entirely to the "dominion of my will. This I have "delayed imparting to you, until I "ſhould be certain whether her com-"pliance was owing to ſome tranſient "flaſh of affection, or to the deſire of "trying the ſincerity of thoſe addreſſes "which, by your own direction, were "carried on; and I likewiſe conclud-"ed, that if ſhe was a woman of ho-"nour and virtue as we both imagin-"ed, ſhe would ere now have given "you an account of my ſolicitation. "But finding that ſtill undone, I take "it for granted ſhe means to keep her "promiſe of giving me an interview in "the wardrobe, the very next time you "go to the country; (and here it was "where Camilla actually uſed to en-"tertain him) but I ſhould not wiſh "that you would run precipitately into "any ſcheme of vengeance. How-"ever, as the crime is committed in "thought only, before an opportunity "offers of performing that promiſe, "Camilla may change her mind, and "repent of her weakneſs. Wherefore, "as you have hitherto, in whole or in "part, followed my advice, I hope "you will treaſure up and obſerve one "which I ſhall now offer, that you "may, without the leaſt poſſibility of "being deceived, carefully and cau-"tiouſly ſatisfy yourſelf, ſo as to take "ſuch meaſures as your prudence ſhall "ſuggeſt. You may pretend that you "are going, as uſual, for two or three "days to the country, and in the mean "time conceal yourſelf in the ward-"robe, where you will find tapeſtry "and plenty of other things for the "purpoſe; from thence you, with your "own eyes, as I with mine, will ob-"ſerve the conduct of Camilla, and "if unhappily you ſhould find more "cauſe to fear than to hope, you may "in perſon revenge your own wrongs, "with ſilence, ſafety, and diſcretion."

'Anſelmo was thunderſtruck at this 'declaration of Lothario, which came 'upon him when he leaſt expected it; 'for he already looked upon Camilla 'as a conqueror in the fictitious aſſaults 'of his friend, and had actually be-'gan to enjoy the glory of her tri-'umph. After having ſtood ſilent for 'a long time, with his eyes fixed upon 'the ground, "Lothario," ſaid he, "you have acted up to the expectation "of my friendſhip: I will adhere to "your advice in every thing; do what "you pleaſe; I hope you will keep "this unexpected affair as ſecret as the "nature of it requires."

'His falſe friend promiſed to obſerve 'the caution; but ſoon as he quitted 'the apartment, repented of every 'thing he had ſaid, reflecting how 'fooliſhly he had proceeded, and that 'he might have puniſhed Camilla by 'means leſs cruel and diſhonourable. 'He curſed his own folly, condemned 'his precipitation, and endeavoured to 'find out ſome expedient to undo what 'he had done, or at leaſt bring it to 'ſome favourable iſſue. At length, 'he reſolved to diſcloſe the whole to 'Camilla, as there wanted not oppor-'tunities of being with her alone; and 'that very day being together, ſhe 'made uſe of the firſt that happened, 'addreſſing herſelf to him in this man-'ner. "Know, my dear Lothario, "that my heart is ready to burſt with "one affliction, which is ſo grievous "that it will be a wonder if I ſurvive "it: Leonela is arrived to ſuch a "pitch of impudence, that every "night ſhe introduces a gallant into "the houſe, and remains with him "till morning, very much at the ex-"pence of my reputation, as the field "is left open for any malicious con-"ſtruction, upon ſeeing a man come "out of my houſe at ſuch unſeaſonable "hours; and the misfortune is, I dare "neither chide nor chaſtiſe her for her "audacity; for her being privy to our "correſpondence puts a bridle in my "mouth, obliging me to be ſilent on "the ſubject of her folly, from which "I fear ſome miſchance will befal us."

'When

'When Camilla began this discourse, 'Lothario imagined it was an artifice 'to deceive and persuade him that the 'man he had seen coming out of the 'house had been there on Leonela's ac-'count only; but, seeing his mistress 'weep, and in the utmost affection en-'treat him to find out some remedy for 'this inconvenience, he was convinced 'of the truth, and covered with shame 'and remorse for what he had done; 'nevertheless, he desired Camilla to 'make herself easy, and promised to 'fall upon some method to curb Leo-'nela's insolence. He then told her 'what, instigated by the rage of jea-'lousy, he had disclosed to Anselmo, 'who by his appointment was to con-'ceal himself in the wardrobe, that he 'might have an incontestible proof of 'her infidelity: he begged pardon for 'his madness, with advice how to reme-'dy it, and to extricate himself from 'the labyrinth in which he was involv-'ed by his own imprudence. Camilla 'was astonished at the discourse of Lo-'thario, whom she chid and reprimand-'ed with great reason and resentment, 'for the groundless suspicion which had 'driven him to such a mad and mischiev-'ous resolution; but women having 'naturally more invention than men 'can boast of, either for a good or bad 'occasion, though sometimes they fail 'in premeditated schemes, Camilla in-'stantly thought of a cure for this seem-'ingly incurable dilemma, and bade 'Lothario prevail upon her husband to 'conceal himself in the appointed place, 'the very next day; for she hoped to 'reap such advantage from his conceal-'ment, as that for the future they 'should enjoy each other without the 'least fear or interruption. She, there-'fore, without disclosing to her lover 'the whole of her plan, desired him to 'take care, when Anselmo was hid, to 'come at Leonela's call, and answer 'every question she should ask, in the 'same manner as he would reply if he 'did not know that her husband was 'within hearing. Lothario insisted upon 'knowing the particulars of her scheme, 'that he might with more security and 'success perform his cue; but Camilla 'assured him he had nothing to do but 'answer her questions with truth and 'sincerity; being unwilling to make 'him previously acquainted with her de-'sign, lest he should disapprove of that 'which to her seemed so necessary, and 'recommend another which perhaps 'she might not think so effectual. Ac-'cordingly, Lothario took his leave, and 'next day Anselmo, under pretence of 'going to his friend's country-house, 'set out, but soon returned to his hid-'ing-place; Camilla and her maid hav-'ing purposely given him an opportu-'nity of getting in unseen. There he 'remained in a state of perturbation, 'which may be easily conceived to har-'rass the breast of a man who expected 'to see with his own eyes the bowels 'of his honour dissected, and found 'himself on the brink of losing that su-'preme bliss which he thought he pos-'sessed in his beloved Camilla.

'She and her maid, by this time, 'certified of his being there, went to 'the wardrobe, which Camilla no soon-'er entered, than heaving a profound 'sigh, "Dear Leonela," said she, "ra-"ther than execute the design which I "conceal from your knowledge, that "you may not endeavour to prevent it, "would it not be better for you to "take this poignard of Anselmo, and "plunge it in my unfortunate bosom? "Yet do not, Leonela; for it were un-"reasonable that I should be punished "for another's crime; I want first to "know what the daring and licentious "eyes of Lothario have discerned in my "conduct, that should encourage him "to declare a passion so guilty as that "which he hath owned, so much to my "dishonour and the prejudice of his "friend. Go to that window, Leone-"la, and beckon to him, for doubtless "he is now in the street, expecting to "succeed in his wicked intention; but "I shall first execute mine, which is "equally honourable and severe."— "Alas, Madam!" answered the cun-'ning and well-instructed Leonela, "how do you intend to use that fatal "poignard? are you determined to "take away your own life, or that of "Lothario? by sacrificing either the "one or the other, you will entirely "ruin your own reputation. You "should rather stifle your wrongs, than "give that wicked wretch an opportu-"nity of finding us here alone; con-"sider, Madam, that we are but weak "women, and he a determined man, "who, blinded by his guilty passion, "may by force deprive you of that "which you value more than life, be-

"fore

" fore you can execute your purpoſe " upon him. A plague upon my ma- " ſter Anſelmo, for allowing that im- " pudent fellow to be ſo free in his " houſe! beſides, Madam, ſhould you " kill him, as I believe you intend to " do, what ſhall we do with him after " he is dead?"—"Nothing, my friend," ' replied Camilla, " but let Anſelmo " bury him; for he ought to take " pleaſure in the taſk of interring his " own infamy. Go and beckon to him, " I ſay, for every moment I delay my " juſt revenge ſeems to injure afreſh " that fidelity which I owe to my " huſband."

' All this converſation was overheard ' by Anſelmo, whoſe ſentiments were ' entirely changed by what Camilla ſaid; ' and when he underſtood that ſhe in- ' tended to kill Lothario, he was in- ' clined to come out and diſcover him- ' ſelf, in order to prevent the deed; but ' he was diverted from that reſolution ' by the deſire of ſeeing the iſſue of his ' wife's gallant and virtuous determi- ' nation; purpoſing, however, to ap- ' pear ſeaſonably enough for the ſafety ' of his friend.

' About this time Camilla throwing ' herſelf upon a couch, was ſeized with ' a violent fit, during which Leonela ' wept bitterly, exclaiming, " Ah, " woe is me! muſt I then ſee, expiring " in theſe unfortunate arms, the flower " of human virtue, the queen of ex- " cellent wives, the pattern of chaſti- " ty!" with other epithets of the ſame ' kind, which nobody could have heard, ' without eſteeming her the moſt faith- ' ful and afflicted damſel upon earth, ' and her miſtreſs another perſecuted ' Penelope. Camilla, having ſoon re- ' covered from her fit, ſaid to her wo- ' man, "Why don't you go and call " this the moſt faithful friend that ever " was ſeen by the day, or ſhrouded by " the night? Make haſte; go, run, fly; " let not the fire of my rage be con- " ſumed by your delay, and the juſt " vengeance I mean to take evaporate " in curſes and unſubſtantial threats." —"I go," anſwered Leonela, "but " you muſt firſt give me that poignard, " leſt, in my abſence, you do a deed " to make all thoſe who love you weep " to the end of their lives."—"Go, " dear Leonela," replied her miſtreſs, " and fear nothing; for although, in " your opinion, I may be raſh and even " unreaſonable, in thus reſenting the " affront upon my honour; I ſhall not " behave like that Lucretia, who, 'tis " ſaid, killed herſelf, though innocent, " without having firſt puniſhed the vil- " lainous cauſe of her misfortune. If " I muſt die, I will at leaſt fall fully " revenged of him who is the occaſion " of my being here, to bewail his au- " dacious behaviour, which, I am ſure, " proceeded from no miſconduct of " mine."

' Many intreaties did ſhe uſe, before ' Leonela would go and call Lothario, ' but at length ſhe prevailed; the maid ' went out to ſeek him, and, in her ab- ' ſence, Camilla uttered the following ' ſoliloquy. "Good Heaven! would " it not have been more prudent to diſ- " miſs Lothario as uſual, than to give " him this occaſion of thinking me vi- " cious and immodeſt, even though that " opinion can only laſt until I have an " opportunity of undeceiving him? " Yes, certainly; but I ſhall not think " myſelf revenged, nor the honour of my " huſband ſufficiently vindicated, if he " eſcapes ſo ſmooth and clean from this " ſnare into which his wicked inclina- " tions have decoyed him. Let the trai- " tor pay with his life for the enterprize " of his laſcivious deſire; the world " ſhall know, if even the affair be made " publick, that Camilla not only pre- " ſerved her affection for her huſband " inviolate, but alſo took vengeance on " the man who thought to impair it. " Yet, methinks, I ought to diſcloſe " the whole to Anſelmo; but I have " already touched upon the ſubject, in " the letter I ſent to him when he was " in the country; and his omitting to " apply a remedy to the evil I then " hinted at, muſt certainly be owing to " his own integrity and unſuſpecting " heart, which would not ſuffer him to " believe, that the breaſt of ſuch a con- " ſtant friend could harbour one " thought to the prejudice of his ho- " nour; indeed, this was my own opi- " nion, until his behaviour became into- " lerably licentious, and his preſents, " promiſes, and tears, fully manifeſted " his guilty purpoſe. But, wherefore " theſe reflections? does a gallant re- " ſolution ſtand in need of heſitating " advice? No! traitor, avaunt! hither " vengeance! enter, thou falſe, perfi- " dious wretch, come, quick, be ſpeedy, " die, and let the conſequence be what

" it will! Pure and unſpotted I came " into the poſſeſſion of him whom Hea- " ven appointed to be my huſband and " my lord, and equally pure ſhall I " leave his embrace, though bathed in " my own chaſte blood, and embrued " in the tainted gore of the falſeſt " friend that ever friendſhip ſaw!" So ſaying, ſhe brandiſhed the drawn dag- ger in her hand, and ſtalked acroſs the room with ſuch diſordered ſteps and violent geſtures, that ſhe ſeem- ed to have loſt her ſenſes, and looked more like a deſperate ruffian than a delicate wife.

All this tranſport and agitation was perceived, with aſtoniſhment, by An- ſelmo, where he ſtood concealed be- hind the tapeſtry; he thought he had now ſeen and heard enough to diſpel ſuſpicions of a ſtronger kind than thoſe he entertained; and even wiſhed that the proof might proceed no farther, by Lothario's failing to keep the appointment; for he was afraid that ſome ſudden unlucky accident might happen. Being therefore on the point of ſhewing himſelf, and running to embrace and undeceive his wife, he was prevented by ſeeing Leonela re- turn with his friend, whom Camilla no ſooner beheld, than drawing a line before her, with the dagger, ſhe ſaid, " Take notice, Lothario, if you at- " tempt to paſs this line, or even ap- " proach it, the moment I perceive your " intention, I will plunge the poig- " nard in my breaſt. Without offer- " ing the leaſt reply, therefore, to this " declaration, I deſire you will liſten " to ſome queſtions I mean to aſk, " which you may anſwer as you ſhall " think proper; in the firſt place, tell " me, Lothario, if you know my huſ- " band Anſelmo, and what ſtation he " maintains in your opinion? and then " be as explicit in your ſentiments of " me; anſwer without perturbation or " difficulty, for the queſtions I aſk are " eaſily ſolved."

Lothario was not ſo ignorant, but that he had conceived her deſign, from the moment of her deſiring him to ad- viſe Anſelmo to conceal himſelf; and therefore his replies were ſo ſeaſonable, and correſponded ſo exactly with her aim, that this fiction had all the air of the moſt genuine truth. " Beau- " teous Camilla," ſaid he, " I did not " imagine you had ſent for me with a " view of aſking queſtions ſo foreign " to the purpoſe for which I come; if " you meant to delay the promiſed bliſs, " you might have protracted the aſ- " ſignation to a more diſtant term; for, " the nearer the proſpect of enjoyment " is, the more grievous will the diſap- " pointment be: but that you may " have no cauſe to complain of my re- " fuſing to anſwer your demands, I " will own that I know your huſband " Anſelmo, with whom I have been " intimate from our moſt tender years. " Of the friendſhip (as you know) ſub- " ſiſting between us, I will ſay nothing, " that I may not bear witneſs to the " wrong which love, the powerful ex- " cuſe of greater crimes, compels me " to commit: you too I know, and " rate as high as you can poſſibly be in " his eſteem; for a prize of leſs value I " ſhould not have acted ſo unbecoming " my own character, or tranſgreſſed " thoſe laws of perfect friendſhip, " which I have broken and violated, at " the inſtigation of that miſchievous " and irreſiſtible power."

" Since thou art ſelf-convicted ſo " far," replied Camilla, " thou mor- " tal enemy to all that merits love! " with what face dareſt thou appear " before her who is the mirror that re- " flects him, and in which thou oughteſt " to have ſeen how little reaſon and en- " couragement thou hadſt to wrong his " honour; but, unfortunate that I am! " I have found out the cauſe that in- " duced thee to forget thyſelf ſo far; " it muſt have been ſome lightneſs of " carriage in me; immodeſty I will not " call it, becauſe it could not be the " effect of deliberate determination, but " muſt have proceeded from a neglect " of ſome of thoſe forms which women " often inadvertently omit before thoſe " whom they think they can entertain " without ceremony. Otherwiſe, tell " me, traitor, when did I ever anſwer " thy addreſſes with any word or ſign " that could awaken in thy breaſt the " leaſt glimpſe of hope to accompliſh " thy infamous aim? Did I not always " reject and reprove thy amorous pro- " teſtations with rigour and ſeveri- " ty? and when were thy promiſes " and preſents believed and accepted? " But, as I think no perſon could long " perſevere in ſuch a flagitious inten- " tion, without being ſupported by " ſome ſort of hope, I am willing to

" lay

" lay the blame of your impertinence " at my own door; since, without doubt, " some failure of care in me, hath " enabled you to exert yours so long; " and therefore, I will inflict upon " myself the punishment that your " crime deserves; but that you may " see, in being thus inhuman to my- " self, it was impossible for me to deal " mildly by you, I have invited you " hither, to be witness of the sacrifice " I mean to offer to the injured honour " of my noble husband, whom you " have aggrieved to the utmost of your " power, I myself being accessary to " the wrong, because I have not in- " dustriously enough avoided all occa- " sion, if I gave you any, of favour- " ing and countenancing your wicked " inclinations. I say, the suspicion I " have, that some levity of mine en- " gendered such frantick sentiments in " your bosom, gives me the utmost " pain, and prompts me to chastise my " indiscretion with my own hands, ra- " ther than make my fault more pub- " lick, by submitting to another exe- " cutioner; but, if I must perish, my " fall shall be accompanied with the " death of him whose blood will satisfy " the vengeance which I already in " some measure enjoy, when I consi- " der that wheresoever I go, I shall " have before mine eyes, the victim I " offered to the most disinterested justice, " in punishing the wretch who hath re- " duced me to this despair."

' So saying, she assaulted Lothario ' with incredible force and agility, ma- ' nifesting such eagerness to plunge the ' poignard in his breast, that he him- ' self doubted whether her endeavours ' were feigned or real; and was ac- ' tually obliged to exert his whole strength ' in defending himself from Camilla, ' who acted this strange imposture so ' much to the life, that, in order to ' give it the greater appearance of truth, ' she resolved to colour it with her own ' blood; for seeing, or feigning, that she ' could not touch Lothario, she cried, " Though fate denies me the full sa- " tisfaction of my just desire, it cannot " rob me of one part of my revenge." ' With these words, struggling to dis- ' engage her dagger-hand, which was ' held by Lothario, she at last succeed- ' ed, and directing her poignard to a ' part of her body, which she thought ' she might slightly wound without dan- ' ger, she sheathed it between her shoul- ' der and left-breast, and fell upon the ' floor as in a swoon.

' Leonela and Lothario were asto- ' nished and confounded at this ' event, and still dubious whether or ' not Camilla was in earnest, when they ' saw her stretched upon the ground, ' and bathed in her own blood. Lo- ' thario ran, in the utmost fright and ' consternation, to draw forth the dag- ' ger; but perceiving what a superfi- ' cial wound she had made, he recovered ' of the terror which had began to seize ' him, and could not help admiring ' anew, the uncommon sagacity, pru- ' dence, and discretion, of the beautiful ' Camilla; that he might therefore pro- ' ceed in the part he had to act, he be- ' gan to make long and sorrowful la- ' mentation over the body, as if she ' had been really dead, imprecating a ' thousand curses, not only upon him- ' self, but also upon him who was the ' original cause of this disaster; and as ' he knew that Anselmo was listening, ' said such melancholy things, that ' whosoever had heard him, would have ' pitied his case, as much as that of Ca- ' milla, though they had believed her ' actually dead.

' Leonela lifted her up, and laying ' her on the bed, earnestly entreated ' Lothario to find some person who ' would cure her privately; and begged ' he would advise her, with regard to ' what she should tell Anselmo, about ' her lady's wound, in case he should ' return before she was cured: he said ' she might tell him what she pleased, ' for he was then in no condition to ' give any profitable advice about the ' matter; he only desired her to fall ' upon some method of staunching the ' blood, and declared that for his own ' part he would go where man should ' never see him. He accordingly de- ' parted with the appearance of infinite ' grief and anxiety, and when he found ' himself alone, in a private place, ' crossed himself with amazement at the ' invention of Camilla, and the artful ' behaviour of her maid. He could easily ' conceive that Anselmo was by this ' time thoroughly convinced of his hav- ' ing a second Portia for his wife; and ' was impatient to see him, that they ' might together extol her behaviour, ' which, though imposture, had more ' appearance of truth than any thing

of the same kind that had ever been practised.

'Leonela, as she was desired, stopped her lady's blood, of which there was just enough to give credit to her artifice; and washing the wound with a little wine, bound it up as well as she could, uttering such sorrowful expressions all the time, as would have been sufficient, without any previous lamentation, to persuade Anselmo that his wife was the mirror of chastity. Leonela's complaints were joined by those of her mistress, who taxed herself with cowardice and pusillanimity, in having lost the best opportunity she should ever have of parting with that life which she abhorred. She consulted her maid about disclosing the whole affair to her beloved spouse; but this scheme Leonela opposed, observing that it would lay her master under an obligation of taking vengeance on Lothario; a satisfaction he could not enjoy without exposing himself to great danger; and that a virtuous woman, far from seeking to involve her husband in quarrels, was in duty bound to keep him free of all such disputes, by every method in her power. Camilla seemed to approve of her maid's prudence, and promised to follow her advice; but said it would be necessary at all events to invent some excuse to Anselmo about the wound, which he could not fail of observing. Leonela assuring her, that she could never tell a lye even in jest, the mistress replied, "What shall I do then, child? for I would not attempt to frame and maintain a falshood, even though my life depended upon it; since, therefore, we know not how to extricate ourselves otherwise, we must e'en discover the naked truth, rather than run the risk of being detected in a lye."—"Don't give yourself any farther uneasiness, Madam," said Leonela; "by to-morrow morning I shall have found some expedient; perhaps the wound being where it is, may be concealed from his view, and Heaven vouchsafe to favour our upright and honourable intention. Compose yourself, dear Madam, endeavour to calm the perturbation of your spirits, that my master may not perceive your disorder, and leave the consequence to my care and that of Heaven, which never fails to favour the righteous design."

'Anselmo listened with the utmost attention to this tragedy of the death of his honour, which was represented with such exquisite and surprizing address, that the actors seemed really transformed into the very characters they feigned; he longed impatiently for night, and an opportunity of escaping unseen, that he might fly to his worthy friend Lothario, and receive his congratulation upon the precious jewel he had found in this vindication of his wife's virtue; they took care to furnish him with the occasion he wanted; and he, without letting it slip, ran immediately in quest of Lothario. It would be difficult to describe the eagerness of his embraces at meeting, or to recount the expressions he used in the overflowings of his satisfaction, and the extravagant praises he bestowed on Camilla. All these Lothario heard, without being able to manifest the least signs of joy; his reflections taxed him with the deceit he had practised, and the injury he had done his unsuspecting friend. Anselmo took notice that he did not seem to participate in his pleasure, but believed his concern proceeded from the thoughts of having been the occasion of Camilla's wound: he therefore, among other things, told him to make himself easy on that score, for the hurt must certainly have been very slight, as they had agreed to conceal it from his knowledge; and since there was no bad consequence to be apprehended, he hoped for the future to enjoy, in mirth and good-humour, the friendship of his dear Lothario, by whose industry and mediation he now saw himself raised to the most sublime pitch of human felicity; at the same time he signified, that his desire and design was to pursue no other amusement than that of composing verses in praise of Camilla, that should transmit to latest posterity the remembrance of her worth.

'Lothario commended his laudable determination, and promised to contribute all that lay in his power towards the rearing of such an illustrious edifice; so that Anselmo being the most agreeably deceived of any man that ever lived, led by the hand

to

'to his own houſe, the very man who, 'though in his opinion the inſtrument 'of his glory, was the total perdition 'of his fame. Camilla received him 'with a countenance expreſſing reſent-'ment, but a ſoul brimful of joy; and 'their ſecret correſpondence continued 'uninterrupted for a few months, at 'the end of which the wheel of fortune 'having performed a full circle, the 'intrigue, which had been hitherto ſo 'artfully concealed, was diſcovered, 'and Anſelmo's Impertinent Curioſity 'coſt him his life.'

CHAP. VIII.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.

A Little more of this novel remained to be read, when Sancho came running in great confuſion, from the garret where his maſter Don Quixote lay, bawling aloud, 'Come hither, 'gentlemen! make haſte to the aſſiſt-'ance of my maſter, who is this preci-'ous minute engaged and grappled in 'the toughest battle that ever my eyes 'beheld! Egad, he has given that fame 'giant, the enemy to my Lady the 'princeſs of Micomicona, ſuch a back-'ſtroke, as hath ſliced off his head as 'ſmooth and clean as the ſkin of a 'turnip.'—'What do you mean, bro-'ther?' ſaid the curate, cloſing the book; 'are you in your right wits, 'Sancho? How the devil can your ma-'ſter be fighting with a giant who is 'two thouſand leagues from hence?'

That inſtant they heard a great noiſe in the apartment, and Don Quixote proclaiming aloud, 'Stay, villain! robber! 'caitiff! here I have thee, and thy ſcy-'mitar ſhall not avail.' Then he began to ſtrike furiouſly at the walls; and Sancho exclaimed, 'Don't ſtand here 'liſtening, but go in and part the fray, 'or lend your aſſiſtance to my maſter, 'though I believe that will be needleſs 'by this time, for the giant is certainly 'dead, and giving an account to God 'of his wicked and miſpent life: nay, 'I ſaw, with my own eyes, his blood 'running about the floor, and his head 'cut off, laying on one ſide, as a large 'wine bag.'—'May I be hanged,' cried the innkeeper, at theſe words, 'if 'this Don Quixote, or Don Devil, has 'not cut open one of the ſkins filled 'with red wine, that ſtood at his bed's 'head, and the wine that ran out is 'miſtaken by this ſimple fellow for 'blood!'

So ſaying, he ruſhed into the apartment with the whole company at his heels, and found the knight in a very ludicrous ſituation; he appeared in his ſhirt, which was too ſcanty before to cover his thighs, and ſtill ſhorter behind, by ſix inches at leaſt, and diſplayed a pair of long lank legs, imbrowned with hair, and not extremely clean; his head was covered with a little, red, greaſy night-cap, belonging to the landlord; round his left-arm he had wrapped the blanket of his bed, to which Sancho, for good reaſons known to himſelf, bore an inveterate grudge; and in his right, he wielded his drawn ſword, with which he laid about him at a furious rate, talking as if he was actually at blows with the giant; but, what was very ſurprizing, his eyes were ſhut all the time, and he was faſt aſleep, dreaming of this encounter; for his imagination was ſo much engroſſed by the adventure he had undertaken to atchieve, as to make him dream that he was already arrived in the kingdom of Micomicon, and engaged in ſingle combat with his gigantick adverſary; inſtead of whom, he hacked the wine-bags ſo furiouſly, that the whole room was afloat with their contents.

The innkeeper no ſooner perceived this havock, than incenſed to the laſt degree, he aſſaulted Don Quixote with his clenched fiſts, and began to pummel him ſo ſeverely, that if the curate and Cardenio had not interpoſed, he would ſoon have put an end to the adventure of the giant; yet, for all that, the poor knight did not awake until the barber fetching a kettle of cold water from the well, ſouſed him all over; even then, though ſleep forſook him, he did not recollect the ſituation he was in; and Dorothea, ſeeing him ſo ſlight and airily equipped, did not chuſe to be a ſpectator of the combat between her adverſary and protector. Meanwhile, Sancho went about the room, prying into every corner, and ſearching for the giant's head; which when he could not find, 'I know,' ſaid he, 'that every thing goes by in-'chantment in this houſe: the laſt 'time I was in this very ſpot, I re-

'ceived

'ceived a great many thwacks and 'thumps without seeing a soul, or be-'ing able to guess from whence they 'came; and now this head is vanished, 'though I saw it cut off with mine own 'eyes, and the blood spout out of the 'body, like water from a fountain.'— 'What! dost thou talk of blood and 'fountains, thou enemy of God and 'his saints!' cried the inn-keeper; 'don't you see, rascal, that there is no 'blood or fountain, but the skins that 'are pierced, and the red wine that 'swims about the room? I hope the 'soul of him who pierced them, will 'swim in hell!'—'I know nothing of 'the matter,' replied Sancho; 'but that, 'on account of my not finding the 'head, I shall see my earldom dissolve 'like salt in water.'

Thus the squire, though awake, was more extravagant than Don Quixote in his dream; such an impression had his master's promises made upon his imagination. The phlegmatick temper of the squire, together with the mischievous disposition of the knight, well-nigh distracted the landlord, who swore, that they should not now, as formerly, go away without paying; and that all the privilege of their errantry should not exempt them from paying both reckonings to the last farthing, for the damage they had done, even to the bits of leather for patching the wine-skins that were cut. The curate, by this time, had got hold of the hands of Don Quixote, who, believing he had now finished the adventure, and was in presence of the Princess Micomicona, fell upon his knees before the priest, saying, 'Re-'nowned princess, your highness may 'henceforth live secure of what that 'misbegotten wretch can do; and I, 'from this day forward, am acquitted 'of my promise, which is now, by the 'assistance of Heaven above, and the 'favour of her for whom I live and 'breath, happily and fully perform-'ed.'—'Did not I tell you so?' cried Sancho, hearing these words. 'You 'see I am not drunk, and may take 'notice that my master hath put the 'giant in pickle: the holidays will cer-'tainly come round, and the earldom 'fit me to a hair.'

Who could refrain from laughing at the follies of the master and man? they occasioned abundance of mirth to every one present, except the landlord, who cursed himself to the devil. At length the barber, curate, and Cardenio, with no small difficulty, put the knight to bed again, where he fell fast asleep in an instant, like one who had been excessively fatigued; they left him to his repose, and went out to console Sancho for his disappointment in losing the giant's head; but they found it a harder task to pacify the innkeeper, who was driven almost to despair, by the sudden death of his wine-bags; besides, the landlady began to cry, in a whimpering tone, 'In an unlucky minute and evil 'hour did this knight-errant enter my 'doors! for I am sure, I never beheld 'him without paying dearly for the 'sight! The last time he was here, he 'refused to defray a whole night's ex-'pence of supper, lodging, straw, and 'barley, for himself and his squire, 'his horse and his ass; saying that he 'was a knight-errant, forsooth: (God 'send him and all other knights-errant 'upon errands that will tend to their 'sorrow!) and therefore, was not ob-'liged to pay for any thing, because 'it was not ordained in the registers of 'chivalry; then, this gentleman com-'ing after him t'other day, borrowed 'my tail, and though I have got it 'again, it is a good penny the worse 'for the wearing, the hair being pluck-'ed off in such a manner as makes it 'unfit for my husband's purpose; and 'to finish and conclude the whole, my 'bags are broke, and my wine spilt; '(would I could see his heart's blood 'in the same condition!) but he must 'not think to get off so easily, for by 'the bones of my father, and my mo-'ther's soul! they shall pay for every 'thing upon the nail; or, may I never 'be called by my own name again, or 'believed to be my father's own child!'

These, and other expressions of the same kind, were uttered, with great bitterness, by the landlady; and her faithful servant Maritornes joined in the exclamation; while the daughter held her peace, and, from time to time, smiled at their indignation, which at last was appeased by the curate, who promised to give them satisfaction, to the best of his power, for the loss they had sustained in bags and wine, and, in particular, for the damage done to the tail, which they valued so highly; and Dorothea comforted Sancho, by telling him, that as soon as ever it should

appear

appear that his maſter had actually cut off the giant's head, and ſhe ſhould find herſelf in quiet poſſeſſion of her kingdom, ſhe would beſtow upon him the beſt earldom in her gift. The ſquire was conſoled by this promiſe, and aſſured the princeſs, that he was certain he had ſeen the giant's head, by the ſame token that he had a huge beard that flowed down to his middle; and that the whole was now vaniſhed, becauſe every thing in that houſe was performed by inchantment, as he had found by woeful experience, the laſt time he had lodged in that apartment. Dorothea ſaid ſhe was of the ſame opinion, deſiring he would give himſelf no uneaſineſs, for every thing would be for the beſt, and ſucceed to his heart's content. The quiet of the houſe being thus re-eſtabliſhed, the curate wanted to read the remaining part of the novel, which he perceived already drew near a cloſe; and Cardenio, Dorothea, and the reſt, intreating him to finiſh the ſtory, he, with a view of pleaſing them as well as himſelf, proceeded in theſe words.

'Anſelmo being now ſatisfied of his 'wife's virtue, enjoyed himſelf without the leaſt diſturbance or care; while 'Camilla, in order to diſguiſe her real 'ſentiments, affected always to frown 'upon Lothario, who, as a farther ſanction to this ſtratagem, deſired Anſelmo 'to excuſe him from coming to his 'houſe, ſince it was plain that Camilla 'was diſguſted at his preſence: but the 'infatuated Anſelmo would by no 'means comply with this requeſt; ſo 'that this unhappy huſband was, in a 'thouſand ſhapes, the author of his 'own diſhonour, while, in his own 'opinion, he was laying up a ſtore of 'happineſs and reputation.

'About this time Leonela's deſire of 'gratifying her own looſe wiſhes, carried 'her to ſuch a pitch of imprudence, that 'ſhe gave her wantonneſs the rein without the leaſt caution; conſcious that 'her miſtreſs would conceal her conduct, and even adviſe her how to carry 'on the intrigue without the leaſt danger 'of being detected. At length, however, Anſelmo, one night heard ſomebody walking in her apartment, and 'endeavouring to get in and ſee who it 'was, found the door ſhut againſt him. 'This circumſtance increaſed his deſire, 'he made a violent effort, and the 'door flew open, upon which he entered, and ſeeing a man leap out of 'the window into the ſtreet, ran haſtily to lay hold or get ſight of him; 'but he was diſappointed in both by 'Leonela, who hanging upon her maſter, cried, "Hold, dear Sir! be not "ſurprized, nor ſeek to purſue the perſon who is fled; he was here on my "account, and is as good as my wedded huſband."

'Anſelmo would give no credit to 'her words, but, blinded with paſſion, 'drew his poignard to ſtab Leonela, 'whom he commanded to reveal the 'truth on pain of immediate death. 'She, terrified by his threats, anſwered, without knowing what ſhe ſaid, "Spare my life, good Sir, and I will "diſcloſe things of greater importance "than you imagine."—"Speak, then," cried Anſelmo, "or thou ſhalt inſtantly die."—"At preſent," replied 'Leonela, "I am in ſuch perturbation, "that I cannot poſſibly make a diſtinct "confeſſion; delay your vengeance "till to-morrow morning, and then "you ſhall hear ſomething that will "ſtrike you with aſtoniſhment: mean-"while, be aſſured, that he who leaped "out of the window, is a young man "of this city, who has given me a "promiſe of marriage."

'Anſelmo being ſomewhat pacified 'by this declaration, reſolved to grant 'the reſpite ſhe demanded; though he 'never dreamed of hearing any thing 'to the prejudice of Camilla, of whoſe 'virtue he was ſatisfied and ſecure; 'he therefore quitted the room, in 'which however he locked up Leonela, telling her ſhe muſt continue in that 'place, until ſhe ſhould have made this 'promiſed diſcovery; then going to 'Camilla, informed her of every thing 'that had paſſed, together with the 'promiſe her maid had made of diſcovering things of great importance. 'It is almoſt needleſs to ſay that Camilla was diſturbed at this information: the terror that took poſſeſſion 'of her was ſuch, that believing, with 'good reaſon too, Leonela would actually diſcloſe to Anſelmo every circumſtance of her infidelity, ſhe had 'not reſolution enough to wait the iſſue 'of her ſuſpicion; but that very night, 'while her huſband was aſleep, collected the beſt of her jewels, with ſome 'money, and getting out of the houſe,

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'without being perceived, fled to Lothario, and recounted what had happened, at the same time beseeching him to put her in a place of safety, or accompany her to some retreat, where they should be secure from the search of Anselmo.

'Such was the confusion of Lothario, at the news of this unexpected event, that he could not answer one syllable, nor for some time resolve upon what was to be done. At length he proposed to carry Camilla to a monastery, the abbess of which was his first cousin; and his mistress consenting to the proposal, he conducted her thither with all the dispatch which the nature of the case required, and leaving her to the care of his relation, quitted the city that very night, without imparting the cause of his absence to any living soul.

'Next morning, soon as it was day, Anselmo, without perceiving that Camilla was gone, so eagerly did he long to hear this confession of her maid, arose and went directly to the room in which he had confined her; but he no sooner opened the door, and entered the apartment, than he perceived the sheets of the bed tied together, hanging out of the window; a manifest proof that Leonela had lowered herself down into the street, by means of that contrivance: he then returned, with a good deal of chagrin, to communicate his disappointment to Camilla, whom when he could not find, he was seized with the utmost consternation, especially as none of the servants could give the least account of her departure; but chancing, in the course of his enquiry, to find the coffers open, and the best part of her jewels carried off, he began to comprehend his disgrace; and concluded that Leonela was not the cause of his misfortune.

'Dispirited with this reflection, he did not stay to dress, but went in a most disconsolate situation, to give an account of his mishap to his friend Lothario; and when he understood from his servants, that their master had gone out in the night, and carried all his ready money along with him, he had well-nigh lost his senses. To crown his misery, he returned to his own house, which was deserted by all his servants, and found himself the most solitary being in nature; he knew not what to think, say, or do, and his judgment began to be impaired; for, upon recollection, he perceived that he was in an instant deprived of wife, friend, and servants, renounced by Heaven, and, what he felt more deeply than any other part of his disaster, destitute of honour, by the misconduct of Camilla, from which he dated his utter destruction. At length, after a long internal struggle, he resolved to go to the country-house of his friend, where he had been, when he furnished the opportunity of planning his own ruin. Accordingly, having locked his door, he mounted his horse, and almost fainting under the burden of his woes, set out for that place; but scarce had he travelled one half of the way, when harrassed by his shocking reflections, he was obliged to alight and tie his horse to a tree, at the root of which he threw himself down, giving vent to the most lamentable sighs that ever were heaved: there he remained till the twilight; about which time, perceiving a man coming on horseback from the city, after salutation, he asked what news were stirring at Florence. "The strangest," replied the citizen, "that have been "heard these many days; it is publickly reported, that Lothario, the "intimate friend of Anselmo the rich, "who lived at St. John's, hath this "last night carried off the wife of "his friend, who is also missing. "This discovery was made to the governor by Camilla's maid, who was "detected in letting herself down by "a sheet, from one of the windows of "Anselmo's house. In short, I do not "know the particulars exactly; but "the whole city is astonished at this "event, which they could never have "expected from the intimacy of the "two gentlemen, who were so strictly "united in the bands of amity, as to "acquire the title of the Two Friends." —"Do you know what road Lothario "and Camilla have taken?" said Anselmo. "That is not yet discovered," replied the traveller; "though the governor hath used great diligence in "the enquiry." Anselmo wished him a good evening; and the citizen having returned the compliment, proceeded on his journey.

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'These unhappy news reduced this ill-fated husband to the verge of death as well as distraction. He mounted, however, as well as he could, and arrived at the house of his friend, who had not as yet heard of his misfortune; but seeing him so exhausted, ghastly, and pale, imagined he had met with some grievous disaster. Anselmo begged to be put to bed immediately, and furnished with pen, ink, and paper: thus provided, he was left alone, and the chamber locked at his own desire; then the remembrance of his misfortune began to be so heavy upon his soul, that he plainly perceived his end approaching, and being desirous of declaring the cause of his strange and sudden death, he took up the pen; but, before he could execute his design, his breath failed him, and he expired, a victim to that sorrow which was occasioned by his own impertinent curiosity. His friend finding it grow late, and that Anselmo had not called, went into his chamber, to enquire about his health; there he found him lying upon his face, one half of his body in bed, and the other on the table, with a pen in his hand, and a written paper lying open before him.

'The gentleman having spoke to him without receiving any answer, took him by the hand, and feeling him cold and stiff, concluded he was dead. Surprized and concerned to the last degree, he called up his family to be witnesses of this melancholy event, and knowing the paper to be Anselmo's own hand-writing, read the contents, in these words: "I am deprived of life by my own impertinent curiosity. If the news of my death reach Camilla's ears, let her know that I forgive her infidelity; for she was not bound to perform miracles, nor I under any necessity of expecting them at her hands: since, therefore, I have been the contriver of my own dishonour, there is no reason that——" So far he had written, but life had forsaken him, before he could finish the sentence. Next day his friend sent an account of his death to his parents, who were already informed of his mischance, as also of the convent to which Camilla had retreated; and where she now lay at the point of accompanying her spouse in his last indispensible journey; not so much on account of Anselmo's death, as in consequence of the information she received concerning her absent lover: it was said, that though she was now a widow, she would neither quit the convent nor take the veil; but, in a little time the news arrived of Lothario's being killed in a battle which was fought between the renowned Captain Gonçalo Fernandes de Cordova, and Monsieur De Lautrec, in the kingdom of Naples, whither this too-late repenting friend had made his retreat. This event was no sooner known, than Camilla professed herself a nun, and in a few days yielded up her life a prey to grief and melancholy. Such was the untimely end to which they were all brought from a beginning of whim and indiscretion.'

'This novel,' said the curate, 'is not amiss; but I cannot think the story is true; and if it be feigned, the author has erred in point of invention; for it cannot be supposed that any husband would be so mad as to try this dangerous experiment of Anselmo: had it been related of a gallant and his mistress, it might have passed; but with regard to a husband and his wife, it is altogether improbable; however, the manner of narrating it is not disagreeable.'

CHAP. IX.

AN ACCOUNT OF OTHER STRANGE ADVENTURES THAT HAPPENED AT THE INN.

AT that instant the landlord, standing at the inn-door, exclaimed, 'There is a noble company: odd! if they halt here, we shall sing for joy.' —'What company?' said Cardenio. 'Four men,' replied the inn-keeper, who ride with short stirrups, each of them equipped with lance, target, and mask, with a lady on a side-saddle, dressed in white and veiled, and two attendants on foot.' When the priest asked if they were near, he answered, 'So near, that they are already at the gate.'

Dorothea hearing this information, put on her veil, and Cardenio withdrew

into Don Quixote's apartment. Immediately the whole company announced by the landlord, entered the inn-yard; and the four horſemen, who were perſons of genteel mien and carriage, inſtantly alighting, went to help the lady from her horſe, when one of them taking her in his arms, placed her in a chair that ſtood by the door of the room in which Cardenio had concealed himſelf. All this time neither ſhe nor they took off their maſks, nor uttered one ſyllable; but when ſhe was ſeated, ſhe heaved a profound ſigh, and let her arms fall down on each ſide, like a perſon fainting with weakneſs. While the footman led the horſes into the ſtable, the curate being curious to know who thoſe perſons were, ſo remarkable in their ſilence and dreſs, went up and put the queſtion to one of the lacquies, who anſwered, 'Truly, Signior, we 'are as ignorant in that particular as 'you are; though they ſeem to be 'people of condition, eſpecially he who 'took the lady in his arms, becauſe 'all the reſt behave to him with great 'reſpect, following his directions in 'every thing with the utmoſt punctu-'ality.'—'And, pray, who may the 'lady be?' ſaid the prieſt. 'We know 'as little of her as of the man,' replied the lacquey; 'for during the journey 'I have never once beheld her face; I 'have often heard her ſigh bitterly, 'and utter piercing groans, in every 'one of which ſhe ſeemed to yield her 'very ſoul; but it is not to be wonder-'ed at that we ſhould know ſo little of 'their affairs, my companion and I 'having attended them two days only; 'for, meeting us on the road, they in-'treated and perſuaded us to accompa-'ny them as far as Andaluſia, pro-'miſing to pay us handſomely for our 'trouble.'—'Have you never heard 'one of them named?' reſumed the curate. 'Never once,' anſwered the young man; 'they travel with ſurprizing 'ſilence; nothing is heard but the ſobs 'and ſighs of the poor lady, which 'move us to compaſſion; we firmly be-'lieve that ſhe is forced upon this jour-'ney, and gather from her dreſs that 'ſhe is a nun; or, which is more pro-'bable, going to take the veil; and 'finding herſelf very little inclined to 'that way of life, is melancholy at the 'proſpect.'

The curate ſaid, nothing was more probable; and leaving the lacquey, returned to Dorothea, who by this time, out of natural ſympathy with the affliction of the maſked lady, had approached and accoſted her in theſe words: 'What is the matter with you, dear 'Madam? If you labour under any 'indiſpoſition which the practice and 'experience of women can relieve, my 'aſſiſtance is heartily at your ſervice.' To this kind offer no reply was made by the ſorrowful lady, who, notwithſtanding the other's repeated intreaties, would not open her mouth; until the perſon who by the lacquey's information was chief of the company, addreſſing himſelf to Dorothea, ſaid, 'Do 'not fatigue yourſelf, Madam, in 'making proffers of ſervice to that wo-'man, who cannot be grateful for any 'favour ſhe receives; nor importune her 'for any reply, unleſs you deſire to 'hear ſome falſhoods proceed from her 'lips.'—'My lips,' ſaid the hitherto ſilent lady, 'were never profaned with 'falſhood; on the contrary, my preſent misfortune is owing to my ſincerity and my abhorrence of lyes. 'Of this aſſertion you yourſelf are too 'ſenſible; ſince your own perfidy and 'falſhood are the effects of my conſtancy and truth.'

Theſe words were diſtinctly overheard by Cardenio, who was only ſeparated from them by the door of Don Quixote's chamber; and they no ſooner reached his ear, than he cried aloud, 'Good Heaven, what do I hear! 'What voice is that which ſtruck 'my ſenſe!' The lady being exceedingly ſurprized at that exclamation, turned about her head, and not ſeeing the perſon that pronounced it, ſtarted up, and ran towards the apartment from whence it ſeemed to come; but was prevented by her conductor, who would not ſuffer her to move one ſtep farther. In the diſorder occaſioned by her ſtruggle, her maſk dropped off, and diſcovered a countenance of incomparable and amazing beauty, even though diſguiſed with paleneſs and horror; for her eyes rolled about to every corner which her ſight could reach, with ſuch eagerneſs and wildneſs, that ſhe looked like a woman poſſeſſed.

Dorothea, and all preſent, were infinitely concerned at theſe ſymptoms, the meaning of which they could not underſtand; meanwhile, the cavalier

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was so busied in holding her fast by the shoulders, that he could not attend to his mask, which also fell to the ground: and Dorothea lifting up her eyes towards him, as he held the lady in his arms, perceived that this cavalier was no other than her own husband, Don Fernando. No sooner did she recognize his features, than fetching a long and melancholy sigh from the very bottom of her soul, she fell backward in a swoon; and if the barber had not been at hand to support her, would have certainly come to the ground. The curate ran instantly to take off her veil, that he might sprinkle water on her face, which was immediately known by Don Fernando, who held the other lady in his arms, and was thunderstruck at the sight: he would not, however, quit Lucinda, who struggled to get loose; she and Cardenio having by this time recognized each other by their mutual exclamations. He had also overheard the groan uttered by Dorothea when she fainted; and believing that it proceeded from Lucinda, rushed out of his apartment in a fright, when the first object he beheld was Don Fernando clasping her in his arms. This nobleman knew him immediately; and all three (namely, Lucinda, Cardenio, and Dorothea) were struck dumb with astonishment, and seemed insensible of what had happened, gazing in silence at one another.

Dorothea directed her eager view to Don Fernando, who stared at Cardenio, whose eyes were fixed upon Lucinda, who looked wishfully at him; but the first that broke silence, was this last, who addressed herself in these words to Don Fernando: 'Suffer me, Signior, 'in regard to your own character, since 'you are deaf to every other consideration, to cleave to that wall of which 'I am the ivy, to avail myself of that 'prop from which you could not disengage me, with all your importunities, promises, and threats. Behold 'how Heaven, by unusual and mysterious means, hath brought me to my 'true and lawful husband; and since 'you know, by dear-bought experience, that nothing but death can expel his image from my breast, let this 'plain demonstration, since all other 'attempts are vain, convert your love 'into rage, your friendship into hate, 'and instantly deprive me of life, which 'I shall yield with pleasure in the pre'sence of my legal lord, who will then 'perhaps be convinced of the fidelity 'I preserved to the last moment of my 'existence.'

In the mean time, Dorothea being recovered from her swoon, had listened to Lucinda's declaration, by which she discovered her situation and name; but perceiving that Don Fernando neither quitted his hold, nor answered one word to her solicitation, she exerted her whole strength in falling down on her knees before him, and having shed a large quantity of tears from her beautiful eyes, accosted him in these words: 'My 'dear lord! if your eyes were not 'dazzled and obscured by the rays of 'that sun which you hold eclipsed within your arms, you would perceive that 'she who thus kneels before you, is the 'unhappy (so long as you are pleased she 'should be so) and forlorn Dorothea— 'I am that humble country maiden 'whom your generosity or passion 'vouchsafed to raise to the honour of 'calling you her own. I am she who, 'confined within the bounds of modesty, lived a contented life, until 'moved by your importunities, and 'seemingly upright addresses, she opened the gates of her reserve, and surrendered to you the keys of her freedom. An offering but ill requited, 'as plainly appears by that hard fate, 'in consequence of which I am found 'in this place, and also find you in 'your present situation. Nevertheless, 'I would not have you imagine that I 'came hither, induced by any dishonourable motives; but that the sorrow 'conceived at seeing myself forsaken 'and forgotten by you, was the sole 'cause of my retreat. You desired I 'should be your own; and that desire 'you accomplished so effectually, that 'although your inclinations may be 'changed, it is impossible you should 'cease to be mine. Consider, my lord, 'that my unparalleled affection may 'counterbalance the beauty and birth 'of her for whom I am abandoned; 'you cannot be the fair Lucinda's husband, because you are already mine; 'nor she become your wife, while she 'appertains to Cardenio; and it will 'be a much easier task, if you reflect 'upon it impartially, to recal your love 'for her who adores you, than to gain 'the affection of one by whom you are

'abhorred. You solicited my unsuspecting heart, you importuned my integrity, you was not ignorant of my lowly station, and know in what manner I yielded to your will; so that you have no subterfuge, nor the least room to say you was deceived. If this be the case, as doubtless it is, and you be a Christian as well as a gentleman, why do you, by such evasions, delay to make the end as happy as the beginning of my fortune? If you will not receive me as what I really am, your lawful wife, at least admit me into the number of your slaves; for, in whatever shape I belong to you, I shall account myself fortunate and blessed; do not, therefore, by renouncing me entirely, give scandal an opportunity of impeaching my honour. Make not my parents miserable in their old age; their faithful services to your father merit a more kind return! if you think your blood will be debased in mixing with mine, consider, that almost all the great families on earth have undergone the same intercourse, and that the woman's quality in no manner affects illustrious descents: besides, true nobility consists in virtue; and in that shall I have the advantage over you, if you deny and oppose the justice of my claim. In fine, the last argument I shall use is this, whether you are pleased or displeased with your destiny, I am your lawful wife: witness your own words, which neither are nor ought to be false; if you value yourself on that for which you undervalue me; witness your handwriting, and Heaven above, to the testimony of which you appealed for the performance of your promise; and if all these should fail, your conscience will never cease whispering to you, amidst your pleasures, in vindication of this truth, which will disturb your most exalted enjoyments.'

This supplication, enforced with other arguments, was pronounced so feelingly by the afflicted and weeping Dorothea, that tears of sympathy were shed by all present, the companions of Don Fernando not excepted; he himself listened without answering one word, until she had made an end of her address, and began to utter such woeful sighs and groans, as were almost sufficient to melt an heart of brass. Lucinda stood gazing upon her with equal compassion for her sorrow, and admiration of her beauty and good sense; nay, she would have gone and offered her all the consolation in her power, had she not still been kept fast locked in the arms of Don Fernando; who, full of confusion and surprize, after having for a good while fixed his eyes upon Dorothea, with great attention, opened his arms, and leaving Lucinda at liberty, said, 'You have conquered, beauteous 'Dorothea: the victory is yours; for 'so many truths conjoined are surely 'irresistible.'

Lucinda was so faint and weak, that when Don Fernando quitted her, she would have fallen to the ground, had it not been for Cardenio, who had placed himself behind her ravisher, that he might not be known*; but now, laying aside all fear, and resolving to adventure every thing, he sprung to the assistance of Lucinda, and catching her in his arms, 'If,' said he, 'it be the 'will and pleasure of pitying Heaven, 'that you should find repose, my faithful, constant, and charming Lucinda! I think you can enjoy it no where 'so securely, as in these arms, which 'now receive, and formerly encircled 'you, when fortune was pleased that I 'should call you mine.'

At these words, she gazed upon him with great eagerness; she had before began to recognize his voice, and now, recollecting his features, like a person deprived of judgment, who disregards all decency and form, she threw her arms about his neck, and joining her lips to his, 'Yes, my dear Cardenio,' said she, 'you are the real lord of this 'your slave, in spite of adverse fate, 'and all those threats, though greater 'than they are, that persecute my life, 'which now depends on yours alone.'

An unexpected sight was this to Don Fernando, and all the bye-standers, who were not a little surprized at what they saw. While Dorothea observing her husband change colour, and signify an inclination of being revenged upon Cardenio, by laying his hand upon his sword, ran, with incredible agility, and

* But it appears in the preceding page, that he was already known both to Fernando and Lucinda. *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.*

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clasping his knees, which she kissed, held him so firmly embraced, that he could not move, saying, while the tears trickled from her eyes, 'What means 'my only refuge to do on this unex-'pected occasion? Your own wife is 'now kneeling before you, and she 'whom you desire to wed is in the arms 'of her lawful husband; consider whe-'ther it be just or possible for you to 'undo that which Heaven hath done; 'why should you seek to unite yourself 'with one, who disdaining all oppo-'sition and inconvenience, and con-'firmed in her own constancy and 'truth, even before your eyes, lets fall 'from her's a shower of tenderness 'into the bosom of her lawful spouse? 'For the sake of God and of yourself, I 'entreat and beseech you, that this re-'markable recognition may not only 'fail to increase your indignation, but 'even diminish it in such a manner, that 'these two lovers may, without any 'impediment from you, enjoy each 'other as long as Heaven will permit 'them to live. In this self-denial you 'will manifest the generosity of your 'noble and illustrious soul, and con-'vince the world, that you are govern-'ed more by reason than by appetite.'

While Dorothea pronounced these words, Cardenio, though he held Lucinda in his arms, kept his eyes still fixed upon Don Fernando, with full resolution, if he attempted any thing to his prejudice, to defend himself as well as he could, against his adversary and all his adherents, although it should cost him his life; but this young nobleman's friends, together with the curate and barber, not forgetting honest Sancho Panza, who were present at the whole affair, interposed, and making a circle about him, begged earnestly that he would be pleased to consider the tears of Dorothea; and if what she alledged was true, as they firmly believed it was, no longer suffer her to be defrauded of her just and reasonable hope. They desired him to observe, that in all appearance it was not by accident, but the immediate direction of Providence, that they had all met together so unexpectedly in this place; and the curate intreated him to reflect, that death alone could divide Lucinda from Cardenio; that though they might be parted by the edge of the sword, they would look upon death as the greatest blessing that could befal them, and that, in a case of this kind, which admitted of no other remedy, it would be his wisest course to constrain and conquer his own passion, and demonstrate the generosity of his heart, by permitting, of his own free-will, these two lovers to enjoy that state of happiness which heaven had ordained for their lot; that he should contemplate Dorothea's beauty, which, far from being excelled, was equalled in few or none; and to her beauty, add the consideration of her humility and excessive love; above all, take notice, that if he valued himself upon being a gentleman and a Christian, he could do no less than perform the promise he had given, and in so doing, act in conformity to the will of God, and satisfy the discreet part of mankind, who are very sensible that it is the prerogative of beauty, even in a low estate, when accompanied with virtue, to be lifted up to the highest rank, without any disparagement to the person who thus raises it to an equality with himself; and since the irresistible force of inclination must prevail, provided there be nothing criminal in the means, he is not to be blamed who acts according to it's dictates.

To these arguments were added so many of the same sort, that the valiant heart of Don Fernando, nourished by illustrious blood, relented, and he was overcome by the force of that truth, which, however inclined, he could not deny. The signal of his surrender, and yielding to this reasonable and just proposal, was his stooping down and embracing Dorothea: to whom he said, 'Rise, Madam; it is not just that she 'who reigns in my soul, should lie 'prostrate at my feet. If hitherto I 'have given small proof of what I now 'profess, perhaps my omission hath 'been owing to the appointment of 'Heaven, that by giving you an oppor-'tunity of manifesting the sincerity of 'your love, I might know how to es-'teem you according to your deserts. 'I beg, therefore, you will not upbraid 'me with my misconduct and unkind 'neglect; since the same force and oc-'casion that attached me to you, was 'the cause of my endeavour to disen-'gage myself. That you may be con-'vinced of the truth, behold and con-'template the eyes of the now con-'tented Lucinda, in which you will find

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'an excuſe for all my errors; and, ſince 'ſhe hath found and attained her 'heart's deſire, and my utmoſt wiſh is 'fulfilled in thus retrieving you, may 'ſhe live in peace and quiet, for many 'happy years, with her Cardenio, and 'may Heaven grant the ſame felicity 'to me with Dorothea!'

So ſaying, he embraced her again, preſſing his lips to her's with ſuch tenderneſs, that it required his greateſt efforts to forbear giving, with his tears, indubitable ſigns of his affection and remorſe. But thoſe endeavours did not ſucceed with Lucinda, Cardenio, and every other perſon preſent, who began to weep ſo plentifully, either at their own happineſs, or the ſatisfaction of their friends, that one would have thought ſome grievous misfortune had happened to the whole company. Even Sancho blubbered, though he afterwards owned, that his ſorrow proceeded from ſeeing that Dorothea was not, as he imagined, the Queen of Micomicon, from whom he expected ſuch favours.

This univerſal admiration and thaw having laſted ſome time, Cardenio and Lucinda fell upon their knees before Don Fernando, whom they thanked for his generoſity in ſuch polite terms, that he ſcarce knew what anſwer to make, but raiſed and embraced them both with demonſtrations of uncommon courteſy and affection. Then aſking Dorothea how ſhe had come to that place, ſo diſtant from her own home, ſhe with great elegance and brevity repeated what ſhe had before recounted to Cardenio; and her huſband and his company were ſo pleaſed with her narration, that they wiſhed it could have been ſpun out to a much greater length; ſo gracefully did ſhe relate her own misfortunes.

Her taſk being finiſhed, Don Fernando informed them of what had happened to him in the city, after he found, in Lucinda's boſom, the paper in which ſhe declared herſelf Cardenio's wife. Seeing that ſhe could not poſſibly be his, he ſaid, he was determined to put her to death, and would actually have executed his purpoſe, had not her parents interpoſed. He then quitted the houſe, full of ſhame and reſentment, reſolving to revenge himſelf with the firſt opportunity; and next day underſtood that ſhe was gone off, without any body's knowing whither ſhe had directed her flight. At length, however, in a few months, he got notice that ſhe was in a certain monaſtery, where ſhe intended to ſpend her whole life, if ſhe could not enjoy it in the company of Cardenio. He no ſooner received this intimation, than chuſing theſe three gentlemen for his companions, he went ſtraight to the place of her reſidence; but without ſpeaking to her, or making himſelf known, leſt the monaſtery ſhould be more ſtrictly guarded on his account. He waited, therefore, until one day he found the porter's lodge open; when leaving two of his friends to ſecure the door, he entered the monaſtery with the other, in queſt of Lucinda, whom he found in the cloiſters, talking with a nun; and ſnatching her off, without giving her a moment's time for recollection, carried her inſtantly to a place where they provided themſelves with neceſſaries for their journey. This exploit they were enabled to perform with ſafety, becauſe the monaſtery ſtood in the middle of a field, at a good diſtance from any village or town. He ſaid, Lucinda no ſooner perceived herſelf in his power, than ſhe fainted away; and when ſhe recovered the uſe of her ſenſes, did nothing but weep and ſigh, without ſpeaking one word: ſo that, accompanied with ſilence and tears, they had arrived at that inn, which he looked upon as the heavenly goal where all earthly misfortunes are happily terminated.

CHAP. X.

A CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF THE RENOWNED PRINCESS MICOMICONA, WITH OTHER PLEASANT ADVENTURES.

SANCHO heard every thing that paſſed with no ſmall anxiety of mind, ſeeing the hopes of his preferment vaniſh into ſmoke, the beautiful Princeſs Micomicona transformed into Dorothea, the giant into Don Fernando, and his maſter in a ſound ſleep, little dreaming of what had happened. Dorothea could not perſuade herſelf, that all her good fortune was not a dream; Cardenio entertained the ſame opinion, which was alſo embraced by Lucinda; while Don Fernando gave thanks to Heaven for it's favour, in extricating him from that labyrinth of perplexity,

in

in which he was at the point of losing his reputation and soul. In fine, every person present was well satisfied, and rejoiced at the happyissue of such intricate and desperate affairs. The curate represented every thing in the right point of view, with great discretion, and congratulated the parties concerned on the felicity they had acquired; but the whose joy was most vociferous was the landlady, who loudly exulted in the promise of Cardenio and the curate, who had undertaken to pay her with interest, for the damage she had sustained on Don Quixote's account. Sancho alone, as we have already observed, was afflicted, unfortunate, and sad, and going to his master who was just awake, said, with a lamentable tone, 'Sir 'Knight of the Rueful Countenance, 'your worship may now sleep as long as 'you please, without giving yourself 'the trouble of slaying the giant, or 'restoring the princess to her throne; 'that whole affair is already brought to 'a conclusion.'

'I really believe what you say,' answered the knight, 'for I have been 'engaged with the giant, in the most 'obstinate and outrageous combat that 'I believe I shall ever fight in all the 'days of my life; with one back-'stroke, slam went his head to the 'ground, and discharged such a quan-'tity of blood, that it ran like rills of 'water along the field.'—'Or rather 'like red wine, your worship should 'say,' replied the squire; 'for I must 'inform you, if you do not already 'know it, that the dead giant is no 'other than a wine bag, and the blood, 'eighteen gallons of good red wine, 'which was contained in it's belly: 'the head you cut off is the whore my 'mother, and the whole affair is gone 'to the devil.'—'What does the lu-'natick mean?' said Don Quixote; 'are 'you in your right senses, Sancho?' —'Rise, Sir,' resumed the squire, 'and 'see what a fine piece of work you have 'made, and what a score you have 'run. You shall behold the queen 'converted into a private lady, called 'Dorothea, with many other strange 'events, at which, if you take them 'right, you will be hugely astonished.' —'I shall not wonder at any thing of 'that kind,' replied his master; 'for 'thou may'st remember, the last time 'we were in this house, I told thee that 'every incident which happened was 'conducted and brought about by in-'chantment, so that we need not be sur-'prized if the same power should pre-'vail at present.'—'I should be of 'your worship's opinion,' answered Sancho, 'if my blanketting had been 'of the same stamp; but that was not 'the case, for it was really and truly a 'substantial tossing. This very inn-'keeper whom we saw to-day, held a 'corner of the blanket, and canted me 'into the air with great strength and 'nimbleness, passing a thousand wag-'gish jokes, and laughing at me all the 'while; from whence I concluded, 'simple and sinner as I am, that as I 'knew their persons, there was no in-'chantment in the case, but abundance 'of bruising and bad fortune.'—'Well, heaven will make thee amends,' said the knight; 'meanwhile reach me 'my cloaths; for I want to go forth and 'examine those events and transforma-'tions which thou hast mentioned.'

While Sancho was helping him to dress, the curate gave Don Fernando and his company an account of Don Quixote's madness, and the artifice they had used to disengage him from the poor rock to which he imagined himself exiled by the disdain of his mistress. He also recounted all those adventures that Sancho had imparted to him, at which they were not a little surprized, and laughed immoderately; agreeing in opinion with every body who knew the knight, that it was the strangest extravagance that ever entered a disturbed imagination. The priest moreover observed, that since the good fortune of Dorothea obstructed the progress of their design, there was a necessity for inventing another plan that should bring him home to his own house. Cardenio proposed that they should prosecute the scheme they had already begun; and Lucinda would act and represent the part of Dorothea. 'No,' said Don Fernando, 'that must not be: Doro-'thea shall still proceed with her own 'invention; for, as it cannot be far 'from hence to the habitation of that 'honest gentleman, I shall be glad to 'contribute towards his cure.' And when he understood that they would arrive in two days at his house; 'Were 'it farther off,' said he, 'I should go 'with

'with pleasure to assist in such a laud-
'able design.'

At that instant Don Quixote came forth, armed at all points, with Mambrino's helmet, battered as it was, upon his head, his shield braced upon his arm, and his pole or lance in his hand. Don Fernando and his companions were amazed at this strange apparition, when they beheld such a rueful length of face, so withered and tawney, together with his ill-sorted armour, and the solemnity of his gait. They gazed upon him in silent expectation of what he would say; while he, with infinite gravity of aspect, fixing his eyes upon Dorothea, accosted her in these words: 'Fair lady, 'I am informed by this my squire, 'that your greatness is annihilated, and 'your quality undone, by being chang-'ed from your former rank of queen 'and sovereign princess, into the con-'dition of a private damsel. If this 'hath been done by the necromancy of 'the king your father, who is perhaps 'afraid that I should not be able to 'give you the assistance required, I say 'he neither knows, nor ever did know, 'the half of that art which he pro-'fesseth, and that he is but little con-'versant in the history of chivalry; for 'had he read and perused it with such 'leisure and attention as I have bestow-'ed upon that subject, he would have 'found, that on every occasion, knights 'of much less reputation than I possess, 'have atchieved much more difficult 'enterprizes than this, it being a mat-'ter of small moment to kill a pitiful 'giant, let him be as arrogant as he 'will; for not many hours ago, I saw 'myself engaged with one—but I chuse 'to be silent rather than have my ve-'racity called in question, though time, 'that unmasks all things, will shew 'when we least expect it—'

'That you was engaged with wine-'bags, and not with a giant!' cried the innkeeper; who was silenced by Don Fernando, and forbid to interrupt the knight's discourse in any shape whatever. So that Don Quixote proceeded, saying, 'In fine, if the father of your 'disinterested highness hath performed 'this metamorphosis on your person, 'for the causes I have mentioned, I 'hope you will give no credit to such 'considerations; for there is no danger 'upon earth through which my sword 'will not open a way, and by laying 'the head of your adversary in the 'dust in a few days, invest yours with 'that crown to which you have an un-'doubted right.'

Here Don Quixote left off speaking, in expectation of a reply from the princess, who knowing it was Don Fernando's pleasure that she should continue the deceit, until the knight could be brought back to his own house, answered with equal gravity and grace, 'Who-'soever hath told you, most valiant 'Knight of the Rueful Countenance, 'that I am changed and transformed 'from what I was, has not adhered to 'the truth in his information: indeed I 'am somewhat changed by certain for-'tunate events which have happened 'even beyond my own expectation; 'but, nevertheless, I have not ceased 'to be what I was, nor altered that re-'solution which I have always main-'tained, of taking the advantage of 'your valiant and invincible arm. 'Wherefore, dear Sir, be so good as 'to do justice to the honour of the fa-'ther who begat me, and look upon 'him as a man of sagacity and fore-'sight; since, by the science he posses-'sed, he found such an easy and effec-'tual path to the cure of my misfor-'tune; for I firmly believe, that were 'it not for you, I should not now be so 'happy as I am, as the greatest part of 'these gentlemen can truly witness. 'Nothing then remains, but that we 'set out to-morrow, because we could 'not propose to travel far to-day; 'and as for the success on which my 'hopes are built, I leave it entirely to 'God, and the worth of your heroick 'breast.'

Don Quixote hearing these words, turned to Sancho in the most violent indignation, saying, 'I protest, sirrah! you 'are the most malicious little slanderer 'in Spain. Say, you rascal—you va-'gabond!—did not you tell me just 'now, that the princess was transform-'ed into a private gentlewoman called 'Dorothea; and that the head, which 'I know I cut from the giant's shoul-'ders, was the whore your mother; 'with many more foolish particulars, 'which threw me into the greatest con-'fusion that I ever felt since I was born? 'By Heaven!' (here he turned up his eyes and bit his lips) 'I have a strong 'incli-

'inclination to commit ſuch ſlaughter 'upon thee, as will be an inſtructive 'warning* to all the lying ſquires who 'ſhall henceforth attend knights-errant, 'in the courſe of their adventures.'

'Pray be pacified, good your wor'ſhip!' cried Sancho: 'I may poſſibly 'be deceived in what concerns the 'change of my Lady Princeſs Mi'comicona; but as to the giant's 'head being a wine-bag, and the blood 'no other than good red wine, I am 'not miſtaken, as I ſhall anſwer to 'God; for the ſkins that were ſlaſhed 'are ſtill to be ſeen by your worſhip's 'bed-ſide, and the whole room is 'flooded with the wine. But the proof 'of the pudding is in the eating of it†; 'you will be convinced when Mr. 'What-d'ye call him our landlord 'here makes out a bill of the damage 'he has ſuffered. As to the reſt, I am 'rejoiced from my ſoul, to find that 'the queen's majeſty is the ſame as 'uſual, becauſe it concerns me, as well 'as any other neighbour's child.'—'I tell thee, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'that thou art diſtracted; for'give me, that is enough.'—'Enough 'in all conſcience,' ſaid Don Fernando; 'there is nothing more to be ſaid 'on this ſubject. I think the princeſs 'judges very prudently in deferring her 'journey till to-morrow, becauſe the 'day is already far advanced; let us 'therefore ſpend this night in agreeable 'converſation, and at the approach of 'day, we will in a body attend the gal'lant Don Quixote, that we may be 'witneſſes of the unheard-of exploits 'which he will doubtleſs perform in 'the courſe of this vaſt enterprize he 'hath undertaken.'—'It is my duty 'and reſolution to ſerve and attend 'you,' anſwered the knight; 'and I 'have the moſt grateful ſenſe of your 'favour and good opinion, which I 'ſhall endeavour to juſtify, though it 'ſhould coſt me my life, or even more—'if more I can pay.'

Many compliments and proffers of ſervice paſſed between Don Fernando and Don Quixote; but they were interrupted by the arrival of a traveller, who, by his garb, ſeemed to be a Chriſtian ſlave lately eſcaped from Barbary; for he was clad in a coat of blue cloth, wanting a collar, with ſhort ſkirts and half-ſleeves; his breeches and cap were of the ſame ſtuff, and he wore date-coloured buſkins, with a Mooriſh ſcymitar ſlung in a ſhoulder-belt acroſs his breaſt. He was followed by a woman dreſſed in the Mooriſh habit, mounted upon an aſs, with a veil over her face, a brocaded bonnet on her head, and a mantle that flowed from her ſhoulders to her heels. The man was robuſt, and well-proportioned, ſeemingly turned of forty, with a browniſh complexion, large whiſkers, and a well-furniſhed beard; in ſhort, his mean was ſo genteel, that if he had been properly dreſſed, they would have taken him for a man of birth and quality.

Soon as he entered the gate, he called for a private apartment, and ſeemed very much concerned, when he underſtood that all the rooms of the inn were engaged; however, he went to the lady in Mooriſh dreſs, and lifted her off in his arms. Upon which Lucinda, Dorothea, the landlady, her daughter, and Maritornes, flocked around her; their curioſity being excited by the novelty of the garb, which none of them had ever ſeen before; and Dorothea, who was always good-humoured, mannerly, and diſcreet, concluding that both ſhe and her conductor were chagrined at their want of a chamber, ſpoke to her thus: 'Be not uneaſy, Madam, at 'your want of accommodation here; it 'is the inconvenience of almoſt all 'inns; but if you will be pleaſed to 'partake with us, (pointing to Lucinda) 'perhaps you will find that in the 'courſe of your journey you have been 'fain to put up with harder fare.' The veiled lady made no anſwer; but only riſing from her ſeat, ſignified her thanks by croſſing her hands upon her boſom, bending her body, and bowing her head; ſo that from her ſilence they conjectured that ſhe muſt be a native Moor, and that ſhe could not ſpeak any Chriſtian language.

Her attendant, who had hitherto been

* In the original, 'As will put ſalt in the ſkull.'

† Literally, 'You ſhall ſee when the eggs are fried.' A phraſe alluding to the ſtory of a thief, who having ſtole a frying-pan, and being aſked by the owner what he carried under his cloak, replied, 'You will ſee when the eggs are fried.' Metaphorically, 'Time will diſcover.'

employed in ſome'hing elſe, perceiving that the company had made a circle about his companion, who could make no replies to their interrogations, ſaid to them, 'Ladies, this young woman 'underſtands little or no Spaniſh, and 'ſpeaks no language but that of her 'own country; ſo that ſhe is incapable 'of anſwering any queſtions you may 'have aſked.'—'We have aſked no 'queſtions,' ſaid Lucinda, 'but only 'made her an offer of our company 'for this night, with a ſhare of our 'lodging, and what accommodation is 'to be had: and this we tender with 'that hearty good-will which obliges 'us to ſerve all ſtrangers, eſpecially 'thoſe of our own ſex who ſtand in 'need of our aſſiſtance.'—'Dear Ma-'dam,' replied the conductor, 'in her 'name, and in my own, I return you a 'thouſand thanks, and highly eſteem 'your proffered favour, which on this 'occaſion, and from ſuch perſons as 'your appearance proclaims you to be, 'muſt certainly be very kind and con-'deſcending.'—'Signior,' ſaid Doro-'thea, 'is this lady Chriſtian or Moor? 'By her ſilence and her dreſs, we are 'induced to believe ſhe is not what we 'could wiſh her to be.'—'In her body 'and dreſs,' replied the ſtranger, 'ſhe 'is a Moor, but altogether a Chriſtian 'in her ſoul; for ſhe longs ardently to 'be a profeſſed convert to our faith.'—'Then ſhe is not baptized?' reſumed 'Lucinda. 'She has had no opportuni-'ty,' ſaid the captive, 'ſince ſhe quit-'ted Algiers, which is her native coun-'try; and hitherto hath never been in 'ſuch imminent danger of her life, as to 'make it neceſſary before ſhe is in-'ſtructed in all the ceremonies enjoined 'by our holy mother church; but, if 'it pleaſe Heaven, ſhe ſhall be baptized 'very ſoon, with decency ſuitable to 'the quality of her perſon, which is 'greater than either her dreſs or mine 'ſeems to declare.'

This intimation raiſed the curioſity of all the ſpectators, to know who this Moor and captive were; but nobody choſe to aſk the queſtion at that time, which ſeemed more proper for repoſing themſelves than relating the hiſtory of their lives. Dorothea taking her by the hand, ſeated the ſtranger cloſe by her ſide, and entreated her to take off the veil; ſhe looked at her conductor, as if ſhe wanted to know what the lady deſired, and he told her in Arabick, that they entreated her to be uncovered; at the ſame time, adviſing her to comply with their requeſt. She accordingly unveiled herſelf, and diſcovered a face ſo amiable, that Dorothea thought her handſomer than Lucinda, who, in her turn, gave her the preference to Dorothea; and all preſent concluded, that if any creature upon earth could vie with them in beauty, it was this Mooriſh lady, who, in the opinion of ſome of the company, excelled them both in certain particulars. As beauty, therefore, has the privilege and energy to conciliate minds and attract affections, every body preſent was ſeized with an inclination to ſerve and cheriſh the charming Moor. Don Fernando aſked her name of the captive, who anſwered, 'Lela Zorayda.' This ſhe no ſooner heard, than underſtanding the queſtion which had been put to the Chriſtian, ſhe pronounced with great eagerneſs and ſweetneſs of concern, 'No, no Zorayda; Maria, Maria!' ſignifying that her name was Maria, and not Zorayda: theſe words, with the affecting manner in which they were expreſſed, brought tears from the eyes of ſome of the hearers, eſpecially the women, who are naturally tender and compaſſionate. Lucinda embraced her affectionately, ſaying, 'Yes, yes, Ma-'ria, Maria.' And to this the Moor replied, 'Yes, yes, Maria; Zorayda, '*macange*;' which, in the Arabick, ſignifies '*No*.'

Meanwhile it grew late, and the inn-keeper, by order of Don Fernando's attendants, prepared with great diligence and care, as good a repaſt as he could poſſibly provide; ſo that when ſupper-time arrived, they ſat down all together at a long hall-table, for there was neither a round nor ſquare one in the houſe. They forced the head and principal ſeat, in ſpite of all his excuſes, on Don Quixote, who deſired that the Princeſs Micomicona might ſit by the ſide of her protector; next to her, Lucinda and Zorayda placed themſelves, being fronted by Fernando and Cardenio, at whoſe left-hand ſat the captive and the other gentlemen, while the curate and the barber took their ſtation cloſe to the ladies. In this manner they ſupped with vaſt ſatisfaction, which was

ſtill

ſtill increaſed, when Don Quixote leaving off eating, and inſpired by the ſame ſpirit that moved him to harangue among the goat-herds, began the following diſſertation: 'Verily, gentlemen, if it be 'duly conſidered, great and unexpected 'events are ſeen by thoſe who profeſs 'the order of knight-errantry. What 'inhabitant of this earth, if he ſhould 'now enter the gates of this caſtle, 'and behold us ſeated in this manner, 'could conceive or credit that we are 'what we are? Who could imagine, 'that this lady on my right-hand is the 'great queen whom we all know her to 'be; and that I am the Knight of the 'Rueful Countenance, ſo celebrated by 'the voice of fame? Now there is no 'manner of doubt, that this exerciſe 'and art exceeds all others hitherto in'vented by man, and that it ought to 'be more eſteemed, becauſe it is more 'expoſed to danger. Away with thoſe 'who give letters the preference over 'arms! I affirm, that ſuch people, 'whoſoever they are, know not what 'they ſay; for the ſole reaſon to 'which they adhere, in this deciſion, 'is, that the labour of the body is ex'ceeded by that of the mind; and that 'the profeſſion of arms is altogether 'as corporeal as the exerciſe and office 'of a common day-labourer, that 'requires nothing more than bodily 'ſtrength; as if that which is called 'ſoldierſhip by us who profeſs it, did 'not include acts of valour which none 'but perſons of uncommon genius 'could execute; or, as if the toil of a 'warrior who has the charge of an ar'my, or commands in a town that is 'beſieged, doth not affect the mind as 'well as the body. Is it to be ſuppoſed, 'that by mere corporeal ſtrength he 'can penetrate and diſcover the inten'tion of the enemy? To anticipate 'deſigns, baffle ſtratagems, ſurmount 'difficulties, and prevent the miſchief 'that is to be dreaded, are all ef'forts of the underſtanding, in which 'the body hath no ſhare; if the profeſ'ſion of arms, therefore, requires ge'nius, as well as that of letters, let 'us ſee which of the two requires moſt 'mental toil: and this queſtion may 'be determined by conſidering the end 'and aim of each; for that occupa'tion deſerves the higheſt eſteem, which 'hath the nobleſt purpoſe in view, the 'end and ſcope of letters. I ſpeak not 'here of that divine learning, whoſe 'aim is to raiſe and conduct the ſoul to 'Heaven; to an end ſo infinite, no in'tention whatever can be compared. I 'ſpeak of human learning, the ultimate 'end of which is to regulate diſtribu'tive juſtice, render to every one his 'due, and to underſtand and to protect 'the equitable laws: an aim certainly 'generous and highly commendable! 'yet not ſo deſerving of the moſt ſu'blime praiſe as the profeſſion of arms, 'the object and the end of which is 'peace, the greateſt good that mortals 'can enjoy; for the firſt bleſſed news 'which this world and mankind heard, 'were thoſe pronounced by the angels, 'on that night which was our day, 'when they ſung in the air, "Glory be "to God on high; and on earth, peace "and good will towards men!" and 'the ſalutation, which the beſt Maſter, 'either in heaven or upon earth, taught 'his adherents and favourites; which 'was to ſay when they entered any 'houſe, "Peace be to this houſe!" 'Nay, he himſelf at different times, 'ſaid, "My peace I give unto you! "My peace I leave with you! Peace "be among you!" A jewel and legacy 'well worthy of him who left it! a 'jewel, without which there can be no 'felicity, either on earth or in heaven! 'This peace is the genuine aim of war; 'for arms and war are the ſame; and 'this being taken for granted, the end 'of war is nobler than that of learn'ing; wherefore let us next conſider 'the bodily toil ſuſtained by each, that 'we may ſee on which ſide the balance 'lies in that particular.'

In this ſenſible manner did Don Quixote continue his diſcourſe, from which nobody that heard him could diſtinguiſh that he was mad; on the contrary, his audience conſiſting chiefly of gentlemen, to which title the profeſſion of arms is annexed, they liſtened with great pleaſure, while he proceeded thus.

'The hardſhips of a ſtudent, I ſay, 'are theſe; firſt of all, poverty, (not 'that all ſtudents are poor, but that we 'may ſuppoſe the worſt that can hap'pen) and when I have named his in'digence, the whole of his misfortune 'is mentioned; for he that is poor can 'enjoy nothing that is good, but muſt 'endure neceſſity in all it's forms; ſome-

'times hunger, sometimes cold, sometimes nakedness, and often all three together. Nevertheless, his necessity is not so great, but that he eats, though perhaps later than usual, or though he may feed upon the leavings of the rich, or which is the greatest misery to which a scholar can be reduced, go a-sopping*, as they term it; then they are always admitted to some charitable person's fire-side or chimney-corner, where, if they cannot warm themselves effectually, they may at least defy the cold; and at night they sleep under cover. I need not descend to minute particulars; such as want of linen, scarcity of shoes, flimsy and thread-bare cloaths, nor the surfeits which they so eagerly incur, when their good fortune sets a plentiful table in their way. By this path, rough and difficult as I have already described it, after many tumblings, slidings, risings, and fallings, they at last attain to the wished degree, which being gained, we have seen many who have passed with a favourable gale of fortune, through these quicksands and straits of Scylla and Charybdis; I say, we have seen many such command and dictate to the world, from a chair of state; their hunger being changed into satiety, their cold into refreshment, their rags into gay apparel, and the matts on which they lay, to the richest damask and finest holland: a recompence which their merit most justly enjoys! but their labours, when fairly stated and compared, are infinitely short of the warrior's, as I shall now clearly demonstrate.'

CHAP. XI.

THE SEQUEL OF DON QUIXOTE'S CURIOUS DISCOURSE, ON THE SUBJECTS OF LEARNING AND WAR.

THE knight proceeded thus: 'Since 'we began with the student, representing his poverty in all it's circumstances, let us see if the soldier 'be more wealthy: and we shall find 'that poverty itself is not poorer; for he 'is restricted to his miserable pay, which 'comes always late, if ever, or to what 'he can plunder by force, with the imminent danger of his life and conscience; and frequently his nakedness is such, that his slashed buff 'doublet serves him instead of coat, 'shirt, and all other parts of apparel. In a winter campaign, while 'he remains in the open field, he has 'nothing to mitigate the severity of the 'cold, but his own breath, which, as 'it proceeds from an empty place, 'must, I believe, be cold, contrary to 'all the rules of nature: but stay till 'the approach of night, when it is to 'be hoped his bed will make amends 'for all these inconveniencies; and this, 'if it be not his own fault, will never 'offend in point of narrowness, for 'he may measure as many feet of 'ground as he thinks sufficient, and 'there tumble about at pleasure, without any danger of discomposing the 'sheets. Then, instead of the day and 'hour of receiving the degrees of his 'art, comes the day of battle, in which 'his head is adorned with the doctoral 'tossle, made in form of a pledgit, to 'stuff the wound made by some ball, 'which perhaps hath gone through his 'temples, or left him maimed of a 'leg or arm; and even if this should 'not happen, but merciful Heaven 'guard and preserve him safe and 'sound, he continues as poor as ever; 'he must risk himself in several more 'rencounters and battles, and be victorious in each, before his circumstances be bettered; but these miracles rarely happen. Tell me, gentlemen, have you considered what a 'small proportion those who make their 'fortunes by war bear to those who perish in the field? Doubtless, you must 'answer that there is no sort of comparison; that the slain are scarce to 'be numbered, while the living who 'are recompensed for their services, 'may be comprehended within three figures of arithmetick †. The case of

* Alluding to the charity given at the gates of monasteries.

† i. e. Do not amount to 1000, which is a number expressed by four figures.

'the

'the learned is quite the reverſe*; for, 'one way or another, they are all pro-'vided: ſo that, though the toil of a 'ſoldier is greater, his reward is much 'leſs. To this obſervation, it may 'be replied, that it is far more eaſy to 'reward two thouſand ſcholars than 'thirty thouſand ſoldiers; for the firſt 'are recompenſed with offices, which 'muſt of courſe be beſtowed on people 'of their profeſſion; whereas, the 'others can enjoy no reward, except a 'ſhare of the property belonging to 'their maſter whom they ſerve: even 'this impoſſibility ſtrengthens my aſſe-'veration.

'But waving that conſideration, 'which would lead us into a moſt in-'tricate labyrinth, let us return to the 'pre-eminence which arms have over 'learning; a point hitherto undecided, 'of ſuch force are the reaſons alledged 'on both ſides of the queſtion; one of 'which, in favour of the laſt, is, that 'without letters, the profeſſion of arms 'could not be ſupported, becauſe there 'are laws to which war itſelf is ſub-'ject; and all laws fall within the 'province of letters and learned men. 'To this obſervation, the partizans 'of the other opinion reply, that no 'laws could be maintained without 'arms, which preſerve the conſtitution, 'defend kingdoms, guard cities, ſcour 'the highways, and clear the ſeas of 'piratical corſairs. In ſhort, that with-'out arms, all republicks, kingdoms, 'monarchies, cities, journies by land, 'and voyages by ſea, would be expoſed 'to the horror and confuſion that at-'tend unbridled war, while it con-'tinues in all it's licentious privilege 'and force. It is a general and eſta-'bliſhed maxim, that every thing ought 'to be eſteemed in proportion to what 'it coſts. Now, to become eminent in 'letters, coſts the ſtudent much time, 'watching, hunger, nakedneſs, ver-'tigoes, indigeſtion, and their con-'ſequences, which are in part men-'tioned above: but, to acquire in a 'regular manner the character of a good 'ſoldier, a man muſt undergo all theſe 'inconveniences in an incomparably 'greater degree; becauſe he is every 'moment in danger of loſing his life. 'What fear of indigence and poverty 'can ſeize and harraſs the ſtudent's ap-'prehenſion, equal to that which muſt 'poſſeſs the ſoldier beſieged in a for-'treſs, who being placed centinel or 'guard in ſome ravelin or cavalier†, 'perceives the enemy at work under-'mining the very ſpot whereon he 'ſtands, without daring to ſtir from 'his poſt, or avoid the danger by which 'he is ſo imminently threatened? All 'he can do, is to give notice of what 'paſſes to his captain, who muſt en-'deavour to baffle the foe by ſome coun-'termine, while he remains upon the 'place in terror and expectation of 'being ſuddenly whirled aloft into 'the clouds without wings, and of 'falling thence headlong into the pro-'found abyſs: if this danger ſeems 'inconſiderable, let us ſee whether it 'be equalled or exceeded in the grap-'pling of two gallies, by their prows, 'in the midſt of the extended ocean; 'when they are locked and faſtened 'into each other, and the ſoldier hath 'not an inch more than two feet of 'the beak to ſtand upon, while he 'ſees himſelf threatened and oppoſed 'by as many miniſters of death as 'there are cannon in the enemy's ves-'ſel, and theſe within a ſpear's length 'of his body; and is ſenſible, that if 'his feet ſhould chance to ſlip, he 'would inſtantly viſit the profound 'boſom of the ſea; yet, nevertheleſs, 'with an intrepid heart, incited and 'tranſported by honour, he bears the 'brunt of their whole artillery, and 'endeavours by that narrow paſſage 'to board the adverſe veſſel: and, 'what is very much to be admired, is, 'that as ſoon as one falls, never to 'riſe again till the general reſurrection, 'another occupies his place; and 'ſhould he alſo drop into the ſea,

* The literal tranſlation is, 'For, from the ſkirts—for I would not mention the 'ſleeves.' The Spaniards, inſtead of the Engliſh phraſe, 'By Hook or by Crook,' uſe this of 'From the ſleeves, or the ſkirts;' derived from the practice of taylors, who are ſuppoſed to cabbage from thoſe parts of the habit in which there is the greateſt quantity of cloth; but the knight's exception of ſleeves, on this occaſion, ſeems to have proceeded from a ſuppoſition that poor ſcholars are generally provided for in the church, and conſequently wear caſſocks, which deſcend to the heels.

† Cavalier is an artificial mount raiſed in a fortreſs for the convenience of ſcouring a field, or oppoſing a commanding work of the enemy.

'which,

'which, like an enemy, gapes to de-
'vour him, another and another ſtill
'ſucceeds, without the ſmalleſt inter-
'miſſion: an inſtance of gallantry and
'boldneſs the greateſt to be found in
'all the extremities of war. Happy
'were the ages paſt, while ſtrangers
'to thoſe infernal inſtruments of ar-
'tillery, the author of which is, I
'firmly believe, now in hell, enjoying
'the reward of his diabolical inven-
'tion, that puts it in the power of an
'infamous coward to deprive the moſt
'valiant cavalier of life; for, often in
'the heat of that courage and reſolu-
'tion that fires and animates the gal-
'lant breaſt, there comes a random
'ball, how or from whence no man
'can tell, ſhot off, perhaps, by one
'that fled, and was afraid at the
'flaſh of his own accurſed machine,
'and, in an inſtant, puts an end to
'the ſchemes and exiſtence of a man
'who deſerved to live for ages. This
'very conſideration makes me almoſt
'own, that I am ſorry for having
'choſen this profeſſion of a knight-
'errant in this deteſtable age; for,
'though no danger can daunt my re-
'ſolution, it gives me ſome uneaſineſs
'to think that powder and ſhot may
'deprive me of the opportunity of
'making myſelf famous and renown-
'ed through the whole globe, for the
'valour of my arm, and the keenneſs
'of my ſword: but, let the will of
'Heaven be fulfilled! if I accompliſh
'my aim, I ſhall be more eſteemed,
'becauſe I have faced more danger
'than ever was incurred by the knights-
'errant in ages paſt.'

While the reſt of the company were employed in eating, this long harangue was uttered by Don Quixote, who never thought of ſwallowing a morſel; though Sancho frequently put him in mind of eating his ſupper, obſerving, that he would afterwards have time enough to ſay what he pleaſed. The hearers were moved with freſh concern, at ſeeing a man, who in every other ſubject ſeemed to have a large ſhare of ſenſe and diſcernment, loſe it ſo irrecoverably, whenever the diſcourſe turned upon the curſed miſchievous theme of chivalry. The curate obſerved, that there was a great deal of reaſon in what he had advanced in favour of arms; and that he himſelf, though a graduate, conſequently a man of letters, was entirely of the knight's opinion.

Supper being ended, and the table uncovered, while the landlady, her daughter, and Maritornes, were buſied in fitting up the garret of Don Quixote de La Mancha, in which it was determined the three ladies ſhould paſs the night by themſelves; Don Fernando intreated the captive to recount the ſtory of his life, which he imagined muſt be both uncommon and entertaining, from the ſpecimen they had already ſeen, in his arriving thus equipped, in company with the fair Zorayda. To this requeſt the ſtranger anſwered, that he would willingly obey his command, though he was afraid the company would not find the relation to their liking; but, nevertheleſs, rather than fail in point of obedience, he was ready to make it. The curate and whole company thanked him for his complaiſance, and joined in the requeſt; and he ſeeing himſelf beſought by ſo many, ſaid there was no occaſion for entreaties, where they might ſo effectually command: 'Lend me your attention,
'therefore, and you ſhall hear a true
'ſtory, perhaps unequalled by thoſe
'fictions which are uſually adorned
'with all the curious and profound
'artifice of compoſition.'

At this preamble, all preſent adjuſted and compoſed themſelves; and he perceiving the general ſilence in which they waited for the performance of his promiſe, began in this manner, with a grave and agreeable voice.

CHAP. XII.

IN WHICH THE CAPTIVE RECOUNTS HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

'IN a certain place among the moun-
'tains of Leon, my family had
'it's origin; more beholden to the li-
'berality of nature than to the ſmiles
'of fortune: though, amidſt the nar-
'rowneſs of circumſtances, which pre-
'vails in that country, my father had
'the reputation of being rich, and
'really was ſo, had he poſſeſſed the
'art of preſerving, as he practiſed the
'means of ſpending his eſtate. This
'liberal and profuſe diſpoſition was
'owing to his having been a ſoldier
'in his youth; the army being a ſchool
'in

'in which the miſer becomes generous, 'and the benevolent man grows pro- 'digal; for a covetous ſoldier is a 'monſter which is rarely ſeen. My 'father exceeded the bounds of libe- 'rality, and bordered upon thoſe of 'prodigality; a diſpoſition of very 'little ſervice to a married man who 'has children to ſucceed him in rank 'as well as name: and he had no leſs 'than three; all of them ſons, already 'at an age to chuſe for themſelves. 'The old gentleman finding it impoſ- 'ſible, as he ſaid, to reſiſt the bent of 'his inclination, was reſolved to de- 'prive himſelf of the means that in- 'duced and enabled him to ſpend ſo 'laviſhly, by giving up his eſtate; 'as without money Alexander himſelf 'muſt have ſeemed frugal.

'One day, therefore, calling us 'all three together into his cham- 'ber, he delivered himſelf in theſe or 'or the like words: "Sons, to ſay I "love you, is no more than to ſay "and know you are my own children; "though it would ſeem that I do not "love you, by my ſquandering away "the fortune which is your due. But "that you may be henceforth con- "vinced that I love you like a true "parent, rather than ſeek your de- "ſtruction like a ſtep-father, I am re- "ſolved to execute a plan which I "have formed a good while ago, and "digeſted with the moſt mature deli- "beration. You are now of an age "to chuſe ſettlements for yourſelves, "or at leaſt to pitch upon employments "which, in your riper years, may "conduce to your honour and advan- "tage. My intention is to divide "my eſtate into four equal parts, "three of which you ſhall receive "among you, in equal ſhares, without "the leaſt difference or diſtinction; "and the fourth I will reſerve for my "own ſuſtenance and ſupport, while "Heaven will be pleaſed to protract "the days of my life. But after you "have received your portions, I ſhould "be glad to find you inclined to fol- "low the paths which I ſhall propoſe. "We have a ſaying in Spain, which "I believe is very true, as indeed all "proverbs are, becauſe they are ſhort "ſentences dictated by long and ſage "experience; that which I mean, "contains no more than theſe words: "The church, the court, or the ſea;" "as if it more fully expreſſed the fol- "lowing advice, "He that would make "his fortune, ought either to dedicate "his time to the church, go to ſea as "a merchant, or attach himſelf to the "court," for it is commonly obſerved "that, "The king's crumb is worth "the baron's batch." This I men- "tion, becauſe I wiſh and deſire that "one of you would follow letters, "another merchandize, and a third "ſerve his ſovereign in the field, ſince "it is difficult to obtain an office at "court: and although much wealth "cannot be expected, there is a great "deal of valour and reputation to be "acquired in war. In eight days I "will give each of you his ſhare, in "ready-money, without defrauding "you of one farthing, as you will ſee "by my diſtribution. Tell me, there- "fore, if you are willing to follow "my advice in what I have propoſed?" 'ſaid my father, addreſſing himſelf to 'me as the eldeſt. After having diſ- 'ſuaded him from parting with his 'eſtate, and deſired him to ſpend as 'much of it as he pleaſed, obſerving, 'that we were young men, and capable 'of making our own fortunes, I con- 'cluded with ſaying, I would obey his 'will, and for my own part, chuſe to 'ſerve God and my king, in adhering 'to the exerciſe of arms. My ſecond 'brother made the ſame offer, propo- 'ſing to ſet ſail for the Indies, and 'employ his ſtock of ready-money in 'traffick. The youngeſt, and I believe 'the wiſeſt, ſaid he would qualify 'himſelf for the church, by going and 'finiſhing his ſtudies at Salamanca.

'We having thus agreed in the choice 'of our different employments, our fa- 'ther embraced us all affectionately, and 'within the time he had propoſed, per- 'formed his promiſe of giving us our 'portions, which to the beſt of my re- 'membrance amounted to three thou- 'ſand ducats each; for an uncle of 'ours paid ready-money for the whole 'eſtate, that it might not be alienated 'from the family. In one day, all 'three took leave of our worthy father; 'when I thinking it a piece of inhu- 'manity to leave him ſo ſtraitened in his 'old age, prevailed upon him to accept 'two thouſand of the three I had re- 'ceived, as the remainder was ſuffi- 'cient to accommodate me with all the 'neceſſaries of a ſoldier. Each of my

'brothers,

'brothers, induced by my example, 'gave him back one-third of their 'shares; so that he remained possessed 'of four thousand ducats in cash, 'and the value of three thousand more 'in land, which he did not chuse to 'sell. At length, I say, we took 'leave of him, and that uncle whom I 'have mentioned, not without great 'concern and many tears on all sides; 'they charging us to seize every op-'portunity of making them acquainted 'with our adventures, either in pros-'perity or adversity. Having given 'this promise, and received their em-'braces and blessing, one took the 'road to Salamanca, another went to 'Seville, and I set out for Alicant, 'where I understood there was a ship 'taking in a lading of wool for Genoa. 'Two and twenty years are now 'elapsed since I left my father's house; 'and during all that time, though I 'have written several letters, I never 'received the least information con-'cerning him or my brothers. What 'hath happened to myself within that 'period, I will now briefly relate.

'Embarking at Alicant, I had a 'favourable passage to Genoa, from 'whence I went to Milan, where I 'provided myself with arms and some 'gay military furniture. Then I de-'parted for Piedmont, with a resolu-'tion of inlisting in the service; and 'being upon the road to Alexandria 'de la Paglia, was informed that the 'great duke of Alva was on his march 'into Flanders. Upon receiving this 'intimation, I changed my design, at-'tended him to the Low Countries, 'served in all his campaigns, and was 'present at the death of the counts 'Egmont and Horn. There I ob-'tained an ensign's commission in the 'company of a famous captain of 'Guadalajara, whose name was Die-'go de Urbina: but after I had been 'some time in Flanders, the news ar-'rived of the league between his Holi-'ness Pope Pius the Fifth of happy 'memory, and the Spanish monarchy, 'against their common enemy the 'Turk, who about that time had, by 'means of his fleet, made a conquest 'of the famous island of Cyrus, which 'was under the dominion of the Ve-'netians; a most lamentable and un-'fortunate loss. It was certainly 'known that the most serene Don John 'of Austria, natural brother to our 'good King Philip, was to be general 'of this league; and the vast prepara-'tions for this war were publickly re-'ported. All these rumours raised 'and excited within me the desire and 'resolution of being present in a 'campaign of such expectation; and 'though I had strong hopes, and in-'deed certain promises, of being pro-'moted to the rank of a captain as 'soon as a vacancy should happen, I 'chose to quit that prospect, and go, 'as I actually did, to Italy; and 'luckily for me, Don John of Austria 'was then at Genoa, just going to 'embark for Naples, in order to join 'the Venetian fleet, which he after-'wards found at Messina. In short, I 'served in that most happy campaign, 'and was advanced to the rank of 'captain of foot, which honourable 'post I obtained more by good fortune 'than merit, and that day which was 'so fortunate for Christendom, on 'which the world was convinced of 'the error they had espoused in be-'lieving the Turks invincible by sea; 'on that day, I say, when the Otto-'man pride and insolence were humbled 'and broke, among so many happy 'Christians there present, (and sure 'those who fell were happier than the 'living victors!) I alone was unfor-'tunate; for, instead of receiving 'a naval crown, which would have 'been my reward, had I lived in the 'Roman ages, on the night that suc-'ceeded that glorious day, I found 'myself a captive loaded with chains! 'And this was the cause of my misfor-'tune: Uchali, King of Algiers, a 'bold and fortunate corsair, having 'attacked and mastered the capitan 'galley of Malta, in which there re-'mained only three knights alive, and 'these desperately wounded; the vessel 'commanded by John Andrea Doria, 'in which my company was stationed, 'hastened to her relief, and I doing 'my duty on that occasion, leaped 'into the enemy's ship, which dis-'engaging herself immediately from 'our galley, that was grappled with 'her, my soldiers were prevented from 'following their officer, and I found 'myself alone among my foes, whom, 'by reason of their numbers, I could 'not resist; therefore was obliged to 'submit after having been almost

'covered

'covered over with wounds; and 'Uchali, as you have heard, gentlemen, 'having saved himself with his whole 'squadron, I remained his prisoner, 'the only sad person amidst the general 'joy, and captive among so many that 'were set free; for full fifteen thou-'sand Christians who came into the 'action chained to the Turkish oars, 'that day recovered their long wished 'for liberty.

'I was carried to Constantinople, 'where Selim, the grand Turk, created 'my master general of the sea, for hav-'ing done his duty in the battle, and 'as a proof of his valour brought off 'the high standard of Malta. Next 'year, which was that of seventy-two, 'I rowed in the capitan galley of the 'Three Lanthorns, at Navarino, where 'I saw and observed the Christians lose 'the opportunity of taking the whole 'Turkish fleet in the harbour; for, 'all the Levantines and Janissaries be-'longing to it laid their account with 'being attacked in port, and had ac-'tually got in readiness their knapsacks 'and passamaques, (which are a kind of 'shoes) in order to go on shore, and 'seek their safety in flight, without 'waiting for the assault; such was the 'consternation that prevailed among 'them! But Heaven ordained things to 'happen in another manner; not through 'any error or neglect of the general 'who commanded the expedition, but 'on account of the sins of Christendom; 'it being the will and permission of 'God, that we should never want execu-'tioners to chastise us. In short, Uchali 'retreated to Modon, which is an 'island almost contiguous to Navarino, 'where he disembarked his men, forti-'fied the mouth of the harbour, and 'remained until Don John set sail on his 'return. In this expedition, the gal-'ley called the Prize, commanded by a 'son of the famous corsair Barbarossa, 'was taken by the capitan galley of Na-'ples called the She-wolf, the comman-'der of which was that thunderbolt of 'war, that father of his soldiers, that 'fortunate and invincible chief, Don 'Alvaro de Bazan, marquis of Santa 'Cruz: and I cannot help mentioning 'what happened at the taking of this 'prize. The son of Barbarossa was so 'cruel, and treated his captives so in-'humanly, that when the rowers per-'ceived the She-wolf ready to board, 'and in a fair way of taking her, they 'quitted their oars all at once, and 'seizing the captain, who stood upon 'the strentrel*, calling to them to 'row lustily, they tossed him forwards 'from bench to bench, and bit him so 'severely as he went along, that before 'he passed the main-mast, his soul pas-'sed into hell. Such was his barba-'rity, as I have already observed, and 'such the revenge which their hatred 'to him inspired!

'We returned to Constantinople; 'and during the following year, which 'was seventy-three, understood that 'Don John had taken Tunis, wrested 'that whole kingdom from the Turks, 'and put Muley Hamet in possession 'of the whole; thus cutting off all 'the hopes of a restoration from Muley 'Hamida, the most valiant and most 'cruel Moor of his time. The grand 'Signior was deeply affected with his 'loss, and practising that sagacity which 'is peculiar to all those of his family, 'clapped up a peace with the Vene-'tians, who were much more desirous 'of it than he. Next year, being se-'venty-four, he attacked the goleta 'and fort, which Don John had left 'half-finished, near Tunis: and on 'all these occasions I was present, 'being tied to the oar, without the 'least hope of freedom, especially by 'ransom; for, I was resolved not to 'write to my father an account of my 'misfortune. At length, the goleta 'and fort were both lost, having been 'besieged by seventy-five thousand 'Turkish soldiers, regularly paid, and 'upwards of four hundred thousand 'Moors and Arabs from the other 'parts of Africa; this multitude be-'ing provided with a vast quantity of 'warlike stores and ammunition, and 'attended with such a number of pio-'neers, that, by throwing handfuls of 'earth, they might have covered both 'the places they came to besiege. The 'goleta, which had been counted im-'pregnable, was first taken; not through 'any fault of the besieged, who perform-'ed all that men could do in it's de-'fence, but because experience shewed 'that trenches could be made with ease 'in that loose sand, under which,

* The strentrel, or estanterol, is a post that supports the awning of the poop.

'though water was commonly found 'at the depth of two ſpans, the Turks, 'at that time, dug as many fathoms, 'without finding one drop; and ſo fill- 'ing a vaſt number of ſacks, raiſed 'their works ſo high as to overlook the 'fort; then mounting this cavalier 'with cannon, kept ſuch a firing as 'rendered it impoſſible for the garriſon 'to make any longer defence. It was 'a common opinion, that our troops 'ought not to have ſhut themſelves up 'in the goleta, but oppoſed the diſem- 'barkation in the plain; however, 'thoſe who talk in that mannner, ſpeak 'at random, and muſt be perſons of 'ſmall experience in ſuch affairs; for, 'if the whole garriſon in both places 'ſcarce amounted to ſeven thouſand 'ſoldiers, how could ſuch a ſmall num- 'ber, though ever ſo valiant, take the 'field, and at the ſame time defend 'the forts, againſt ſuch a multitude 'of foes? And how could the forts be 'poſſibly maintained without ſupplies, 'in an enemy's country, when they 'were hemmed in by ſuch a numerous 'and obſtinate army? But others 'thought, and I am of the ſame opi- 'nion, that Heaven manifeſted a parti- 'cular grace and favour to Spain, in 'permitting them to deſtroy that ren- 'dezvous and pretence of miſchief, 'that ſink, ſponge, and devourer of in- 'finite ſums of money, which were 'there unprofitably ſpent, without ſerv- 'ing any other purpoſe than that of 'preſerving the memory of it's being 'the moſt happy conqueſt of the in- 'vincible Charles the Fifth: as if it was 'neceſſary for thoſe ſtones to ſupport 'his fame, which is already immortal. 'The fort was alſo yielded, though the 'Turks won it by inches; for the gar- 'riſon behaved with ſuch gallantry 'and reſolution, that in two and twenty 'general aſſaults, the enemy loſt up- 'wards of twenty-five thouſand men; 'and of the three hundred Spaniſh ſol- 'diers that remained alive, they did not 'make one priſoner who had not been 'wounded during the ſiege: a clear 'and certain proof of the obſtinate va- 'lour with which the places were de- 'fended. A ſmall fort, or tower, 'that ſtood in the middle of the lake, 'under the command of Don Juan 'Zanoguera, a Valentian knight and 'celebrated ſoldier, ſurrendered upon 'terms: but, Don Pedro Puertocare- 'rero, general of the goleta, was made 'priſoner; and though he did all that 'man could do in defence of the place, 'he was ſo deeply affected by the loſs 'of it, that he died of grief on the road 'to Conſtantinople, whither they were 'carrying him captive. The general 'of the fort, whoſe name was Gabrio 'Cerbellon, a Milaneſe gentleman, a 'great engineer, and excellent ſoldier, 'was likewiſe taken priſoner; and in 'theſe two forts periſhed many perſons 'of note, among whom was one Pagan 'd'Oria, a knight of St. John, a gen- 'tleman of a moſt generous diſpoſition, 'as appeared from his exceſſive libe- 'rality to his brother the famous Juan 'Andrea d'Oria; and what made his 'death ſtill more lamentable, was, that 'he periſhed by the hands of ſome 'Arabs, to whom, ſeeing the fort al- 'ready loſt, he truſted himſelf, relying 'upon their promiſe to carry him diſ- 'guiſed in a Mooriſh dreſs, to Tabar- 'ca, which is a ſmall port or ſettlement 'belonging to the Genoeſe, who fiſh 'for coral on that part of the coaſt; 'but thoſe perfidious Arabs cut off 'his head, which they carried to the 'general of the Turkiſh navy, who 'fulfilled upon them our Caſtilian pro- 'verb, which imports, that though we 'love the treaſon, we abhor the traitor; 'for it was reported, that he ordered 'them all to be hanged, becauſe they 'had not brought him alive.

'Among the Chriſtians who were 'taken in the fort, was one Don Pedro 'de Aguilar, a native of ſome town in 'Andalouſia, who had been an enſign 'in the garriſon, a ſoldier of great 'worth and rare endowments, particu- 'larly bleſſed with a happy talent for 'poetry. This circumſtance I men- 'tion, becauſe it was his fate to belong 'to our galley, where he was my com- 'panion at the oar, and fellow-ſlave; 'and before we departed from that 'harbour, he compoſed two ſongs, by 'way of epitaph upon the goleta and the 'fort. As I have them both by heart, 'I believe it will not be diſagreeable to 'the company if I repeat them.'

When the captive mentioned Don Pedro de Aguilar, Don Fernando looked at his companions, who ſmiled; and when the ſtranger was going to re- peat the ſongs, one of the three ſaid to him, 'Before you proceed, I beg the 'favour to know what became of that

'Don

'Don Pedro de Aguilar?'—'All 'that I know of the matter,' replied the captive, 'is, that after having 'ſtaid two years at Conſtantinople, 'he made off in the habit of an ar-'naut*, with a Greek ſpy: but I do 'not know whether or not he obtained 'his liberty, though I believe he ſuc-'ceeded; for about a year after, I 'ſaw the ſame Greek at Conſtanti-'nople; but I had not an opportu-'nity to enquire about the ſucceſs of 'their ſcheme.'—'Then I can ſatis-'fy you in that particular,' reſumed the cavalier; 'Don Pedro is my bro-'ther, and now lives at home, in 'good health and eaſy circumſtances, 'bleſſed with a wife and three hope-'ful ſons.'—'Thanks be to God 'for the great mercies beſtowed upon 'him!' anſwered the captive; 'for, in 'my opinion, there is no happineſs 'on earth equal to that of liberty 'regained.'—'Beſides,' ſaid the gentleman, 'I retain in my memory the 'ſongs which my brother compoſed.'—'Be ſo good, then,' replied the ſtranger, 'as to entertain the company with 'them; for, doubtleſs, you can repeat 'them more perfectly than I can.'—'With all my heart,' ſaid the cavalier: 'that upon the goleta runs thus.'

CHAP. XIII.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE CAPTIVE'S HISTORY.

I.

"YE happy ſhades, whoſe deeds re-
"newn'd
"Have freed you from encumb'ring clay;
"From this low ſcene, where woes abound,
"Aſcending to eternal day.

II.

"With glorious zeal your boſoms glow'd,
"Your bodies brav'd exceſſive toil:
"Your blood with that of Pagans flow'd,
"To drench the hoſtile, barren ſoil.

III.

"Your lives, but not your courage, fail'd;
"Death ſeal'd your juſt, victorious claim;
"Enjoy, ſtill honour'd and bewail'd,
"Immortal happineſs and fame."

'These are the very words which I 'remember,' ſaid the captive. 'And 'if my memory does not fail me,' replied the gentleman, 'the other upon 'the ſort is this.

I.

"LO! from yon ruins on the deſart
"plain,
"Oppreſs'd with numbers, in th' un-
"equal fight,
"Three thouſand ſouls of Chriſtian war-
"riors ſlain,
"To happier regions, wing'd their joy-
"ous flight.

II.

"Yet not before in vain they had eſſay'd
"The force and vigour of their daunt-
"leſs arms;
"Till wearied and reduc'd, though undiſ-
"may'd,
"They welcom'd death, encompaſs'd
"with alarms.

III.

"On Afric's coaſt, as records tell,
"The ſcene of paſt and preſent woes,
"More valiant bodies never fell,
"More ſpotleſs ſpirits never roſe."

The ſongs were not diſliked; and the captive rejoicing at the good fortune of his comrade, proceeded thus in his narration.

'The goleta and forts being taken, 'the Turks ordered the firſt to be diſ-'mantled, the other being quite de-'moliſhed before it was ſurrendered; 'and that this might be done with the 'leſs trouble, and greater diſpatch, it 'was undermined in three parts, but 'they could by no means blow up 'the old walls, which ſeemed to be 'the weakeſt part, while that which 'was executed by Fratin, was de-'ſtroyed with great facility. In ſhort, 'the victorious fleet returned in 'triumph to Conſtantinople, where, 'in a few months, happened the death 'of my maſter Uchali, who went by 'the name of Uchali Fartax, which, 'in the language of that country, 'ſignifies the Scabby Renegado; for 'ſuch he actually was, and it is a 'cuſtom among the Turks, to beſtow 'epithets upon people, derived either 'from ſome defect or virtue inherent 'in them: this method they practiſe, 'becauſe they have but four families 'diſtinguiſhed by particular names, 'and theſe are deſcended from the 'houſe of Ottoman; ſo that the reſt, 'as I have obſerved, adopt ſome ap-'pellation, either from the blemiſhes

* A Dalmatian trooper.

'of the body, or the virtues of the 'mind. This leper, therefore, tugged 'at the oar, during fourteen years, 'as slave to the Grand Signior; and 'when he was turned of thirty-four, 'apostatized, out of resentment against 'a Turk, who struck him at the oar; 'renouncing his religion, that he 'might be able to revenge the affront. 'Such was his gallantry and conduct, 'that without practising those vile 'steps and methods by which the 'sultan's favourites are raised, he 'was promoted to the throne of Al-'giers, and afterwards created gene-'ral at sea, which is the third post in 'the empire. He was a native of 'Calabria, a man of good morals, 'and behaved with great humanity 'to his slaves, who, to the number of 'three thousand, were at his death, 'in consequence of his last will, divi-'ded between his renegadoes and the 'Grand Signior, who is also coheir with 'the children of all his deceased sub-'jects. I fell to the share of a Vene-'tian, who had been a common sailor 'when he was taken; and Uchali 'had such an affection for him, that 'he enjoyed the greatest share of his 'favour, and became the most cruel 'renegado that ever was known. This 'man, whose name was Azanaga, 'acquired great riches, and even suc-'ceeded to the crown of Algiers, to 'which place I accompanied him from 'Constantinople, with some degree of 'satisfaction, at the thoughts of being 'so near my own country; not that I 'intended to send home an account of 'my unhappy fate, but to see if 'fortune would not prove more fa-'vourable at Algiers than at Constanti-'nople, where I had laid a thousand 'schemes for my escape, without hav-'ing an opportunity of putting one of 'them in execution; but I was in 'hope of finding at Algiers some 'other more effectual means of obtain-'ing that which I so ardently desired: 'for the hope of gaining my liberty 'never forsook my breast; on the 'contrary, when all my pains, efforts, 'and expectations, miscarried, far from 'abandoning myself to despair, I en-'deavoured to find out some new ex-'pedient, which though ever so frail and 'unsubstantial, served to support my 'spirits, and flatter my imagination.

'Thus I made shift to live within a 'house or prison, called a bath, in 'which the Turks confine the Christian 'captives, whether belonging to the 'king, or private persons, or of that 'class which they call magazine-'slaves; these are the captives of the 'council, who serve the state in pub-'lick works, and other kinds of day-'labour; and find great difficulty in 'obtaining their freedom, because 'they belong to the community, and 'have no particular master with whom 'they can treat concerning their ran-'som, even though they can command 'money for the purpose.

'In these baths, as I have already 'said, some private persons lodge 'their slaves, especially when their 'ransom is agreed upon; and there 'they remain secure, and at their ease, 'until it arrives. Neither do the king's 'captives, who are to be ransomed, 'go out to work with the rest of the 'crew, except when the money is de-'layed; and then, that they may be 'induced to write with more impor-'tunity, they are sent out with the rest 'to cut wood, an office of no small 'mortification and toil. As they knew 'I had been a captain, I in vain 'assured them, that I had neither in-'terest nor money; they put me into 'the number of those who were to be 'ransomed, loading me with a chain, 'rather to denote my condition than 'to secure my person; so that I spent 'my time in that bath, among a great 'many cavaliers and people of fashion, 'who were thus marked and designed 'for ransom; and though we were some-'times, nay, almost always exposed 'to hunger and nakedness, nothing 'gave us so much pain, as to hear and 'see, upon every occasion, the new 'and unheard of cruelties which my 'master exercised upon the Christians. 'He was every day hanging one, im-'paling another, maiming a third, 'upon such slight occasions, frequently 'without any cause assigned, that the 'Turks themselves owned he acted 'thus out of mere wantonness or bar-'barity, as being naturally of a savage 'disposition, and an inveterate enemy 'to the whole human race. The per-'son who used the greatest freedom 'with him was a Spanish soldier, 'called such-a-one de Saavedra; who,

'though

'though he did many things which 'thoſe people will not ſoon forget, in 'attempting to regain his liberty, he 'never gave him one blow, nor or- 'dered him once to be chaſtiſed, nor 'even chid him with one haſty word; 'and yet the leaſt of all his pranks 'was ſufficient, as we thought, to 'bring him to the ſtake: nay, he 'himſelf was more than once afraid 'of being impaled alive. If time 'would permit, I could here recount 'ſome of that ſoldier's actions, which 'perhaps, might entertain and ſur- 'prize you more than the relation of 'my own ſtory.

'But to return to the thread of my 'narration: juſt over the yard of our 'priſon were the windows of a rich 'and principal Moor; but, according 'to the cuſtom of the country, they 'were rather like peep-holes than win- 'dows, and even theſe covered with 'very thick and cloſe lattices. One 'day I chanced to be on the terrace of 'our gaol, with three of my companions, 'paſſing the time in trying which of 'us could leap fartheſt in our ſhack- 'les, the reſt of the Chriſtians being 'gone out to work; I caſually lifted 'up my eyes, and perceived a cane 'with a handkerchief tied to it, held 'out at theſe little openings I have 'mentioned, and waving to and fro, 'as if by way of ſignal for ſome of us 'to go and catch it. This object was 'no ſooner obſerved, than one of my 'companions ran haſtily to the place 'that was directly under it, to ſee if 'the cane would be dropped, or what 'would be the conſequence; but when 'he arrived it was pulled up, and 'moved from one ſide to another, as if 'a man ſhould ſignify his diſſent from 'any propoſal, by ſhaking his head: 'when the Chriſtian returned, the cane 'was lowered again, with the ſame 'motion as at firſt, upon which an- 'other of our company tried the expe- 'riment, but ſucceeded no better than 'the firſt; a third went, and miſcar- 'ried like the other two. Obſerving 'their diſappointment, I was reſolved 'to try my fortune alſo; accordingly, 'I had no ſooner placed myſelf under 'the cane than it was dropped, and 'fell down within the bath, juſt at my 'feet. I ſnatched it up immediately, 'and untied the handkerchief, in 'which I found a knot containing ten 'zianiys, which are pieces of bad gold, 'current among the Moors, each of 'them valued at ten rials of our money. 'It would be ſuperfluous to ſay that I 'rejoiced at this windfall: indeed, my 'joy was equal to my ſurprize; for I 'could not conceive from whence that 'preſent could come, eſpecially to me, 'the circumſtance of the cane's being 'refuſed to every other perſon plainly 'ſhewing that the favour was intended 'for me. I pocketed this lucky ſum, 'broke the cane, returned to the terrace, 'and looked at the window, through 'which appeared a very white hand, 'that opened the lattice, and haſtily 'ſhut it again: from this circumſtance 'we underſtood, or at leaſt imagined, 'that we owed the preſent to ſome lady 'who lived in that houſe; and, in 'token of thanks, made our obeiſance 'in the Mooriſh manner, by bowing 'the head, bending the body, and 'croſſing the hands upon the breaſt. 'Soon after this ceremony, a ſmall 'croſs made of cane, was held out at 'the window, and immediately with- 'drawn: a ſignal which confirmed us 'in the opinion that we were be- 'friended by ſome Chriſtian woman, 'who lived as a ſlave in that houſe; 'but this ſuppoſition was changed, 'when we reflected upon the whiteneſs 'of the hand, and the bracelets which 'we had perceived; and then we 'concluded that ſhe muſt be one of 'thoſe Chriſtian renegades whom their 'maſters frequently take to wife; and 'even think themſelves fortunate in 'having ſuch an opportunity; for they 'eſteem them much more than the 'women of their own nation. But all 'our conjectures were wide of the truth.

'From this day forward, our whole 'entertainment was to gaze at the win- 'dow, as the north in which the ſtar 'of the cane had appeared; but full 'fifteen days elapſed, before we had 'another glimpſe either of that or the 'hand, or indeed of any other ſignal; 'and during this interval, though we 'endeavoured by all the means in our 'power to learn who lived in that 'houſe, and whether or not there was a 'Chriſtian renegado in it, we never 'could get any other information, but 'that it belonged to a rich Moor of 'great note, called Agimorato, who 'had been alcaide of Pata, an office 'of great honour among that people;

but,

'but, when we leaſt expected another 'ſhower of zianiys, the cane re-'appeared all of a ſudden, with 'another handkerchief, and a larger 'knot than before, and this occurrence 'happened as formerly, when none but 'ourſelves were in the bath: we made 'the uſual experiment, each of my three 'companions, going towards it as at 'firſt without ſucceſs, until I approach-'ed, and then it was immediately 'dropped. I untied the knot, within 'which I found forty crowns in Spa-'niſh gold, and a paper written in 'Arabian characters, with a large croſs 'at the head of the page. I kiſſed the 'ſacred ſign, put up the money, re-'turned to the terrace, where we made 'our obeiſance; the hand appearing 'again, I made ſigns that I ſhould read 'the letter, and then the window was 'ſhut. We were equally pleaſed and 'perplexed at this event, for none of 'us underſtood Arabick; and although 'our impatience to know the contents 'of the paper was very great, the diffi-'culty of finding an interpreter was 'ſtill greater. At length I determined 'to truſt a renegade a native of Mur-'cia, who had profeſſed himſelf my 'friend, and given me ſuch pledges of 'his fidelity, as obliged him to keep 'any ſecret I ſhould think proper to 'impart: for thoſe renegades who in-'tend to return to Chriſtendom, uſually 'carry about with them certificates 'ſigned by the principal captives, at-'teſting in the moſt ample form they 'can deviſe, that ſuch a renegade is an 'honeſt man, who hath always been 'obliging to the Chriſtians, and is de-'ſirous of making his eſcape with the 'firſt opportunity. Some there are who 'procure theſe teſtimonials with a good 'intention, others uſe them occaſion-'ally, as the inſtruments of their 'craft: for, going to rob and plunder 'on the Chriſtian coaſts, if they ſhould 'chance to be ſhipwrecked or taken, 'they produce their certificates, and ob-'ſerve that theſe papers will ſhew the 'real deſign of their coming on a 'cruize with Turks, which was no 'other than to take the firſt occaſion of 'returning to their native country; by 'theſe means they eſcape the firſt fury 'of reſentment, and are reconciled to 'the church, without ſuffering the leaſt 'damage; but when they ſee their op-'portunity, they return to Barbary, 'and re-aſſume their former way of 'life; whereas thoſe who procure re-'commendations with a good deſign, 'make uſe of them accordingly, and 'remain in peace among the Chriſtains. 'Such a renegado was this friend, 'who had obtained certificates from all 'my companions, conceived in the 'ſtrongeſt terms of confidence and ap-'plauſe; for which, had he been de-'tected, the Moors would have burned 'him alive. I knew that he could 'both ſpeak and write the Arabian 'tongue; but, before I would diſcloſe 'the whole affair, I deſired him to read 'that paper which I had found by 'chance in a corner of my cabbin. He 'opened it accordingly, and having 'pored and peruſed it a good while, 'muttering between his teeth, I aſked 'if he underſtood the contents. He 'anſwered in the affirmative, bidding 'me, if I choſe to have the literal mean-'ing, furniſh him with pen and ink, 'that he might tranſlate it the more ex-'actly. I accordingly accommodated 'him with what he deſired; and when 'he had made an end of the tranſla-'tion at his own leiſure, he ſaid, "This "that I have written in Spaniſh is the "literal meaning of that Mooriſh pa-"per; and you are to take notice, that "whereſoever you meet with the words "Lela Marien, they ſignify our Lady "the Bleſſed Virgin."

'The paper contained theſe words—"When I was a child, my father had a "woman ſlave, who in my own lan-"guage taught me the Chriſtian wor-"ſhip, and told me divers things of "Lela Marien. This Chriſtian died, "and I am ſure her ſoul did not go to "the fire, but to Ala; for I ſaw her "twice after her death, and ſhe adviſed "me to go to the land of the Chriſti-"ans, where I ſhould ſee Lela Marien, "by whom I was beloved. I know "not which way to go; many Chriſ-"tians I have ſeen from this window, "but not one who ſeems ſo much a "gentleman as yourſelf. I am very "beautiful and young, and have a great "deal of money in my poſſeſſion. If "thou canſt find out any method of "carrying me to thy country, thou "ſhalt there be my huſband, if thou "art ſo inclined; but, if that be con-"trary to thy inclination, I ſhall not "be uneaſy, for Lela Marien will pro-"vide me with a ſpouſe. I write this

"with

" with my own hand; let nobody read " it, but such as you can trust. Be- " ware of the Moors, for they are al- " together deceitful; therefore I am " very much concerned, for I would " not have it disclosed to any person " whatever; because, if it should come " to my father's ears, he would instant- " ly cause me to be sunk in a well, and " covered with stones. I will fasten a " thread to the cane, to which thou " mayest tie thine answer; and if thou " hast not a proper person to write for " thee in Arabick, let me know by " signs; for Lela Marien will help me " to understand them. May she and " Ala preserve thee, by means of this " cross, which I often kiss, accord- " ing to the direction of my deceased " slave!"

' You may easily conceive, gentlemen, whether or not we were surprized and rejoiced at the contents of this paper. Indeed, the symptoms of joy and admiration appeared so plain in our behaviour, that the renegado suspected it was not found by accident, but actually written and addressed to one of our company. He accordingly intreated us to tell him if his conjecture was true, protesting that we might safely trust to his fidelity, and assuring us, if we would favour him with our confidence, he would venture his life in procuring our freedom. So saying, he pulled from his bosom a crucifix of metal, and with many tears, swore by the God represented under the form of that image, in whom he, though a wretched sinner, fully and faithfully believed, that he would be trusty and secret in every thing we should please to communicate; for he firmly believed, and as it were prognosticated, that by means of her who had written the paper, we should all obtain liberty, and he accomplish that which he had so much at heart, namely, his re-admission into the bosom of his holy mother church, from which he, through his ignorance and guilt, had been like a rotten member, divided and cut off. This declaration he made with so many tears and signs of repentance, that we unanimously agreed to intrust him with the affair, and accordingly gave him an account of every thing that had happened, without suppressing one circumstance; and shewed him the window at which the cane appeared: so that from thence he had took his mark of the house, resolving to inform himself, with great care and caution, of the name and quality of those who lived in it. Meanwhile, we were all of opinion, that there was a necessity for answering the billet; and there being a person present, who could perform that office, the renegado that instant wrote in Arabick what I dictated, which was literally as I shall now repeat, for of all the material circumstances of that affair, not one hath escaped my memory, which will retain them all to my last breath. In short, this was the answer which I sent to the beautiful Moor.

" MY DEAR LADY!

" MAYEST thou be protected by " the true Ala, and that blessed " Mary the real mother of God, who, " because she loves thee, hath put it into " thy heart to go to the land of Christians; beseech her therefore, that she " will be pleased to teach thee how thou " mayest obey her commands; for she " is so benevolent that she will grant " thy request. For my own part, and " in behalf of those who are my fellow prisoners, I promise to serve " thee with our whole power, even unto " death. Fail not to write and give " me notice of what thou shalt resolve " to do; and I will always answer " thy letters; for the great Ala hath " favoured us with the friendship of " a Christian captive, who can speak " and write thy language, as thou " wilt perceive by this paper; where- " fore thou mayest communicate thy " will and pleasure to us without fear. " As to thy offer of becoming my " wife, when thou shalt be safely set- " tled in the land of the Christians, I " pledge myself thine, on the faith of " a good Christian; and know, that " those of our religion perform their " promises more punctually than the " Moors. God, and his mother Ma- " ry, take my dear lady into their holy " protection!"

' This letter being written and sealed, I waited two days until the bath was empty, and then went to the usual place on the terrace, to look

' for

'for the cane, which in a little time 'appeared. I no sooner perceived the 'sign, though I could not see who made 'it, than I held up the letter to make 'her understand that she should fasten 'a thread to the cane; but that was al-'ready done, and I tied the paper to it 'accordingly. In a little time our star 'appeared again, loaded with the white 'flag of peace; which being dropped, 'I took it up, and found, in different 'coins of gold and silver, to the a-'mount of fifty crowns, which increased 'our satisfaction fifty-fold, and con-'firmed us in the hope of obtaining our 'freedom. That same night our rene-'gade returned, and told us, he was 'informed the house was inhabited by 'that same Moor I have mentioned 'under the name of Agimorato, who 'was excessively rich, and had only 'one daughter to inherit his whole for-'tune; that by the current report in 'the city, she was the most beautiful 'woman in Barbary; and that many 'of the viceroys who went thither, had 'demanded her in marriage, but she 'would never yield her consent; he like-'wise understood that she had once a 'Christian lover, who had died some 'time ago; so that all these circum-'stances agreed with the contents of 'her letter. We then consulted with 'the renegade about the means of trans-'porting ourselves with the Moorish 'lady, into Christendom; and, at 'length, we came to the resolution of 'waiting for another intimation from 'Zorayda, which is the name of her 'who now desires to be called Maria; 'for we plainly perceived, that by 'means of her, and no other, we should 'be enabled to surmount all the diffi-'culties that occurred.

'Having come to this determination, 'the renegado bid us give ourselves no 'uneasiness, for he would either procure 'our liberty or forfeit his own life. The 'bath being full of people during four 'days, no cane appeared all that time; at 'the end of which the usual solitude pre-'vailing, we perceived it with a hand-'kerchief so pregnant as to promise a 'most happy birth. I stood under it; 'the whole was dropped as usual, and 'I found in the handkerchief ano-'ther paper with one hundred crowns 'in gold, without any mixture of other 'coin. The renegade being then pre-'sent, we carried him to our cabbin, 'where we desired him to read the let-'ter, which he interpreted in these 'words.

"I Know not, dear Sir, how to give "directions about our passage in-"to Spain; nor hath Lela Marien told "me, though I have earnestly implored "her assistance. But what may be "easily effected is this: I will from this "window furnish you with a great "quantity of money; so that you may "ransom yourself and your compa-"nions; and going to the land of the "Christians, purchase a bark with "which you may return for the rest; "and you will find me in my father's "garden, which is by the gate of Bar-"bazon, close to the sea-side. There "I shall be during the whole summer, "with my father and servants; and "from thence you may, in the night, "carry me to the bark without fear. "But remember thou shalt be my hus-"band; otherwise I will pray to Ma-"rien to chastise thee. If thou canst "depend upon no other person for pur-"chasing the bark, ransom thyself for "that purpose. I know thou wilt be "more apt than any other body to re-"turn, because thou art a gentleman "and a Christian. Be sure to inform "thyself well about the garden. When "I see thee walking where thou art at "present, I shall know the bath is "empty, and provide thee with more "money. Ala preserve thee, my dear "gentleman!"

'These were the contents and pur-'port of the second paper; which being 'read in presence of us all, each pro-'posed himself as the person to be ran-'somed, promising to go and return 'with the utmost punctuality; I like-'wise offered myself for that purpose. 'But the renegado opposed the propo-'sal; saying, that he could by no 'means consent that one should be set 'free, before we had all obtained our li-'berty: because experience had taught 'him, how ill those who are free per-'form the promises they have made in 'their captivity; for prisoners of note 'had often practised the expedient of 'ransoming one of their number, to go 'to Valencia or Majorca, with money 'to purchase an armed bark, and re-'turn for his companions, but they 'never saw his face again; for hav-'ing

'ing once obtained his own liberty, the 'dread of losing it again, by returning, 'blots all manner of obligations out of 'his remembrance. As a confirmation 'of the truth of what he alledged, he 'briefly recounted a case which had 'lately happened to some Christian 'gentlemen, attended with the strangest 'circumstances ever known even in 'these parts, where the most uncom-'mon and surprizing events occur al-'most every day. In short, he told 'us, the most practicable and prudent 'scheme was, to give him the money 'we should receive for our ransom, 'with which he would purchase a bark 'at Algiers, under pretence of be-'coming merchant, and trading to Te-'tuan, and the other places on that 'coast; and that being master of the 'vessel, he would soon contrive the 'means of disengaging us from the 'bath, and getting us all on board; 'especially if the Moorish lady should 'perform her promise in supplying us 'with money sufficient to pay the ran-'som of our whole company; in which 'case, being no longer slaves, we might 'embark with the greatest ease and 'safety, even at noon-day. The greatest 'difficulty that occurred, was the back-'wardness of the Moors, to allow a 'renegade to purchase or command a 'vessel, unless it be a large cruizer for 'pirating; because they suspect, espe-'cially if he be a Spaniard, that his 'sole motive in buying a small bark, is 'to make his escape into Christendom; 'but he undertook to remedy that in-'convenience, by giving a share of the 'bark and profits of the merchandize 'to a Tangarin Moor; by which means 'he should be master of the bark, and 'of consequence have it in his power 'to accomplish the whole affair.

'Although, in the opinion of me and 'my companions, there was no better 'plan than that of sending to Majorca 'for a bark, as the Moorish lady had 'proposed, we durst not contradict the 'sentiments of the renegade, lest he, 'being disobliged by our acting con-'trary to his intention, should make 'a discovery of our correspondence 'with the fair Moor, and endanger not 'only our lives, but also that of Zo-'rayda, for which we would have wil-'lingly sacrificed our own. We there-'fore determined to rely upon God and 'the renegado; and immediately wrote 'an answer to Zorayda, importing, that 'we would adhere in every thing to her 'advice, which was as prudent as if 'it had been dictated by Lela Marien; 'and that it depended solely upon her, 'either to hasten or retard the negocia-'tion; pledging my faith anew to be-'come her spouse. In consequence of 'this intimation, the very next day, 'when the bath happened to be empty, 'she, at different times, by means of 'the cane and handkerchief, transmit-'ted two thousand crowns in gold, 'with a paper signifying, that on the 'first Jama, which is Friday, she should 'set out for her father's garden, but be-'fore her departure, supply us with 'more money; and desired us to in-'form her, if we should find that in-'sufficient; for she would give us as 'much as we could desire, her father 'having such vast sums, that he would 'never be sensible of what she took, 'especially as all his keys were in her 'possession. We immediately accommo-'dated the renegado with five hundred 'crowns, for the purchase of the bark; 'with eight hundred more I ransomed 'myself, depositing the money with a 'Valentian merchant then residing at 'Algiers, who bargained for my ran-'som with the king, and obtained my 'freedom, upon giving his word to pay 'the money on the arrival of the first 'ship from Valencia; for, if he had paid 'it immediately, the king would have 'suspected that the ransom had been 'some time at Algiers, and that the 'merchant had hitherto detained it for 'his own convenience. In short, my 'master was so contentious, that I durst 'by no means disburse the money at 'once. On the Thursday before the 'fair Zorayda removed to her father's 'country house, she gave us another 'thousand crowns, and apprized us of 'her departure; intreating me, as soon 'as I should be ransomed, to make my-'self acquainted with her father's gar-'den, and find some opportunity of 'going thither to see her. I answered, 'in few words, that I would obey her 'in every thing, desiring she would fer-'vently recommend us to Lela Ma-'rien in all those prayers which she had 'learned of the slave.

'This affair being transacted, means 'were concerted for ransoming my three 'companions; lest, seeing me at liber-'ty and themselves confined, since I had

'money enough to procure their free-
'dom, they ſhould be chagrined and
'tempted by the devil to do ſomething
'to the prejudice of Zorayda; for, al-
'though their honour and integrity
'might have ſecured me againſt any
'ſuch apprehenſion, I would not run
'the ſmalleſt riſk, and therefore took
'care they ſhould be ranſomed by the
'ſame canal through which my liberty
'was obtained; depoſiting the whole
'ſum required in the merchant's hands,
'that he might with more certainty
'and confidence act the part of their
'bondſman; though we never diſcloſed
'to him our ſecret commerce with Zo-
'rayda, for fear of what might happen.'

CHAP. XIV.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE CAPTIVE'S ADVENTURES.

'BEFORE fifteen days had elap-
'ſed, our renegado had purchaſed
'a ſtout veſſel capable of containing thir-
'ty perſons at leaſt; and to ſecure what he
'had done with a favourable pretext, he
'made a voyage to a place called Sar-
'gel, about thirty leagues from Algiers,
'towards the coaſt of Oran, where there
'is a great traffick of dried figs; and he
'made two or three trips of this kind
'in company with the Tagarin Moor
'already mentioned. The Moors of
'Arragon are in Barbary called Taga-
'rins, and thoſe of Grenada go by the
'name of Mudajares; though theſe laſt
'are in the kingdom of Fez called
'Elches, being the people whom the
'king chiefly uſes in his wars. I ſay,
'then, in every paſſage, the renegado
'brought his bark to an anchor in a
'ſmall creek, within two bow ſhots of
'Agimorato's garden, and there pur-
'poſely employed himſelf and his
'Mooriſh rowers in practiſing the Za-
'la*, or attempted that in jeſt which he
'intended to execute in earneſt. He
'went frequently to Zorayda's garden,
'on pretence of aſking fruit, which he al-
'ways received from her father, though
'he did not know him; but although,
'as he afterwards owned, he wanted to
'ſpeak with Zorayda, and tell her that he
'was the perſon appointed by me to car-
'ry her off to the land of the Chriſtians,
'that ſhe might be ſatisfied and ſecure
'of his fidelity; he never had an op-
'portunity of executing his deſign, for
'the Mooriſh women avoid the ſight of
'their own countrymen and the Turks,
'unleſs when they are commanded to
'appear by their parents and huſbands:
'though they talk and converſe with
'Chriſtian captives even more freely
'than decency allows. I ſhould have
'been very much concerned had he
'ſpoke with her, becauſe it would per-
'haps have given her great uneaſineſs
'to ſee renegades intruſted with the
'affair; but God, who ordained all for
'the beſt, gave him no opportunity of
'fulfilling his well-meaning intention.

'Perceiving how ſecurely he traded
'to and from Sargel, and anchored
'when, where, and how he pleaſed, his
'partner ſubmitting to his direction in
'all things; and that I being ran-
'ſomed, there was nothing wanted but
'ſome Chriſtians to row, he deſired me
'to pick out thoſe who ſhould accom-
'pany me excluſive of my friends who
'were ranſomed, and beſpeak them for
'the Friday following, which he had
'appointed for the day of our departure.
'Seeing him thus determined, I ſpoke to
'a dozen Spaniards, all of them able-
'bodied rowers, and people who could
'eaſily get out of the city; and indeed
'it was no ſmall difficulty to find ſo
'many at that conjuncture, for no
'fewer than twenty gallies being then
'out upon the cruize, almoſt all the
'rowers were employed; ſo that I ſhould
'not have found thoſe I have mentioned
'had not their maſter ſtaid at home that
'ſummer to finiſh a veſſel which he had
'on the ſtocks. All I ſaid to them was,
'that next Friday in the evening they
'ſhould ſlily ſlip out of the city one by
'one, and betake themſelves to Agimo-
'rato's garden, where they ſhould wait
'my coming; and I directed every one
'by himſelf, if he ſhould meet with
'other Chriſtians at the rendezvous, to
'ſay nothing but that I had ordered him
'to wait for me in that place.

'This point being ſettled, another
'precaution ſtill more neceſſary re-
'mained untaken; this was to adverti ſe
'Zorayda of the ſituation of our affairs,
'that ſhe might be prepared and guarded
'againſt ſurprize at our ſudden aſſault,
'before ſhe could think it poſſible that
'the Chriſtian bark was arrived. Re-

* Zala, or Sala, is the Mooriſh ſalutation,

'ſolved

'solved therefore to see and speak with 'her if possible one day before our de- 'parture, I went to the garden on pre- 'tence of gathering some herbs, and the 'first person I met was her father, who 'spoke to me in a language used 'through all Barbary, and even at 'Constantinople, between the captives 'and the Moors; it is neither Arabick 'nor Castilian, nor indeed peculiar to 'any nation, but a mixture of different 'tongues by which we may make shift to 'understand each other. I say, he asked 'in this sort of jargon who I was, and 'what I wanted in his garden? I an- 'swered that I was a slave belonging to 'Arnaute Mami, who I knew to be an 'intimate friend of his, and that I 'wanted a few herbs for a sallad. In 'consequence of this answer, he enquired 'whether or not I was to be ransomed, 'and what my master demanded for my 'freedom? And while we were thus 'conversing together, the fair Zorayda 'came out into the garden. She had 'already perceived me from a window 'of the house; and as the Moorish wo- 'men make no scruple of shewing 'themselves to Christians, with whom, 'as I have already observed, they are 'not at all shy, she without any hesita- 'tion walked towards the place where I 'was standing with her father, who no 'sooner saw her, than he called at a dis- 'tance desiring her to come up. It 'would be a difficult task for me at 'present to describe the exceeding beau- 'ty, the genteel mien, the gay and rich 'ornaments with which my beloved 'Zorayda then presented herself before 'mine eyes: I shall only observe, that 'the pearls about her beauteous neck 'and ears, out-numbered the hairs of her 'head. On her ancles, which were 'bare, according to the custom of the 'country, she wore carcaxes, (by which 'name the bracelets for the feet are 'called in the Morisco language) of 'the purest gold, set with such a quan- 'tity of diamonds, that she afterwards 'told me her father valued them at 'twenty thousand ducats; and those 'she wore upon her wrists were of equal 'richness. The pearls, though in such 'a vast number, were extremely fine; 'for the greatest pride and magnificence 'of the Moorish women lie in pearls 'and embroidery; consequently there 'is a greater quantity of pearls and 'seed-pearl in Barbary than in all the 'other nations of the world, and Zo- 'rayda's father had the reputation of 'possessing the greatest number and the 'best in Algiers, together with a for- 'tune of two hundred thousand Spanish 'crowns, of all which she who is now 'mine was once mistress. Whether 'with the assistance of all these orna- 'ments she appeared beautiful or not, 'and what she must have been in her 'prosperity, may be conjectured by what 'remains after the great fatigues she 'hath undergone; for it is well known 'that the beauty of some women hath 'it's days and seasons, and is diminished 'or increased according to the circum- 'stances that happen; being improved 'or impaired, nay, often totally de- 'stroyed, by the passions of the mind. 'In short, she approached in all the 'pomp of dress, and all the excess of 'beauty; at least to me she seemed the 'most beautiful creature I had ever 'seen; which circumstance, joined to 'the obligation I lay under, made me 'look upon her as an angel sent from 'heaven for my delight and deliverance. 'When she came up, her father told 'her in their own language that I was 'a captive belonging to his friend Ar- 'naute Mami, and had come for a sal- 'lad; upon which she took up the dis- 'course, and in that jumble of lan- 'guages before-mentioned, asked if I 'was a gentleman, and why I did not 'ransom myself? I answered that I 'was already ransomed, and that she 'might see in what esteem I was with 'my master by the sum he received for 'my freedom, which was no less than 'fifteen hundred sultanins. To this 'observation she replied, "Truly, if "thou hadst belonged to my father, he "should not have parted with thee for "twice the sum; for you Christians al- "ways dissemble, and call yourselves "poorer than you really are, with a "view of imposing upon the Moors." —"That may be sometimes the case, "Madam," said I, "but I adhered to "the truth in bargaining with my ma- "ster, and will deal honestly with all "mankind." She then asked how 'soon I intended to depart: and I an- 'swered, "To-morrow, I believe; there "is a French ship in the harbour to "sail in the morning, and I have some "thoughts of taking my passage on "board of her."—"Had not you better "stay till the arrival of a vessel from

" Spain," ſaid Zorayda, " than truſt " yourſelf with the French, who are " no good friends of your's?"—" No, " Madam," anſwered I; " though, as " there is a Spaniſh ſhip expected, if " ſhe arrives immediately, I believe I " ſhall wait for her; but it is more likely " that I ſhall ſail to-morrow; for the de- " ſire I have to ſee myſelf in my native " country with thoſe I love, is too ſtrong " to let me wait for any other conveni- " ence, let it be ever ſo good."—" With- " out doubt," ſaid Zorayda, " thou " art married in thy own country, and " therefore deſirous of being with thy " wife?"—" I am not yet wedded," ' I replied; " but under promiſe of be- " ing married at my return."—' And " is the woman beautiful to whom " thou haſt pledged thy faith?" ſaid ' ſhe. " So-beautiful," anſwered I, " that, to compliment her, and tell " thee the truth, ſhe is the exact reſem- " blance of thyſelf."

' Her father laughed heartily at this ' declaration, ſaying, " Truly, Chriſ- " tian, ſhe muſt be very handſome in- " deed, if ſhe reſembles my daughter, " who is the moſt beautiful woman in " this kingdom: look at her, and thou " wilt ſee whether or not I ſpeak truth."

' In the greateſt part of this conver- ' ſation, Agimorato ſerved as in- ' terpreter for his daughter, he being ' better acquainted with this ſpurious ' language, which though ſhe under- ' ſtood a little in conſequence of it's ' being much ſpoke among the Moors, ' ſhe explained her meaning by ſigns, ' oftener than by words.

' While we were engaged in this ' and other ſuch converſation, a Moor ' ran towards us, crying aloud, that ' four Turks having got through the ' pales, or leaped over the garden wall, ' were gathering the fruit, though it ' was not yet ripe. At this informa- ' tion the old man and Zorayda ſtarted; ' for the Moors are commonly, and as ' it were, naturally, afraid of the Turks, ' eſpecially the ſoldiers, who are ſo in- ' ſolent and imperious to their Mooriſh ' ſubjects, that they treat them worſe ' than if they were ſlaves. Accordingly, ' the father ſaid to Zorayda, " Daugh- " ter, retire to the houſe, and lock thy- " ſelf up, while I go and talk to thoſe " dogs; and thou Chriſtian," (turning ' to me) " gather thy herbs, and depart " in peace; and Ala ſend thee ſafe into " thy own country!" I made my ' obeyſance, and he went in ſearch of ' the Turks, leaving me alone with ' Zorayda, who pretended to go home- ' ward according to her father's deſire; ' but no ſooner was he out of ſight, ' among the trees of the garden, than ' ſhe came back, with her eyes drowned ' in tears, ſaying, " Amexi, Chriſtiano, " amexi!" the ſignification of which ' addreſs is, " Thou art going away, " Chriſtian, thou art going away!"— " Yes, Madam," anſwered I, " but by " no means without you: on the next Ja- " ma expect me, and be not afraid when " you ſee us; for we ſhall certainly " go to the land of the Chriſtians." I ' made ſhift to expreſs myſelf in ſuch ' a manner, that ſhe underſtood this, ' and every thing elſe that I ſaid; and ' throwing her arm about my neck, ' began to walk towards the houſe, ' with a ſlow and faultering pace: but ' it pleaſed fortune, which might have ' proved very unlucky, had not Heaven ' otherwiſe ordained, that while we ' walked in this attitude, with her arm ' about my neck, we were obſerved by ' her father, on his return from having ' ſent away the Turks; and we imme- ' diately perceived ourſelves diſcovered. ' Nevertheleſs, Zorayda, prompted by ' her diſcretion and preſence of mind, ' would not take her arm from my ' neck; but, on the contrary, coming ' cloſer to me, let her head drop upon ' my boſom, and her knees ſunk under ' her, as if ſhe was fainting; while I ' ſeemed to ſupport her with a ſort of ' ſtrained civility.

' The father ſeeing his daughter in ' this ſituation, ran towards us with ' great concern, and aſked what was ' the matter: but ſhe making no reply, " Doubtleſs," ſaid he, " ſhe hath " fainted with the fright occaſioned by " the inſolence of thoſe dogs." Then, ' taking her out of my arms, he ſup- ' ported her in his own; while ſhe, ' fetching a deep ſigh, the tears ſtill ' continuing in her eyes, repeated, " Amexi, Chriſtiano, amexi!——Be- " gone, Chriſtian, begone."—" There " is no neceſſity for the Chriſtian's " departure," ſaid the father, " he hath ' done thee no harm; and as the " Turks are gone already, be not diſ- " turbed: thou haſt no cauſe to be " uneaſy; for as I have already ſaid, " the Turks, at my entreaty, went out

" as

" as they had come in."—" Indeed, " Sir," ſaid I, " they have diſcompoſed " her very much, as you obſerve; " but ſince ſhe deſires me to go, I will " not ſtay to give offence. Peace be " with you! I will, with your permiſ- " ſion, return to this garden for herbs, " if they ſhould be wanted; for my " maſter ſays there are none better to be " found in any other place."—" Thou " mayeſt come as often as thou wilt," ' anſwered Agimorato: " what my " daughter ſays is not out of reſent- " ment againſt thee or any other " Chriſtian; but inſtead of bidding the " Turks begone, ſhe applied the words " to thee, or elſe thought it was time " for thee to go and gather thy herbs." ' I then took leave of them both; and ' ſhe, as if her ſoul had been rent from ' her body, went away with her father; ' while I, on pretence of culling my ' ſallad, went round the whole garden ' at my pleaſure, obſerving all the en- ' tries and outlets, together with the ' ſtrength of the houſe, and every con- ' venience that might tend to facilitate ' our purpoſe.

' Having thus reconnoitered, I went ' and communicated my obſervations ' to the renegado and the reſt of my ' companions, longing eagerly for the ' hour of ſeeing myſelf in peaceable ' poſſeſſion of the bleſſing which for- ' tune preſented in the beauteous and ' charming Zorayda. At length the ' intervening time elapſed, and the long- ' wiſhed-for day and period arrived, ' when all of us, following the order ' and plan which had been often can- ' vaſſed, and at laſt ſettled, after the ' moſt mature deliberation, our deſires ' were happily accompliſhed. On the ' Friday after I had ſpoke with Zo- ' rayda, Morrenago, which was the ' renegade's name, anchored his bark, ' at night-fall, oppoſite to the place ' where my charming miſtreſs reſided; ' and the Chriſtians who were to row, ' in conſequence of my directions, lay ' already concealed in different corners, ' all around the place, waiting for me ' with impatience, joy, and deſire of ' attacking the veſſel which was in ' view; for they were ignorant of our ' confederacy with the renegade, and ' believed that they muſt win and main- ' tain their liberty by force of arms, in ' killing all the Moors who belonged ' to the bark; wherefore, as ſoon as I ' and my companions appeared, thoſe ' who were hid came and joined us im- ' mediately, about the time when the ' city gates were ſhut, ſo that not a ſoul ' was to be ſeen in the fields. Being ' all met together, we were in ſome ' doubt whether we ſhould go immedi- ' ately for Zorayda; or firſt of all ſe- ' cure the Mooriſh rowers belonging to ' the bark. While we heſitated on this ' point, the renegado arriving, aſked ' what we waited for; obſerving, that ' now was the time, the Moors being ' altogether unguarded, and the greateſt ' part of them actually aſleep. We ' told him the ſubject of our doubt; ' upon which he aſſured us, that it was ' of the greateſt conſequence to make ' ourſelves firſt maſters of the bark, a ' precaution which might be eaſily ta- ' ken, without running the leaſt hazard, ' and then we could go in queſt of Zo- ' rayda, with greater ſecurity. His ad- ' vice was unanimouſly approved; and ' therefore without farther delay, we ' followed him as guide to the veſſel, ' into which he leaped, and drawing a ' ſcymitar, called in the Mooriſh lan- ' guage, " Let none of you ſtir on " pain of death." The Chriſtians ' were at his back in an inſtant; while ' the Moors being naturally puſillani- ' mous, hearing their maſter talk in this ' manner, were ſeized with conſterna- ' tion: and as there were few or no ' arms on board, ſuffered themſelves, ' without the leaſt reſiſtance, to be fet- ' tered by the Chriſtians, who per- ' formed this office with infinite dexte- ' rity and diſpatch, threatening to put ' them all to the ſword, if any one of ' them ſhould raiſe his voice, or attempt ' to make the leaſt noiſe.

' This ſcheme being executed, we ' left one half of our number to guard ' them, and with the reſt, uſing the re- ' negado ſtill as our guide, went to ' Agimorato's garden door, which for- ' tunately opened with as much eaſe as ' if it had not been locked; ſo that, ' without being perceived, we proceeded ' to the houſe with great ſilence and ' compoſure. The adorable Zorayda, ' who ſtood waiting for us at a window, ' no ſooner perceived people at the door, ' than ſhe aſked with a low voice, if we ' were Nazarini? which in their lan- ' guage ſignifies Chriſtians. I replied in ' the affirmative, deſiring her to come ' down; when ſhe knew my voice, ſhe ' made

'made no delay, but without anſwer-
'ing one ſyllable, came down in a mo-
'ment, opened the door, and appeared
'ſo beautiful and richly dreſſed, as to
'ſurpaſs all deſcription. Tranſported
'at the ſight, I took her hand and kiſſ-
'ed it moſt devoutly; the renegado
'and my two companions did the
'ſame; and the reſt, though ignorant
'of the occaſion, followed our ex-
'ample, thinking we expreſſed our
'thanks and acknowledgments to her
'as the inſtrument of our deliverance.
'The renegado aſked, in the Moriſco
'tongue, if her father was in the
'houſe: and ſhe aſſuring him, that he
'was aſleep in his own apartment;
"Then it will be neceſſary," ſaid Mor-
'renago, "to wake and carry him off,
"together with every thing of value,
"in this agreeable habitation."—
"Touch not my father," ſaid ſhe,
"and take my word for it there is no-
"thing valuable in this houſe but what
"I have ſecured, which is enough to
"make you all rich and happy; ſtay
"a little, and thou ſhalt ſee."

'So ſaying, ſhe went back into the
'houſe, proteſting ſhe would immedi-
'ately return, and deſiring us to make
'no noiſe. I then aſked the renegade
'what had paſſed between them, and
'when he told me, charged him to do
'nothing that ſhould be diſagreeable
'to Zorayda, who ſoon returned with
'a coffer ſo full of golden crowns, that
'ſhe could ſcarce ſupport the weight.
'But our evil fortune ordained that her
'father ſhould wake in the interim,
'and hear a noiſe in the garden; upon
'which he ſtarted up, and running to
'the window, no ſooner perceived that
'we were all Chriſtians, than he began
'to bawl in Arabick with vaſt vocif-
'eration, "Chriſtians! Chriſtians!
"thieves! thieves!" and his cries
'threw us all into the utmoſt terror
'and confuſion; however, the rene-
'gado ſeeing the danger we were in,
'and how much it imported him to at-
'chieve the enterprize without being
'detected, ran up to Agimorato, with
'infinite agility, being accompanied
'with ſome others of our company,
'as I could not leave Zorayda, who by
'this time had fainted in my arms; in
'ſhort, thoſe who entered the houſe
'managed him ſo well, that in a mo-
'ment they brought him down with
'his hands tied, and an handkerchief
'in his mouth, to hinder him from cry-
'ing, threatening all the while, that if
'he preſumed to ſpeak, it would coſt
'him his life. His daughter covered
'her eyes, that ſhe might not ſee her
'father in that condition; while he was
'aſtoniſhed at ſight of her, little think-
'ing how willingly ſhe had put herſelf
'in our power, and our feet being then
'more neceſſary than our hands, we,
'with great induſtry and diſpatch, re-
'turned to the veſſel, where we were
'expected with impatience by thoſe we
'had left, who had began to fear we
'had met with ſome miſchance.

'Before two hours of the night had
'elapſed, we were all ſafe on board,
'where we untied the hands of Zo-
'rayda's father, and took the hand-
'kerchief out of his mouth; though
'the renegado commanded him again to
'be ſilent, on pain of death. Seeing his
'daughter alſo in our power, he began
'to ſigh moſt bitterly, more eſpecially
'as he perceived her lie quietly in my
'arms, without reſiſting, complaining,
'or the leaſt appearance of conſtraint;
'but he was fain to hold his tongue,
'leſt the renegado ſhould put his re-
'peated threats in execution. Zorayda
'now ſeeing us embarked, and on the
'point of manning the oars, while her
'father and the other Moors remained
'fettered, as priſoners among us, bade
'the renegado deſire, in her name, that
'I would be ſo good as to diſmiſs the
'Moors, and ſet her father at liberty;
'for ſhe would rather throw herſelf in-
'to the ſea, than behold a parent, who
'loved her ſo much, dragged into cap-
'tivity on her account. Morrenago
'having made me acquainted with her
'requeſt, I conſented to the propoſal; but
'he ſaid it was by no means expedient,
'becauſe, ſhould we leave them there,
'they would inſtantly alarm both town
'and country; ſo that ſome light fri-
'gates would be ſent out in purſuit of
'us, and then we ſhould be ſo beſet,
'both by ſea and land, that it would be
'impoſſible for us to eſcape; he pro-
'poſed therefore, to ſet them at liberty
'on the firſt Chriſtian land he ſhould
'make. We were all of the ſame opi-
'nion, which was alſo embraced by
'Zorayda, to whom he imparted the
'reaſons which hindered us from com-
'plying immediately with her deſire;
'then each of our valiant rowers laid
'hold of his oar with joy, ſilence, and
'alacrity,

'alacrity, and recommending ourselves to the protection of God, we took our departure, directing our course towards the island of Majorca, which was the nearest Christian land; but, the north wind beginning to blow, and the sea becoming rough, it was impossible to steer our course, and we were obliged to row along shore towards Oran, not without great apprehension of being discovered from the town of Sargel, which lies upon that coast, about sixty miles from Algiers; we were also afraid of meeting, in those parts, with some of the gallies which frequently come thither from Tetuan to trade; though each of us singly, and all of us together, presumed, that if we could fall in with a merchant-vessel not fitted out, or manned for a corsair, far from losing our liberty again, we should make ourselves masters of a ship in which we might perform our voyage with more security. While we thus coasted along, Zorayda lay with her head in my bosom, that she might not see her father in distress; and I could hear her imploring Lela Marien to assist us in our design.

'When we had rowed about thirty miles, day-breaking discovered that we were about three gun shots distant from the shore of a desart country, where not a soul appeared to detect us; but, for all that, we plied hard to get a little farther off to sea, which was now somewhat calmer; and having made about two leagues, directed the men to row by turns, that we might refresh ourselves with the provisions, of which we had plenty in the bark; but the rowers said, it was then no time to be idle, and desired the rest to bring them victuals, which they would eat while at work, protesting that they would by no means quit their oars; this hint was accordingly taken, and a fresh gale springing up, we were obliged to lay aside our oars, and make sail directly for Oran; for it was impossible to follow any other course. All this was done with great expedition; we sailed at the rate of eight miles in an hour, without any other dread than that of falling in with some corsair. We ordered some victuals to be given to the Moors, who were consoled by the renegado's telling them, that they were not slaves, and 'should have their freedom with the 'first opportunity; the same declaration he made to Zorayda's father, 'who answered, "I might expect any "other favour from your generosity and "courteous behaviour, O Christians! "but, you must not think me so simple "as to believe you will give me my free-"dom; for you would never have run "such risk in depriving me of it, with "a view of restoring it so liberally; "especially when you know who I am, "and the advantage you may reap from "my ransom, which, if you will now "propose, I here promise to pay your "utmost demand, for myself and this "unhappy daughter, or for her alone, "who is the better part of my "soul!"

'So saying, he wept with such bitterness, as moved us all to compassion, and obliged Zorayda to lift up her eyes; when seeing the tears trickle down from his aged cheeks, she was melted, and rising from the place where I supported her, went to embrace her father; then joining her face to his, the two uttered such a tender lamentation, as drew tears of sympathy from the eyes of almost all those who heard it: but, when Agimorato perceived her so gayly dressed, with all her jewels about her, he said with some surprize, in their language, "What is the meaning of this finery, "my child? Last night, before this "terrible misfortune happened, I saw "thee in thy ordinary and common "dress; but now, though thou hadst "neither time, nor any happy tidings "to solemnize with such ornaments and "finery, I see thee decked in all the rich-"est apparel I could contrive or bestow "upon thee, while fortune was much "more favourable than at present! An-"swer me in this particular, at which "I am more concerned and surprized, "than at the mishap which hath be-"fallen us?" The renegado interpreted to us all that the Moor said to his daughter, who made no answer to his question; but when he saw on one side of the bark the coffer in which she used to keep her jewels, which he knew he had left at Algiers, when he moved to his country house; he was still more confounded, and asked how that casket had fallen into our hands, and what it contained. To this question the renegado replied,

'without

‘ withoutwaiting for Zorayda’sanſwer; “ You need not weary yourſelf, Signior, in putting ſo many queſtions to “ your daughter; for I can ſatisfy you “ in one word: know, then, that Zorayda is a Chriſtian; that ſhe hath “ filed off our chains, and converted “ our captivity into freedom; that ſhe “ came hither of her own accord, and “ is now, I believe, as well ſatisfied “ with her preſent condition as one delivered from darkneſs to light, from “ death to life, and from affliction to “ triumph.”—“ Daughter!” cried the ‘ Moor, “ is that which he affirms “ true?”—“ Yes,” replied Zorayda. “ That thou art actually a Chriſtian, “ and the very perſon who hath put “ thy father into the hands of his ene“ mies?” reſumed the old man. “ I “ am a Chriſtian, ’tis true,” ſaid Zo‘ rayda, “ but not the perſon who re“ duced you to this ſituation; for my “ deſire never extended ſo far as either “ to leave or render you unhappy, my “ ſole intention being to provide for my “ own welfare.”—“ And how haſt “ thou provided for it, my child?” ‘ replied the father. “ Put that queſ“ tion to Lela Marien,” ſaid ſhe, “ who “ will inform you better than I can.”

‘ Scarce had theſe words reached ‘ the ears of Agimorato, than, with ‘ incredible agility, he darted himſelf ‘ headlong into the ſea; where, with‘ out all doubt, he muſt have periſh‘ ed, had not his large entangling ‘ robes helped to keep him afloat. ‘ Zorayda ſhrieking, begged we would ‘ ſave her father; upon which we all ‘ exerted ourſelves, and laying hold ‘ of his upper garment, pulled him ‘ on board, already half drowned, and ‘ deprived of all ſenſation; when ſhe ‘ was ſo much affected with his con‘ dition, that ſhe uttered a moſt ten‘ der and doleful lamentation over ‘ him, as if he had been actually dead. ‘ Having turned him upon his face, ‘ a great quantity of water ran out of ‘ his mouth, and he recovered the uſe ‘ of his ſenſes, in the ſpace of two ‘ hours, during which, the wind ſhift‘ ing, we were driven towards the ‘ ſhore, and by main dint of row‘ ing kept from running aground; ‘ but by good fortune, we arrived in ‘ a creek formed by a ſmall creek or ‘ promontory, known among the ‘ Moors by the name of Cava Rumia, ‘ which ſignifies, the wicked Chriſtian ‘ woman; there being a tradition a‘ mong them, that Cava*, on whoſe ‘ account they loſt their poſſeſſions in ‘ Spain, is interred in that place; for ‘ Cava, in their language, implies a ‘ wicked woman, and Rumia, ſignifies Chriſtian: ſo that they look ‘ upon it as a bad omen, when they ‘ are obliged, by neceſſity, to drop ‘ anchor here; and, except in caſes of ‘ emergency, they never attempt it: ‘ though to us, it was by no means ‘ the ſhelter of a wicked woman, but ‘ a ſecure harbour in ſtormy wea‘ ther. Having placed centinels on ‘ ſhore, without quitting our oars, we ‘ made another meal of what the rene‘ gado had provided; and prayed ‘ heartily to God and the bleſſed Vir‘ gin, to favour and aſſiſt us, in bring‘ ing ſuch a fortunate beginning to a ‘ happy concluſion. We then deter‘ mined, at the intreaty of Zorayda, to ‘ ſet her father and the Moors, whom ‘ we had fettered, on ſhore, becauſe ‘ ſhe had not reſolution enough, nor ‘ could her tender diſpoſition endure ‘ to ſee her parent and countrymen in ‘ the condition of captives; we ac‘ cordingly promiſed to gratify her ‘ deſire, at our departure, ſince we ‘ ran no riſk in ſetting them at liberty ‘ in that uninhabited place.

‘ Our prayers were not ſo vain as to ‘ be rejected by Heaven, that ſent a ‘ favourable wind and a ſmooth ſea, ‘ inviting us to proceed with alacrity ‘ in the voyage we had undertaken. ‘ This we no ſooner perceived, than ‘ unbinding the Moors, we put them ‘ all on ſhore, one by one, to their no ‘ ſmall aſtoniſhment: but, when we ‘ came to diſmiſs Zorayda’s father, ‘ who by this time had recovered the ‘ entire uſe of his ſenſes, “ Chriſtians, ‘ ſaid he, “ do you think that bad wo“ man rejoices at my freedom through “ filial piety? No ſurely! but merely “ to be rid of the check which ſhe “ would receive from my preſence, in “ ſeeking to gratify her vicious de-

* Cava, or Caba, daughter of Count Julian, Count of Ceuta, was violated by Roderick king of Spain; and, in order to revenge this injury, the father called the Saracens into that kingdom, in the year 712.

“ ſires,

"fires. Do not imagine that she hath "been induced to change her religion, because she believes that the "Christian faith is preferable to ours? "No; she hath apostatized, because "she understood that, in your country, "she might indulge her loose inclinations more freely than in her own." 'Then turning to Zorayda, while I 'and another Christian held him fast, 'that he might not commit some desperate action, he said, "O infamous wretch, and ill-advised "maiden! what blindness and distraction hath prompted thee to put "thyself in the power of these dogs, "who are all our natural foes? Curs-"ed be the hour in which thou wast "engendered! and cursed be the gaiety "and indulgence in which I brought "thee up!"

'Perceiving that there was no likelihood of his ending his exclamations for some time, I presently set him on shore, where he proceeded with his reproaches, imprecations, 'and complaints, imploring the mediation of Mahomet with Ala, 'to confound, overwhelm, and destroy us: and when we had sailed 'out of hearing, we could perceive 'him act his despair, pulling his 'beard, and rolling himself upon the 'ground; nay, once he raised his 'voice in such a manner, that we 'could distinctly hear him pronounce, "Return, my beloved daughter! re-"turn to the shore; I forgive all that "is past: leave with these men the "money which they already have in "their possession, and return to com-"fort thy disconsolate father, who, if "thou forsakest him, will lie down "and breathe his last upon this bar-"ren sand!" This pathetick address 'was heard by Zorayda, who lament-'ed his affliction with the utmost sen-'sibility, though she could make no 'other reply than this: "Ala grant, my "dear father, that Lela Marien, who "was the cause of my conversion, "may console you in your distress! "Ala knows, I could not do other-"wise than I have acted, and that "these Christians owe nothing to any "particular good-will I bore them; "for if I had not assisted and accom-"panied them in their escape, but re-"mained at home with you, it would "have been impossible for me, in "consequence of the earnest solici-"tations of my own soul, to execute "that which, in my opinion, is as "righteous as it is infamous and "wicked in yours." But these 'words never reached the ears of her 'father, whom by this time we could 'not perceive: I therefore endeavour-'ed to console my amiable mistress; 'while the rest were intent upon our 'voyage, which was so much favoured 'by a fair wind, that we laid our ac-'count with being next day on the 'coast of Spain.

'But, as good fortune seldom comes 'pure and single, unattended or un-'pursued by some troublesome and un-'expected circumstance, it was or-'dained by Heaven, (perhaps, in con-'sequence of the curses imprecated by 'the Moor upon his daughter; for 'such curses are to be dreaded, let the 'parent be what he will:) I say, Heaven 'ordained, that when we were a good 'way off at sea, with a flowing sheet, 'three hours of the night being al-'ready spent, the oars lashed up, be-'cause the fair wind made it unne-'cessary to use them, and the moon 'shining with remarkable brightness; 'we perceived a large round vessel 'with all her sails out, steering a little 'upon the wind, right athwart our 'hause, and so near that we were 'obliged to shorten sail, that she 'might not run foul of us, while she 'clapped her helm a-weather that we 'might have time to pass: those upon 'deck hailed us, asking who we were, 'whence we came, and whither bound; 'but, as they spoke in French, the 'renegado said, "Let no man an-"swer; these are French privateers, "who make prize of every thing that "falls in their way."

'Thus cautioned, we made no re-'ply, but sailed on, leaving the ship 'a little to windward; when all of a 'sudden, they discharged two pieces 'of cannon, loaded, in all appear-'ance, with chain-shot: for one of 'them cut away our mast in the middle, 'which, with the sail, fell overboard 'into the sea; and the other coming a 'moment after, took us amidships, 'and laid the side of the bark entirely 'open, without doing any other mis-'chief. Seeing ourselves going to the 'bottom, we began to cry aloud for 'assistance, beseeching the people in 'the ship to save us from perishing; 'then they brought to, and hoisting

'out their boat or pinnace, it was 'instantly manned by a dozen of 'Frenchmen, well armed with their 'muskets, and lighted match, who 'rowing up to us, and seeing how few 'we were, as also that our bark was 'on the point of foundering, took us 'in, observing that this misfortune 'had happened, because we had been 'so uncivil as to refuse an answer to 'their hail: while the renegado, with-'out being perceived, took up the 'coffer in which Zorayda's treasure 'was contained, and threw it into 'the sea. In short, we went on board 'with the French; who, when they 'had informed themselves of every 'thing we could impart, for their 'purpose; as if they had been our 'enemies, plundered us of all that we 'had, taking from Zorayda the very 'bracelets she wore upon her ancles. 'But their behaviour to her gave me 'the more anxiety, as I was afraid 'that, after having pilfered all her 'rich and precious jewels, they would 'proceed to rob her of that which was 'of greater value, and which she her-'self esteemed infinitely more than all 'the rest: but the desires of those 'people extend no farther than to 'money, and with that they can 'never satiate their avarice, which 'then engrossed them so much, that 'they would even have robbed us of 'the wretched garments we wore in 'our captivity, if they could have 'applied them to any sort of use; nay, 'some among them proposed to wrap 'us all together in a sail, and throw us 'into the sea; because they intended 'to trade in the ports of Spain, under 'pretence of being Bretons, and if 'they carried us thither alive, their 'depredation would be discovered, 'and themselves chastised accord-'ingly. But the captain, who had 'with his own hands rifled my be-'loved Zorayda, said, he was satis-'fied with the prize he had got, and 'resolved to touch at no port in Spain, 'but pass the Straits of Gibraltar in 'the night, or take the best oppor-'tunity of so doing that should occur, 'and return to Rochelle, from whence 'he had sailed on the cruize; they, 'therefore, agreed to give us their 'boat, with what necessaries we should 'want, to finish the little that re-'mained of our voyage: this promise 'they actually performed the next day, 'at a small distance from the Spanish 'coast, at sight of which, all our po-'verty and vexation vanished from 'our remembrance, as if we had never 'endured them; such is the transport 'occasioned by liberty regained! It 'might be about noon when we were 'put into the boat, with two casks of 'water and some biscuit; and the 'captain, moved to compassion at the 'distress of the lovely Zorayda, gave 'her to the amount of forty crowns 'in gold, and would not suffer his 'soldiers to strip her of the cloaths 'which she now wears: so that, at part-'ing, instead of complaining of the 'hard usage we met with, we thanked 'them kindly for the benefit we had 'received at their hands. They steered 'right before the wind for the Straits, 'while we, without minding any other 'compass than that of the land that 'appeared a-head, plied our oars so vi-'gorously, that at sun-set we were near 'enough to conclude, that we could 'easily reach the shore before the night 'should be far advanced; but that 'night being dark, without any moon-'shine, and every body on board igno-'rant of the coast, some of our com-'pany judged it unsafe to row ashore, 'while others insisted upon our running 'that hazard, even if we should land 'among rocks, or in some uninhabited 'part of the country, that we might be 'secured from the just apprehension of 'meeting with some rovers from Tetu-'an, who are frequently in the begin-'ning of the night in Barbary, and in 'the morning on the Spanish coast, 'where having taken a prize, they re-'turn the same day, and sleep at home 'in their own houses. Of these con-'trary opinions, we chose that of rowing 'gently towards the shore, with intent, 'if the smoothness of the sea would 'permit, to land at the first convenient 'place. In consequence of this reso-'lution, a little before midnight we 'arrived at the foot of a huge and lofty 'mountain, though not so rocky to-'wards the sea but that there was a 'little space left for commodious land-'ing. The boat being run ashore, and 'all of us disembarked, we kissed the 'ground, and with tears of unutterable 'joy, returned sincere thanks to our 'gracious Lord, for his unparalleled 'protection vouchsafed to us in the

'voyage:

'voyage: then we took out the provi-
'ſion, and dragging her on ſhore, aſ-
'cended a vaſt way up the mountain;
'not being as yet able to quiet our ap-
'prehenſions, or perſuade ourſelves,
'though it actually was ſo, that the ſoil
'we trod was Chriſtian ground. The
'day broke much later than we could
'have wiſhed, and about this time we
'gained the ſummit of the mountain;
'purpoſing to look from thence for
'ſome village or ſhepherd-huts; but,
'although we viewed the whole coun-
'try around, we could neither diſcern
'village, houſe, highway, path, nor
'the leaſt trace of human footſteps.
'Nevertheleſs, we determined to pene-
'trate farther into the country, ſince
'it could not be long before we ſhould
'diſcover ſome perſon who would give
'information; but what gave me
'the greateſt concern was, to ſee Zo-
'rayda travelling on foot among the
'flinty rocks: for though I ſometimes
'took her on my ſhoulders, ſhe was
'much more fatigued with ſeeing me
'weary, than refreſhed by finding her-
'ſelf exempted from walking, and
'therefore would not allow me to take
'any more trouble of that kind, but
'proceeded with infinite chearfulneſs
'and patience, while I led her by the
'hand all the way.

'In this manner we had gone about
'a quarter of a league, when our ears
'were ſaluted by the ſound of a ſmall
'ſheep-bell, which was a ſure ſign of
'a flock's being ſomewhere not far off:
'looking therefore attentively to diſ-
'cover it, we perceived a young ſhep-
'herd, ſitting with great compoſure at
'the root of a cork-tree, ſmoothing a
'ſtick with his knife. When we call-
'ed to him he raiſed his head, and
'ſtarted nimbly up; and, as we after-
'wards underſtood, the renegade and
'Zorayda, who were in Mooriſh dreſs,
'being the firſt objects that preſented
'themſelves to his eyes, he thought all
'the corſairs of Barbary were upon
'him, and running with incredible
'ſwiftneſs into a wood that grew near
'the place where he was, he began to
'cry as loud as he could bawl, "The
"Moors! The Moors are landed! The
"Moors! The Moors! to arms, to
"arms!" Theſe exclamations threw
'us all into a perplexity; but reflecting
'that his cries would alarm the country,
'and that the cavalry of the coaſt would
'immediately come and ſee what was
'the matter; it was agreed, that the
'renegade ſhould pull off his Turkiſh
'robes, and put on a ſlave's jacket,
'with which one of our company ac-
'commodated him, though he himſelf
'remained in his ſhirt. This being
'done, we recommended ourſelves to
'God, and followed the ſame road
'which we ſaw the ſhepherd take, ex-
'pecting every moment to ſee our-
'ſelves ſurrounded by the cavalry of
'the coaſt. Neither were we deceived
'in our expectation; for in leſs than
'two hours, having croſſed thoſe thick-
'ets, and entered a plain on the other
'ſide, we deſcried about fifty horſemen
'riding briſkly towards us, at a hand-
'gallop; upon which we halted until
'they ſhould come up: but when they
'arrived, and inſtead of the Moors
'they came in queſt of beheld ſo many
'poor Chriſtian captives, they were
'utterly confounded; and one of them
'aſked, if we were the people who had
'been the occaſion of a ſhepherd's call-
'ing to arms. I anſwered in the affir-
'mative, and being deſirous of telling
'him who we were, whence we came,
'and what had happened to us, one
'of our company knew the horſeman
'who accoſted us, and without giving
'me time to ſpeak another word, ſaid,
"Thanks be to God, gentlemen, for
"having conducted us to ſuch an agree-
"able part of the country; for, if I am
"not miſtaken, the ground we now
"tread belongs to Velez Malaga—and,
"if the years of my captivity have not
"impaired my remembrance, you, Sig-
"nior, who aſk that queſtion, are Pedro
"Buſtamante, my uncle."

'Scarce had the captive pronounced
'theſe words, when the cavalier threw
'himſelf from his horſe, and ran to
'embrace the young man; ſaying,
"Dear nephew of my life and ſoul! I
"now recollect thee; thy ſuppoſed
"death has been mourned by myſelf,
"my ſiſter, thy mother, and all thy
"relations, who are ſtill alive; for
"Heaven hath been pleaſed to ſpare
"their lives, that they might enjoy the
"pleaſure of ſeeing thee again. I knew
"thou waſt at Algiers, and from the
"information of thy habit, and that
"of all your company, I gueſs you
"have made a miraculous eſcape."—
"Your conjecture is true," replied the
'young man, "and we ſhall have time

" to recount the particulars." As soon ' as the horsemen understood we were ' Christian captives, they alighted, and ' each of them made a tender of his ' horse to carry us to the city of Velez ' Malaga, which was about a league ' and a half from the place where they ' found us. Some of them went to ' bring the boat round to the city, after ' we had told them where she lay; others ' took us up behind them; and Zo- ' rayda rode with the Christian's uncle. ' All the people came out to receive us, ' being apprized of our arrival, by one ' of the troopers who had pushed on be- ' fore; not that they were surprized ' at the sight of the captives freed, or ' Moors in captivity, for the inhabi- ' tants on that coast are accustomed to ' see great numbers of both; but they ' were amazed at the beauty of Zo- ' rayda which was at that instant in full ' perfection, the fatigue of her jour- ' ney, co-operating with the joy she felt ' in seeing herself in a Christian coun- ' try, without the fear of being lost, ' having produced such a bloom upon her ' countenance, that, unless I was then ' prejudiced by my affection, I will ' venture to say, the world never pro- ' duced, at least I had never seen, a ' more beautiful creature.

' We went directly to church, to ' make our acknowledgments to God ' for his mercies; and as soon as Zo- ' rayda entered, she said she perceived ' some faces that resembled Lela Ma- ' rien: we told her these were the images ' of the blessed Virgin; and the rene- ' gado, as well as he could, informed ' her of their signification, that she might ' adore them, as if each was actually the ' person of Lela Marien, who had spoke ' to her; so that, having naturally a ' good understanding, with a docile and ' discerning disposition, she easily com- ' prehended what he said upon the sub- ' ject. From thence they conducted us ' to our lodgings in different families ' of the town; the renegado, Zorayda, ' and I, being invited by the Christian ' who escaped with us, to the house of ' his father, who was moderately pro- ' vided with the good things of this life, ' and treated us with the same affection ' he expressed for his own son. Six days ' we tarried at Velez, during which the ' renegado having informed himself of ' what was necessary for him to do, ' went to the city of Grenada, there, ' by means of the holy inquisition, to ' be re-admitted into the bosom of our ' most sacred church: the rest of our ' company departed, each for his own ' home; leaving Zorayda and me by ' ourselves, destitute of every thing but ' the few crowns which she received ' from the courtesy of the French cor- ' sair. With part of these I bought ' the animal on which she arrived at ' this inn, and hitherto have cherished ' her with the affection of a parent, ' and the service of a squire, without ' using the prerogative of a husband; ' we are now upon the road to the place ' of my nativity, to see if my father be ' still alive, and if either of my bro- ' thers has been more fortunate than ' myself; though, as heaven hath made ' Zorayda my companion for life, for- ' tune could not have possibly bestowed ' upon me any other favour which I ' should have valued at so high a rate. ' The patience with which she bears ' the inconveniences attending poverty, ' and the zeal she manifests to become ' a Christian, is so great and extraor- ' dinary, as to raise my admiration, ' and engage me to serve her all the ' days of my life; but the pleasure I ' take in this office, and in the prospect ' of seeing her mine, is disturbed and ' perverted, by reflecting that possibly ' in my own country I shall not find a ' corner in which I can shelter the dear ' object of my love; and that time or ' death may have made such alterations ' in the fortune and lives of my father ' and his other children, that I shall ' scarce meet with a soul that knows ' me.

' This, gentlemen, is the substance ' of my story; whether or not it be a- ' greeable and uncommon, I leave to ' the decision of your better judgment; ' assuring you, that I wish I could have ' related it more succinctly, though the ' fear of tiring you hath made me sup- ' press a good number of circumstances.'

CHAP. XV.

OF WHAT FARTHER HAPPENED AT THE INN, WITH MANY OTHER PARTICULARS WORTHY TO BE KNOWN.

HERE the captive left off speaking; and Don Fernando said to him, ' Really, Signior Captain, the novelty

' of

'of your strange adventures is equalled 'by your agreeable manner of relating 'them. Your whole story is uncom- 'mon, surprizing, and full of incidents 'that keep the hearers in admiration 'and suspence; and such is the pleasure 'we have received from it, that though 'the narration should have continued 'till to-morrow morning, we should re- 'joice at your beginning it anew.'

When this compliment was passed, Cardenio, and all the rest of the company, offered to serve him to the utmost of their power, with such affectionate and sincere expressions of friendship, that the captain was extremely well satisfied of their good-will. Don Fernando, in particular, promised, that if he would go home with him, his brother the marquis should stand godfather to Zoraida; and that he, for his part, would accommodate him in such a manner, that he should return to the place of his nativity with that authority and ease to which he was intitled by his birth and merit. The captive thanked him in the most courteous manner, but declined accepting any of his generous offers.

It was now night, when a coach arrived at the inn, attended by some men on horseback, who demanded lodging; and the landlady made answer, that there was not in the whole house an handful of room unengaged. 'Be 'that as it will,' said one of the horsemen, who had entered the gate, 'there 'must be some found for my lord 'judge.' At mention of that name the hostess was disturbed, saying, 'Sig- 'nior, the greatest difficulty is my want 'of beds; but if his lordship hath 'brought one along with him, as I sup- 'pose he hath, he is very welcome to 'come in: I and my husband will quit 'our own apartment to accommodate 'his worship.'—'Be it so,' said the attendant. By this time a person had alighted from the coach, who, by his garb, immediately shewed the nature of his rank and office; for his long robe, with high sleeves tucked up, plainly distinguished him to be a judge, as the servant had affirmed. He led by the hand a young lady seemingly sixteen years of age, dressed in a riding suit, and so sprightly, beautiful, and genteel, as to raise the admiration of all who beheld her: so that those who had not seen Dorothea, Lucinda, and Zoraida then present, would have thought it a very difficult task to find another woman of equal beauty. Don Quixote seeing the judge and young lady as they entered, pronounced with great solemnity, 'Your worship may 'securely enter and recreate yourself in 'this castle, which, though narrow and 'inconvenient, there is no narrowness 'and inconvenience in this world, but 'what will make room for arms and 'letters, especially if they have for their 'guide and conductor such beauty as 'that which accompanies the letters of 'your worship, in the person of that 'amiable young lady, to whom not only 'castles ought to open and unfold their 'gates, but also rocks divide, and 'mountains bow their heads at her ap- 'proach. Enter, I say, this paradise, 'where you will find stars and suns to 'accompany that heaven which you 'have brought hither. Here you will 'find arms in perfection, and beauty 'in excess!'

The judge marvelled greatly at this address of the knight, whom he earnestly considered, no less surprized at his figure than his words, without knowing what reply to make, so much was he confounded at both; when he was relieved by the appearance of Lucinda, Dorothea, and Zoraida; who, upon hearing the news of their arrival, and the landlady's description of the young beauty, had come out to welcome and receive her: the beauteous ladies of the inn welcomed this beauteous damsel; while Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the curate, paid their compliments to the judge, in the most civil and polite terms. He was more and more astonished at what he saw and heard, though he could easily perceive that his fellow-lodgers were persons of rank and consequence: but the mien, visage, and figure of Don Quixote, baffled all his conjectures. Compliments having thus passed on all sides, and the conveniences of the inn being duly considered, it was agreed, as before, that all the ladies should sleep together in the fore-mentioned apartment, and the men sit in another room to guard them. The judge was very well satisfied, that his daughter (for such the young maiden was) should lodge with the other ladies, she herself willingly consenting to the proposal;

posal; and what with part of the inn-keeper's narrow bed, and the half of that which the judge brought along with him, they made shift to pass the night more agreeably than they expected.

The captive, who, from the first moment he beheld the judge, felt his heart throb with a sort of intimation that this was his own brother, asked of one of the servants that attended him, his master's name, with the place of his nativity. The footman replied, that his name was the licentiate Juan Perez de Viedma; and born, as he had been informed, in the mountains of Leon. This information, together with what he himself had before observed, confirmed him in the opinion, that he was his brother, who by his father's advice had followed his studies. Transported with this discovery, he called aside Don Fernando, the curate, and Cardenio, to whom he imparted the affair, and assured them that the judge was his own brother by the servant's report, so far on his way to the West Indies, in quality of supreme judge of Mexico. He understood also by the same canal, that the young lady was his daughter, whose birth had cost the mother her life; and that he was very much enriched by his wife's fortune, which had been settled on the children of the marriage. The captive therefore consulted them about the method he should take to make himself known, or rather to be assured before-hand whether upon the discovery his brother would be ashamed of his poverty, or receive him with the bowels of affection. 'Leave that task to my conduct, Signior Captain,' said the curate; 'though there is all the reason 'in the world to believe that you will 'meet with a brotherly reception: for 'the virtue and prudence that appear 'in his courteous demeanor give no 'indications of his being proud and 'unnatural, but rather declare that he 'knows how to consider the accidents 'of fortune in the right point of 'view.'—'Nevertheless,' replied the captain, 'I would not willingly disclose myself of a sudden, but prepare him by some round-about insinuation.'—'I have already told you,' answered the curate, 'that I will manage the affair to your mutual satisfaction. By this time, the cloth being laid*, and every body sat down to table, except the captive and the ladies, who supped in their own apartment, the curate addressed himself to the judge, saying—'I had once a 'comrade of your lordship's name at 'Constantinople, where I was a slave 'for many years. He was one of the 'bravest sodiers and best officers in 'the Spanish infantry, but his misfortunes were equal to his valour and 'ability.'—'Dear Sir,' cried the judge, 'what was that officer's 'name?'—'He was called Ruy Perez de Viedma,' replied the priest, 'and a native of some town in the 'mountains of Leon. He told me a 'circumstance that happened between 'his father, two brothers, and himself, 'which, had it not been affirmed by a 'person of his veracity, I should have 'looked upon as one of those tales 'which old women tell by the fire-side 'in winter; for he said his father divided his estate equally among his three 'sons, whom he at the same time enriched with advice more salutary than 'any that ever Cato gave. This I 'know, the choice he made of going into the army succeeded so 'well, that in a few years, by his gallant behaviour, and without any other 'assistance than that of his extraordinary virtue, he rose to be captain of 'foot, and saw himself in the straight 'road of becoming a field officer very 'soon: but there, where he had reason 'to expect the smiles of fortune, she 'proved most unkind; he having lost 'her, with his liberty, on that glorious 'day of the battle at Lepanto, in 'which it was found by so many 'Christians. I was taken in the go'leta; and, after various vicissitudes, 'we happened to be fellow-slaves at 'Constantinople, from whence he was 'transported to Algiers, where he met 'with one of the strangest adventures 'that ever was known.'

Then the curate briefly recapitulated the story of Zorayda, to which the judge listened with more attention than ever he had yielded on the

* This is the second time they have sat down to supper in one night. Vide p. 216.

bench

bench*. But the prieſt brought it no farther than the period when the French corſairs plundered the Chriſtians who were in the bark, deſcribing the poverty and diſtreſs to which they had reduced his comrade and the beautiful Moor; and obſerving that he did not know what farther befel them, nor whether they had arrived in Spain, or been carried into France.

The captain ſtood at ſome diſtance behind, liſtening to what the curate ſaid, and obſerving the emotions of his brother; who, ſeeing that the curate had made an end of his ſtory, uttered a profound ſigh, ſaying, while the tears guſhed from his eyes, 'O Signior! if 'you knew how nearly I am concerned 'in what you have related, you would 'not wonder at theſe tears, which, in 'ſpite of all my fortitude and diſcretion, trickle from mine eyes. That 'valiant captain whom you have mentioned is my father's eldeſt ſon, who 'being more brave and noble-minded 'than my youngeſt † brother and me, 'choſe the honourable exerciſe of arms, 'which was one of the three paths propoſed by our father in his advice, as 'you ſeem to have been informed by 'your companion in adverſity. I followed that of letters, in which God 'hath been pleaſed to reward my diligence with that ſtation which you ſee 'I now maintain: my younger brother 'is at preſent in Peru, ſo rich, that his 'remittances to my father and me have 'made large amends for the ſmall ſum 'he carried with him at firſt; and even 'enabled the old gentleman fully to 'indulge his liberal diſpoſition, impowering me alſo to proſecute my ſtudies with more honour and decency, 'until I acquired the poſt I now enjoy. 'My father is ſtill alive, though daily 'pining with the deſire of hearing from 'his eldeſt ſon, and putting up petitions to Heaven inceſſantly, that his 'own eyes may not be cloſed for ever 'until he ſhall have ſeen thoſe of his firſt-born in life. What gives me a great 'deal of ſurprize is, that a perſon of 'his diſcretion ſhould, in the midſt of 'ſuch trouble and affliction, or even 'in his proſperity, omit writing to his 'father; for if he, or either of us, had 'known his ſituation, he ſhould have 'had no occaſion to wait for the miracle of the cane in obtaining his liberty; but at preſent the uncertainty 'of his fate gives me the greateſt concern, as it is doubtful whether thoſe 'French have ſet him at liberty, or 'taken away his life to conceal their 'robbery. This apprehenſion will 'convert the joy and ſatisfaction with 'which I undertook my journey into 'melancholy and deſpondence.—O my 'dear brother! would to Heaven I 'knew where thou art, that I might 'go and free thee from all trouble and 'affliction, though at the expence of 'my own! Who ſhall carry the news 'of thy being alive to our aged father, 'that although thou art ſhut up in the 'deepeſt dungeon of Barbary, thou 'mayeſt be delivered by my brother's 'riches and my own!—O generous and 'lovely Zorayda! who ſhall requite 'thy benevolence to my brother, be 'preſent at the regeneration of thy 'ſoul, and aſſiſt at the nuptials which 'would afford ſuch pleaſure to us all!'

Theſe and many other exclamations the judge pronounced with ſuch ſymptoms of ſorrow at the news he had received of his brother, that all the hearers ſympathized with him in the expreſſions of his grief. The curate, ſeeing every thing ſucceed to his own expectation, and the captain's deſire, was unwilling to protract the judge's anguiſh, and the impatience of the whole company; ſo riſing from the table, and going into the other apartment, he led out Zorayda, who was followed by Lucinda, Dorothea, and the young lady lately arrived; then, taking in his other hand the captain, who ſtood waiting to ſee what he intended, he went into the room, where the judge and the reſt of the gentlemen ſat, and preſenting them both, ſaid, 'Dry your tears, my lord judge, 'and enjoy the completion of your 'wiſh; behold your worthy brother, 'and virtuous ſiſter-in-law: this is 'Captain Viedma, and that the beautiful Moor who behaved ſo generouſly 'to him in his diſtreſs: the French

* A judge in Spaniſh is called *Oyder*, i. e. *Hearer*; and the original, literally tranſlated, is, 'The hearer was never ſo much an hearer before.'

† Cervantes ſeems to have forgot that the judge was the youngeſt of the three brothers, the ſecond having gone to the Indies.

'corſairs

'corsairs have reduced them to this 'extremity, that you may have an op-'portunity of displaying the liberality 'of your noble breast.'

The captain ran to embrace his brother, who kept him off with both hands fixed on his shoulders, that he might consider him the more attentively; but no sooner did he recollect his features, than he flew into his arms, and shed a flood of tears of joy, while the greatest part of those who were present wept in concert at the affecting scene. The expressions of both the brothers, and their mutual demonstrations of affection, are, I believe, scarce to be conceived, much less described. They briefly recounted their adventures to each other, and manifested the genuine flame of fraternal affection. There the judge embraced Zorayda, making her a tender of all his wealth; there he commanded his daughter to receive her with open arms; there the mutual caresses of the beautiful Christian and lovely Moor renewed the tears of the whole company; there Don Quixote silently observed these surprising accidents, which he wholly attributed to the chimeras of knight-errantry; thereit was concerted that the captain and Zorayda should return to Seville with his brother, from whence they could advertise their father of the liberty and arrival of his son; that the old gentleman being still able to undertake such a journey, might come and be present at the baptism and nuptials of his daughter-in-law; as it would be impossible for the judge to go far out of his way, because he was informed, that in a month the flota would set sail from Seville for New Spain; and it would be extremely inconvenient for him to lose his passage. In short, the whole company were exceedingly rejoiced at the captive's good fortune; and two-thirds of the night being already exhausted, they agreed to retire and repose themselves during the remaining part of it; while Don Quixote undertook to guard the castle from the assaults of any giant or wicked adventurer that might possibly covet the vast treasure of beauty which it contained. Those of his acquaintance thanked him for his courteous offer, and afterwards gave an account of his strange disorder to the judge, who was not a little diverted with the detail of his extravagance. Sancho Panza alone was distracted at their sitting up so late; though, in point of lodging, he was better accommodated than all the rest; for he made his bed of the furniture of his ass, which cost him so dear, as will hereafter be seen.

The ladies having retired to their apartment, and every other person disposed of himself as tolerably as he could, Don Quixote went out to keep guard at the castle gate, according to his promise; and a little before morning, the ladies were serenaded by a voice so clear and well tuned, as to attract the attention of them all, especially of Dorothea, who was awake, and lay in the same bed with Donna Clara de Viedma, the judge's daughter. Nobody could imagine who the singer was, the voice being single, and unaccompanied by any instrument, and seeming to come sometimes from the stable, and sometimes from the court-yard. While they listened with equal surprize and attention, Cardenio came to the door, saying, 'You that 'are not asleep, take notice, and you 'will hear the voice of a mule-dri-'ver, who chaunts most enchanting-'ly.' When Dorothea told him that they had heard it already, he went away; while she, employing her whole attention, when he began to sing again, could plainly distinguish the following words.

CHAP. XVI.

THE AGREEABLE STORY OF THE YOUNG MULETEER, WITH MANY OTHER STRANGE INCIDENTS THAT HAPPENED IN THE INN.

I.

'TOSS'D in a sea of doubts and fears,
'Love's hapless mariner I sail,
'Where no inviting port appears,
'To screen me from the stormy gale.

II.

'At distance view'd, a chearing star
'Conducts me thro' the swelling tide;
'A brighter luminary far,
'Than Palinurus e'er descry'd.

III.

'My soul, attracted by it's blaze,
'Still follows where it points the way,
'And while attentively I gaze,
'Considers not how far I stray.

IV. 'But

IV.

' But female pride, reserv'd and shy,
' Like clouds that deepen on the day,
' Oft shroud it from my longing eye,
' When most I need the genial ray.

V.

' O lovely star, so pure and bright!
' Whose splendour feeds my vital fire;
' The moment thou deny'st thy light,
' Thy lost adorer will expire!'

Here the musician pausing, Dorothea thought it was pity Clara should not hear such an excellent voice; therefore, by gently jogging, she waked her, saying, 'I ask pardon, my dear Clara, 'for disturbing you; but my intention 'in so doing, was to regale you with 'one of the best voices that ever you 'heard.' Clara, being still half asleep, did not at first understand what she said, which, at her desire, Dorothea repeated; and the young lady listened accordingly; but scarce had she heard two lines of the song, which was now resumed, when she began to tremble as violently as if she had been seized with a severe fit of the ague, saying, while she hugged Dorothea, 'Ah! dear lady 'of my life and soul, why did you 'wake me? The greatest favour that 'fortune could at present bestow, would 'be to keep both my eyes and ears fast 'shut, that I might neither see nor hear 'that unfortunate musician.'—'What 'do you mean, my dear child?' answered Dorothea; 'consider what you say; 'he that sings is a young muleteer!'—'Ah, no!' replied Clara, 'he is a 'young gentleman of great fortune, 'and so much master of my heart, 'that unless he quits it of his own 'accord, it shall remain eternally in 'his possession.' Dorothea was surprized at this passionate declaration of such a young creature, who seemed to have so much more sensibility than could be expected from her tender years; and said to her, 'Truly, Donna Clara, you 'talk in such a manner that I do not 'understand you. Pray explain your-'self, and tell me the meaning of those 'expressions, about fortune and heart, 'and that musician whose voice hath 'thrown you into such disorder: but 'say no more at present; for I would 'not, by attending to your transports, 'lose the pleasure of hearing the singer, 'who now seems to be tuning his voice, 'and preparing to give us another 'song.'—'With all my heart,' said Clara, stopping her ears with her fingers, to the farther admiration of Dorothea, who listening attentively, heard the musician proceed in these words:

I.

ASPIRING Hope, thou, unconfin'd,
' Pursu'st th' imaginary path,
' Thro' woods, and rocks, and waves com-
' bin'd,
' Defying danger, toil, and death.

II.

' No laurel shall adorn his brow,
' No happiness the sluggard crown;
' Who tamely can to fortune bow,
' And slumber on th' inglorious down.

III.

' The joys unmatch'd bestow'd by love,
' Can never be too dearly priz'd;
' For undeny'd examples prove,
' What's cheaply bought, is soon despis'd.

IV.

' Success, by the consenting fair,
' Is oft to perseverance given;
' Then wherefore should my soul despair
' Of mounting from this earth to Heaven!'

Here the voice ended, and Clara's sighs beginning afresh, kindled Dorothea's curiosity to know the cause of such agreeable musick and grievous lamentation; she therefore now desired to hear what her bed-fellow had before proffered to impart. Then Clara, fearful of being overheard by Lucinda, crept close to Dorothea, and applying her mouth to her ear, so that she could securely speak without being perceived, 'Dear Madam,' said she, 'that singer 'is the son of an Arragonian gentle-'man, who is lord of two towns, and 'when at court lives opposite to my fa-'ther's house; and although our win-'dows are covered with canvas in 'winter, and lattices in summer, I 'know not how this young gentleman, 'while he prosecuted his studies, got 'sight of me, either at church or some-'where else; and, in short, being smit-'ten, discloled his passion from the 'windows of his own apartment, by so 'many tears and significant expressions, 'that I believed him sincere, and even 'loved him in my turn, without know-'ing the nature of my own desires. 'Among other signs, he made that of

'joining his hands, giving me to understand that he would take me to 'wife; and though I should have been 'extremely glad to comply with that 'propofal, as I was alone and mother-'less, I had nobody to confult, and 'therefore let it reft, without grant-'ing him any other favour, except '(when his father and mine were 'abroad) that of lifting up the canvas 'or lattice, that he might have a more 'perfect view of my perfon; and this 'condefcenfion always tranfported him 'fo much, that I was afraid he would 'have run ftark mad with joy. In the 'midft of this commerce, the time of 'my father's departure drew near, of 'which being informed, though not by 'me, for I never had an opportunity 'of telling him, he fell ick, as I un-'derftand, of grief, fo that when we 'fet out I could not fee him, as I wifh-'ed, to indulge one parting look; but, 'having travelled two days, juft as I 'entered the place at which we lodged 'laft night, I perceived him ftanding 'at the gate, difguifed fo naturally 'in the habit of a muleteer, that it 'would have been impoffible for me 'to know him, had not his image been 'fo deeply imprinted on my foul. The 'fight of him filled me with joy and 'furprize; and he gazed upon me by 'ftealth, unperceived by my father, 'from whom he always conceals his 'face when he croffes the road before 'me, or is obliged to appear at the inns 'where we lodge. Knowing, there-'fore, who he is, and that he travels on 'foot, undergoing fo much hardfhip 'and fatigue for love of me, I am half 'dead with grief and anxiety, and 'wherefoever he fets his feet, there I 'fix my pitying eyes. I know not 'what he intends by thus following 'me, nor how he could manage to 'efcape from his father, who loves him 'tenderly, becaufe he has no heir but 'him; and the young gentleman de-'ferves all his affection, as you will 'perceive when you fee him. I can 'moreover aflure you, what he fings is 'the product of his own head; for I 'have been told that he is a great fcho-'lar, and an excellent poet; every time 'I behold him or hear him fing, I ftart 'and tremble from head to foot, being 'afraid that he will be known by my 'father, and thus our mutual love be 'difcovered; for, though I never fpoke 'to him in my life, my paffion is fo 'violent, that without him I fhall not 'be able to live. This, dear Madam, 'is all I can fay concerning that mu-'fician, whofe voice hath given you 'fuch pleafure, and is alone fufficient 'to convince you that he is not a mule-'teer, but the lord of towns and hearts, 'as I have defcribed him.'

'Enough, Donna Clara,' faid Dorothea, kiffing her with great affection; 'fay no more, but wait with patience 'till the approach of a new day, when 'I hope in God to manage matters fo 'well as to bring fuch a virtuous be-'ginning to an happy end.'—'Ah, 'Madam!' replied the young lady, 'what happy end can be expected, fee-'ing his father is a man of fuch rank 'and fortune, that he would think me 'unworthy to be the fervant, much lefs 'the wife of his fon! and as to marry-'ing him without my own father's 'confent, I would not do it for the 'whole univerfe. All I defire is, that 'the young gentleman would return; 'perhaps his abfence, and the length of 'the journey we have undertaken, will 'alleviate the uneafinefs I at prefent 'feel, though I muft own I believe that 'remedy will have fmall effect. I can-'not conceive what the deuce is the 'matter with me; nor how this fame 'love got entrance into my heart, con-'fidering how young we both are; for 'I really believe we are of the fame 'age, and my father fays, that till 'Michaelmas next, I fhall not be fix-'teen.' Dorothea could not help laughing at thefe innocent obfervations of Donna Clara; to whom fhe faid, 'Let us fleep, my dear, during the 'little that I believe remains of the 'night; God will grant us a new day, 'and if my fkill fails me not, every 'thing will fucceed to our wifh.'

They accordingly went to reft, and a general filence prevailed over the whole houfe, in which there was not a foul awake, except the innkeeper's daughter and her maid Maritornes, who by this time being acquainted with the extravagant humour of Don Quixote, and knowing that he was then without the gate, keeping guard in arms and on horfeback, determined to play fome trick upon him, or at leaft divert themfelves in liftening to his folly.

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The inn chancing to have no window nor opening towards the field, but a hole through which they took in their straw; this pair of demi-ladies* there took their station, and observed Don Quixote, who sat on horseback, leaning upon his lance, and breathing from time to time such profound and doleful sighs, as seemed to tear his very soul; they likewise heard him pronounce, in a soft, complacent, and amorous tone, 'O my 'dear mistress, Dulcinea del Toboso! 'thou perfection of beauty, scope and 'sum total of discretion, cabinet of 'good humour, depository of virtue, 'and lastly, the idea of all that is use-'ful, chaste, and delectable in this life! 'in what art thou at present employed? 'Art thou reflecting upon thy captive 'knight, who voluntarily subjects him-'self to such dangers, with the sole 'view of serving thee? Give me some 'information of my love, thou three-'faced luminary! who now, perhaps, 'with envious eyes, beholdest her walk-'ing through some gallery of her sump-'tuous palace, or leaning over some 'balcony, revolving in her mind, how, 'without impairing the delicacy of her 'honour, she may assuage the torments 'that this heart endures on her ac-'count; how she may crown my suf-'ferings with glory; my care with 'comfort; in fine, my death with new 'life, and my service with reward; and 'thou, sun, who by this time must be 'busy in harnessing thy steeds to light 'the world, and enjoy the sight of her 'who is the sovereign of my soul, I 'entreat thee to salute her in my be-'half; but, in thy salutation, beware 'of touching her amiable countenance, 'else I shall be more jealous of thee 'than ever thou wast of that nimble in-'grate, who made thee sweat so much 'along the plains of Thessaly, or banks 'of Peneus, for I do not remember 'through which thou ran'st, so jealous 'and enamoured.'

So far had the knight proceeded in this piteous exclamation, when the inn-keeper's daughter whispered softly, 'Sir 'knight, will your worship be pleased 'to come this way?' Hearing this invitation, he lifted up his eyes, and by the light of the moon, which was then in full splendour, perceived them beckon to him from the straw-hole, which he mistook for a window adorned with gilded bars, suitable to the grandeur of such a magnificent castle as the inn appeared; then his crazy imagination instantly suggested, as before, that the beauteous damsel, daughter of the constable, being captivated by his person, intended again to solicit his love. On this supposition, that he might not seem discourteous or ungrateful, he turned Rozinante, and riding up to the hole, no sooner perceived the two lasses, than he said, 'I am extremely concerned, most 'beautiful lady, that you have fixed 'your amorous inclinations where it is 'impossible they should meet with that 'return which is due to your rank and 'qualifications; but you ought not to 'impute your disappointment to any 'fault in me, whom love hath rendered 'incapable of yielding my heart to any 'other but to her, who at first sight 'took absolute possession of my soul. 'Pardon my refusal, honoured Madam, 'and retire to your apartment, without 'seeking to explain your sentiments 'more fully, that I may not appear in-'sensible or ungrateful; and if your 'love can find in me the power of giving 'you any other sort of satisfaction, you 'may freely command my service; for 'I swear by that absent and amiable 'enemy of mine, to gratify your wish 'immediately; even if you should desire 'to have a lock of Medusa's hair, 'which was altogether composed of 'snakes, or the rays of the sun confined 'in a phial.'

'Sir knight,' answered Maritornes, 'my lady has no occasion for either of 'these things.'—'What then is your 'lady's pleasure, discreet duenna?' resumed the knight. 'Only the favour 'of one of your beautiful hands,' replied Maritornes, 'with which she may, 'in some measure, indulge the longing 'desire that brought her to the straw-'hole, so much to the danger of her 'reputation, that if she should be de-'tected by her father, the first slice of 'his indignation would cost her an ear 'at least.'—'I would fain see him take 'that liberty,' said Don Quixote; 'but 'he will take care to refrain from any 'such acts of barbarity, unless he 'has a mind I should bring him to the 'most calamitous exit that ever hap-'pened to a father, for having laid vio-

* In the original demi-donzellas, equivalent to the modern term demi-reps.

'lent hands upon the delicate members 'of his enamoured daughter.'

Maritornes concluding that he would certainly grant the requeſt, and having already determined on what ſhe was to do, ran down to the ſtable, and laid hold of the halter belonging to Sancho's aſs, with which ſhe inſtantly returned, juſt when Don Quixote had made ſhift to ſet his feet on the ſaddle that he might reach the gilded window, at which he imagined the wounded damſel was ſtanding: preſenting therefore his hand, 'Receive, Madam,' ſaid he, 'that hand, 'or rather that chaſtiſer of all evil-'doers; receive, I ſay, that hand, 'which was never touched by any 'other woman, not even by her who is 'in poſſeſſion of my whole body. I 'do not preſent it to be kiſſed; but 'that you may contemplate the con-'texture of it's nerves, the knittings 'of the muſcles, the large and ſwelling 'veins, from whence you may conjec-'ture what ſtrength muſt reſide in the 'arm to which it belongs.'—'That 'we ſhall ſee preſently,' ſaid Maritornes; who having made a running knot on the halter, fixed it upon his wriſt, and deſcending from the hole, made faſt the other end to the bolt of the hay-loft door. The knight feeling the roughneſs of this bracelet, ſaid, 'Your 'ladyſhip ſeems to raſp rather than to 'claſp my hand; do not treat it ſo 'cruelly; for it is not to blame for 'what you ſuffer, from my inclina-'tion; nor is it juſt that ſuch a ſmall 'part ſhould bear the whole brunt of 'your indignation; conſider, that one 'who is ſuch a friend to love, ought not 'to be ſo attached to revenge.'

All theſe expoſtulations of Don Quixote were uttered in vain; for as ſoon as Maritornes had tied him up, ſhe and her companion, ready to expire with laughing, left him faſtened in ſuch a manner, that it was impoſſible for him to get looſe: thus, while he ſtood on Rozinante's back, with his whole arm thruſt up into the ſtraw-hole, and faſt tied to the bolt of the door, he was in the utmoſt apprehenſion and dread, that if his horſe ſhould make the leaſt motion to either ſide, he muſt loſe his ſupport, and the weight of his whole body hang by one arm, ſo that he durſt not venture to ſtir; though he might have expected, from the patience and peaceful diſpoſition of Rozinante, that he would ſtand motionleſs for a whole century. In ſhort, finding himſelf thus tucked up, and the ladies vaniſhed, he imagined that the whole had been effected by the power of inchantment, which he had experienced once before, in that ſame caſtle, when he was belaboured by the inchanted Moor of a carrier; and curſed, within himſelf, his want of conduct and diſcretion, in entering a ſecond time that fortreſs in which he had fared ſo ill at firſt; it being a maxim among knights-errant, that when they prove an adventure, without ſucceſs, they conclude it is reſerved for another, and therefore think it unneceſſary to make a ſecond trial. Nevertheleſs, he pulled with intention to diſengage his arm, but he was ſo well ſecured, that all his efforts were ineffectual; true it is, he pulled with caution, that Rozinante might not be diſturbed; and though he had a longing deſire of ſitting down upon the ſaddle again, he found that he muſt either continue in his preſent upright poſture, or part with his hand; then he began to wiſh for the ſword of Amadis, againſt which no inchantment could prevail; then curſed his fortune; then exaggerated the loſs which the world would ſuſtain, while he remained inchanted, as he firmly believed himſelf to be; then he reflected anew upon his beloved Dulcinea del Toboſo; then he called to his truſty ſquire Sancho Panza, who, ſtretched upon the pannel of his aſs, and buried in ſleep, at that inſtant, retained no remembrance of the mother that bore him; then he implored the aſſiſtance of the two ſages, Lirgando and Alquife; then he invoked his good friend Urganda, for ſuccour in his diſtreſs; and, in fine, the morning found him in that ſituation, ſo diſtracted and perplexed, that he roared aloud like a bull, without expecting that the day would put an end to this diſaſter, which he thought would be eternal, believing himſelf actually inchanted: and this opinion was confirmed, by his ſeeing that Rozinante ſcarce offered to ſtir; for he was perſuaded, that in this manner, without eating, drinking, or ſleeping, he and his horſe would continue until the evil influence of the ſtars ſhould paſs over, or ſome other ſage of ſuperior ſkill diſengage them from their inchantment.

But for once he was miſtaken in his calculation; for day had ſcarce began to

to dawn, when four men on horſeback arrived at the inn, well mounted, and accoutred with carbines hangingat their ſaddle-bows; the knight perceiving from the place, where in ſpite of his misfortune, he ſtill kept guard, that they thundered for entrance at the gate, which was ſtill ſhut, called in an arrogant and haughty tone, 'Knights or 'ſquires, or whoſoever you are, you 'have no buſineſs to make ſuch a noiſe 'at the gate of this caſtle; for it is very 'plain, that either the people within 'are aſleep, or unaccuſtomed, at theſe 'hours, to open the fortreſs, which 'you cannot enter before the ſun riſe. 'Retire, therefore, and wait until the 'day be farther advanced, and then we 'ſhall ſee whether or not you have any 'title to be admitted.'

'What the devil of a fortreſs or 'caſtle is this, that we muſt obſerve 'ſuch ceremony!' ſaid one of the company: 'if you are the innkeeper, order 'ſomebody to open the door; we are all 'travellers, and only want to bait, that 'we may forthwith proceed on our jour-'ney, forweareinhaſte.'—'Gentlemen,' replied Don Quixote, 'do you think I 'reſemble an innkeeper?'—'I don't 'know what you reſemble,' anſwered the other, 'but this I know, that you 'talk nonſenſe in calling this inn a 'caſtle.'—'A caſtle it is,' cried the knight, 'and one of the beſt in this 'province; nay, at this very inſtant, it 'contains thoſe who have wore crowns 'on their heads, and wielded ſceptres in 'their hands.'—'Or rather the reverſe,' ſaid the traveller; 'that is, the ſceptre 'on the head, and crown in the hand*: 'but perhaps there may be within 'ſome company of ſtrollers, who fre-'quently wear theſe crowns and ſceptres 'you mention; for otherwiſe, in ſuch a 'ſorry inn, without any ſort of noiſe or 'ſtir, I cannot believe that any perſons 'of ſuch note would lodge.'—'You 'know little of the world,' replied Don Quixote, 'ſince you are ſo ignorant of 'the events that happen in knight-'errantry.'

The other horſemen being tired with this dialogue that paſſed between the knight and their companion, began again to knock and bawl with ſuch vociferation, that the landlord and all the perſons in the inn waking, roſe to ſee who called ſo furiouſly: about this time one of the horſes belonging to the travellers drew near and ſmelled at Rozinante, who, ſad and melancholy, with his ears hanging down, ſtood ſupporting his outſtretched maſter without ſtirring; but at length, being made of fleſh, though he ſeemed to have been carved out of a block, he was ſenſible of the civility, and turned about to repay the compliment to the courteous ſtranger; and ſcarce had he moved one ſtep, when both his maſter's feet ſlipping from the ſaddle, he would have tumbled to the ground had he not hung by his arm, which endured ſuch torture in the ſhock, that he verily believed it was cut off by the wriſt, or torn away by the ſhoulder. He was ſuſpended ſo low, that the tops of his toes almoſt touched the ground; a circumſtance that increaſed his calamity: for feeling how little he wanted of being firmly ſuſtained, he ſtretched and fatigued himſelf with endeavouring to ſet his feet upon the ground; like thoſe wretches, who, in undergoing the ſtrappado, being hoiſted up a very little ſpace, increaſe their own torment by their eager efforts to lengthen their bodies, miſled by the vain hope of reaching the ground.

CHAP. XVII.

A CONTINUATION OF THE SURPRIZING EVENTS THAT HAPPENED IN THE INN.

DON Quixote actually made ſuch a hideous outcry, that the innkeeper opened the door, and ran out to ſee what was the matter; while the ſtrangers that remained without were no leſs aſtoniſhed at his bellowing. Maritornes being alſo waked by the ſame noiſe, conjectured what might be the caſe, and going ſtraight to the hayloft without being perceived, untied the halter that ſuſtained him, ſo that the knight came to the ground in ſight of the landlord and ſtrangers, who running up, aſked what was the matter with him, and wherefore he cried ſo violently? Without anſwering one word, he looſed

* Alluding to the delinquents, who were branded and marked with theſe figures,

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the tether from his wrist, and rising up, mounted Rozinante, braced his target, couched his lance, and making a pretty large circuit in the field, returned at a half gallop, pronouncing with great emphasis, 'If any person whatever sayeth 'that I have justly suffered inchantment, 'I here with the permission of my Lady 'Princess Micomicona give him the 'lye, challenge, and defy him to single 'combat.'

The travellers were amazed at his words; but their astonishment abated when the innkeeper told them who Don Quixote was, observing that they ought not to mind what he did, because he was disordered in his brain: they then asked if he had seen a youth about fifteen years of age, dressed like a young muleteer, with such and such marks, giving an exact description of Donna Clara's lover. The landlord answered, there were so many people in his house, that he could not possibly distinguish the person for whom they enquired; but one of them perceiving the judge's coach, 'He must certainly be here,' said he; 'for this is the coach which 'they say he followed: let one of us 'stay at the door, and the rest go in to 'search for him; it will also be proper 'that one go round the whole house, 'to prevent his escaping over the yard 'wall.' This plan being agreed upon, two of them entered the inn, another remained at the door, and the fourth rode round the house to reconnoitre; while the landlord observing every thing that passed, could not conceive the meaning of all this care and diligence, although he believed they were in search of the youth whom they had described. By this time it was clear day-light, and upon that account, as well as in consequence of Don Quixote's roaring, all the company were awake, and got up, especially Donna Clara and Dorothea, who had slept very little that night; the first being disturbed and alarmed by reflecting that her lover was so near, and the other kept awake by the desire of seeing this pretended muleteer.

Don Quixote seeing that none of the travellers took the least notice of him, or made any answer to his defiance, was transported with rage and vexation; and if he could have recollected any law of chivalry, authorizing a knight-errant to undertake another enterprize while he was under promise and oath to abstain from any adventure until that in which he was engaged was already atchieved, he would have assaulted them all together, and forced them to reply, contrary to their inclination: but thinking it was neither expedient nor just to begin a new enterprize until he had re-established the Princess Micomicona on her throne, he chose to be silent, waiting to see the effects of that diligence practised by the new comers, one of whom found the youth they came in quest of sleeping by the side of a muleteer, and little dreaming that any body was in search of him, much less that he was in any danger of being discovered. The man, however, shook him by the arm, saying, 'Truly, Signior Don Lewis, this is 'a very suitable dress for one of your 'quality, and the bed in which you 'now lie extremely well-adapted to the 'tenderness and delicacy in which your 'mother brought you up.'

The youth rubbed his sleepy eyes, and looking stedfastly at the person who held him by the arm, no sooner perceived that he was one of his father's servants, than he was so much surprized and confounded, that for a good while he could not speak one word; while the domestick proceeded, saying, 'At pre-'sent, Don Lewis, there is nothing 'else to be done but to exert your pa-'tience and return home, if you are 'not resolved that your father and my 'lady shall visit the other world; for 'nothing else can be expected from 'their anxiety at your absence.'—'How 'did my father get notice that I tra-'velled this road, and in this habit?' said Don Lewis. 'A student,' replied the servant, 'to whom you imparted 'your intention, was so much moved 'by the sorrow that took possession of 'your parents the moment you were 'missed, that he disclosed your scheme 'to your father, who instantly dis-'patched four of his domesticks in 'search of you; and we are all here, at 'your service, infinitely rejoiced that 'we have now an opportunity of re-'turning speedily, and carrying you 'back to the longing eyes of those by 'whom you are so much beloved.'—'That may depend upon my own will, 'and the appointment of Heaven,' said the young nobleman. 'What should 'you will, or Heaven ordain, but your 'immediate return, which indeed you 'cannot possibly avoid?'

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All this converſation was overheard by the muleteer with whom Don Lewis lay, who got up immediately, and going to Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the ladies, who were already dreſſed, told them how the man called his fellow-ſervant, Don, and communicated every thing that paſſed between them concerning the domeſtick's propoſal of conducting him home again, and the youth's refuſal to comply with his deſire. This information, together with the knowledge of that ſweet voice with which Heaven had endowed him, excited in all the company a deſire of knowing more particularly who he was, and even of aſſiſting him, ſhould they offer any violence to his inclination: for this purpoſe, therefore, they repaired to the place where he ſtill ſtood talking and diſputing with his father's ſervant. At the ſame time Dorothea coming out of her apartment, followed by Donna Clara, in the utmoſt confuſion called Cardenio aſide, and briefly related to him the ſtory of the muſician and the judge's daughter; and he in his turn informed her of what paſſed on the arrival of his father's ſervants. This he ſpoke not ſo ſoftly but that he was overheard by Clara, who was ſo much affected at the news, that if Dorothea had not ſupported her, ſhe would have fallen to the ground; but Cardenio deſired them to retire into their apartment, ſaying, he would endeavour to ſet every thing to rights, and they accordingly followed his advice. Meanwhile, the four who had come in queſt of Don Lewis ſtood round him in the inn, perſuading him to return without loſs of time, and conſole his melancholy father; but he aſſured them he could by no means comply with their requeſt until he had finiſhed an affair upon which his honour, life, and ſoul, depended. Then the domeſticks began to be more urgent, proteſting they would in no ſhape return without him; and declaring that if he would not go willingly, they would be obliged to carry him off by force. 'That you ſhall never do,' replied Don Lewis, 'unleſs you carry me off dead: 'and indeed you may as well kill me, 'as force me away in any ſhape.'

Moſt of the people in the houſe were now gathered together to hear the diſpute, particularly Cardenio, Don Fernando, his companions, the judge, curate, barber, and Don Quixote, who thought it was no longer neceſſary to guard the caſtle. Cardenio being already acquainted with the young man's ſtory, aſked what reaſon the domeſticks had to carry off the youth contrary to his own inclination. 'Our motive,' replied one of the four, 'is to retrieve 'his father's life, which is in danger of 'being loſt on account of this young 'gentleman's abſence.' To this declaration Don Lewis anſwered, 'There 'is no reaſon why I ſhould here give 'an account of my affairs; I am free, 'and will return if I pleaſe, otherwiſe 'none of you ſhall compel me into 'your meaſures.'—'Your honour will, 'I hope, hear reaſon,' ſaid the ſervant; 'or if you ſhould not, it will be enough 'for us to execute our errand, as we are 'in duty bound.'

Here the judge deſiring to know the whole affair from the bottom, the man having lived in the ſame neighbourhood, knew him, and replied, 'My Lord 'Judge, don't you know that young 'gentleman is your neighbour's ſon, 'who hath abſented himſelf from his 'father's houſe, in a dreſs altogether 'unbecoming his quality, as your 'lordſhip may perceive?' Then the judge looking at him more attentively, recollected his features, and embracing him ſaid, 'What a frolick is this, 'Don Lewis? or what powerful cauſe 'hath induced you to come hither in a 'garb ſo ill-ſuited to your rank and for-'tune?' The tears guſhing into the young man's eyes, he could not anſwer one word to the judge, who deſired the four domeſticks to make themſelves eaſy, for all would be well; then taking Don Lewis by the hand, he led him aſide, and aſked again the cauſe of his coming in that manner.

While he was employed in this and other queſtions, they heard a great noiſe at the inn door, occaſioned by two men who had lodged all night in the houſe, and who ſeeing every body intent upon knowing the buſineſs of the four laſt comers, reſolved to march off without paying their reckoning; but the innkeeper, who minded his own affairs more than thoſe of any other perſon, ſtopped them on the threſhold, demanded his money, and upbraided them for their evil intention, with ſuch abuſive language, as provoked them to anſwer by dint of fiſts, which they began to employ ſo dextrouſly, that the poor landlord

landlord found himself under the neceſſity of calling aloud for aſſiſtance. His wife and daughter ſeeing nobody ſo idle, conſequently ſo proper for the purpoſe as Don Quixote, the damſel addreſſed him in theſe words: 'Sir knight, 'I beſeech your worſhip, by the valour 'which God hath given you, to go to 'the aſſiſtance of my poor father, whom 'two wicked men are now beating to 'a jelly.' To this requeſt the knight replied, with great leiſure, and infinite phlegm, 'Beautiful young lady, I can'not at preſent grant your petition, 'being reſtricted from intermeddling 'in any other adventure, until I ſhall 'have accompliſhed one in which my 'honour is already engaged; all that I 'can do for your ſervice is this, run 'and deſire your father to maintain the 'combat as well as he can, and by no 'means allow himſelf to be overcome, 'until I go and aſk permiſſion of the 'Princeſs Micomicona, to ſuccour him 'in his diſtreſs; and if I obtain it, be 'aſſured that I will reſcue him from all 'danger.'—'Sinner that I am!' cried Maritornes, who was then preſent, 'before your worſhip can obtain that 'permiſſion, my maſter will be in the 'other world.'—'Allow me, Madam,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'to go and 'ſolicit the licence I mention, which 'if I obtain, I ſhall not make much 'account of his being in the other 'world, from whence I will retrieve 'him, though all it's inhabitants ſhould 'combine to oppoſe me; at leaſt I ſhall 'take ſuch vengeance on thoſe who 'have ſent him thither, as will give 'you full and ample ſatisfaction.'

So ſaying, he went and kneeled before Dorothea, begging in the ſtile and manner of knight-errantry, that her highneſs would be pleaſed to give him permiſſion to run and aſſiſt the conſtable of the caſtle, who was at that time involved in a very grievous diſaſter. The princeſs having very graciouſly granted his requeſt, he braced on his target, unſheathed his ſword, and ran to the gate, where the two gueſts ſtill continued pummelling the landlord; but as ſoon as he beheld them, he ſtopped ſhort, as if ſuddenly ſurprized, and when Maritornes and her miſtreſs aſked what hindered him from giving aſſiſtance to their maſter and huſband, 'I am hindered,' anſwered the knight, 'by a law, which 'will not permit me to uſe my ſword 'againſt plebeians; but call hither my 'ſquire Sancho, for to him it belongs, 'and is peculiar, to engage in ſuch ven'geance and defence.'

This tranſaction happened on the very field of battle, while kicks and cuffs were dealt with infinite dexterity, to the no ſmall prejudice of the innkeeper's carcaſe, and the rage of his wife, daughter, and Maritornes, who were half-diſtracted at ſeeing the cowardice of Don Quixote, and the diſtreſs of their lord and maſter. But let us here leave him awhile, for he ſhall not want one to aſſiſt him; or elſe, let him ſuffer with patience, and hold his tongue as becomes thoſe who raſhly undertake adventures which they have not ſtrength to atchieve; and let us retreat backwards, about fifty yards, to ſee what anſwer Don Lewis made to the judge, whom we left enquiring the cauſe of his travelling on foot in ſuch a mean habit. The youth, ſqueezing both his hands with great eagerneſs, in token of the exceſſive grief that wrung his heart, and ſhedding a flood of tears, replied to this queſtion, 'Dear Sir, I can give you 'no other reaſon, but that from the firſt 'moment that fortune made us neigh'bours, and Heaven ordained that I 'ſhould ſee Donna Clara, your daugh'ter and my delight, I, that inſtant, 'made her miſtreſs of my heart; and if 'your inclination, my real lord and fa'ther, does not oppoſe my happineſs, this 'very day ſhe ſhall be my lawful wife; 'for her I forſook my father's houſe, and 'diſguiſed myſelf in this manner, with 'a reſolution to follow whitherſoever 'ſhe ſhould go, directing my views to'wards her, like the arrow to it's mark, 'and the needle to the pole; though 'ſhe knows no more of my paſſion 'than what ſhe may have underſtood 'from the tears which, at a diſtance, 'ſhe hath often ſeen me ſhed. You 'yourſelf, my lord, know the rank and 'fortune of my father, whoſe ſole heir 'I am. If you think that a motive 'ſufficient for venturing to make me 'perfectly happy, receive me immedi'ately as your ſon; and though my fa'ther, prompted perhaps by other 'views, ſhould be diſobliged at the 'bleſſing which I have choſen for my'ſelf, it is in the power of time to work 'greater changes and alterations than 'human prudence can foreſee.'

Here the enamoured youth left off ſpeaking,

ſpeaking; and the judge remained in the utmoſt ſuſpenſe; not only admiring the diſcretion with which Don Lewis had diſcloſed his paſſion, but alſo finding himſelf perplexed about the reſolution he was to take, in ſuch a ſudden and unexpected affair. He therefore made no other reply for the preſent, but to deſire he would make himſelf eaſy, and detain his ſervants a day longer, that he might have time to conſider what ſteps it would be moſt proper to take, for the ſatisfaction of all concerned. Don Lewis kiſſed his hands by force, and even bathed them with his tears; a circumſtance ſufficient to melt a heart of marble, much more that of the judge, who, being a man of prudence, had already conceived all the advantages of ſuch a match for his daughter; though he wiſhed it could be effected, if poſſible, with the conſent of the young man's father, who, he knew, had ſome pretenſions to a title for his ſon.

By this time peace was re-eſtabliſhed between the inn keeper and his two lodgers, who being perſuaded by the arguments and exhortations of Don Quixote, more than by his threats, had paid their reckoning to the laſt farthing; and the ſervants of Don Lewis waited the reſult of the judge's advice, together with their maſter's reſolution; when the devil, who is ever watchful, ſo ordered matters, that the barber ſhould juſt then enter the inn; that very barber from whom Don Quixote had retrieved Mambrino's helmet, and Sancho Panza taken the furniture of his aſs, which he had exchanged for his own. This individual ſhaver, as he led his beaſt to the ſtable, perceived Sancho employed in mending ſomething that belonged to the pannel, and knowing him at firſt ſight, aſſaulted the ſquire in a trice, crying, 'Ha! Don thief, I have caught you 'at laſt. Reſtore my baſon and pan-'nel, with all the furniture you ſtole 'from me.'

Sancho ſeeing himſelf ſo ſuddenly attacked, and hearing the reproachful language of his antagoniſt, with one hand laid faſt hold on the pannel, and with the other beſtowed upon the barber ſuch a ſlap in the face, as bathed his whole jaws in blood. But for all that, he would not quit the pannel which he had alſo ſeized; on the contrary, he raiſed his voice ſo high as to alarm the whole company, and bring them to the ſcene of contention, crying, 'Juſtice! help 'in the king's name! this robber wants 'to murder me, becauſe I endeavour 'to recover my own property.'—'You 'lye,' anſwered the ſquire, 'I am no 'robber; my Lord Don Quixote won 'theſe ſpoils fairly in battle.' The knight coming up among the reſt, beheld with infinite ſatisfaction, his ſquire ſo alert in offending and defending, and looking upon him from thenceforward as a man of valour, reſolved in his heart, to have him dubbed with the firſt opportunity, confident that on him the order of knighthood would be very well beſtowed. Among other things alledged by the barber in the courſe of the fray, 'Gentlemen,' ſaid he, 'that pan-'nel belongs as much to me as my 'ſoul belongs to God; for I know it 'as well as if it had been produced by 'my own body, and though I had all 'the mind in the world, my aſs, which 'is now in the ſtable, would not ſuffer 'me to tell a falſhood; ſince you will 'not take my word, pray go and try it 'upon his back, and if it does not fit 'him to a hair, I ſhall give you leave 'to call me the greateſt lyar upon earth. 'Beſides, the very ſame day on which 'they took my pannel, they alſo robbed 'me of a new braſs baſon, never han-'ſelled, that coſt me a good crown*.'

Don Quixote hearing this, could contain himſelf no longer, but interpoſed between the combatants, whom he parted, and depoſiting the pannel on the ground, to be publickly viewed until the truth ſhould appear, addreſſed himſelf thus to the ſpectators: 'Gentle-'men, you may now clearly and ma-'nifeſtly perceive how this honeſt ſquire 'errs in his judgment, by calling that 'a baſon, which was, is, and ſhall be, 'Mambrino's helmet; a piece of ar-'mour I won in fair and open battle, 'and now poſſeſs by the juſt laws of 'conqueſt. With regard to the pan-'nel, I will not intermeddle; all that I 'can ſay of the matter is, that my 'ſquire Sancho having aſked permiſſion 'to take the trappings of that coward's 'horſe, and adorn his own with them, 'I gave him leave, and he took them 'accordingly; though I can give no

* Literally, 'Lady of a crown.'

'other reason for their being now converted into a pannel, but that such 'transformations frequently happen in 'the events of chivalry: yet, as a confirmation of what I say, run, friend 'Sancho, and bring hither the helmet, 'which this honest man calls a bason.'

'By God!' answered Sancho, 'if 'your worship has no better proof of 'our honourable doings than what you 'mention, Mambrino's helmet will turn 'out a bason, as certainly as this honest man's trappings are transmographied into a pannel.'—'Do what I order,' replied the knight; 'sure I am 'every thing in this castle cannot be 'conducted by inchantment.' Sancho went accordingly, and fetched this bason or helmet of Mambrino, as his master called it, which Don Quixote taking in his hand, said, 'Behold, gentlemen, 'with what face this plebeian can affirm 'that this is a bason, and not the helmet I have mentioned: now, I swear 'by the order of knighthood I profess, 'that this is the individual helmet which 'I took from him, without the least 'addition or diminution.'—'Without 'all manner of doubt,' said Sancho; 'for since my master won it, to this 'good hour, he hath used it but in one 'battle, when he delivered those mischievous galley-slaves; and if it had 'not been for that same bason-helmet, 'he could not have come off so well: 'for there was a deadly shower of stones 'rained upon his pate in that storm.'

CHAP. XVIII.

THE DECISION OF THE DOUBTS CONCERNING MAMBRINO'S HELMET AND THE PANNEL—WITH A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT OF MANY OTHER ADVENTURES.

'GENTLEMEN,' said the barber, 'pray favour me with 'your opinion concerning what is affirmed by these gentlefolks, who so 'obstinately maintain that this is not a 'bason, but a helmet!'—'And if any 'one affirms to the contrary,' replied Don Quixote, 'I will make him sensible that he lyes, if he be a knight; 'and if a plebeian, that he lyes a thousand times.' His own townsman, who was present all the while, being well acquainted with the knight's humour, resolved to encourage him in his extravagance, and carry on the joke for the diversion of the company; with this view he addressed himself to the other shaver, saying, 'Mr. Barber, or whosoever 'you are, you must know that I am of 'the same profession; I have had a certificate of my examination these twenty 'years; and know very well all the instruments of the art, without excepting one. I was, moreover, a soldier in my youth, consequently can 'distinguish an helmet, a morrion, and 'a casque with it's beaver, together 'with every thing relating to military 'affairs; I mean the different kinds of 'armour wore by soldiers in the field: 'I say, under correction, and still with 'submission to better judgment, that 'the object now in dispute, which that 'worthy gentleman holds in his hand, 'is not only no barber's bason, but 'also, as far from being one as black 'is from white, or falshood from truth. 'I likewise aver, that though it is an 'helmet, it is not entire.'—'You 'are certainly in the right,' said Don Quixote, 'for it wants one half, which 'is the beaver.'

The curate, who by this time understood the intention of his friend, seconded his asseveration, which was also confirmed by Cardenio, Don Fernando, and his companions; and the judge himself would have bore a part in the jest, had he not been engrossed by the affair of Don Lewis; but that earnest business kept him in such perplexity of thought, that he could give little or no attention to the joke that was going forward.

'Good God!' cried the barber, with amazement, 'is it possible that so many 'honourable persons should pronounce 'this bason to be a helmet! an assertion sufficient to astonish a whole university, let it be never so learned. 'Well, if that bason be an helmet, I 'suppose the pannel must be a horse's 'trappings too, as this gentleman 'says.'—'To me it seems a pannel,' replied the knight; 'but, as I have already observed, I will not pretend to 'decide whether it be the pannel of an 'ass, or the furniture of a steed.'—'Don Quixote has no more to do but 'speak his opinion,' said the curate; 'for in affairs of chivalry, all these 'gentlemen, myself, and even the ladies, yield to his superior understanding.



Plate IX.

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'ing.'—'By Heaven! gentlemen,' cried the knight, 'ſo many ſtrange accidents 'have happened to me, twice that I 'have lodged in this caſtle, that I will 'not venture poſitively to affirm the 'truth of any thing that may be aſked 'relating to it; for I imagine that 'every thing in this place is conducted 'by the power of inchantment. The 'firſt time I paſſed the night in this 'place, I was harraſſed extremely by 'an inchanted Moor that reſides in the 'caſtle, while Sancho was almoſt as 'roughly handled by ſome of his at-'tendants; and this very night I was 'ſuſpended by one arm for the ſpace 'of two hours, without knowing how 'or wherefore I incurred that misfor-'tune. For me, therefore, to give my 'opinion in a caſe of ſuch perplexity, 'would be a raſh deciſion: with re-'gard to the helmet, which they ſay is 'a baſon, I have already expreſſed my 'ſentiments; but dare not give a defi-'nitive ſentence by declaring whether 'that be a pannel or a horſe's furniture. 'That I leave to the judgment of the good 'company, who not being knights, as 'I am, perhaps are not ſubjected to 'the inchantments of this place; but, 'enjoying their faculties clear and un-'diſturbed, can judge of theſe things 'as they really and truly are, not as 'they appear to my imagination.'—'Doubtleſs,' replied Don Fernando, 'Signior Don Quixote manifeſts his 'own prudence, in obſerving that to 'us belongs the determination of this 'affair, which, that it may be the bet-'ter founded, I will in private take the 'opinions of this good company one by 'one, and then openly declare the full 'reſult of my enquiry.'

To thoſe who are acquainted with the knight's humour, this propoſal afforded matter of infinite diverſion; but the reſt being ignorant of the joke, looked upon it as a piece of downright madneſs: this was particularly the opinion of the domeſticks belonging to Don Lewis, which was even eſpouſed by himſelf and three travellers juſt arrived, who ſeemed to be troopers of the holy brotherhood, as indeed they were; but he that almoſt ran diſtracted was the barber, whoſe baſon was, even in his own ſight, transformed into Mambrino's helmet, while he expected every moment that his pannel would be certainly declared the rich trappings and furniture of a horſe. Every body laughed to ſee Don Fernando going about with great gravity collecting opinions in whiſpers, that each might privately declare whether that jewel, about which there had been ſuch obſtinate diſputes, was the pannel of an aſs, or the furniture of a ſteed. Having received the anſwers of all thoſe who knew Don Quixote, he pronounced aloud, 'Truly, 'honeſt friend, I am quite tired with 'aſking ſo many opinions: for every 'one to whom I put the queſtion, af-'firms it is downright diſtraction to 'call this a pannel, which is certainly 'the furniture of a horſe, and that too 'of an excellent breed. Therefore, you 'muſt e'en have patience: for in ſpite 'of you, and the teſtimony of your aſs 'to boot, an horſe's furniture it muſt 'remain, as you have failed ſo egre-'gioufly in the proof of what you al-'ledge.'—'May I never taſte the joys 'of heaven!' cried the tranſported barber, 'if you are not all deceived; and 'ſo may my ſoul appear before God, as 'this appears to me, a mere pannel, 'and not the furniture of an horſe! but 'thus might overcomes*——I ſay no 'more, neither am I drunk, being 'freſh and faſting from every thing 'but ſin.'

The company laughed as heartily at the ſimplicity of the barber as the extravagance of the knight, who upon this deciſion, ſaid, 'Nothing now remains, 'but that every one ſhould take his 'own again; and may St Peter bleſs 'what God beſtows†.' One of the four ſervants belonging to Don Lewis now interpoſed, ſaying, 'If this be not a 'premeditated joke, I cannot perſuade 'myſelf that people of ſound under-'ſtanding, ſuch as all this company are 'or ſeem to be, ſhould venture to ſay 'and affirm that this is no baſon, nor 'that a pannel; yet ſeeing this is both 'ſaid and affirmed, I conceive there 'muſt be ſome myſtery in thus inſiſt-'ing upon a thing ſo contrary to truth 'and experience; for, by God!' (an oath he ſwore with great emphaſis) 'all

* The original would be more literally tranſlated, by ſaying, 'The law's meaſure is 'the king's pleaſure.'

† A bridal benediction.

'the people on earth ſhall never make 'me believe that this is not a barber's 'baſon, or that not the pannel of an 'he-aſs.'—'Why not of a ſhe-aſs?' ſaid the curate. 'That diſtinction 'makes no difference,' ſaid the ſervant; 'nor has it any concern with the diſ-'pute, which is occaſioned by your 'ſaying that it is not a pannel at all.'

At the ſame time, one of the troopers who had entered and been witneſs to the quarrel and queſtion, could no longer contain his choler and diſpleaſure at what he heard; and therefore ſaid, in a furious tone, 'If that is not a 'pannel, my father never begat me; 'and he that ſays, or ſhall ſay the con-'trary, muſt be drunk.'—'You lye, 'like an infamous ſcoundrel!' replied Don Quixote; who lifting up his lance, which he ſtill kept in his hand, aimed ſuch a ſtroke at the trooper's ſkull, that if he had not been very expeditious in ſhifting it, he would have been ſtretched at full length upon the ground, on which the weapon was ſhivered to pieces: the reſt of the troop, ſeeing their companion ſo roughly handled, raiſed their voices, crying for help to the holy brotherhood; the innkeeper being of that fraternity, ran in for his tipſtaff and ſword, and eſpouſed the cauſe of his brethren; the domeſticks ſurrounded Don Lewis, that he might not eſcape in the ſcuffle; the barber ſeeing the houſe turned topſy-turvey, laid hold again of the pannel, which was at the ſame time ſeized by Sancho; Don Quixote attacked the troopers ſword-in-hand; Don Lewis called to his ſervants to leave him, and go to the aſſiſtance of Cardenio and Don Fernando, who had ranged themſelves on the ſide of Don Quixote; the curate exhorted, the landlady ſcreamed, the daughter wept, Maritornes blubbered, Dorothea was confounded, Lucinda perplexed, and Donna Clara fainted away. The barber pummelled Sancho, who returned the compliment; one of the ſervants preſuming to ſeize Don Lewis by the arm, that he might not run away, the young gentleman gave him ſuch a ſlap in the face as bathed all his teeth in blood; the judge exerted himſelf in his defence. Don Fernando having brought one of the troopers to the ground, kicked his whole carcaſe to his heart's content: the landlord raiſed his voice again, roaring for help to the holy brotherhood; ſo that the whole inn was a ſcene of lamentation, cries, ſhrieks, confuſion, dread, diſmay, diſaſter, backſtrokes, cudgelling, kicks, cuffs, and effuſion of blood. In the midſt of this labyrinth, chaos, and compoſition of miſchief, Don Quixote's imagination ſuggeſted that he was all of a ſudden involved in the confuſion of Agramonte's camp, and therefore pronounced with a voice that made the whole inn reſound, 'Let every man forbear, put 'up his ſword, be quiet and liſten, un-'leſs he be weary of his life.'

On hearing this exclamation, all the combatants pauſed, while he proceeded thus: 'Did not I tell you, gentlemen, 'that this caſtle was inchanted, and 'doubtleſs inhabited by a whole legion 'of devils? as a proof of which, you 'may now perceive with your own eyes 'how the diſcord and mutiny in Agra-'monte's camp is tranſlated hither: 'behold, in one place, we fight for a 'ſword; in another, for a horſe; in a 'third, for an eagle; and in a fourth, 'for a helmet; in ſhort, we are all by 'the ears together, for we know not 'what.—Advance, therefore, my lord 'judge, and Mr. Curate, and in the 'perſons of Agramonte and King So-'brino, re-eſtabliſh peace among us; 'for, by Almighty God! it were wicked 'and abſurd, that perſons of our im-'portance ſhould be ſlain in ſuch a fri-'volous cauſe.'

The troopers, who did not underſtand the knight's ſtile, and found themſelves very ſeverely treated by Don Fernando, Cardenio, and their companions, would not be pacified; but it was otherwiſe with the barber, who, in the ſcuffle, had loſt both his pannel and beard: Sancho, who, like a faithful ſervant, minded the leaſt hint of his maſter, willingly obeyed, and the ſervants of Don Lewis were fain to be quiet, ſeeing how little they had got by concerning themſelves in the fray; the innkeeper alone inſiſted upon their chaſtiſing the inſolence of that madman, who was every moment throwing the whole houſe into confuſion; at length the diſturbance was appeaſed, the pannel remained as an horſe's furniture till the day of judgment, the baſon as an helmet, and the inn as a caſtle, in Don Quixote's imagination.

Every thing being thus amicably compoſed by the perſuaſion of the judge and

and prieſt, the ſervants of Don Lewis began again to preſs him with great obſtinacy to ſet out with them for his father's houſe immediately; and while he expoſtulated with them, the judge conſulted with Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the curate, about what he ſhould do on this occaſion; imparting to them the declaration Don Lewis had made; at laſt it was agreed that Don Fernando ſhould tell the ſervants who he was, and expreſs a deſire that Don Lewis ſhould accompany him to Andalouſia, where his brother the marquis ſhould entertain him according to his rank and merit; for he well knew the young gentleman was fixed in the determination of being cut to pieces rather than return to his father at that time. The domeſticks being informed of Don Fernando's quality, and underſtanding the reſolution of Don Lewis, determined amongſt themſelves that three of them ſhould return and give the father an account of what had happened, while the fourth ſhould attend the young gentleman, until they ſhould either come back for him, or know his father's pleaſure.

In this manner was that accumulation of quarrels appeaſed by the authority of Agramonte and prudence of King Sobrino; but the enemy of concord and rival of peace being thus foiled and diſappointed, and ſeeing how little fruit he had reaped from the labyrinth of confuſion in which he had involved them, determined to try his hand once more, and revive diſcord and diſturbance anew; and theſe were the means he practiſed for this purpoſe: the troopers, apprized of the quality of thoſe with whom they had been engaged, were fain to be quiet and retreat from the fray, concluding that whatever might happen they would have the worſt of the battle; but one of them who had been pummelled and kicked by Don Fernando, recollected that among other warrants for apprehending delinquents, he had one againſt Don Quixote, iſſued by the holy brotherhood, on account of his having ſet the galley-ſlaves at liberty, as Sancho had very juſtly feared: this coming into his head, he was reſolved to aſſure himſelf whether or not the knight's perſon agreed with the deſcription, and pulling out of his boſom a bundle of parchment, he ſoon found what he ſought, and beginning to ſpell with great deliberation (for he was by no means an expert reader) between every word he fixed his eyes upon the knight, whoſe phyſiognomy he compared with the marks ſpecified in the warrant, and diſcovered beyond all doubt that he was the very perſon deſcribed; no ſooner was he thus convinced, than putting up the parchment, and holding the warrant in his left-hand, he with his right ſeized Don Quixote ſo faſt by the collar that he could ſcarce fetch his breath, roaring aloud, 'Help, in the 'name of the holy brotherhood; and 'that you may ſee my demand is juſt, 'read that warrant for apprehending 'this highwayman.'

The curate, upon peruſing the warrant, found what the trooper ſaid was true, and that the deſcription exactly agreed with the perſon of Don Quixote, who ſeeing himſelf ſo unworthily treated by ſuch a ragamuffin, was incenſed to the higheſt degree, ſo that every bone in his body trembled with rage; and he made ſhift to faſten on the trooper's throat with both hands ſo violently, that if his companions had not come to his aſſiſtance, he would have quitted his life before the knight had quitted his hold. The innkeeper being obliged to ſuccour his brethren, ran immediately to their aſſiſtance; his wife ſeeing her huſband re-engaged in the quarrel, exalted her voice anew; Maritornes and the daughter ſqualled in concert, imploring heaven and the bye-ſtanders for help: Sancho perceiving what paſſed, 'By the Lord!' cried he, 'what my 'maſter ſays about the inchantments 'of this caſtle is certainly true; for it is 'impoſſible to live an hour in quiet 'within it's walls.'

Don Fernando parted the knight and trooper, to their mutual ſatisfaction; unlocking their hands, which were faſt clinched in the doublet-collar of the one, and the wind-pipe of the other, but for all that they did not ceaſe demanding their priſoner, and the aſſiſtance of the company, in binding and delivering him to their charge, agreeable to the ſervice of the king, and the order of the holy brotherhood, in whoſe behalf they repeated their demand of favour and aſſiſtance, to ſecure that felon, robber, and thief. Don Quixote ſmiled at hearing theſe epithets, and with much compoſure replied, 'Come hither, ye vile

'and

'and base-born race! do you call it the 'province of an highwayman to loose 'the chains of the captive, and set the 'prisoner free! to succour the miser-'able, raise the fallen, and relieve the 'distressed? Ah! infamous crew! whose 'low and grovelling understanding ren-'ders you unworthy that Heaven should 'reveal to you the worth that is con-'tained in knight-errantry, or make 'you sensible of your sin and ignorance, 'in neglecting to revere the very sha-'dow, much more the substance of any 'knight. Come hither, ye rogues in a 'troop, and not troopers; ye robbers 'licensed by the holy brotherhood; and 'tell me what ignorant wretch he was, 'who signed a warrant of caption 'against such a knight as me? Who 'did not know that we are exempted 'from all judicial authority, and that 'a knight's own sword is his law, he 'being privileged by his valour, and 'restricted only by his will and plea-'sure? Who was the blockhead, I 'say, who does not know, that no 'gentleman's charter contains so many 'rights and indulgencies as adhere to 'a knight-errant, the very day on 'which he is dubbed, and devotes him-'self to the painful exercise of arms? 'What knight-errant ever paid tax, 'toll, custom, duty, or excise? What 'taylor ever brought in a bill for mak-'ing his cloaths? What governor ever 'made him pay for lodging in his 'castle? What king did ever neglect to 'seat him at his own table? What 'damsel ever resisted his charms, or re-'fused to submit herself entirely to his 'pleasure and will? And, in fine, what 'knight-errant ever was, is, or will be, 'whose single valour is not sufficient 'to annihilate four hundred troopers, 'should they presume to oppose him?'

CHAP. XIX.

IN WHICH IS CONCLUDED THE NOTABLE ADVENTURE OF THE TROOPERS—WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE SURPRIZING FEROCITY OF OUR WORTHY KNIGHT DON QUIXOTE.

WHILE Don Quixote harangued in this manner, the curate was employed in persuading the troopers, that he was a man disordered in his judgment, as they might perceive both by his words and actions, and therefore they ought not to proceed any farther in the affair; for even if they should apprehend him, he would soon be dismissed as a person *non compos*. To this observation the man who had the warrant replied, that it was not his business to judge of Don Quixote's madness, but to obey the orders of his superiors; and that if he was apprehended once, they might discharge him three hundred times over, if they would. 'For all that,' said the priest, 'you must not carry him off 'at present, nor do I believe he will 'suffer himself to be so treated.'

In short, the curate talked so effectually, and the knight himself acted such extravagancies, that the troopers must have been more mad than he, if they had not plainly perceived his defect; therefore they thought proper to be satisfied, and even performed the office of mediators betwixt the barber and Sancho Panza, who still maintained the fray with great animosity; for the troopers, as limbs of justice, brought the cause to an arbitration, and decided it in such a manner as left both parties if not fully satisfied, at least in some sort content with the determination, which was, that the pannels should be exchanged, but the girths and halters remain as they were. With regard to Mambrino's helmet, the curate, unperceived by Don Quixote, took the barber aside, and paid him eight rials for the bason, taking a receipt in full, that cleared the knight from any suspicion of fraud from thence forward, for ever, Amen.

These two quarrels, which were of the greatest importance of any that happened, being luckily composed, it remained that three of the servants belonging to Don Lewis should return, and the fourth accompany his master to the place whither Don Fernando intended to conduct him; and as good luck and favourable fortune had already began to quell the spirit of discord, and smooth all difficulties, in behalf of the lovers and heroes of the inn, they were resolved to proceed in such a laudable work, and bring every thing to a happy conclusion; for the domesticks were satisfied with what Don Lewis proposed; a circumstance that gave such pleasure to Donna Clara, that every body who beheld

beheld her face might have discerned the joy of her soul. Zoraida, though she did not well understand the incidents she had seen, was sorrowful and gay, by turns, according as she perceived the company affected, particularly her Spaniard, upon whom her eyes and heart were always fixed. The innkeeper, who took particular notice of the full satisfaction which the barber had received from the curate, demanded payment of Don Quixote, of the reckoning, as well as for the damage he had done to the bags, and the lois of his wine; swearing that neither Rozinante nor Sancho's ass should stir from the stable, until he should be satisfied to the last farthing*. The curate pacified the landlord, and Don Fernando paid the bill, although the judge very frankly offered to take that upon himself. In this manner universal concord was restored; so that the inn no longer represented the disorder in Agramonte's camp, but rather the peace and quiet that reigned in the time of Octavius Cæsar; and this blessing was generally ascribed to the laudable intention and great eloquence of the priest, together with the incomparable generosity of Don Fernando.

Don Quixote now finding himself freed and disentangled from so many broils in which both he and his squire had been involved, thought it high time to proceed on his journey, in order to finish that great adventure to which he had been summoned and chosen: he therefore, with determined purpose, went and fell upon his knees before Dorothea, who refusing to hear him in that posture, he rose in obedience to her will, and expressed himself in this manner: 'It 'is a common proverb, beauteous prin- 'cess, that diligence is the mother of 'success; and in many important causes, 'experience hath shewn that the af- 'fluity of the solicitor hath brought 'a very doubtful suit to a very fortu- 'nate issue. But the truth of this 'maxim is no where more evinced than 'in war, where activity and dispatch 'anticipate the designs of the enemy, 'and obtain the victory before he has 'time to put himself in a posture of 'defence. This I observe, most high 'and excellent princess, because, in my 'opinion, our stay in this castle is unprofitable and prejudicial, as we may 'one day perceive; when it is too late; 'for who knows but by means of secret 'and artful spies, your enemy, the 'giant, may get notice that I am coming to destroy him; and taking the 'opportunity of our delay, fortify himself in some impregnable castle, against 'which all my diligence, and the 'strength of my indefatigable arm, will 'not avail. Wherefore, most noble 'princess, let us, as I have already observed, prevent his designs by our activity, and set out immediately, in the 'name of good fortune, which your 'highness shall not long sigh for, after 'I shall have come within sight of your 'adversary.'

Here the knight left off speaking, and with great composure expected the answer of the beautiful infanta; who, with a most princely air, and in a stile perfectly well-suited to his address, replied in this manner: 'I thank you, 'Sir Knight, for the desire you express 'to assist me in my necessity, like a 'true knight, whose duty and province 'it is, to succour the fatherless and 'distressed; and Heaven grant that 'your desire and my expectation may 'be fulfilled, that you may see there 'are grateful women upon earth. With 'regard to my departure, let it be as 'speedy as you please: my will is altogether included in yours; dispose 'of me, therefore, according to your 'own pleasure; for she who hath once 'invested you with the charge and defence of her person, and solely depends upon your valour, for being re-'established on her throne, would act 'preposterously, in seeking to contradict what your prudence shall ordain.' —'In the name of God, then,' cried Don Quixote, 'since a princess humbles herself thus before me, I will 'not let slip the opportunity of raising 'her up, and placing her upon the 'throne of her ancestors. Let us depart immediately; for the desire of 'seeing you restored, the length of the 'journey, and the common reflection, 'that "delays are dangerous," act as 'spurs upon my resolution; and since

* It were to be wished, for the honour of Spanish innkeepers, that Cervantes had caused mine host to restore Sancho's wallet, which he had detained on the day of the blanketting; as such restitution would have increased the general satisfaction.

'Heaven

'Heaven hath not created, nor hell ever 'ſeen an object that could ſtrike me 'with terror and conſternation—go, 'Sancho, ſaddle Rozinante, prepare the 'queen's palfrey, and get ready your 'own aſs, while we take leave of the 'conſtable and theſe noble perſonages, 'and ſet forward on our journey, with-'out loſs of time.'

Here Sancho, who was preſent all the time, ſhook his head, ſaying, 'Ah, 'maſter, maſter! there are more tricks 'in town than you dream of; with 'ſubmiſſion to the honourable lappets 'be it ſpoken.'—'What tricks can 'there be either in town or city, that 'can redound to my diſcredit, raſcal?' cried the knight. 'Nay, if your wor-'ſhip be in a paſſion,' replied the ſquire, 'I will keep my tongue within my 'teeth, and not mention a ſyllable of 'what, as a truſty ſquire and faithful 'ſervant, I am bound to reveal to my 'maſter.'—'Say what thou wouldſt,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'ſo thy words 'have no tendency to make me afraid; 'for in being ſuſceptible of fear, thou 'ſheweſt the baſeneſs of thy own cha-'racter, as I, in being proof againſt 'all ſorts of terror, preſerve the dignity 'of mine.'—'As I am a ſinner to 'God,' cried Sancho, 'that is not the 'caſe; but this I know for truth and 'poſitive certainty, that this lady, who 'calls herſelf queen of the great king-'dom of Micomicon, is no more a 'queen than my mother; for if ſhe 'were what ſhe pretends to be, ſhe 'would not be nuzzling into a corner 'with one of this company, at every 'ſnatch of an opportunity.'

Dorothea's face was overſpread with a bluſh, at theſe words of Sancho; for, ſooth to ſay, her huſband Don Fernando had ſeveral times, as he thought unperceived, made free with her lips, as earneſt of that reward his affection deſerved; and in ſo doing, he was obſerved by Sancho, who thought that ſuch condeſcenſion in her looked more like the behaviour of a courtezan than that of ſuch a mighty princeſs; ſo that ſhe neither could nor would anſwer one word to this charge, but ſuffered him to proceed in theſe words: 'This, dear 'maſter, I make bold to mention; be-'cauſe, if after we have travelled the 'Lord knows how far, and paſſed 'many weary days and bitter nights, 'he that is taking his recreation in this 'inn ſhould gather the fruit of all our 'labour, we need not be in ſuch a peri-'lous hurry to ſaddle Rozinante, pre-'pare the palfrey, and get ready the 'aſs; but had better remain in peace 'where we are; and, as the ſaying is, "While we enjoy our meal, let every "harlot mind her ſpinning-wheel."

Gracious Heaven! what a torrent of indignation entered the breaſt of Don Quixote, when he heard theſe indecent expreſſions of his ſquire: ſuch, I ſay, was the rage that took poſſeſſion of his faculties, that with a faltering voice and ſtammering tongue, while his eyes flaſhed lightning, he exclaimed, 'O 'villainous, inconſiderate, indecent and 'ignorant peaſant! thou foul-mouthed, 'unmannerly, inſolent, and malicious 'ſlanderer! dareſt thou utter ſuch lan-'guage againſt theſe honourable ladies 'in my preſence? dareſt thou entertain 'ſuch diſgraceful and audacious ideas 'in thy confuſed imagination? Get out 'of my ſight, monſter of nature, depoſi-'tory of lyes, cupboard of deceit, gra-'nary of knavery, inventor of miſchief, 'publiſher of folly, and foe to that re-'ſpect which is due to royalty; go, nor 'preſume to ſee my face again, on pain 'of my higheſt diſpleaſure!' ſo ſaying, he pulled up his eye-brows, diſtended his cheeks, looked round him, and with his right foot ſtamped violently upon the floor, in conſequence of the wrath that preyed upon his intrails.

Sancho was ſo ſhrunk and terrified at theſe words and furious geſtures, that he would have been glad, if the earth had opened that inſtant under his feet and ſwallowed him up; and not knowing what elſe to do, he ſneaked off from the preſence of his incenſed maſter: but the diſcreet Dorothea, who was ſo well acquainted with Don Quixote's humour, in order to appeaſe his indignation, accoſted him thus; 'Sir Knight 'of the Rueful Countenance, let not 'your wrath be kindled by the nonſenſe 'which your good ſquire hath uttered, 'for, perhaps, he might have had ſome 'ſort of reaſon for what he ſaid; and 'as from his good underſtanding and 'Chriſtian conſcience, he cannot be 'ſuſpected of a deſign to bear falſe 'witneſs againſt any perſon whatever, 'it is to be ſuppoſed, and indeed I firm-'ly believe, that every thing in this 'caſtle, as you, Sir Knight, have ob-'ſerved, being conducted by means of 'inchantment,

'inchantment, Sancho, through that 'diabolical medium, muſt have ſeen 'what he affirms, ſo much to the pre-'judice of my honour and reputation.' —'I ſwear by Almighty God!' cried Don Quixote, 'that your highneſs hath 'hit upon the true cauſe! and the eyes 'of that poor ſinner, Sancho, have been 'faſcinated by ſome deluſive viſion, of 'what could not poſſibly be real; for, 'unleſs he had been miſled by inchant-'ment, ſuch is the innocence and ſim-'plicity of that miſerable wretch, that I 'know he neither could nor would in-'vent a ſlander againſt any living ſoul.' —'That certainly is, and ſhall be the 'caſe,' ſaid Don Fernando; 'for 'which reaſon, Signior Don Quixote 'ought to pardon and reſtore him to 'the boſom of his favour, *Sicut erat 'in principio*, before thoſe illuſions im-'paired his underſtanding.'

The knight promiſed to forgive him accordingly; upon which the curate went in queſt of Sancho, who came in with great humility, and falling on his knees, begged leave to kiſs his maſter's hand; this favour was granted by Don Quixote, who alſo gave him his bene-diction, ſaying, 'Thou wilt now, ſon 'Sancho, be convinced of the truth of 'what I have ſo often told thee, that 'all things in this caſtle are performed 'by the power of inchantment.'—'I be-'lieve ſo too,' replied the ſquire, 'except 'in the affair of the blanketting, which 'really happened in the ordinary courſe 'of things.'—'Thou muſt not ima-'gine any ſuch thing,' anſwered the knight; 'for had that been the caſe, I 'ſhould have revenged thy cauſe at the 'time, and even now would do thee 'juſtice; but neither at that time nor 'now, could I, or can I find any per-'ſons to chaſtiſe as the cauſe of thy 'diſaſter.'

The company being deſirous of knowing the affair of the blanket, the landlord gave a very minute detail of Sancho's capering, to the no ſmall diverſion of all preſent, except the ſquire himſelf, who would have been very much out of countenance, had not the knight aſſured him anew, that the whole was effected by inchantment; though the folly of Sancho never roſe to ſuch a pitch, but that he firmly believed, without the leaſt mixture of doubt or deluſion, that his blanketting had been performed by perſons of fleſh and blood, and not by phantoms or imaginary beings, according to the opinion and affirmation of his maſter.

Two days had this illuſtrious company already paſſed at the inn, from whence thinking it now high time to depart, they concerted matters in ſuch a manner, as that, without putting Dorothea and Don Fernando to the trouble of returning with Don Quixote to the place of his habitation, in order to carry on the ſcheme concerning the reſtoration of Queen Micomicona, the curate and barber were enabled to execute their deſign of carrying him to his own houſe, where endeavours might be uſed for the cure of his diſorder. In conſequence of this plan, they agreed with the maſter of an ox waggon, who chanced to paſs that way, for tranſporting the knight in the following manner; having made a ſort of wooden cage, capacious enough to hold Don Quixote at his eaſe, Don Fernando, with his companions, the ſervants of Don Lewis, together with the troopers and innkeeper, by order and direction of the curate, covered their faces and diſguiſed themſelves, ſome in one ſhape, ſome in another, ſo as to appear, in Don Quixote's eyes, quite different from the people he had ſeen in the caſtle. Thus equipped, they entered, with all imaginable ſilence, into the chamber where he lay aſleep and fatigued with the toil he had undergone in the ſkirmiſhes already deſcribed; and laying faſt hold on him, while he ſecurely enjoyed his eaſe, without dreaming of ſuch an accident, tied both his hands and feet ſo effectually, that when he waked, in ſurprize, he could neither move, nor do any other thing but teſtify his wonder and perplexity at the ſight of ſuch ſtrange faces. He then had recourſe to what his diſtempered imagination continually ſuggeſted, and concluded that all theſe figures were phantoms of that inchanted caſtle; and that he himſelf was, without all queſtion, under the power of incantation, ſeeing he could not even ſtir in his own defence; and this conceit was exactly foreſeen by the curate, who was author of the whole contrivance. The only perſon of the whole company who remained unaltered, both in figure and intellect, was Sancho; who, though his lack of underſtanding fell very little ſhort of his maſter's infirmity, was not ſo mad but that he knew every one of

the apparitions, though he durſt not open his mouth, until he ſhould ſee the meaning of this aſſault and capture of the knight, who likewiſe expected, in ſilence, the iſſue of his own misfortune.

Having brought the cage into his apartment, they incloſed him in it, and fixed the bars ſo faſt, that it was impoſſible to pull them aſunder; then taking it on their ſhoulders, in carrying it out, they were ſaluted by as dreadful a voice as could be aſſumed by the barber (I do not mean the owner of the pannel) who pronounced theſe words; 'O Knight of the Rueful Countenance! 'afflict not thyſelf on account of thy 'preſent confinement, which is ne'ceſſary towards the more ſpeedy ac'compliſhment of that great adven'ture in which thy valour hath en'gaged thee; and which will be at'chieved when the furious Manchegan 'lion is coupled with the white Tobo'ſian dove, their lofty necks being 'humbled to the ſoft matrimonial yoke: 'from which unheard-of conjunction, 'the world ſhall be bleſſed with cou'rageous whelps, who will imitate the 'tearing talons of their valiant ſire; 'and this will happen, ere the pur'ſuer of the fugitive nymph ſhall have 'twice performed his viſit through the 'reſplendent conſtellations, in his na'tural and rapid courſe.—And O! thou 'the moſt noble and obedient ſquire 'that ever wore ſword in belt, beard on 'chin, or ſmell in noſtril, be not diſ'mayed nor diſcontented at ſeeing the 'flower of knight-errantry thus car'ried off before thine eyes; for, if it 'pleaſe the Creator of this world, ſoon 'ſhalt thou be ſo exalted and ſublimed, 'as that thou wilt not even know thy'ſelf; neither ſhalt thou be defrauded 'of the fruit of thoſe promiſes which 'thy worthy lord has made in thy be'half; and I aſſure thee, in the name 'of the ſage Fibberiana*, that thy ſa'lary ſhall be faithfully paid, as in ef'fect thou wilt ſee; follow, therefore, 'the footſteps of the valiant and in'chanted knight; for it is neceſſary 'that you ſhould proceed together to 'the end of your career; and as I am 'not permitted to declare myſelf more 'explicitly, I bid you heartily farewel, 'and will return I well know whither.'

Towards the end of this prophecy, he raiſed his voice to the higheſt pitch, and then ſunk it gradually to ſuch a faint and diſtant tone, that even thoſe who were privy to the joke, were tempted to believe what they had heard.

Don Quixote remained very much comforted by this prophecy, the meaning of which he no ſooner heard than comprehended; interpreting the whole into a promiſe, that he ſhould one day ſee himſelf joined in the juſt and holy bands of matrimony with his beloved Dulcinea del Toboſo, from whoſe fortunate womb would proceed thoſe whelps (meaning his ſons) which would perpetuate the glory of La Mancha. In this perſuaſion, therefore, and firm belief, he raiſed his voice, and heaving a profound ſigh, replied, 'O thou! who'ſoever thou art, whoſe prognoſtica'tion ſounds ſo favourably in mine 'ears, I beg thou wilt, in my name 'beſeech the ſage inchanter who takes 'charge of my affairs, that he will not 'leave me to periſh in the confinement 'which I now ſuffer, until I ſhall have 'ſeen the accompliſhment of thoſe joy'ful and incomparable promiſes which 'thou haſt uttered in my behalf. So 'ſhall I glory in the hardſhips of this 'priſon, and bear with pleaſure theſe 'chains with which my limbs are fet'tered; and inſtead of comparing the 'boards on which I lie, to the rough, 'uncomfortable field of battle, con'ſider them as the ſoothing down of the 'moſt happy and luxurious marriage-'bed. With reſpect to the conſolation 'of Sancho Panza, my ſquire, I con'fide in his virtue and affection, which 'will not allow him to forſake me 'either in proſperity or adverſity; for 'ſhould his evil fortune, or my un'happy fate, hinder me from beſtowing 'upon him the iſland, or ſome equiva'lent, according to my promiſe; at 'leaſt, he ſhall not loſe his wages, ſpe'cified and bequeathed to him in my 'will, that is already made; a recom'pence which, though proportioned to 'my own ſlender ability, comes far ſhort 'of his great and faithful ſervices.'

Here the ſquire bowed in the moſt reſpectful manner, and kiſſed both his hands, as he could not make his compliments to one of them apart, they being faſt bound together. Then the

* A word of equal ſignification with *mentirofiana*, from *menteroſo*, a lyar.

apparitions

apparitions taking the cage upon their ſhoulders, carried it to the waggon, in which it was immediately fixed.

CHAP. XX.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE STRANGE MANNER IN WHICH DON QUIXOTE WAS INCHANTED—WITH OTHER REMARKABLE EVENTS.

DON Quixote ſeeing himſelf thus encaged, and placed upon a cart, could not help ſaying, 'Many very 'grave hiſtories have I read, concerning knights-errant; but never did I 'read, ſee, or hear, that inchanted 'knights were tranſported in this manner, at ſuch a pace as theſe lazy, flow-'footed animals, ſeem to promiſe; for 'they uſed always to be carried through 'the air with ſurprizing ſwiftneſs, wrapped up in ſome dark and duſky cloud, 'or in a fiery chariot, or mounted on a 'hypogriff, or ſome ſuch creature; ſo 'that, before God! I am utterly confounded at my own fate, in being 'thus tranſported on a waggon drawn 'by oxen. But, perhaps, the chivalry 'and inchantments of this age follow 'a different path from that which was 'purſued of old; and as I am a new 'knight on the face of the earth, and 'the firſt who revived the long-forgotten order of errantry, perhaps they 'might have alſo newly invented other 'kinds of incantation, and other methods of conveying thoſe whom they 'inchant.—What is thy opinion of the 'matter, ſon Sancho?'—'I know not 'what my opinion is,' replied the ſquire, 'becauſe I am not ſo well read 'in the ſcriptures of errantry as your 'worſhip; but, for all that, I will venture to affirm, aye and ſwear to it, 'that theſe apparitions who ſtroll about 'us, are not altogether catholick.'—'Catholick! my ſtars*!' anſwered the knight, 'how can they be catholick, 'when they are all devils, who have aſſumed fantaſtical ſhapes, and come 'hither on purpoſe to perform this 'deed, and leave me in my preſent ſituation? But that thou mayeſt be con-'vinced of the truth of what I al-'ledge†, endeavour to touch and feel 'them, and thou wilt perceive that 'they have no other bodies but forms 'of condenſed air conſiſting of no-'thing but mere ſemblance.'—'Fore 'God, Sir!' cried Sancho, 'I have 'made that trial already, and that ſame 'devil who goes about ſo buſy, is well 'provided with good ſubſtantial fleſh, 'and has another property widely dif-'ferent from what is reported of evil 'ſpirits, all of whom, they ſay, ſtink 'of brimſtone and other bad ſmells; 'whereas, he is ſo well ſcented with 'amber, that you may perceive it 'at the diſtance of half a league.' Sancho made this remark on Don Fernando, who being a man of faſhion, probably wore ſcented linen. 'Mar-'vel not at that circumſtance, friend 'Sancho,' replied the knight; 'for 'thou muſt know that devils are a ſet 'of very ſagacious beings; and al-'though they bring ſmells along with 'them, they themſelves being ſpirits, 'can produce no ſmell; or if any odour 'proceeds from them, it cannot be agree-'able, but rather ſtinking and unwhole-'ſome, becauſe they carry their hell about 'them wherſoever they are, and their 'torments admit of no kind of alle-'viation; now, ſweet ſmells being a-'greeable and delicious, cannot poſ-'ſibly proceed from beings which are 'productive of nought but evil; there-'fore, if in thy opinion that devil 'ſmells of amber, either thy ſenſes are 'perverted, or he wants to impoſe up-'on thy underſtanding, by making 'thee believe that he is not an inhabi-'tant of hell.'

Don Fernando and Cardenio overhearing this dialogue between the maſter and the ſquire, were afraid of Sancho's ſtumbling upon the diſcovery of their whole plot, in which he ſeemed already to have made great progreſs, therefore determined to haſten their departure, and calling the landlord aſide, ordered him to ſaddle Rozinante, and put the pannel on Sancho's aſs. This taſk he performed with great diſpatch, while the

* In the original, *mi padre!* my father! which I have changed for an exclamation more frequently uſed in our language.

† In the text, the knight is guilty of a palpable ſoleciſm, in deſiring Sancho to touch and feel that which he himſelf expreſsly obſerves was ſubject neither to touch or feeling.

curate agreed to give the troopers so much a day for attending Don Quixote to the town where he lived. Cardenio having fastened the target to one side of the pummel of Rozinante's saddle, and the bason to the other, made signs for Sancho to mount his ass, and lead his master's steed by the bridle, and then stationed two of the troopers with their carbines on each side of the waggon. But before it began to move, the landlady, her daughter, and Maritornes, came out to take leave of Don Quixote, feigning themselves extremely affected with his misfortune; upon which he said to them, 'Weep not, worthy 'ladies; all these disasters are incident 'to those who chuse my profession; 'and if I were not subject to such ca'lamities, I should not deem myself a 'renowned knight-errant; for these 'things never happen to knights of 'little fame and reputation, who are 'never regarded, scarce even remember'ed on the face of the earth. It is 'quite otherwise with the valiant, 'whose virtue and valour are envied by 'many princes and rivals, who endea'vour by the most perfidious means to 'destroy them; but, nevertheless, vir'tue is so powerful, that of herself she 'will, in spite of all the necromancy 'possessed by the first inventor, Zoroas'ter, come off conqueror in every se'vere trial, and shine refulgent in the 'world, as the sun shines in the hea'vens. Pardon me, beauteous ladies, 'if I have given you any disgust, 'through neglect or omission; for wil'lingly and knowingly I never offended 'a living soul; and pray to God to de'liver me from this prison, in which I 'am confined by some malicious in'chanter; for, if I regain my liberty, 'the favours I have received from your 'courtesy in this castle, shall never 'escape my remembrance, but always 'be acknowledged with gratitude, ser'vice, and respect.'

While the knight made these professions to the ladies of the castle, the curate and barber took their leave of Don Fernando and his companions, the captain and his brother, and all the happy ladies, especially Dorothea and Lucinda; they embraced each other, and agreed to maintain a correspondence by letters; Don Fernando giving the curate a direction by which he might write to him an account of the knight's future behaviour and fate, than which, he protested, nothing could yield him more pleasure; and promising, for his own part, to inform the priest of every thing which he thought would conduce to his satisfaction, relating to his own marriage, the baptism of Zorayda, the success of Don Lewis, and the return of Lucinda to her father's house; the priest having assured him that he would obey his commands with the utmost punctuality, they embraced again, and repeated their mutual proffers of service. The innkeeper coming to the curate, put into his hand a bundle of papers which he said he had found in the lining of the portmanteau, along with the novel of the Impertinent Curiosity; and since the owner had not returned that way, he desired the priest to accept of them, for as he himself could not read, he had no occasion for such useless furniture: the curate thanked him for his present, which he immediately opened, and found written in the title-page, 'Rinconete and 'Cortadilla, a novel*;' from hence he concluded, that since the Impertinent Curiosity was an entertaining story, this might also have some merit, as being probably a work of the same author; and on this supposition put it carefully up, intending to peruse it with the first convenient opportunity; then he and his friend the barber mounting their beasts, with their faces still disguised, that they might not be known by Don Quixote, jogged on behind the waggon. And the order of their march was this: first of all proceeded the cart, conducted by the driver, and guarded on each side by the troopers with their carbines, as we have already observed; then followed Sancho Panza upon his ass, leading Rozinante by the bridle; and in the rear of all came the curate and the barber, masked, and mounted on their trusty mules, with a grave and solemn air, marching no faster than the slow pace of the oxen would allow; while the knight sat within his cage, his hands fettered, and his legs outstretched, leaning against the bars, with such silence and resignation, that he looked more like a statue of stone than a man of

* Written by Cervantes himself.

flesh

flesh and blood. In this slow and silent manner had they travelled about a couple of leagues, when they arrived in a valley, which the waggoner thinking a convenient spot for his purpose, proposed to the curate that they should halt to refresh themselves, and let the oxen feed; but the barber was of opinion that they should proceed a little farther, to the other side of a rising ground, which appeared at a small distance, where he knew there was another valley better stored with grass, and much more agreeable than this in which the waggoner proposed to halt. The advice of Mr. Nicholas was approved, and they jogged on accordingly.

About this time the curate chancing to look back, perceived behind them six or seven men well mounted, who soon overtook them, as they did not travel at the phlegmatick pace of the oxen, but like people who rode on ecclesiastick mules, and were desirous of spending the heat of the day at an inn that appeared within less than a league of the waggon. These expeditious strangers coming up with our slow travellers, saluted them courteously; and one among them, who was actually a canon of Toledo, and master of those who accompanied him, observing the regular procession of the waggon, troopers, Sancho, Rozinante, the curate, and barber, and in particular Don Quixote encaged and secured as he was, could not help asking why and whither they were conveying that man in such a manner? though he had already conjectured, from the badges of the troopers, that he must be some atrocious robber or delinquent, the punishment of whom belonged to the holy brotherhood. One of the troopers to whom the question was put, answered, 'Signior, the gentleman himself will tell you the meaning of his travelling in this manner; for our parts we know nothing at all of the matter.' The knight, overhearing what passed, said to the strangers, 'Gentlemen, if you are skilled and conversant in matters of knight-errantry, I will communicate my misfortune; otherwise there is no reason why I should fatigue myself with the relation.'

By this time the curate and barber, having perceived the travellers in conversation with the knight, came up in order to prevent their plot from being discovered, just as the canon had begun to answer Don Quixote in these words: 'Truly, brother, I am better acquainted with books of chivalry than with the Summaries of Villalpando; so that if there be nothing else requisite, you may freely impart to me as much as you please.'—'A God's name, then,' said Don Quixote, 'if that be the case, you must know, Signior cavalier, that I am inchanted in this cage, through the envy and fraud of mischievous necromancers; for virtue is always more persecuted by the wicked than beloved by the righteous. A knight-errant I am, though none of those whose names Fame never enrolled in her eternal records; but of that number, whom maugre, and in despite of Envy herself, and all the magi whom Persia ever produced, with the brachmans of India, and gymnosophists of Ethiopia, will leave their names engraved on the temple of immortality, as examples and patterns to succeeding ages, by which all knights errant may see what steps they must follow, if they wish to attain the height and honourable summit of arms.'

Here the curate interposing, said, 'Signior Don Quixote speaks no more than the truth: he is inchanted in that waggon, not on account of his own crimes or misdemeanors, but through the malice of those who are disgusted at virtue, and offended at valour. This, Signior, is the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, whose name perhaps you have heard, and whose valiant exploits and mighty atchievements will be engraved on durable brass, and carved in eternal marble, in spite of the unwearied efforts of malice to cancel, and of envy to obscure them.'

The canon hearing such a stile proceed not only from the prisoner's mouth, but also from the lips of him who was free, had well-nigh crossed himself with astonishment, and could not conceive what had befallen him, while his whole company were seized with the same degree of amazement: but Sancho Panza, who was near enough to hear what passed, being willing to undeceive the strangers, said to them, 'Gentlemen, whether what I am going to say be ill or well taken, I must tell you the case is this: my master

'master Don Quixote is no more inchanted than the mother that bore me; he enjoys his right wits, eats, drinks, and does his occasions, like other men, and as he himself was wont to do before he was encaged; now, if this be the truth of the matter, how can any man persuade me that he is inchanted? since I have heard divers persons observe, that those who were inchanted neither eat, sleep, nor speak; whereas my master, if he is not hindered, will talk like thirty barristers.' Then turning to the curate, he proceeded thus: 'Ah, Mr. Curate, Mr. Curate! you think I don't know you, and imagine that I cannot dive into the meaning of these new inchantments, but you are mistaken; I know you very well for all your masking, and can smell out your plots, disguise them as you will; in short, as the saying is, Just are virtue's fears, when envy domineers, and Bounty will not stay, where niggards bear the sway. Damn the devil! if it had not been for your reverence, my master by this time would have been married to the Princess Micomicona, and I should have been an earl at least; for less I could not expect, either from the generosity of my Lord of the Rueful Countenance, or from the greatness of my own services: but now I see the truth of what is commonly said, That fortune turns faster than a mill-wheel; and that those who were yesterday at top, may find themselves at bottom today. It grieves me on account of my poor wife and children, who, instead of seeing their father come home in the post of governor or viceroy of some island or kingdom, as they had great reason to expect, will behold him returning in the station of a common groom: all this I have observed, Mr. Curate, for no other reason but to prevail upon your fathership to make a conscience of the ill-treatment my master receives at your hands, and consider that God may call you to account in the next world for this captivity of my Lord Don Quixote, and for all the succours and benefits that are prevented by his being thus confined.'

'Snuff me these candles!' cried the barber, hearing the squire's declaration; 'why, sure, Sancho, you belong to your master's fraternity; by the Lord! I find you ought to keep him company in his cage, and undergo the same sort of inchantment, so much are you infected with the humour of his chivalry: in an unhappy moment were you got with child by his promises, and in an evil hour did that island you harp so much upon take possession of your skull.'—'I am not with child by any person whatever,' answered Sancho, 'nor will I suffer any king in Christendom to beget a child upon my body; for though I be a poor man, I'm an old Christian, and owe no man a farthing: if I long for an island, others long for things that are worse, every one being the son of his own works; the lowest mortal may come to be pope, much more governor of an island, especially as my master may gain more than he knows well what to do with. Mr. Barber, you had better think before you speak: there is something else to do than shaving of beards, and one Pedro may differ from another*; this I say because we know one another, and you must not think to palm false dice upon me: with regard to the inchantment of my master, God knows the truth, and there let it lie; for, as the saying is, The more you stir it, the more it will—you know what.' The barber durst not make any reply, lest Sancho's simplicity should discover what he and the curate were so desirous of concealing; and the priest being under the same apprehension, desired the canon to ride on with him a little before the waggon, promising to disclose the mystery of the encaged knight, with other particulars that would yield him some diversion: the canon put on accordingly with his servants, listening attentively to every thing the curate was pleased to communicate concerning the rank, employment, madness, and manners, of Don Quixote; for he briefly recounted the cause and beginning of his disorder, with the whole progress of his adventures, until he was secured in the cage by their contrivance, that they might carry him home to his own house, and endeavour to find some cure for his distemper.

* Equivalent to our saying, 'Every Jack is not a good fellow.'

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The canon and his servants were astonished anew at hearing the strange story of Don Quixote; which being finished, the Toledan replied, 'Truly, 'Mr. Curate, I am firmly persuaded 'that those books of chivalry are very 'prejudicial in the commonwealth; 'for though I have been induced by a 'false taste and idle curiosity to read 'the beginning of almost every one 'that hath been printed, I never could 'prevail upon myself to read any one 'of them from the first to the last page; 'because, in my opinion, they are all 'of the same stamp, without any essen-'tial difference. And, indeed, that kind 'of composition seems to fall under 'that species of writing called the Mi-'lesian Fables, which are no other than 'extravagant tales calculated for mere 'amusement, without any tendency to 'instruction; on the contrary, the scope 'of your apologues is to convey in-'struction and delight together. Now, 'though the principal intention of those 'books is to delight and entertain the 'reader, I do not see how they can an-'swer that end, being, as they are, 'stuffed with such improbable non-'sense; for the pleasure that the soul 'conceives, is from the beauty and 'harmony of those things which are 'contemplated by the view, or sug-'gested by the imagination; so that 'we can receive no pleasure from ob-'jects that are unnatural and de-'formed. And what beauty, sym-'metry, or proportion, can be observed 'in a book containing the history of a 'youth of seventeen, who with one 'back-stroke cuts through the middle 'a giant like a tower, with as much 'ease as if he had been made of paste; 'and in the description of a battle, 'after having observed that there are 'no less than a million of combatants 'on the side opposite to that which the 'hero of the piece espouses, we must, 'in despite of common-sense, believe, 'that such a knight obtained the vic-'tory by the single valour of his in-'vincible arm. Then, how shall we 'account for the confidence with which 'some queen, empress, or orphan 'heiress, throws herself into the pro-'tection of an unknown knight errant? 'What mind, if not wholly barbarous 'and uncultivated, can be pleased with 'an account of a huge tower full of 'knights sailing upon the sea like a 'ship before the wind; being overnight 'upon the coast of Lombardy, and 'next morning arrived in the domi-'nions of Prester John in the Indies, 'or in some other country which Pto-'lemy never discovered, nor Marcus 'Polus ever saw? If to this observa-'tion it be answered, that the authors 'of those books do not pretend that 'the stories they contain are true, and 'therefore they are under no necessity 'of adhering to such niceties of com-'position; I reply, that fiction is al-'ways the better the nearer it resembles 'truth, and agreeable in proportion to 'the probability it bears, and the 'doubtful credit which it inspires. 'Wherefore, all such fables ought to 'be suited to the understanding of 'those who read them, and written so 'as that by softening impossibilities, 'smoothing what is rough, and keep-'ing the mind in suspense, they may 'surprize, agreeably perplex, and en-'tertain, creating equal admiration 'and delight; and these never can be 'excited by authors who forsake pro-'bability and imitation, in which the 'perfection of writing consists. I have 'never as yet seen in any book of chi-'valry an entire body of a fable, with 'all it's members so proportioned, as 'that the middle corresponds with the 'beginning, and the end is suitable to 'both; on the contrary, one would 'think the author's intention is com-'monly to form a chimera or monster, 'instead of a figure well proportioned 'in all it's parts. Besides, their style 'is usually harsh, their atchievements 'incredible, their amours lascivious, 'their courtesy impertinent, their 'battles tedious, their dialogue in-'sipid, their voyages extravagant, and, 'in short, the whole void of all inge-'nuity of invention; so that they de-'serve to be banished as useless mem-'bers from every Christian common-'wealth.'

The curate, who had listened with great attention, hearing the canon talk so sensibly, looked upon him as a man of excellent understanding, and assented to every thing he said; observing, that, in consequence of his being of the same opinion, and of the grudge he bore to such books of chivalry, he had burned a great number of those that belonged to Don Quixote. He then gave him a detail of the scrutiny,

tiny which had been made, distinguishing such as he spared from those that he condemned to the flames.

The traveller laughed heartily at this account of such an extraordinary trial, saying, that notwithstanding what he had advanced to the disadvantage of such books, there was one thing in them which he could not but approve; namely, the subject they presented for a good genius to display itself, opening a large and ample field in which the pen might at leisure expatiate in the description of shipwrecks, tempests, battles, and encounters; painting a valiant general with all his necessary accomplishments, sage, and penetrating into the enemy's designs, eloquent and effectual either in persuading or dissuading his soldiers, ripe in council, prompt in execution, and equally brave in standing or in giving an assault. One while recounting a piteous tragical story, at another time describing a joyful and unexpected event; here, a most beautiful lady, endued with virtue, discretion, and reserve; there, a Christian knight, possessed of courtesy and valour; in the third place, an outrageous boasting barbarian; and in a fourth, a polite, considerate, gallant prince; not forgetting to describe the faith and loyalty of vassals, together with the grandeur and generosity of great men. The author may also shew himself an astrologer, geographer, musician, and well skilled in state-affairs; nay, if he be so minded, he will sometimes have an opportunity of manifesting his skill in necromancy and magick; he may represent the cunning of Ulysses, the piety of Æneas, the valour of Achilles, the misfortunes of Hector, the perfidy of Sinon, the friendship of Euryalus, the liberality of Alexander, the ability of Cæsar, the clemency and candour of Trajan, the fidelity of Zopyrus, the wisdom of Cato, and finally, all those qualifications which constitute the perfection of an illustrious hero; sometimes uniting them in one, sometimes dividing them into several characters: and the whole being expressed in an agreeable stile and ingenious invention, that borders as near as possible upon the truth, will doubtless produce a web of such various and beautiful texture, as when finished, to display that perfection which will attain the chief end and scope of such writings; which, as I have already observed, is to convey instruction mingled with delight. Besides, the unlimited composition of such books gives the author opportunities of shewing his talents in epicks, lyricks, tragedy, and comedy, and all the different branches of the delicious and agreeable arts of poetry and rhetorick; for epicks may be written in prose as well as verse.

CHAP. XXI.

IN WHICH THE CANON PROSECUTES THE SUBJECT OF KNIGHT-ERRANTRY, AND MAKES OTHER OBSERVATIONS WORTHY OF HIS GENIUS.

'MR. Canon,' said the curate, 'what you have observed, is 'extremely just, and therefore those 'authors deserve the greater reprehension, who have composed such books, 'without the least regard to good sense 'or the rules of art, by which they 'might have conducted their plans, 'and rendered themselves as famous in 'prose as the two princes of Greek 'and Latin poetry are now in verse.'— 'I myself,' replied the canon, 'have 'been tempted to write a book of chivalry, observing all the maxims and 'precautions I have now laid down; 'nay, to tell you the truth, no less 'than a hundred sheets of it are already written; and, in order to try if 'my own opinion of it was well founded, I have communicated my performance to a great many people 'who are passionately fond of that kind 'of reading; not only men of learning and taste, but also ignorant persons, who chiefly delight in extravagant adventures; and I have been favoured with the agreeable approbation of them all: nevertheless, I have 'not proceeded on the work; because, 'I not only thought it foreign to my 'profession, but likewise concluded, 'that the world abounds much more 'with fools than people of sense; and 'though an author had better be applauded by the few that are wise, than 'laughed at by the many that are foolish, I was unwilling to expose myself to the uninformed judgment of 'the arrogant vulgar, whose province 'it principally is to read books of this 'kind. But what contributed most to

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'my laying aside the pen, and indeed 'all thoughts of bringing the work 'to a conclusion, was a reflection I 'made upon the comedies of the pre-'sent age. "If," said I to myself, "our modern plays, not only those "which are formed upon fiction, but "likewise such as are founded on the "truth of history, are all, or for the "greatest part, universally known to "be monstrous productions, without "either head or tail, and yet received "with pleasure by the multitude, who "approve and esteem them as excellent "performances, though they are far "from deserving that title; and if the "authors who compose, and the actors "who represent them, affirm, that this "and no other method is to be prac-"tised, because the multitude must be "pleased; that those which bear the "marks of contrivance, and produce "a fable digested according to the rules "of art, serve only for entertainment "to four or five people of taste, who "discern the beauties of the plan, which "utterly escape all the rest of the au-"dience; and that it is better for them "to gain a comfortable livelihood by "the many, than starve upon reputa-"tion with the few."—"At this rate," said I, "if I should finish my book, "after having scorched every hair in "my whiskers, in poring over it, to "preserve those rules and precepts al-"ready mentioned, I might fare at "last, like the sagacious botcher, "who sewed for nothing, and found "his customers in thread*." I have 'sometimes endeavoured to persuade 'the players, that they were mis-'taken in their maxims; and that 'they would bring more company to 'their house, and acquire much more 'reputation, by representing regu-'lar comedies, than such absurd per-'formances; but I always found 'them so obstinately bigotted to their 'own fancies, that no evidence or de-'monstration could alter their opi-'nion in the least. I remember, I once 'said to one of these pragmatick fel-'lows, "Dont you recollect, that a "few years ago, three tragedies were "acted, composed by a celebrated poet "of this kingdom; and that they "raised admiration, pleasure, and sur-"prize, in all who saw them exhibit-"ed, gentle as well as simple, igno-"rant as well as learned, and brought "more money to the actors than thirty "of the best that have since appeared?" —"Doubtless," answered the player, "you mean Isabella, Phillis, and A-"lexandria."—"The very same," 'said I; "and pray take notice, whe-"ther or not they are composed ac-"cording to rule, or failed to please "every body, because they were re-"gular? Wherefore, the fault does "not lie in the multitude's demanding "absurdities, but in those who can re-"present nothing else; for there is "nothing absurd in the play of In-"gratitude Revenged, nor in Numan-"tia, the Merchant Lover, the Fa-"vourable Female Foe, nor in some "others which are composed by poets "of genius, to their own reputation, "and the advantage of those who re-"presented them." I made use of many 'more arguments, by which he seemed 'to be confuted, though not so much 'satisfied or convinced, as to retract 'his erroneous opinions.'

'Mr. Canon,' said the curate, interrupting him in this place, 'the sub-'ject you have touched upon awakes 'in me an old grudge I have bore to 'our modern plays, even equal to that 'I entertain against books of chivalry. 'Comedy, according to Tully, ought 'to be the mirrour of life, the exem-'plar of manners, and picture of truth; 'whereas, those that are represented 'in this age, are mirrours of absurdity, 'exemplars of folly, and pictures of 'lewdness; for sure nothing can be 'more absurd in a dramatick perform-'ance, than to see the person, who in 'the first scene of the first act, was 'produced a child in swaddling-cloaths, 'appear a full grown man with a beard, 'in the second; or to represent an old 'man active and valiant, a young sol-'dier cowardly, a footman eloquent, 'a page a counsellor, a king a porter, 'and a princess a scullion. Then what 'shall we say concerning their manage-'ment of the time and place, in which 'the actions have or may be supposed 'to have happened? I have seen a come-'dy, the first act of which was laid in 'Europe, the second in Asia, and the 'third was finished in Africa; nay, 'had there been a fourth, the scene 'would have shifted to America; so 'that the fable would have travelled

* A Spanish proverb, applicable to a great many modern projectors and reformers.

'through all the four diviſions of the 'globe. If imitation be the chief aim 'of comedy, how can any ordinary 'underſtanding be ſatisfied with ſee-'ing an action that paſſed in the time 'of King Pepin and Charlemagne, 'aſcribed to the Emperor Heraclius, 'who being the principal perſonage, is 'repreſented, like Godfrey of Bul-'loign, carrying the croſs into Jeruſalem, 'and making himſelf maſter of the holy 'ſepulchre; an infinite number of years 'having paſſed between the one and 'the other. Or, when a comedy is 'founded upon fiction, to ſee ſcraps of 'real hiſtory introduced, and facts miſ-'repreſented both with regard to per-'ſons and times; not with any inge-'nuity of contrivance, but with the 'moſt manifeſt and inexcuſable errors 'and ſtupidity; and what is worſt of 'all, there is a ſet of ignorant preten-'ders, who call this the perfection of 'writing; and that every attempt to 'ſucceed by a contrary method is no 'other than a wild-gooſe chace*. A-'gain, if we conſider thoſe plays that 'are written on divine ſubjects, how 'many falſe miracles do they contain? 'how many apocryphal events miſun-'derſtood by the author, who frequent-'ly confounds the operations of one 'ſaint with thoſe of another? Nay, in 'prophane ſubjects, they have the aſ-'ſurance to work miracles, for no other 'reſpect or conſideration, but be-'cauſe they think ſuch a miracle will 'make a very decent appearance in ſuch 'a place; and, as they term it, attract 'the admiration of the vulgar, and 'bring them in crowds to the play: 'but all this redounds to the prejudice 'of truth, the contempt of hiſtory, 'and ſcandal of our Spaniſh wits; ſo 'that the authors of other nations, who 'punctually obſerve the unities of the 'drama, conclude that we are bar-'barous and ignorant, from our abſurd 'and prepoſterous productions. Nei-'ther is it a ſufficient excuſe to ſay, 'that the intent of all well-governed 'commonwealths, in permitting pub-'lick plays to be acted, is to entertain 'the common people with ſome honeſt 'recreation, in order to divert thoſe 'bad humours which idleneſs uſually 'engenders; and that, ſince this end 'is anſwered by any play whatever, 'either good or bad, there is no occa-'ſion to cramp and limit the authors 'or actors to the juſt laws of compoſi-'tion; the purpoſe of the legiſlature 'being, as I have ſaid, accompliſhed 'without any ſuch reſtriction. To 'this ſuggeſtion I anſwer, that the ſame 'end, without any ſort of compariſon, 'will be much better anſwered by good 'than bad comedies; for, after having 'ſeen an artful and well-digeſted play 'repreſented, the hearer will go away, 'delighted with the comic parts, in-'ſtructed by the ſerious, and agreeably 'ſurprized with the incidents; collect-'ing information from the dialogue, 'precaution from the deceits of the 'fable, experience from the examples 'exhibited, affection for virtue, and in-'dignation for vice. All theſe ſen-'ſations, I ſay, will a good comedy 'excite in the ſpectator's mind, let it be 'never ſo ſtupid and uncultivated; for 'of all impoſſibilities, it is the moſt 'impoſſible, that a comedy, thus per-'fect in all it's parts, ſhould not yield 'more entertainment, ſatisfaction, and 'delight, than one that is defective in 'each particular, as the greateſt part 'of our modern pieces are. Neither 'is this want of correctneſs always to 'be laid to the author's charge; for 'there are ſome poets among us who 'are perfectly well acquainted with the 'rules of writing, and could eaſily 'avoid any ſuch errors of compoſition; 'but as their pieces are made for 'ſale, they ſay, and it is very true, 'that the players would not purchaſe 'them, if they were of any other 'ſtamp; ſo that the author is fain to 'accommodate himſelf to the demand 'of the actor who pays him for his 'work. The truth of this obſervation 'evidently appears in a great number 'of comedies which have been com-'poſed by a moſt happy genius of theſe 'kingdoms†, with ſo much wit, plea-'ſantry, elegance of verſification, gen-'teel dialogue, ſententious gravity, and 'finally, with ſuch elocution and ſub-'limity of ſtile, that the whole world 'reſounds with his fame; yet in ſuit-'ing himſelf to the falſe taſte of the 'actors, he hath not been able to bring 'them all to the requiſite point of per-'fection.

* *Buſcar gullirias*, ſignifies to ſeek dainties.

† Lopez de Vega Carpio.

'fection. Others again are ſo inconſiderate in their productions, that after repreſentation, the players have been frequently obliged to fly and abſcond for fear of chaſtiſement, on account of having exhibited ſomething to the prejudice of royal heads, or diſhonour of noble families; now all theſe inconveniences, with many more that I do not chuſe to mention, might be prevented, if there was at court ſome perſon of taſte and learning, appointed to examine every dramatick performance before it's appearance on the ſtage; and this precaution ſhould affect not only the plays compoſed in Madrid, but all pieces whatever to be repreſented within the monarchy of Spain; for, without the approbation of this licencer, ſigned and ſealed, no magiſtrate ſhould allow any production to be acted within the bounds of his juriſdiction. In conſequence of this expedient the actors would take care to ſubmit every play to the cenſure of the examiner, that they might afterwards repreſent them with ſafety; and the authors would employ more caution and ſtudy in their compoſitions, knowing that they muſt paſs the rigorous examination of an intelligent judge; in this manner, good comedies would be produced, and the aim of ſuch writings happily accompliſhed, to the entertainment of the people, and the credit of Spaniſh wits; while the actors would repreſent them with ſecurity and advantage, and the ſtate be exempted from the trouble of chaſtiſing ſuch delinquents. And if the ſame licencer, or any other perſon, were inveſted with the charge of examining books of chivalry, before they ſee the light, ſome performances of that ſort would certainly appear in all the perfection you have deſcribed, enriching our language with the delightful and precious treaſure of eloquence; while the old romances would be entirely eclipſed by the light of the new, that would furniſh rational amuſement, not only for the idle, but alſo for thoſe who are moſt induſtrious; ſeeing it is impoſſible for the bow to continue always bent, or that feeble nature can ſubſiſt without ſome innocent recreation.'

Thus far had the canon and curate proceeded in their converſation, when the barber coming up to them, ſaid to his townſman, 'Mr Licentiate, this 'is the place in which I propoſed to 'halt, that the oxen might have freſh 'paſture in abundance.' The curate approved of the hint, and communicated their intention to the canon, who reſolved to ſtay with them, being invited by the ſituation of a delicious valley that preſented itſelf to his view; that he might therefore enjoy the agreeable ſpot, together with the converſation of the curate, for whom he had already conceived an affection, and be more particularly informed of Don Quixote's exploits, he ordered his domeſticks to proceed to an inn, which was not far off, and bring from thence victuals ſufficient for the whole company; for he was reſolved to ſpend the afternoon where he was. One of the ſervants told him that the ſumpter-mule, which by that time had reached the inn, carried proviſion enough, and that they ſhould want nothing but barley for the beaſts. 'If 'that be the caſe,' ſaid the canon, 'carry the reſt to the inn, and bring 'the ſumpter-mule hither.'

Meanwhile Sancho perceiving that he might now ſpeak to his maſter, without being overheard by the curate and barber, of whom he was ſuſpicious, approached the cage, and thus addreſſed himſelf to the knight: 'Truly, 'Sir, in order to diſburthen my con'ſcience, I muſt tell you ſomething 'concerning this fame inchantment. 'Theſe people, with maſks on their 'faces, are no other than the curate 'and barber of our town, who, I ve'rily believe, have contrived to carry 'you off in this manner, out of pure 'envy and ſpite, becauſe your worſhip 'has got the heels of them in your fa'mous atchievements: now, this being 'ſuppoſed, it follows as plain as the 'noſe upon my face, that you are not 'inchanted, but rather fooled and 'bamboozled. As a proof of which, I 'deſire to aſk you one queſtion, which 'if you anſwer, as I do believe you 'will, your worſhip may clap your ten 'fingers on the trick, and perceive that 'you are not inchanted, but that your 'whole brain is turned topſy-turvy.' —'Aſk what you will, ſon Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'I will freely an'ſwer, and ſatisfy your doubts to the

'best of my power; with regard to 'your saying, that those who attend 'us are our friends and townsmen, the 'curate and barber, so indeed they 'may appear to your eye; but that they 'are really and effectually so, you 'must by no means believe: on the 'contrary, you are to conclude, that 'if they resemble our friends, the in-'chanters, who can assume what form 'they please, have taken that appear-'ance and resemblance, to mislead your 'credit, and bewilder your imagination 'in such a labyrinth of perplexity, 'that even the clue of Theseus would 'not extricate your thoughts. Be-'sides, they may have done it with a 'view of confounding my judgment, 'that I might not be able to guess 'from what quarter my misfortune 'proceeds; for, if on the one hand you 'affirm that I am attended by the bar-'ber and curate of our town; and on 'the other hand, I find myself encaged; 'though I am sensible that nothing but 'supernatural force could suffice to 'confine me thus, what would you 'have me say or think, but that the 'manner of my inchantment exceeds 'every thing I have read in all the his-'tories that treat of inchanted knights? 'Wherefore set your heart at rest, and 'take it for granted, that these are as 'far from being the persons you have 'mentioned, as I am from being a 'Turk. With respect to thy desire of 'asking me questions, I repeat my pro-'mise of answering, even if thy inter-'rogation should last till to-morrow 'morning.'—'God's blessed mother!' cried the squire, with great vociferation, 'is it possible that your worship can be 'so thick-skulled and brainless, as not 'to perceive the truth of what I al-'ledge, and see that this imprisonment 'and misfortune is more owing to ma-'lice than inchantment? But seeing it 'is so, I will venture to prove, beyond 'all contradiction, that you are no 'more inchanted than my ass. Tell me, 'therefore, as God shall deliver you 'from this mischance, and as you hope 'to see yourself in the arms of my 'Lady Dulcinea, when you least expect 'any such good luck—' 'Truce with 'thy conjuration,' said the knight, 'and ask what thou wilt, I have al-'ready promised to answer with the ut-'most punctuality.'—'That is my re-'quest,' answered Sancho, 'and what 'I want to know is, that your wor-'ship will tell me, without eking or 'curtailing God's precious truth, but 'in honest simplicity of heart as it 'ought to be, and always is told those 'who, like your worship, profess the 'occupation of arms, under the title 'of knight-errants—' 'I tell thee,' cried the knight, interrupting him, 'I 'will not in the least prevaricate. Dis-'patch then, Sancho, for truly I am 'quite tired with so many salvos, soli-'citations, and preambles.'—'I make 'so bold,' replied the squire, 'because 'I am well aware of my master's good-'ness and sincerity, which being as it 'were to the purpose, I ask (with re-'verence be it spoken) whether or not, 'since you have been confined, and as 'you suppose inchanted in this cage, 'your worship hath felt any motion or 'desire to undam either way, as the 'saying is?'—'I do not know what 'you mean by undamming,' answered Don Quixote; 'you must be more ex-'plicit, Sancho, if you expect an an-'swer to the purpose.'—'Is it possible,' said the squire, 'that your worship 'should be ignorant of the meaning 'of the word undamming, which is 'the first thing the boys learn at school? 'Well, then, you must know, I want-'ed to ask if you never had any incli-'nation to do that which nobody else 'can do for you?'—'Now I understand 'thee, Sancho,' said the knight; 've-'rily I have had divers calls of that 'nature, one of which is at present 'very importunate: pray fall upon 'some method to disembarrass me, for 'I believe all is not so sweet and clean 'as it ought to be.'

CHAP. XXII.

THE SAGE CONVERSATION THAT PASSED BETWEEN SANCHO PANZA AND HIS MASTER DON QUIXOTE.

'HA!' cried Sancho, 'have I caught 'you at last? This is what I 'wanted to know with all my heart 'and soul: come on, Sir, there is no 'denying of what is commonly said, 'when any person is in the dumps, I 'know not what is the matter with 'such an one; he neither eats, drinks, 'nor sleeps, nor answers to the pur-'pose,

'poſe, when he is ſpoke to; ſure the 'man muſt be enchanted: from whence 'we are to conclude, that thoſe who are 'inchanted neither eat, drink, ſleep, 'nor do their natural occaſions, as I 'have obſerved. But this is not the 'caſe with ſuch as are diſturbed with 'the inclination that your worſhip at 'preſent feels, drinking when they can 'get liquor, eating when they can lay 'hold on food, and giving plain an-'ſwers to every queſtion that is aſked.' —'Thou art in the right,' replied Don Quixote; 'but I have already told thee, 'that there are different kinds of in-'chantment; and time may have ſo en-'tirely altered the faſhion, that thoſe 'who are under the power of inchant-'ment in this age, may, like me, re-'tain the uſe of their faculties, though 'it was quite otherwiſe of old; ſo that 'there is no arguing or drawing con-'ſequences againſt the different prac-'tice of different times. I am ſenſible 'and certain of my being inchanted, 'and this is ſufficient for the quiet of 'my conſcience, which would give me 'great uneaſineſs if I had the leaſt 'doubt about my fate, and allowed my-'ſelf to be in this cage like an idle 'coward, deceitfully witholding my 'ſuccour from a great number of the 'needy and oppreſſed, who at this very 'hour muſt be in the moſt abſolute and 'extreme neceſſity, from the want of 'my aid and protection.'—'Neverthe-'leſs,' anſwered the ſquire, 'for your 'more abundant ſatisfaction, your wor-'ſhip, methinks, might try to eſcape 'from this priſon; for my own part, 'I'll be bound not only to give my aſ-'ſiſtance, but even to work your de-'liverance, and then you may endea-'vour to remount your truſty Rozi-'nante, who trudges along as melan-'choly and ſad as if he was inchanted 'alſo. This being performed, let us 'try our fate once more in queſt of ad-'ventures; and if they do not turn out 'to our expectation, it will be time 'enough to return to the cage, in which 'I promiſe, on the faith of a true and 'loyal ſquire, to ſhut myſelf up with 'your worſhip, if perchance, through 'your ill fortune or my folly, this that 'I mention ſhould not ſucceed.'—'I 'am content to follow thy counſel, 'brother Sancho,' replied the knight; 'and whenever thou ſhalt perceive a 'proper conjuncture for effecting my 'deliverance, I will implicitly obey 'thee in every thing, but thou wilt 'ſoon find thyſelf deceived in thy opi-'nion of my miſhap.'

This converſation between the knight-errant and the erring ſquire, laſted until they arrived at the place in which the curate, canon, and barber, who had already alighted, waited for them. The waggoner immediately unyoking his oxen, turned them looſe in that verdant and delicious ſpot, the coolneſs of which was extremely inviting, not only to inchanted people like Don Quixote, but alſo to perſons of intelligence and diſcretion like his ſquire, who beſought the curate to let his maſter come out of the cage for a few minutes; becauſe, without ſuch permiſſion, the priſon would not be quite ſo clean as the decency of ſuch a knight required. The curate, underſtanding what he meant, told him that he would willingly grant his requeſt, were he not under ſome apprehenſion that his maſter, finding himſelf at liberty, would play one of his old pranks, and be gone where men ſhould never ſee his face again. 'I 'will be bound for his good beha-'viour,' anſwered Sancho; 'and I 'alſo,' ſaid the canon, 'eſpecially if 'he will promiſe, on the word of a 'knight, not to ſtir from our preſence, 'until he ſhall have obtained our con-'ſent.'

'I will,' cried the knight (who overheard all that paſſed;) 'the more ſo, as 'one, who, like me, is inchanted, can-'not be at liberty to make uſe of his 'own perſon; for the inchanter can ſo 'utterly deprive him of all motion, that 'he ſhall not be able to ſtir from the 'place for three whole ages; and if he 'ſhould make his eſcape, would whiſk 'him back through the air in a twink-'ling.' This being the caſe, he ſaid they might very ſafely uncage him, eſpecially as ſuch indulgence would redound to the benefit of the whole company; for he proteſted that if they did not comply with his preſent neceſſities, he ſhould be obliged to incommode their ſenſe of ſmelling, unleſs they removed to a greater diſtance from the place of his confinement.

The canon, confiding in his word and honour, took him by the hands, tied as they were, and helped him to deſcend from his cage: then the knight, being infinitely rejoiced at his momentary

tary deliverance, ſtretched every joint in his body, and going up to Rozinante, gave him a ſlap on the buttocks, ſaying, 'I ſtill hope in God and his bleſſed mother, thou flower and mirrour of ſteeds! that in a ſhort time we ſhall both obtain our heart's deſire; thou pranceing under the agreeable preſſure of thy lord, and I mounted upon thy truſty back, exerciſing the employment for which Heaven ſent me into the world.' Having pronounced this apoſtrophe, he retired with Sancho to a remote place, from whence he returned much eaſed and comforted, and more deſirous than ever of executing the project of his ſquire. The canon could not help gazing upon him, being ſtruck with admiration at the ſtrange unaccountable ſymptoms of his diſorder; for in all his converſation and replies, he gave evident proofs of an excellent underſtanding, and never loſt himſelf* except on the ſubject of chivalry, as we have formerly obſerved: he was therefore touched with compaſſion for his infirmity, and when the whole company were ſeated on the graſs, waiting for the return of the ſumpter-mule, addreſſed himſelf to the knight in this manner:

'Is it poſſible, good Sir, that the idle and unlucky reading of books of chivalry can have ſo far impaired your judgment, as that you ſhould now believe yourſelf inchanted, and give credit to other illuſions of the ſame kind, which are as far from being true as truth is diſtant from falſhood? Is it poſſible that the human underſtanding can ſuppoſe that ever this world produced that infini e number of Amadis's, with the whole crowd of famous knights, ſo many emperors of Trebiſond, Fleximarte's of Hyrcania, palfreys, damſels, ſerpents, dragons, and giants; ſo many incredible adventures, inchantments of different kinds, battles, dreadful encounters, magnificence of apparel, enamoured princeſſes, ſquires created earls, witty dwarfs, billets, amorous expreſſions, valiant ladies, and finally, ſuch extravagant events as are contained in books of knight errantry? For my own part, when I read a performance of that ſort, without reflecting that it is a legend of vanity and lyes, my imagination is a little amuſed; but as ſoon as I begin to conſider it in the right point of view, I daſh the volume againſt the wall, and would even commit it to the flames, (if I ſhould chance to be near a fire) as a criminal richly deſerving ſuch puniſhment on account of it's falſhood and impoſture, ſo contrary to nature, and bewildered from the track of common-ſenſe, and as an inventor of new ſects and preſterous ways of life, miſleading and inducing the ignorant vulgar to believe the abſurdities which it contains; nay, ſo preſumptuous are ſuch productions, as to diſturb the minds of gentlemen of birth and education, as may be too plainly perceived by their effects upon you, Signior, whom they have reduced to ſuch a paſs as to make it neceſſary that you ſhould be cooped up in a cage, and tranſported from place to place on a waggon, like a lion or tyger exhibited as a ſhew for money. Go to, Signior Don Quixote! have pity upon yourſelf, return into the boſom of diſcretion, and put thoſe happy talents which Heaven hath been pleaſed to beſtow upon you to a better uſe, employing your genius in other ſtudies, which may redound to the increaſe of your honour, as well as to the good of your ſoul; or, if ſwayed by your natural inclination, you are ſtill deſirous of reading the hiſtories of exploits and atchievements, you may have recourſe to the book of Judges in the Holy Scripture, and there you will find real miracles of might, and actions equally valiant and true. Portugal produced a Viriatus, Rome a Cæſar, Carthage an Hannibal, Greece an Alexander, Caſtile a count Fernan Gonçales, Valencia a Cid, Andalouſia a Gonzalo Fernandez, Eſtremadura a Diego Garcia de Paredes, Xerez a Garcia Perez de Vargas, Toledo a Garcilaſſo, Seville a Don Manuel de Leon; the hiſtory of their valiant exploits will afford entertainment, inſtruction, ſurprize, and delight, to readers of the moſt ſublime conception. Such ſtudy as this would be worthy of the good ſenſe of Signior Don Quixote, who would thus become learned in hiſtory, enamoured of virtue, improved

* Literally, 'Never loſt the ſtirrup.'

'in

'in worth, bettered in morals, brave 'without rashness, cautious without 'cowardice; while the whole would 'redound to the honour of God, his 'own particular emolument, and the 'renown of La Mancha, from whence 'I understand his family and origin is 'derived.'

Don Quixote listened with infinite attention to his harangue; and even after he perceived it was finished, looked stedfastly at the canon for some time, before he answered in these words: 'Signior Hidalgo, if I am not mis-'taken, the scope of your discourse 'was to convince me that there never 'were knights-errant in this world; 'that all the books of chivalry are 'false, deceitful, unprofitable, nay 'mischievous, in a commonwealth; 'that I have been much to blame in 'reading, more so in believing, and 'most of all in imitating, the characters 'they describe, by following the most 'painful profession of knight-errantry; 'and, lastly, you deny that ever there 'was an Amadis, either of Gaul or 'Greece, or that any one of that vast 'number of knights recorded in those 'writings had any real existence.'— 'You have exactly summed up my 'allegations,' said the canon. 'You 'were likewise pleased to add,' resumed the knight 'that such books 'had done me infinite prejudice, im-'paired my judgment, and reduced me 'to the necessity of being confined in a 'cage; and that I would do well to 'amend and alter my course of stu-'dies, and to use performances which 'contain more truth, instruction, and 'delight.'—'That,' said the canon, 'was my precise meaning.'—'Why, 'then,' cried Don Quixote, 'in my 'opinion the person impaired in his 'judgment, and inchanted, is no other 'than your worship, who have pre-'sumed to utter such blasphemies 'against an order so well received in 'the world, and established as truth, 'that he who like you denies it de-'serves the same punishment you in-'flicted upon those books that gave 'you disgust; for, to say that there 'never was such a person as Amadis, 'or any other of those adventurous 'knights with whom history abounds, 'is like an endeavour to persuade 'people that frost is not cold, that the 'sun yields no light, and the earth no 'sustenance. Will any earthly elo-'quence make a man believe, that the 'story of the infanta Floripes, and 'Guy of Burgundy, is false; or that 'of Fierabras, with the bridge of Man-'tible, which happened in the time of 'Charlemagne, and I vow to God is 'as true as that the sun shines at noon-'day? If this be a lye, you may also 'affirm that there never was such an 'event as the Trojan war, nor such 'persons as Hector and Achilles, or the 'Twelve Peers of France, or Arthur 'King of England, who to this day 'survives in the likeness of a raven, 'and is every moment expected to re-'ascend his throne. People may as 'well venture to say, that the history 'of Guarino Mesquino, and the suit of 'St. Grial, are pure fiction; and look 'upon the amours of Don Tristan and 'Queen Iseo, with those of Ginebra 'and Lancelot, as altogether apocry-'phal; though there are people who 'almost remember to have seen the 'Duenna Quintanona, who was the 'best wine-skinker in Great Britain: 'this is so true, that I myself have 'heard my grandmother by the father's 'side often say, when she happened to 'see a Duenna with a reverend biggen*, "Grandson, there is a person very like "the Duenna Quintanona." From 'whence I conclude, that she must ei-'ther have known her personally, or 'at least seen some picture of that ve-'nerable matron. Then, who can 'deny the history of Peter of Provence 'and the fair Magalona, since, to this 'day, may be seen in the royal armoury 'the very peg that turned the wooden 'horse upon which the valiant Peter 'travelled through the air; by the 'same token, that it is something 'larger than the pole of a coach, 'and stands near the saddle of Babieca. 'Nay, at Roncevalles you may see 'Orlando's horn, as big as a wea-'ver's beam. From all which circum-'stances we may justly infer, that the 'Twelve Peers, the Peters, the Cids, 'with all those who were called 'knights-errant, actually existed, ac-'cording to the records of their fame; 'otherwise they may as well deny 'that the valiant Portuguese, Juan de

* *Toca*, which is the original word, signifies a woman's coif, veil, or handkerchief.

'Merlo,

'Merlo, was a knight-errant; though 'it is well known, that he went to 'Burgundy and fought in the city of 'Ras, with the famous lord of Charne, 'called Monſeigneur Pierre, and af- 'terwards in the city of Baſil, with 'Monſeigneur Henrique de Remeſtan; 'gaining the victory in each of theſe 'combats, with abundance of honour- 'able fame. Neither, I ſuppoſe, will 'they credit the defiance and adventures 'that were alſo atchieved in Burgundy, 'by thoſe valiant Spaniards, Pedro Barba 'and Guttierre Quixada, (from whom 'I am lineally deſcended on the fa- 'ther's ſide) who conquered the ſons 'of the Count de St. Paul: nay, let 'them likewiſe refuſe to own that Don 'Fernando de Guevara went in queſt 'of adventures into Germany, where 'he fought with Meſſire George, a 'knight of the houſhold to the Duke 'of Auſtria; and ſay that the juſts and 'tournaments at Suero de Quinones, 'and the paſs, were mere illuſion, as 'well as the enterprizes of Monſeig- 'neur Lewis de Falſes, againſt Don 'Gonçalo de Guzman, a Caſtilian 'knight, together with many other ex- 'ploits performed by Chriſtian war- 'riors belonging to theſe and other fo- 'reign realms, ſo authentick and true, 'that (I repeat my aſſeveration) he who 'denies them is void of all reaſon and 'common ſenſe.'

The canon was ſtruck with admiration, when he heard Don Quixote utter ſuch a medley of fiction and truth; and perceiving that he was intimately acquainted with every circumſtance regarding and concerning the atchievements of knight-errantry, anſwered him in theſe words: 'Signior Don Quixote, 'I cannot deny but what you have ſaid 'is partly true, particularly that which 'regards the Spaniſh knights; I grant 'alſo that there was an order called the 'Twelve Peers of France, but can- 'not believe that they performed all 'thoſe exploits recounted by archbiſhop 'Turpin; for the truth is, they were a 'ſet of knights choſen by the kings of 'France, under the title of the Twelve 'Peers, becauſe they were all equal in 'point of virtue, rank, and valour; at 'leaſt, if they were not, they ought to 'have been poſſeſſed of this parity of 'qualifications; for it was an aſſocia- 'tion reſembling the modern orders of 'St. Jago and Calatrava, which ſup- 'poſe, that every member is valiant, vir- 'tuous, and noble; and as we now 'ſay a knight of St. Juan or Alcan- 'tara, in thoſe days they ſaid a knight 'of the Twelve Peers; becauſe thoſe 'who profeſſed that military order were 'equal in all reſpects, and twelve in 'number; that there were ſuch perſons 'as the Cid and Bernardo del Carpio, 'I make no queſtion; but whether or 'not they performed all thoſe exploits 'which are aſcribed to them, is, I be- 'lieve, extremely doubtful; with re- 'ſpect to the peg of Count Peter, which 'you ſay ſtands by the ſaddle of Ba- 'bieca in the royal armoury, to my 'ſhame be it ſpoken, I am either ſo 'ignorant or ſhort-ſighted, that al- 'though I have ſeen the ſaddle, I could 'never obſerve the peg, large as you 'have been pleaſed to deſcribe it.'— 'But there it certainly is,' replied the knight; 'and what makes it the more 'remarkable, it is ſaid to be kept in a 'caſe of calves leather, that it may not 'ruſt.'—'It may be ſo,' ſaid the canon; 'but, by my holy orders! I do 'not remember to have ſeen any ſuch 'thing; yet, granting it to be in that 'place, I am not therefore bound to 'believe the ſtories that are recounted 'of ſo many Amadis's, and ſuch a 'rabble of knights; nor is it reaſon- 'able, that a perſon of honour, like 'you, endowed with ſo many happy 'talents, ſhould give credit to ſuch ex- 'travagant rhodomontades as are re- 'lated in the lying legends of knight- 'errantry.'

CHAP. XXIII.

OF THE SAGE CONTEST BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND THE CANON —WITH OTHER EVENTS.

'A Good jeſt, truly,' replied Don Quixote, 'that books printed 'with the licence of kings, and ap- 'probation of thoſe who are appointed 'to examine them, read with univerſal 'delight, celebrated by great and ſmall, 'rich and poor, knights and plebeians, 'the learned and illiterate; finally, by 'perſons of all ranks and degrees what- 'ever; ſhould contain nothing but 'lyes; notwithſtanding the appearance 'of truth which they maintain, in 'mentioning the father, mother, coun- 'try,

'try, relations, condition, birth-place; 'and in giving an exact journal of the 'exploits peculiar to every individual 'knight; cease, therefore, good Sir, 'to vent such blasphemy, and believe 'that in this particular, I advise you to 'act according to the dictates of good 'sense: read them again, and you will 'see what pleasure you will reap for 'your pains; for what can be more 'entertaining than to see, as it were, 'before our eyes, a vast lake of boil-'ing pitch, through which an infinite 'number of serpents, snakes, and 'alligators, with many other kinds 'of fierce and terrible creatures, are 'continually winding and writhing 'along; then to hear a most dismal 'voice that seems to issue from the 'middle of this pitchy pool, pronounce, "O knight, whosoever thou art, that "now standest gazing at the dreadful "lake, if thou wouldst enjoy the "bliss that is concealed beneath these "sable waves, display the valour of "thy dauntless breast, and dart thyself "amidst these black and burning bil-"lows; otherwise, thou art not worthy "to behold the mighty wonders depo-"sited and contained within the seven "castles of the seven nymphs, that dwell "below this sullen flood." Scarce 'hath the sound of this dismal voice 'ceased to vibrate on his ear, when 'the knight, without the least hesita-'tion, or reflecting upon the danger 'he incurs, nay, without putting off 'his heavy armour, but recommend-'ing himself to God and his mistress, 'plunges at once into the burning lake; 'and when he neither cares nor knows 'what will be his fate, finds himself 'in the midst of a delightful plain, by 'which the Elysian fields are infinitely 'excelled: there the heaven seems more 'transparent, and the sun shines with 'new lustre; the eye is entertained with 'an agreeable forest of tall and leafy 'trees, whose verdure delights the 'view; while the ear is regaled with 'the sweet and artless notes of an in-'finite number of little painted warb-'lers that hop from bough to bough; 'here he perceives a brook, whose re-'freshing waters, clear as liquid chrys-'tal, run murmuring on the yellow 'sand, and glistening pebbles, that 'emulate the purest pearls, and heaps 'of sifted gold.

'In one place springs an artificial 'fountain adorned with variegated jas-'per and polished marble; in another 'rises a rustick grotto, in which the 'small shells of the mussel, and the 'white and yellow twisted domes of 'the snail, placed in beauteous disor-'der, and mixed with bits of shining 'chrystal and counterfeit emeralds, com-'pose such an agreeable variety, that 'nature seems to be excelled by imita-'tive art. In a third place, all of a 'sudden, appears a strong castle or 'magnificent palace, the walls of massy 'gold, the battlements of diamond, 'the gates of hyacinth, and, finally, 'the workmanship so admirable, as in-'finitely to excel the materials, which 'are no less than adamant, carbuncles, 'rubies, pearls, emeralds, and gold. 'Nay, after having thus feasted his 'eyes, there still remains for him to see 'a fair bevy of damsels coming out at 'the castle gate, dressed in such gay 'and splendid attire, that were I to de-'scribe it minutely, as it is represented 'in the history, I should never have 'done. Then she who appears the 'principal, takes by the hand the un-'daunted knight, who threw himself 'into the boiling-lake, and silently lead-'ing him into the rich castle or palace, 'strips him as naked as he was when 'his mother bore him, and bathes him 'in water of an agreeable temperature, 'then anoints his whole body with aro-'matick essences, and puts upon him a 'shirt of the finest lawn, all scented and 'perfumed; then comes another dam-'sel, and throws over his shoulders a 'mantle, which, at least, is usually 'valued at the price of a whole city, or 'more. After all this ceremony, what 'a sight it is, when, as they relate, 'he is conducted into another hall, in 'which a table is furnished with such 'elegance as to excite his admiration 'and suspense! when they sprinkle upon 'his hands water distilled from amber 'and odoriferous flowers! when he is 'seated upon a chair of ivory, and at-'tended by all those damsels, who 'serve him in amazing silence! when 'he is allured by such a variety of 'dishes, and so savourily cooked, that 'the appetite is confounded in it's 'choice! Then to hear musick during 'his repast, without seeing the min-'strel, or knowing from whence the 'sounds proceeds; and, after he has 'refreshed himself, and the table is

'uncovered, while he lolls at eaſe upon 'his chair, perhaps picking his teeth, 'according to cuſtom, he is ſurprized 'with the ſight of another young lady, 'much more beautiful than any of the 'former, who enters the hall, and ſit-'ting down by the knight, begins to 'tell him whoſe caſtle that is, and how 'ſhe is inchanted within it, relating 'other circumſtances which create won-'der in him, and raiſe the admiration 'of thoſe who read the ſtory. I need 'not farther expatiate on this ſubject, 'ſince, from what hath been ſaid, it 'plainly appears, that any part what-'ever of the hiſtory of any knight-er-'rant whatever, muſt yield pleaſure and 'ſurprize to any reader whatſoever. 'Believe me, therefore, good Sir, and 'as I have already hinted, take the 'trouble of reading thoſe books, and 'you will ſee what effectual antidotes 'they are againſt melancholy, and how 'they improve the diſpoſition, when it 'is bad. For my own part I can ſafely 'aver, that ſince I profeſſed the order 'of knight-errantry, I have been va-'liant, courteous, liberal, well-bred, 'generous, civil, daring, good-hu-'moured, and a patient endurer of 'toils, captivities, and inchantment; 'and though I ſo lately found myſelf 'ſhut up in a cage like a madman, I 'hope, by the valour of this my arm, 'provided Heaven ſhall favour, and 'fortune ceaſe to oppoſe me, in a few 'days to ſee myſelf ſovereign of ſome 'kingdom, when I ſhall be enabled to 'demonſtrate the gratitude and gene-'roſity which reſide within my breaſt; 'for, truly, Signior, a poor man is in-'capable of exerting the virtue of li-'berality, let him poſſeſs it in never ſo 'eminent a degree; and that gratitude 'which is reſtrained to good-will alone, 'is like faith without works, no more 'than the ghoſt of virtue. Wherefore 'I wiſh fortune would ſpeedily furniſh 'me with an opportunity of making 'myſelf an emperor, that I may exer-'ciſe the virtues of my heart, in be-'ſtowing benefits on my friends, eſpe-'cially on my poor ſquire Sancho Pan-'za, one of the beſt men in the world, 'whom I intend to create an earl, in 'conſequence of a promiſe which he 'obtained from me long ago, though 'I fear he wants capacity to manage 'his eſtate.'

Theſe laſt words being overheard by Sancho, he ſaid to his maſter, 'Signior Don Quixote, I wiſh you would 'take the trouble to give me that ſame 'earldom, which is as firmly promiſed 'by your worſhip as expected by me, 'and I will undertake to find ability to 'manage it; or, if I ſhould find my-'ſelf at a loſs, I have heard it often ſaid, 'that there are certain perſons who farm 'the eſtates of great noblemen at ſo 'much a year, and take charge of the 'whole, while the owner lolls at his 'eaſe, enjoying his income, without 'troubling his noddle about any other 'affairs. Now, I would live in the 'very ſame manner, minding the cares 'of this world as little as poſſible; but 'leaving off all ſorts of buſineſs, en-'joying my rents, like any duke, and 'let the world wag.'—'Brother San-'cho,' ſaid the canon, 'that is to be 'underſtood only of the ſpending your 'income; but the lord of a great eſtate 'muſt have regard to the adminiſtration 'of juſtice, which requires ability, 'ſound judgment, and principally an 'upright intention; for if this be 'wanting in the beginning, the middle 'and end will always be involved in 'error; and therefore Heaven uſually 'aſſiſts the righteous intent of the ſimple, 'while it confounds the wicked aims 'of the cunning.'—'I know nothing 'of theſe philoſophies,' anſwered the ſquire; 'but this I know, that I wiſh 'to God I had this earldom, as ſoon 'as I ſhould find underſtanding to ma-'nage it; for I have as big a ſoul as 'my neighbours, and as much body as 'he that has more; and would be as 'much a king in my own eſtate, as any 'he that wears a head: and ſo being, 'I would do what I pleaſed; and do-'ing what I pleaſed, I ſhould pleaſe 'myſelf; and pleaſing myſelf, I ſhould 'be ſatisfied; and in being ſatisfied, I 'ſhould have nothing more to deſire; 'and having nothing more to deſire, 'there would be an end; ſo let the 'earldom come a God's name! I wiſh 'we could ſee it, as one blind man ſaid 'to another.'—'Theſe are no bad phi-'loſophies, as you call them, Sancho,' ſaid the canon; 'but, for all that, there 'is much to be ſaid on the ſubject of 'earldoms.'—'I know not what more 'can be ſaid,' replied Don Quixote; 'for my own part, I do no more than 'follow the example tranſmitted to me 'by the great Amadis de Gaul, who

'created

'created his ſquire earl of the Firm
'Iſland; and therefore I may, without
'ſcruple of conſcience, beſtow the ſame
'honour on Sancho Panza, who is one
'of the beſt ſquires that ever ſerved
'knight-errant.'

The canon was amazed at the methodical madneſs of Don Quixote, manifeſted in his deſcription of the Knight of the Lake; and in the impreſſion which the falſe adventures of chivalry had made upon his imagination; neither was his wonder diminiſhed, when he conſidered the folly of Sancho, who ſo ardently deſired the poſſeſſion of that iſland which his maſter had promiſed to give him, as the reward of his ſervices.

By this time the canon's ſervants had returned from the inn, with the ſumpter-mule; and, inſtead of a table, ſpread a carpet on the green graſs, under the ſhade of ſome trees, where the company ſeating themſelves all round, went to dinner, that the waggoner might not loſe the opportunity of ſuch a convenient ſituation as we have already obſerved. While they thus enjoyed themſelves, their ears were ſtruck with a ſudden noiſe, and the ſound of a bell, iſſuing from the midſt of ſome briars and thickets that ſurrounded the place where they ſat; and immediately appeared a beautiful ſhe-goat, her ſkin ſpeckled with ſpots of white, black, and grey, followed by the goatherd; who, in his ruſtick dialect, called to her to ſtop and return to the fold. The fugitive goat trembling with affright, came towards the company, and there ſtopped, as if to implore their protection; while her keeper, ſeizing her by the horns, accoſted her in theſe words, as if ſhe had been poſſeſſed of ſenſe and underſtanding; 'Ah! you ſpotted wanton, what 'a rambler you have become of late; 'the wolves will feaſt upon you one 'day; what is the matter with you, 'my pretty child? Yet what elſe can it 'be but that you are a female, and 'conſequently inconſtant! a plague 'upon your diſpoſition, and all thoſe 'you reſemble: return, return, my dar-'ling; and if you are not ſo happy, at 'leaſt you will be more ſecure, in the 'fold among your companions! for if 'you, who ought to watch over and guide 'the reſt, ſtray about in this imprudent 'manner, what muſt become of them?'

Theſe words of the goatherd diverted thoſe who heard them, eſpecially the canon, who ſaid to him, 'I beſeech 'you, brother, to pacify yourſelf, and 'be not in ſuch a hurry to drive back 'your goat, which being a female, as 'you obſerve, will follow her natural 'diſpoſition, in ſpite of all you can do 'to oppoſe it. Take this morſel, and 'aſſuage your choler with a cup of 'wine, and in the mean time the goat 'will repoſe herſelf.'

So ſaying, he preſented to him, on the point of a fork, the hind-quarter of a cold rabbit, which was thankfully accepted by the goatherd; who having taken a long draught, and compoſed himſelf, ſaid to the company, 'Gentle-'men, you muſt not take me for a ſim-'pleton, becauſe I talk to this animal 'as if it were a rational creature; for 'really there is a myſtery concealed 'beneath the words I have uttered. I 'am a peaſant, 'tis true, yet not ſo 'ruſtick but that I know how to con-'verſe with men as well as beaſts.'— 'I firmly believe what you ſay,' replied the curate; 'for I myſelf have expe-'rienced that the mountains produce 'learned men, and that philoſophers 'are to be found within the ſhepherd's 'cot.'—'At leaſt,' reſumed the goatherd, 'the cottage may contain thoſe 'who are warned by woeful expe-'rience; and to convince you feelingly 'that what I alledge is true, I, though 'undeſired, and ſelf-invited, ſaving the 'good pleaſure of this good company, 'entreat a moment's hearing, while I 'recount a true ſtory, which will con-'firm what that gentleman,' pointing to the curate, 'and myſelf have ob-'ſerved.'

To this propoſal Don Quixote replied, 'As this affair ſeems to bear ſomething 'of the ſhadow of an adventure, I for my 'part will gladly give you the hearing, 'brother, and ſo will all thoſe gentlemen 'who are perſons of taſte, and lovers of 'curious novels, that ſurprize, delight, 'and entertain the ſenſible hearer, for 'I hope your ſtory will certainly pro-'duce theſe agreeable effects: begin 'then, friend, we are all attention.— 'By your leave,' cried Sancho, 'I will 'e'en betake myſelf with this piece of 'paſty to yonder brook, and lay in ſtore 'for three days; for I have heard my 'maſter Don Quixote obſerve, that the 'ſquire of a knight-errant ought to eat 'as often and as much as he can; be-'cauſe they are frequently ſo bewil-

'dered in woods and forests, that it 'will take them six whole days to dis-'engage themselves; and if a man's 'belly or his bags be not well lined 'with provision, there he may stay, as 'he often does, till he withers into 'perfect mummy.'—'You are in the 'right, Sancho,' said the knight, 'go 'where you will, and eat as much as 'you please; for my own part, my 'grosser appetite is satisfied, and now I 'want refreshment for the mind, which 'I shall enjoy in listening to this honest 'countryman's story.'—'We shall all 'share in the repast,' replied the canon, who intreated the peasant to perform his promise.

Then the goatherd gave the goat, which he held by the horns, two slaps on the buttocks, saying, 'Lie down by 'my side, you speckled Nanny; we shall 'have time enough to return to the 'fold.' The creature seemed to understand his meaning, for he was no sooner set than she lay down very quietly, and looking in his face, gave him to understand that she was attentive to what he was going to say; upon which he began his story in these words.

THE STORY WHICH THE GOATHERD RECOUNTED TO THE CONDUCTORS OF DON QUIXOTE.

'THREE leagues from this val-'ley stands a village, which 'though small, is one of the richest 'in all this country; and therein dwelt 'a farmer in great repute: and albeit 'respect follows worldly wealth, he 'was more beloved for his virtue than 'respected for his riches; but what he 'regarded as the best part of his good 'fortune, (as he himself was wont 'to say) was a daughter he had, of 'such exceeding beauty, rare discre-'tion, modesty, and grace, that every 'one who saw and knew her, mar-'velled at the happy talents with 'which Heaven and nature had en-'riched her body and her soul. In 'the cradle she was handsome, and 'continually increased in beauty, till 'at the age of sixteen she was a most 'inchanting creature: the fame of her 'charms began to spread over all the 'neighbouring villages; but what 'need I say the neighbouring villages! 'it extended to distant cities, and 'even made it's way into the king's 'court, filling the ears of all sorts of 'people, who came from all parts to 'see her, as if she had been some 'great curiosity, or miracle-working 'image. Her father watched over 'her with great care, and she took 'great care of herself; for, truly, a 'maiden's own prudent reserve is a 'better guard upon her conduct than 'all the bolts and spies, and padlocks 'upon earth. The father's wealth, 'and the daughter's beauty, moved a 'great many people, both of town and 'country, to demand her in marriage; 'but he, like one who has the dispo-'sal of a rich jewel, was perplexed 'in his mind, and could not deter-'mine in favour of any one of the 'infinite number that solicited his 'consent. Among the crowd of her 'suitors, I was one who conceived 'great and flattering hopes of success, 'because her father knew me to be 'his townsman, of an honest family, 'in the flower of my age, rich in 'wealth, and in point of understand-'ing not very poor. She was also 'courted by another young man of 'our town, who was in every respect 'my equal; so that her father was 'perplexed, and wavered in his choice, 'because he thought his daughter 'would be well bestowed upon either 'of us; wherefore, in order to deli-'ver himself from this suspence, he 'resolved to communicate our de-'mands to Leandra, (for that is the 'name of this wealthy maiden, who 'hath made me miserable) and since 'we were equal in all qualifications, to 'refer the whole affair to the choice and 'decision of his beloved daughter. 'An example worthy to be followed 'by every father in the settlement of 'his children: not that I would have 'parents leave them to their own 'choice, in things that are manifestly 'wicked and base; but first propose 'a number of prudent schemes, out 'of which they may be allowed to 'fix upon that which is most to their 'liking. I know not to which of 'us Leandra gave the preference; 'this only I know, that her father 'put us off, on pretence of his daugh-'ter's tender years, in general terms, 'which neither laid him under any 'obligation

'obligation nor gave us any cauſe of 'complaint. I think proper to tell 'you, that I am called Eugenio, and 'my rival Anſelmo, that you may be 'acquainted with the names of the 'perſons principally concerned in this 'tragedy, which is ſtill depending; 'though one may eaſily foreſee, that 'it muſt have a melancholy end.

'But, to return to my ſtory: juſt 'about that time, there came to our 'town one Vincent de La Roſa, the ſon 'of a poor labouring man that lived 'in the village: this Vincent, who 'was juſt returned from being a ſol-'dier in Italy, and other foreign parts, 'had been carried away, when he 'was a boy about twelve years of age, 'by a captain that chanced to march 'through the town with his com-'pany; and now, after an abſence of 'another dozen of years, he returned, 'in the garb of a ſoldier, pinked up 'in a thouſand colours, and bedecked 'with a power of glaſs toys and ſlender-'chains of ſteel. To-day he dreſſed 'himſelf out in one gay ſuit, to-mor-'row in another: but all his finery and 'gewgaws were of little weight or va-'lue. The labouring people, who are 'naturally malicious, nay, when idle-'neſs gives them opportunity, down-'right malice itſelf, obſerved and took 'an exact account of all his ornaments 'and fine apparel, and found that he 'had no more than three ſuits of diffe-'rent colours, with garters and hoſe; 'but he found means to diſguiſe them 'by ſuch inventions, that one who 'had not been at the pains to detect 'him, would have ſworn that he had 'appeared in more than ten different 'dreſſes, and in upwards of twenty 'plumes of feathers; and you 'muſt not think it impertinent or 'fooliſh in me to give you this ac-'count of his cloaths, becauſe they 'bear a conſiderable ſhare in the ſtory. 'He uſed to ſeat himſelf upon a ſtone, 'under a tall poplar that grew in 'our market-place, and there keep 'us all gaping around him at the ex-'ploits which he recounted; if you 'would take his word for it, there 'was not a country on the face of the 'earth, which he had not ſeen, nor 'a battle in which he had not ſerved: 'he had killed a greater number of 'Moors than ever Tunis or Morocco 'produced; and, by his own account, 'fought more ſingle combats than 'were ever maintained by Gante, 'Luna, Diego Garcia de Paredez, 'and a thouſand more whom he 'named, gaining the victory in each, 'without loſing one ſingle drop of 'his blood; then he would ſhew the 'marks of wounds, which though 'not to be diſtinguiſhed, he gave us 'to underſtand were the effects of 'muſket-ſhot he had received in diffe-'rent actions and encounters; finally, 'with incredible arrogance, he uſed 'to *thou* his own equals, even thoſe 'who knew his extraction, and ſay 'that his own arm was his father, 'his family the work of his own 'hands, and being a ſoldier, he owed 'nothing even to the king himſelf: 'with all his boaſting, he knew ſome-'thing of muſick, and could thrum upon 'the guittar ſo as that ſome people 'ſaid he made it ſpeak. But his ta-'lents did not end here; for he was 'alſo a piece of a poet, and wrote 'ballads a league and a half long, 'upon every ſilly trifle that hap-'pened in the village. Well, then, 'this ſoldier whom I have deſcribed, 'this Vincent de La Roſa, this brag-'gadocio, this gallant, this muſician, 'and poet, was often ſeen and ob-'ſerved by Leandra from the win-'dow of her apartment, that looked 'towards the market-place. She was 'captivated by the tinſel of his gau-'dy cloaths, and inchanted by his 'ballads; for he gave away twenty 'copies of each that he compoſed; the 'feats he related of himſelf, reached 'her ears: in ſhort, (as the devil 'himſelf muſt certainly have or-'dained) ſhe fell in love with him, 'even before he had the preſumption 'to make any attempt upon her heart; 'and, as in the affairs of love every 'thing is eaſily accompliſhed by the 'man who is already in poſſeſſion of 'the woman's affection, Leandra and 'Vincent ſoon came to a right un-'derſtanding; and before any one of 'her numerous admirers had the leaſt 'inkling of her inclination, ſhe had 'already gratified it, by leaving the 'houſe of her loving and indulgent 'father, (mother ſhe had none) and 'running away with the ſoldier, who 'triumphed in that enterprize, and 'more effectually than in any one he 'had ever undertaken.

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'This event filled not only the 'whole village, but likewise all who 'heard of it, with admiration: I, for 'my part, was amazed, Anſelmo 'aſtoniſhed, the father overwhelmed 'with ſorrow, and the relations with 'ſhame. Juſtice, however, being ſoli-'cited, the troopers immediately took 'the road, examined every copſe and 'thicket thereabouts, and after a 'ſearch of three days, found the gid-'dy Leandra in the cave of a moun-'tain, naked to the ſmock, and ſtrip-'ped of a great quantity of money 'and precious jewels, which ſhe had 'carried off when ſhe made her eſ-'cape. When ſhe was brought back 'to the preſence of her afflicted father, 'and queſtioned about her misfor-'tune, ſhe frankly owned that Vin-'cent de La Roſa had impoſed upon 'her; that under promiſe of mar-'riage, he had perſuaded her to for-'ſake her father's houſe, promiſing 'to conduct her to Naples, which 'he ſaid, was the moſt beautiful and 'flouriſhing city in the whole world; 'that ſhe inadvertently and fondly 'believed his falſe profeſſions, and 'robbing her father, put herſelf un-'der his protection that ſame night 'ſhe was miſſed, when he carried her 'to a rocky mountain, and confined 'her in the cave where ſhe was found: 'ſhe likewiſe affirmed that the ſoldier, 'without making any attempt upon 'her virtue, had ſtripped her of all 'ſhe had, and left her in that forlorn 'condition; a circumſtance that ſur-'prized all who heard it, the ſoldier's 'continence being ſo incredible; but 'ſhe inſiſted upon it with ſuch earneſt 'aſſeverations, that the diſconſolate 'father was in ſome ſort comforted, 'making little account of the money 'he had loſt, ſince his daughter was 'allowed to keep the jewel which 'when once loſt there is no hope of 'retrieving.

'The ſame day that Leandra ap-'peared, her father removed her from 'our eyes, and ſhut her up in a 'monaſtery of a neighbouring town, 'hoping that time would efface ſome 'part of the bad opinion his daugh-'ter had incurred. The tender years 'of Leandra ſerved as an excuſe for 'her miſconduct, eſpecially with thoſe 'who are not concerned in the affair; 'but thoſe who know her diſcretion 'and good ſenſe, do not aſcribe her 'fault to ignorance, but to mere le-'vity, and the natural diſpoſition of 'women, which is always injudicious 'and imperfect. Leandra being thus 'ſecured, Anſelmo's eyes were blind 'to every thing that could yield him 'pleaſure; and mine remained in dark-'neſs, without the leaſt glimpſe of 'light to direct them to any agreea-'ble object: the abſence of Leandra 'increaſed our affliction, and exhauſt-'ed our patience; we curſed the ſol-'dier's finery, and exclaimed againſt 'her father's want of care. At length 'we agreed to quit the village, and 'repair to this valley, where he feed-'ing a vaſt flock of ſheep, which are 'his own property, and I tending a 'numerous fold of goats, which are 'alſo mine, we ſpend our lives un-'der the cool ſhade of lofty trees, 'and give vent to our paſſion, either 'by ſinging, in concert, the praiſe or 'diſpraiſe of the beautiful Leandra, or 'each by himſelf ſinging in the lonely 'grove, and ejaculating his complaint 'to Heaven. In imitation of us, many 'more of Leandra's lovers have be-'taken themſelves to theſe rugged 'mountains, and the exerciſe of the ſame 'employment; ſo that this ſpot ſeems to 'be transformed into a paſtoral Arca-'dia, every field being crouded with 'ſhepherds and folds, and every cor-'ner reſounding with the name of the 'fair Leandra. One curſes and calls 'her fickle, inconſtant, and immodeſt; a 'ſecond condemns her credulity and 'lightneſs of behaviour; a third ac-'quits and forgives her, while ſhe is 'arraigned and reproached by a fourth; 'ſome celebrate her beauty; others find 'fault with her diſpoſition: in ſhort, 'ſhe is cenſured and adored by them 'all; nay, to ſuch a pitch hath their 'extravagance riſen, that ſome of them 'complain of her diſdain, though they 'never ſpoke to her; and others, in 'their lamentations, pretend to feel 'the rage of jealouſy, which is a paſ-'ſion ſhe never inſpired; for, as I have 'already mentioned, her fault was 'known before her inclination was ſu-'ſpected: there is not the hollow of a 'rock, the margin of a rill, nor the 'ſhade of a tree, that is not occupied 'by ſome ſhepherd, recounting his 'misfortune to the winds; wherever 'an echo can be formed, it repeats the

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'name of Leandra; the hills reſound 'with Leandra; the rivulets mur- 'mur Leandra; in ſhort, Lean- 'dra keeps us all inchanted and per- 'plexed, hoping we know not how, 'and dreading we know not what. 'Among the wrong-headed ſociety, he 'that ſhews the leaſt, though he has 'the greateſt ſhare of judgment, is my 'rival Anſelmo; who, notwithſtanding 'all the cauſe he has to be diſſatisfied, 'complains of abſence only, turning 'his lamentation to the ſound of the 'rebeck, which he touches with admi- 'rable ſkill, in verſes that ſhew the ex- 'cellence of his genius. I follow a 'more eaſy, and in my opinion, a wiſer 'courſe, namely, to inveigh againſt the 'levity of the female ſex; their fickle- 'neſs, their double dealing, their 'rotten promiſes, their broken faith; 'and finally, their want of judgment 'in beſtowing their affections. Theſe, 'gentlemen, are my reaſons for the diſ- 'courſe you heard me addreſs to my 'goat, whom (becauſe ſhe is a female) 'I deſpiſe, although ſhe be the beſt of 'the fold. This is the ſtory I promiſed 'to recount, and if I have been prolix 'in the narration, I ſhall not be brief 'in what ſervice you ſhall pleaſe to 'command. Hard by is my cottage, 'in which I have plenty of new milk, 'and moſt ſavoury cheeſe, with abun- 'dance of the fruit in ſeaſon, no leſs 'agreeable to the taſte than to the view.'

CHAP. XXV.

OF THE QUARREL THAT HAPPENED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND THE GOATHERD, WITH THE CURIOUS ADVENTURE OF THE DISCIPLINANTS, WHICH THE KNIGHT HAPPILY ATCHIEVED WITH THE SWEAT OF HIS BROW.

THIS ſtory of the goatherd gave infinite pleaſure to all that heard it, eſpecially to the canon, who obſerved, with admiration, his manner of relating it, as diſtant from the ruſtick phraſe of a peaſant as near approaching to the polite ſtile of a courtier; and therefore he ſaid, the curate had juſtly obſerved that the mountains ſometimes produced learned men. Every body made proffers of ſervice to Eugenio, but he that ſhewed himſelf moſt liberal in compliment was Don Quixote, who ſaid to him, 'Truly, 'brother goatherd, were it poſſible 'for me to undertake any new adven- 'ture, I would forthwith ſet forward 'in your behalf, and deliver Leandra 'from that monaſtery, in which ſhe 'is, doubtleſs, detained againſt her 'will, in ſpite of the abbeſs and all 'that ſhould oppoſe my deſign; and 'would put her into your hands to be 'treated according to your good will 'and pleaſure, ſo far as is conſiſtent 'with the laws of chivalry, by which 'all damſels are protected from 'wrongs: though I hope in God, that 'a malicious inchanter ſhall not ſo 'far prevail, but that he may be 'excelled in power, by another of a 'more righteous diſpoſition; and then 'you may depend upon my favour 'and aſſiſtance, according to the duty 'of my profeſſion, which is no other 'than to ſuccour the wretched and 'the weak.'

The goatherd ſtared at Don Quixote, and being ſtruck with admiration at his rueful aſpect and diſhevelled locks, ſaid to the barber, who ſat near him, 'Signior, pray, who is that man who 'looks and talks ſo wildly?'—'Who 'ſhould it be,' anſwered the barber, 'but the renowned Don Quixote de La 'Mancha! the redreſſer of grievances, 'the righter of wrongs, the protector 'of damſels, the terror of giants, 'and thunder-bolt of war?'—'That 'diſcourſe,' replied the peaſant, 'puts 'me in mind of thoſe books which treat 'of knights errant, who were com- 'monly diſtinguiſhed by ſuch titles as 'you beſtow on that man: but, I ſup- 'poſe, you are pleaſed to be merry, 'or elſe the apartments of this poor 'gentleman's ſkull are but indifferent- 'furniſhed.'

'You are a moſt impudent raſcal!' (cried the knight, over-hearing what he ſaid) 'it is your ſkull that is un- 'furniſhed and unſound; but mine is 'more pregnant than the abominable 'whore that brought you forth.' So ſaying, he ſnatched up a loaf, and flung it at the goatherd with ſuch fury, that he levelled his noſe with his face.

Eugenio, who did not underſtand raillery, finding himſelf maltreated in earneſt, without any reſpect for the carpet, table-cloth, or company, leaped upon the knight, and laying hold of his

his collar, with both hands, would certainly have ſtrangled him, if Sancho Panza had not at that inſtant ſprung to his maſter's aſſiſtance, and pulling his antagoniſt backwards, tumbled him over upon the table, where plates, cups, victuals, wine, and all went to wreck. Don Quixote finding himſelf diſengaged, aroſe, and in his turn, got upon the goatherd, who being battered by the maſter, and kicked by the man, was creeping about on all fours in queſt of a table-knife, with which he intended to take ſome bloody revenge, but was prevented by the canon and curate; the goatherd, however, managed matters ſo as that he got the knight under him, when he rained ſuch a ſhower of kicks and cuffs upon his carcaſe, that our hero's countenance was as much overflowed with blood as his own; the curate and canon were ready to burſt with laughing, the troopers capered about with joy, and the whole company hallooed, according to the practice of the ſpectators when two dogs are engaged: Sancho Panza alone was diſtracted, becauſe he could not get out of the clutches of one of the canon's ſervants, who hindered him from aſſiſting his maſter. In fine, when every body was thus regaled and rejoiced, except the combatants, who worried each other, they heard a trumpet utter ſuch a melancholy note, that they could not help turning their heads, and looking towards the place from whence the ſound ſeemed to come: but he on whom it made the greateſt impreſſion was Don Quixote; who, though lying under his antagoniſt, very much againſt his inclination, and more than ſufficiently pummelled, ſaid to the goatherd, 'Brother devil, 'for ſure thou canſt be nothing elſe, 'who haſt ſtrength and valour ſufficient 'to overcome my efforts) I beg a 'truce for one hour only; becauſe the 'doleful ſound of that trumpet which 'ſalutes our ears, ſeems to ſummon 'me to ſome new adventure.'

The goatherd being by this time heartily tired of drubbing, as well as of being drubbed, immediately complied with his requeſt; and Don Quixote ſtarting up, directed his view towards the place whence the ſound ſeemed to iſſue, where he deſcried a great number of people dreſſed in white like diſciplinants, coming down the ſide of a neighbouring hill. That year the heavens had withheld refreſhing ſhowers from the earth; and through all the villages of that diſtrict the people inſtituted proceſſions, diſciplines, and prayers, beſeeching God to open the fountains of his mercy, and favour them with rain: for this purpoſe, the inhabitants of a neighbouring village were then going in proceſſion to a holy hermitage built on an eminence that ſkirted the valley; and Don Quixote ſeeing the ſtrange dreſs of the diſciplinants*, without recollecting that he had frequently ſeen ſuch habits before, concluded the whole to be an adventure, which it was the province of him as a knight-errant to atchieve: what ſerved to confirm him in this notion, was an image cloathed in black, which was carried before them, and which he ſuppoſed to be ſome princeſs whom thoſe diſcourteous robbers were carrying off by force.

This whim no ſooner entered his brain, than he ran with great agility to Rozinante, who was feeding very quietly, and taking the bridle and ſhield, which hung upon the pummel of the ſaddle, clapped the bit in his mouth in a twinkling, and demanding his ſword from Sancho, mounted his ſteed, and braced his target, calling aloud to the company, 'Now, honourable gentle-'men, ye ſhall perceive the importance 'of thoſe who profeſs the order of 'knight-errantry! now, I ſay, ye ſhall, 'in the deliverance of that excellent 'lady, who is at preſent a captive, be-'hold how much knights-errant ought 'to be eſteemed.'

So ſaying, he clapped heels to Rozinante, (ſpurs he had none) and at a hand-gallop (for we do not find in this true hiſtory that ever Rozinante went full-ſpeed) rode up to attack the diſciplinants. Though the canon, curate and barber, made efforts to detain him, they found it impracticable; he was even deaf to the cries of Sancho, who bawled with great vociferation: 'Where 'are you going, Signior Don Quixote? 'what devil poſſeſſes and provokes you 'to act againſt our Catholick faith! 'take notice—a plague upon me!—take 'notice that this is no other than a 'proceſſion of diſciplinants, and that 'lady carried on the bier the bleſſed

* Perſons hired to whip themſelves on ſuch occaſions.

'image

'image of the immaculate Virgin! 'Conſider, Signior, what you are 'about, for ſure I am you do not 'know!'

In vain did Sancho ſtrain his lungs: his maſter was ſo intent upon overtaking the apparitions, and ſetting the lady in black at liberty, that he heard not one ſyllable; nor if he had, would he have returned, even if the king had commanded him ſo to do. When he approached the proceſſion, he ſtopped Rozinante, who was already out of breath, and with a hoarſe diſordered voice, pronounced, 'You there, who 'perhaps diſguiſe yourſelves for no 'good, ſtop, and give ear to what I am 'going to ſay.'

Thoſe who carried the image were the firſt that halted, and one of the four prieſts who ſung the litanies, obſerving the ſtrange aſpect of Don Quixote, the leanneſs of Rozinante, with other ridiculous circumſtances belonging to both, anſwered in theſe words: 'Friend, if 'you have any thing to ſay, ſpeak 'quickly; for theſe our brethren are 'all this while ſcourging their own 'fleſh; and we cannot, nor is it reaſon-'able we ſhould tarry to hear any thing 'that cannot be comprehended in two 'words.'—'I will comprehend what 'I have to ſay in one,' replied the knight; 'and it is this: I command 'you inſtantly to ſet free that beautiful 'lady, whoſe tears and melancholy de-'portment clearly demonſtrate that you 'are carrying her off, contrary to her 'inclination, after having done her 'ſome notorious wrong; and I, who 'was born to redreſs ſuch grievances, 'will not ſuffer you to proceed one ſtep 'farther, until ſhe ſhall have obtained 'that liberty ſhe deſerves.'

From theſe words, concluding that he muſt be ſome madman, all of them began to laugh very heartily; and their mirth acting as a train of gunpowder to the knight's choler, he drew his ſword, and without uttering another word, attacked the bearers; one of whom, leaving his ſhare of the load to his companions, oppoſed himſelf to this aggreſſor, brandiſhing a fork or pole, on which (when they were wearied) they ſupported the bier. Don Quixote, with a furious back-ſtroke, cut this implement in two; but with the piece which remained in the hand of the defendant, received ſuch a thwack upon the ſhoulder above his ſword-arm, that his buckler was unable to ſuſtain the ſhock of ſuch a rude aſſault, and down came the poor knight in a moſt lamentable condition.

Sancho Panza, who came puffing after his maſter, ſeeing him fall, called aloud to his antagoniſt to forbear; for he was a poor inchanted knight, who had never done the leaſt harm to man, woman, or child; but the peaſant's forbearance was not owing to this exclamation of the ſquire, ſo much as to the ſituation of Don Quixote, who neither moved hand nor foot; ſo that believing he had done his buſineſs, he haſtily gathered up his frock, and fled through the field as nimble as a buck. By this time the whole company were come up to the place where Don Quixote lay; and thoſe belonging to the proceſſion ſeeing ſo many people running towards them, accompanied by the troopers with their croſs-bows, began to be in dread of ſome miſchievous event, and formed themſelves into a circle around the image: then the diſciplinants lifting up their hoods, and wielding their ſcourges, and the prieſts their long tapers, waited the aſſault, with full determination to defend themſelves, and, if poſſible, act offenſively againſt all who ſhould attack them. But fortune diſpoſed of things more favourably than they expected; for all that Sancho did, was to throw himſelf upon the body of his maſter, who he believed was actually dead, and utter the moſt doleful and ludicrous lamentation that ever was heard. The curate was immediately known by a brother of the cloth, who belonged to the proceſſion, and this acquaintance diſpelled the apprehenſion which both ſquadrons had began to conceive. Our licentiate told his friend in a few words who Don Quixote was, upon which he and the whole crowd of diſciplinants went to ſee whether or not the poor knight was dead, and heard Sancho Panza, with tears in his eyes, lamenting in theſe words: 'O flower of chivalry, who 'by the ſingle ſtroke of a cudgel, haſt 'finiſhed the career of thy well-ſpent 'life! O thou honour of thy family, 'thou glory of La Mancha! aye, and 'of the whole world, which being de-'prived of thee, will ſoon be filled

'with evil-doers, who will proſper 'without fear of chaſtiſement for their 'wicked deeds! Oh, thou waſt more 'liberal than all the Alexanders that 'ever lived! for thou gaveſt me, for 'eight months ſervice only, the beſt 'iſland that ever the ſea ſurrounded. 'Oh! thou waſt humble with the 'haughty, and haughty with the hum-'ble, tempting dangers, enduring diſ-'graces, in love without cauſe, imi-'tating the good, ſcourging the wick-'ed, a profeſſed enemy to every thing 'that was baſe; in ſhort, a knight-'errant, and that is every thing in one 'word!'

The cries and groans of Sancho re-vived his maſter, and the firſt words he pronounced were theſe: 'He who is 'condemned to live abſent from thee, 'moſt amiable Dulcinea! is ſubjected 'to much greater hardſhips than theſe. 'Friend Sancho, help to lay me on the 'inchanted car; for I am incapable 'of preſſing Rozinante's ſaddle, this 'whole ſhoulder being cruſhed to 'pieces.'—'That I'll do very willing-'ly, dear maſter,' replied the ſquire; 'and let us return to our own habita-'tion, in company of theſe gentlemen, 'who wiſh you well; and there we will 'lay a ſcheme for another ſally, which 'I hope will be more fortunate and 'creditable.'—'You are in the right, 'Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'and 'it will be very prudent in us to let the 'malign influence of the ſtars paſs 'over.'

The canon, curate, and barber, ap-proved of his intention, and being ex-tremely diverted with the ſquire's ſim-plicity, conveyed the knight to his for-mer ſituation in the waggon. The pro-ceſſion was formed anew, and ſet for-wards accordingly: the goatherd took his leave of the company; the troopers, being unwilling to go farther, were paid by the curate for their trouble; the canon having intreated the prieſt to in-form him by letter of Don Quixote's fate, with regard to the continuation or cure of his extravagance, bade him fare-well, and proceeded on his journey; in ſhort, there was a general ſeparation, till at length the curate, barber, Don Quixote, and Panza, were left by them-ſelves, with the truſty Rozinante, who, with the patience of his maſter, bore and beheld every thing that paſſed.

The waggoner yoking his oxen, ac-commodated the knight with a truſs of hay, and with his uſual phlegm jogged on according to the prieſt's directions, till, at the end of ſix days, they ar-rived at their own village, which they entered about noon; and it chancing to be Sunday, the market-place through which they were obliged to paſs was crouded with people, who running to ſee what was in the cage, recognized their townſman, and were ſtruck with aſtoniſhment. A boy ran immediately to his houſekeeper and niece, whom when he informed of their maſter's ar-rival, in a moſt meagre, withered con-dition, ſtretched upon a truſs of hay, in a waggon; it was a piteous thing to hear the cries that were uttered by theſe worthy ladies, who buffetted them-ſelves through vexation, and vented bitter curſes againſt the wicked books of chivalry; which lamentations, buf-fettings, and curſes, were repeated with greater violence than ever, when they ſaw the knight enter his own gate.

Sancho Panza's wife, who had got intimation that he was gone with Don Quixote in quality of his ſquire, hear-ing of his return, ran ſtraight to her huſband, and the firſt queſtion ſhe aſk-ed was, whether or not the aſs was in good health? when the ſquire anſwer-ed, that the aſs was in better health than his maſter, 'Thanks be to God,' cried ſhe, 'for that and all his other 'mercies. But, now tell me, friend, 'what good you have got by your 'ſquireſhip? Have you brought home 'a new petticoat for me, or ſhoes for 'your children?'—'I have brought no 'ſuch matters, my dear,' replied San-cho, 'but things of greater conſidera-'tion and importance.'—'I am glad 'of that, with all my heart!' ſaid the wife; 'pray ſhew me theſe things of 'greater conſideration and importance, 'that the ſight of them may rejoice my 'heart, which hath been ſo ſad and 'diſcontented all the weary time of 'your being away.'—'You ſhall ſee 'them at home,' anſwered Sancho; 'and hark'ee, wife, make yourſelf eaſy 'for the preſent; for, an it pleaſe God 'that we ſet out again in queſt of ad-'ventures, you ſhall ſpeedily behold 'your huſband an earl, or governor of 'an iſland; I don't mean your com-'mon iſlands, but one of the beſt that

'ever

'ever was seen.'—'The Lord in heaven grant it, husband; for I am sure we have need enough of such windfalls: but tell me, what is an island; for, truly, I know not the meaning of the word?'—'Honey was not made for the mouth of an ass,' said the squire; 'you shall see what it is, all in good time, my dear; aye, and admire to hear all your vassals call you, my lady.'—'What is that you say, Sancho, of ladies, islands, and vassals?' cried Joan Panza; for that was the name of the squire's wife, though she was not related to Sancho before marriage; but it is the custom in La Mancha for the women to take the names of their husbands. 'Don't be in such a hurry to know every thing, Joan,' replied the squire; 'it is sufficient that I tell thee nothing but truth; let this, therefore, stop that mouth of thine. Mean time, however, I care not if I tell thee, that it is one of the most pleasant occupations in the world for an honourable person, like me, to be squire to a knight-errant, when he is in quest of adventures. True it is, the greatest part of them do not fall out quite so much to one's liking as one could wish; for, out of a hundred in which we are engaged, ninety-nine are generally cross and unfortunate. That I know by experience, having been sometimes threshed, and sometimes blanketted; but howsomever, it is a curious pastime to be always in expectation of adventures, crossing huge mountains, searching woods, climbing rocks, visiting castles, lodging at inns, where we live at rack and manger, and the devil a farthing to pay.'

While this conversation passed between Sancho and his wife, the housekeeper and niece received Don Quixote, whom they undressed and put to bed in his old chamber, while he eyed them askance, without being able to comprehend where he was. The curate laid his injunctions on the niece to cherish her uncle with great tenderness, and charged them both to take especial care that he might not escape again, giving them an account of the trouble he had been at in bringing him back to his own house. Here they raised their voices again in concert, renewing their curses upon the books of chivalry, and beseeching Heaven to confound the authors of such madness and lyes to the lowest pit of hell; in short they were half distracted with the apprehension of losing him again, as soon as his health should be re-established; and this was actually the case.

But the author of this history, although he inquired with the utmost curiosity and diligence, concerning the actions of Don Quixote in his third sally, could never find any satisfactory and authentick account of them; only, fame hath preserved some memoirs in La Mancha, by which it appears that Don Quixote, when he set out the third time, went to Saragossa, where he was present at a most celebrated tournament, in which many things happened to him worthy of his genius and valour: but with regard to his death and burial, he could obtain no information; and must have remained entirely ignorant of that event, had he not luckily met with an old physician, who had in his custody a leaden box, which he said he found under the foundation of an ancient hermitage that was repairing. This box contained some skins of parchment, on which were written in Gothick characters and Castilian verse, many of our knight's exploits, with a description of Dulcinea's beauty, Rozinante's figure, Sancho's fidelity, and Don Quixote's own funeral, celebrated by divers epitaphs, and panegyricks on his life and morals. All that could be read, and fairly copied, are those which are here inserted by the faithful author of this new and surprizing history, who, in recompence for the immense trouble he has undergone in his enquiries, and in examining the archives of La Mancha, that he might publish it with more certainty, desires the reader to favour him with the same credit which intelligent persons give to those books of chivalry that pass so currently in the world; and herewith he will rest fully satisfied; and perhaps be animated to search after, and find out other histories, if not as authentick, at least as full of invention and entertainment.

The verses which were written in the first skin of parchment found in the leaden box were these—

THE ACADEMICIANS OF ARGAMASILLA, A TOWN OF LA MANCHA, ON THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, HOC SCRIPSERUNT.

MONICONGO, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON THE SEPULTURE OF DON QUIXOTE.

EPITAPH.

THE bully that La Mancha deck'd
With ſpoils that ſhame the Cretan Jaſon,
Whoſe judgment ripe, and wit uncheck'd,
The trumpet of renown ſhall blazon;
That arm, whoſe valour did extend
To Cæta, from remote Cathay;
That muſe which did the welkin rend
With verſe which brazen plates diſplay;
Who Amadis left far behind,
And deem'd Galaor a mere baby,
Whoſe valour with ſuch luſtre ſhin'd,
As ſhew'd ev'n Belianis ſhabby;
He that on Rozinante rode,
Now mingles with this clay-cold clod!

PANIGUADO, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, IN PRAISE OF DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

SONG.

THE maid, you ſee, with cheeks ſo blouzy,
High-cheſted, vigorous, and frouzy,
Dulcinea, fam'd Toboſo's princeſs,
Don Quixote's glorious flame evinces:
For her, on foot, he did explore
The ſable mountain o'er and o'er,
Through many a weary field did halt,
And all through Rozinante's fault.
Hard fate! that ſuch a dame ſhould die
In ſpite of him and chivalry;
That he whoſe deeds e'en ſtones proclaim,
Should mourn a diſappoined flame!

CAPRICHOSO, A MOST INGENIOUS ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, IN PRAISE OF ROZINANTE, THE RENOWNED STEED OF DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

ON a proud trunk of Adamant,
Whoſe bloody branches ſmell'd of war,
La Mancha's frantick wight did plant
His ſtandard glitt'ring from afar.
There hung his arms; there gleam'd his ſword,
That wont to level, hack, and hew;
Yet ſhall the wond'ring muſe afford
For new exploits, a ſtile that's new.
Let Gaul of Amadis be proud,
Greece boaſt the champions ſhe hath bore;
Don Quixote triumphs o'er the crowd
Of all the warlike knights of yore:
For neither Gaul nor Greece can vie
With fam'd La Mancha's chivalry.
Ev'n Rozinante wears the bay;
Let Brilladore and Bayard bray*.

BURLADOR, AN ARGAMASILLAN ACADEMICIAN, ON SANCHO PANZA.

SONG.

HERE Sancho view of body ſmall,
But great in worth, in action clear,
The beſt and ſimpleſt ſquire of all
The world e'er ſaw, I vow and ſwear.
And earl he ſurely might have been,
Had not this knaviſh age of braſs,
With inſolence and envious ſpleen,
Conſpir'd againſt him and his aſs;
That aſs, on which he gently trotted
At gentle Rozinante's tail;
Vain man, with flatt'ring hope beſotted,
How, in a dream, thy proſpects fail!

CACHIDIABLO, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON THE SEPULTURE OF DON QUIXOTE.

EPITAPH.

ON Rozinante's back
The knight that whilome travell'd
Thro' highway, path, and track,
Is here bemir'd and gravell'd:
And eke as ſtiff as he,
The block of Sancho Panza,
A truſty ſquire, perdie!
As ever mortal man ſaw.

TIQUITOCK, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON THE SEPULTURE OF DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

HERE lies Dulcinea, once ſo plump,
But now her fat all melts away;
For death, with an inhuman thump,
Has turn'd her into duſt and clay.

* The horſe of Orlando Furioſo was called Brigliadoro; as Bayardo was the name of the ſteed belonging to Ruggiero, the ſecond, if not the firſt hero in Arioſto's incomparable poem.

Of

Of a true breed ſhe ſurely ſprung,
And wanted not external grace;
Quixote's heart with love ſhe ſtung,
And ſhone the glory of her race.

Theſe were all the verſes which could be read; the reſt being worm-eaten, were delivered to an academician, that he might attempt to unravel their meaning by conjecture. This taſk we underſtand, he has performed with infinite pains and ſtudy, intending to publiſh them to the world, in expectation of the third ſally of Don Quixote.

'*Forſe altri canterà con miglior plettro.*'

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

PREFACE.

PART II. VOL. III.

HEAVENS! with what eagerneſs muſt thou be waiting for this prologue, courteous reader, whoſoever thou art, gentle or ſimple, in hopes of finding it replete with reſentment, reproaches, and revenge, againſt the author of the Second Don Quixote; him, I mean, who, it is reported, was engendered at Tordeſillas, and brought forth in Tarragona. But, truly, I have no intention to give thee that ſatisfaction: for, although injuries may awaken indignation in vulgar breaſts; mine, I hope, will always be an exception to that rule. Thou wouldſt be glad, perhaps, to find me beſtowing upon him the epithets of aſs, blockhead, and inſolent coxcomb; but ſuch low revenge never once entered my imagination: his own conſcience will ſufficiently chaſtiſe him; let him therefore chew the cud of remorſe, and digeſt it if he can. I own, I cannot help feeling the unjuſt reproach when he taxes me with lameneſs and old age, as if it had been in my power to retard the lapſe of time; or that I had been maimed in ſome tavern-brawl, and not on the moſt glorious occaſion that ever the paſt or preſent age beheld, or poſterity can ever hope to ſee. If my wounds do not brighten in the eyes of every ſpectator, they are at leaſt eſteemed by thoſe who know where they were acquired*; and who thinks that a ſoldier who falls in battle makes a much more noble appearance than he who ſaves himſelf by flight. This opinion is ſo rooted within my own breaſt, that, were ſuch an impoſſibility propoſed and effected, I would rather be lame as I am, with the ſhare I had in that ſtupendous action, than ſound of body, without the honour of having been there. The wounds that appear in a ſoldier's countenance and boſom, are ſo many ſtars to guide the reſt of mankind to the haven of honour, and the deſire of honeſt praiſe; and it ought to be obſerved, that an author does not write with his grey hairs, but according to the dictates of his underſtanding, which is uſually improved by years and experience. I perceive alſo, that he calls me envious; and, as if I were utterly ignorant, is at the pains to deſcribe the nature of envy; though I proteſt of the two kinds, I only harbour that which is pure, virtuous, and noble. This being the caſe, as it undoubtedly is, I have not the leaſt inclination to inveigh againſt any prieſt, eſpecially one who bears the office of familiar to the holy inquiſition; and if what he ſays be advanced in behalf of him whoſe cauſe he ſeems to eſpouſe, he is altogether miſtaken, in my opinion, of that perſon, whoſe genius I adore: I admire his works, together with his continual occupation in the practice of virtues; but I am actually obliged to this honourable author, for ſaying that my novels † are more ſatirical than exemplary, though he owns they are good of

* The battle of Lepanto.
† Novales Examplares.

their

their kind; for, without being exemplary, they cannot poſſibly be good.

I ſuppoſe, gentle reader, thou art by this time of opinion, that I walk with great circumſpection, and ſcrupulouſly confine myſelf within the bounds of modeſty, conſcious that it is inhuman to heap affliction on the afflicted; and that this gentleman's muſt needs be very great, ſince he dares not appear in the open field, and in the face of Heaven, but conceals his name, and diſſembles his country, as if he had been guilty of high treaſon: tell him, therefore, in my name, if ever thou ſhouldſt chance to find him out, that I do not at all think myſelf injured by what he has done, for well do I know, what temptations the devil ſpreads before us; and that one of his moſt effectual ſnares, is to make a man believe that he has capacity to write a book, by which he ſhall obtain an equal ſhare of money and reputation. In confirmation of what I ſay, I will beg the favour of you to tell him a ſhort ſtory.

There was in Seville, a certain madman ſeized with the moſt diverting whim that ever entered the brain of a lunatick. He uſed to walk with a hollow cane, pointed at one end; and whenever he met with a dog in the ſtreet, or in any other place, he clapped his foot on one of the creature's hind-legs, pulled up the other with his hand, and applying, as well as he could, the pipe to his poſteriors, inſtantly blew him up as round as a ball. This operation being performed, he clapped him twice on the belly, and diſmiſſed the patient, ſaying, very gravely, to the mob that never failed to gather round him, 'Gentlemen, I ſuppoſe, now, you think it is an eaſy matter to blow up a dog!' In like manner, I ſay, 'I ſuppoſe your worſhip thinks it 'an eaſy matter to write a book.' If this ſtory ſhould not be to his liking, be ſo good, friendly reader, as to tell this other, which alſo relates to a dog and a madman.

There was another ideot in Cordova, who had a trick of carrying upon his head a piece of marble, or heavy ſtone; and, as often as he perceived any dog off his guard, he would approach him ſlily, and let it fall plump upon his head. This was no joke to the poor dog, who uſed to run barking and howling the length of three whole ſtreets, before he ventured to look behind. But, among others, he one day happened to diſcharge his burden on a cap-maker's favourite dog; down went the ſtone upon his head, and the injured beaſt ſet up the howl: the maſter ſeeing what paſſed, was filled with indignation, ſnatched up his meaſure, and ſallying out upon the lunatick, did not leave a whole bone in his ſkin; ſaying, at every blow he beſtowed, 'Dog! raſcal! uſe my ſpaniel in this manner! Did not you ſee, barbarous villain, that my dog was a ſpaniel!' Thus repeating the word ſpaniel a great many times, he beat the aggreſſor into jelly.

The madman being documented, ſneaked off, and kept his chamber a whole month; at the end of which, he returned to his former paſtime, with a greater ſtone than ever, and coming up to a dog that lay aſleep, conſidered him with great attention, but was afraid of diſcharging the ſtone, ſaying, ''Ware ſpaniel!' In ſhort, all the dogs he afterwards met with, whether curs or maſtiffs, were in his opinion ſpaniels; ſo that he never ventured to repeat his experiment.——Now this may be the fate of our hiſtorian, who will not chuſe to open the flood-gates of his wit again, in compoſing books, which, if bad, are harder than ſtone.

Tell

Tell him, likewiſe, that I value not his threats a farthing, when he ſays that his performance will deprive me of bread; but anſwer him with a quotation from the famous interlude of the Perendenga: 'To 'four and twenty, live, my lord, and Chriſt be with us all.' Long live the great Count de Lemos, whoſe well-known Chriſtian generoſity ſupports me againſt all the ſtrokes of adverſe fortune; and long life to the tranſcendent charity of the moſt illuſtrious archbiſhop of Toledo, Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas; if there was not one printing-preſs in the whole world, or if more books were publiſhed againſt me than there are letters in the couplets of Mingo Rebulgo; theſe two princes, unſolicited by any adulation or other kind of praiſe on my part, but purely out of their own benevolence, have been pleaſed to honour me with their countenance and favour, in which I think myſelf infinitely more happy and rich, than if I had been conducted to the higheſt pinnacle of fortune, in the ordinary way. Honour may be enjoyed by a poor, but never by a vicious man; nobility may be clouded by indigence, but never altogether obſcured; for virtue, ſhining by it's own internal light, even through the inconveniencies and crannies of poverty, will recommend itſelf to the eſteem of high and princely minds, and of conſequence obtain their favour and protection. Thou needeſt ſay no more to him; nor will I give thee any farther trouble, except to obſerve, that thou art to conſider this ſecond part of Don Quixote as a work of the ſame artificer, and compoſed of the ſame materials with the firſt, in which I preſent the knight at full length; and, in ſhort, exhibit him dead and buried; that no man, for the future, may preſume to raiſe freſh evidence againſt him; thoſe already examined being ſufficient for the purpoſe. The more ſo, as a man of honour has already given an account of his ingenious follies, without any intention to reſume the ſubject; for there may be too much even of a good thing; and the ſcarcity of thoſe things which are in themſelves indifferent, often brings them into ſome degree of eſtimation. I had almoſt forgot to tell thee, that thou mayeſt expect the Perſiles, which I am now finiſhing, together with the ſecond part of Galatea.

APPROBATION.

BY order of Signior Doctor Gutierrez de Cetina, vicar-general of the city of Madrid, where his majesty keeps his court, I have perused the second part of the sage knight, Don Quixote de La Mancha, written by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra; in which I can find nothing unworthy of a zealous Christian, or deviating from that respect which is justly due to good example and moral virtue. On the contrary, the performance contains much erudition and profitable amusement; not only in the well-supported sequel of his design, to extirpate those vain and lying books of chivalry, which had already too far spread their infection; but also in the purity of his Castilian language, unadulterated with insipid affectation, which every man of sense abhors; and in his manner of correcting the vicious, who generally feel the point of his satire. Yet he so wisely observes the laws of Christian rebuke, that the patient labouring under the infirmity which he intends to cure, may, in such sweet and palatable medicine, even without his own knowledge, or the least hindrance and loathing, swallow down an effectual detestation for vice; so that he will find himself at once delighted and reformed, in consequence of an art which is known to few. There are many authors, who not knowing how to blend and mix instruction with delight, have seen all their tedious labours miscarry; because, not being able to imitate Diogenes, as a learned philosopher, they have presumed licentiously, not to say obscurely, to mimick him as a cynic, giving ear to slander, and inventing things that never happened, by which means they enlarge the vicious capacity of those whom their harsh reproofs stigmatize; and, perhaps, strike out new paths of lewdness hitherto unknown; so that instead of reformers, they become teachers and abettors of vice. In this manner they grow hateful to men of sense, and lose all their credit, if they had any, with the people, who refuse to encourage their writings; while the vicious are rather hardened than amended by their rash and imprudent corruption; for the knife and caustick are not proper for all kinds of tumours, some of which are more successfully treated by soft and gentle remedies, by the application of which, the experienced and learned physician often attains his end of discussing them; a period much more eligible than that which is obtained by the barbarity of steel.

The writings of Miguel de Cervantes have met with a very different reception, not only from our nation, but likewise from strangers; who, as if he was something miraculous, are inflamed with the desire of seeing the author of those books which have met with such general applause, on account of the decency and decorum, as well as the agreeable sweetness of his stile, in Spain, France, Italy, Germany, and Flanders. This I can with great truth affirm, that on the twentieth and fifth day of February, in this year of God, one thousand six hundred

dred and fifteen, I attended my master, his grace Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas, cardinal archbishop of Toledo, when he returned the visit of the French ambassador, who came to treat about a double match betwixt the princes and princesses of France and Spain; and several gentlemen of that country, belonging to the embassy, who were equally sensible and well-bred, as well as lovers of the Belles Lettres, in their conversation with me and the other chaplains of the cardinal, desired to know what books of genius were in highest esteem among us; I chanced to mention this performance, which was then under my examination: but no sooner did they hear the name of Miguel de Cervantes, than they began to expatiate upon the high esteem in which France and the neighbouring kingdoms held his productions; namely, the Galatea, which one of them could almost repeat, with the novels, and the first part of Don Quixote. Such were the commendations they bestowed upon them, that I offered to introduce them to the author, whom they honoured with a thousand demonstrations of regard. They were curious to know his age, profession, quality, and fortune; and when I found myself obliged to tell them he was a soldier and a gentleman, oppressed with poverty and old age; one of them replied in these very words: 'What! does not Spain load such a man 'with riches, and maintain him out of the publick treasury?'—Another of those gentlemen, hearing this observation, interposed, saying, with great vivacity, 'If necessity compels him to write, God grant 'that he may never enjoy affluence; but, in being poor, enrich the 'world with his works.'

I believe this will be thought rather too much for a certificate; and some will say, that I have even encroached upon the bounds of flattery; but the truth of my allegation disproves that suspicion, and acquits me of the charge; besides, in this age, adulation is bestowed upon none but those who are in a capacity of greasing the fist of the flatterer; who, though he praises in fulsome fiction, expects to be rewarded in substantial truth.

Madrid, Feb. 27, 1615. THE LICENTIATE MARQUES TORRES.

THE ORDINARY LICENCE.

BY order and command of the lords of council, I have caused to be examined, the book specified in this petition: which book contains nothing to the prejudice of religion or morals; but, on the contrary, is fraught with much lawful amusement, blended with moral philosophy; wherefore it may be allowed to be printed.

Madrid, Nov. 5, 1615. DOCTOR GUTIERREZ DE CETINA.

APPROBATION.

BY order and command of the lords of council, I have perused the second part of Don Quixote de La Mancha, written by Miguel de Cervantes; a book that contains nothing to the prejudice of

our holy catholick faith, or ſound morals; on the contrary, much honeſt recreation, and agreeable amuſement, ſuch as the ancients judged not only allowable, but convenient for the commonwealth: even the ſevere Lacedemonians erected a ſtatue to the goddeſs of laughter; and the Theſſalians inſtituted feſtivals to the ſame power, according to Pauſanias, quoted by Voſſius, lib. ii. *De ſignis eccleſ.* cap. 10. for exhilarating the melancholy, and raiſing the dejected ſpirits; as obſerved by Tully in his firſt book, *De Legibus*; and by the poet, who ſays, '*Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis.*' Which maxim hath been the guide of this author, who has mingled fiction with truth, delight with inſtruction, and morals with pleaſantry; diſguiſing the hook of reproof with the bait of ſprightly entertainment, and fulfilling the ſequel of his well-executed ſcheme, to depreciate and expel the books of chivalry, from the miſchievous contagion of which he hath purged theſe kingdoms, with admirable diligence and dexterity. In ſhort, it is a work worthy of that great genius, which is the honour and ornament of our nation, and the envy and admiration of ſtrangers. This is my opinion, with ſubmiſſion, &c.

Madrid, March 17, 1615.

JOSEPH DE VALDIVIELSO.

THE

THE

ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

PART II. BOOK I.

VOLUME III.

CHAP. I.

OF THE BEHAVIOUR OF THE CURATE AND BARBER, WITH REGARD TO DON QUIXOTE'S INFIRMITY.

CID Hamet Benengeli, in the ſecond part of this hiſtory, containing the third ſally of Don Quixote, relates that the curate and barber forbore to viſit him for a whole month, that they might not revive and recal to his imagination the remembrance of things paſt; but, during all that time, they frequently went to ſee the houſekeeper and niece, on whom they laid ſtrong injunctions to cheriſh the knight with great care and tenderneſs, and treat him with ſuch comfortable food as ſhould be moſt agreeable to his ſtomach and brain, in which they reaſonably ſuppoſed that his whole diſorder lay. The ladies aſſured them it was their chief ſtudy, which they would proſecute with all imaginable care and ſatisfaction; for they began to perceive that their maſter, at certain intervals, gave tokens of being in his right wits. This information afforded great pleaſure to the two friends, who now concluded they had acted wiſely in bringing him home on the inchanted waggon, as hath been recounted in the laſt chapter of the firſt part of this ſublime and punctual hiſtory; and determined to pay him a viſit, that they might be convinced of his amendment, which they deemed almoſt impoſſible; though they agreed to avoid, with great care, the ſubject of chivalry, that they might run no riſk of ripping up the wound ſo lately cloſed.

In ſhort, they entered his chamber, and found him ſitting upon his bed, in a waiſtcoat of green baize, and a red Toledan night-cap, ſo meagre, ſhrunk, and withered, that he looked like an Egyptian mummy; he received them very courteouſly, and when they enquired into the ſtate of his health, ſpoke of his indiſpoſition and himſelf with great judgment and elocution. The converſation happening to turn on what is called reaſons of ſtate, and modes of adminiſtration, they amended certain abuſes, and condemned others, reforming one cuſtom, and baniſhing another; as if each of the three had been a new legiſlator, a modern Lycurgus, or regenerated Solon; and in ſuch a manner did they furbiſh up the common-wealth, that one would have imagined they had committed it to a forge, and brought out another quite different from that which they put in. Don Quixote ſpoke on every ſubject that was handled, with

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such discretion, as actually convinced the two examiners, that he was quite sound, and had recovered the right exercise of his judgment; while the niece and housekeeper, who were present all the time, thought they could never be thankful enough to God, when they heard their master talk so sensibly. But the curate altering his first resolution, which was to avoid the subject of chivalry, now determined to make an experiment, by which he should be thoroughly satisfied, whether the knight's cure was real or imaginary; with this view, he from one thing to another came to mention some news from court; and among other pieces of intelligence, said he was certainly informed that the Turk had taken the sea, with a powerful armament, though his design was not known, nor could it be guessed where the expected storm would burst; but that these preparations, which keep us almost constantly in arms, had alarmed all Christendom; and that his majesty had ordered the coasts of Naples and Sicily, with the island of Malta, to be provided against all attempts. To this intimation Don Quixote replied, 'His majesty has acted like a most prudent 'warrior, in providing for the safety of 'his dominions, that the enemy may 'not find them unprepared; but, if he 'would take my advice, I would furnish him with an expedient, which I 'believe our sovereign at present little 'thinks of.'

The curate no sooner heard these words, than he said within himself, 'Lord have mercy upon thee, poor Don 'Quixote! if I am not mistaken, thou 'art just going to cast thyself headlong 'from the highest pinnacle of madness, 'into the profound abyss of thy folly.' But the barber, who immediately adopted the same suspicion, asked the knight what that expedient was, which he thought should be put in practice by way of prevention; observing, that it was, perhaps, such a scheme as deserved to be inserted in the list of those impertinent advices usually offered to crowned heads. 'Mine, Mr. Shaver,' said Don Quixote, 'will be pertinent, not im-'pertinent.'—'I don't say otherwise,' replied the barber; 'I only made that 'observation, because experience hath 'shewn that all, or the greatest part of 'those projects which have been offered 'to his majesty, are either impossible, 'extravagant, or prejudicial to the state.' —'My scheme,' answered the knight, 'is neither impossible nor extravagant; 'but, on the contrary, the most easy, 'just, brief, and expeditious, that ever 'projector conceived.'—'Methinks 'your worship is very slow in delivering 'it, Signior Don Quixote,' said the priest. 'I should not chuse,' answered the knight, 'to have what I say here 'carried by to-morrow morning, to the 'ears of the lords of the council; by 'which means, another may reap the 'credit and reward of my labour.'—'For my own part,' cried the barber, 'I here give my word, before God! 'never to discloſe what your worship 'shall impart, either to king or knave, 'or any mortal man; an oath I learned 'in the romance of the Curate, who, 'in the preface, gives the king notice 'of the robber that stole his hundred 'ducats, and ambling mule.'—'I am 'not acquainted with the story,' said Don Quixote, 'but the oath is a good 'oath, because I am convinced that Mr. 'Nicholas is an honest man.'—'Be that 'as it will,' replied the curate, 'I will 'be bound for him, and undertake, that 'with regard to this affair, he shall speak 'no more than if he was actually dumb, 'on pain of whatever penalty you shall 'think proper to inflict.'—'And who 'will be security for you, Mr. Cu-'rate?' said the knight. 'My pro-'fession,' answered the priest, 'by which 'I am bound to keep secrets.'—'Body 'of me!' cried Don Quixote, 'his 'majesty has nothing to do, but to issue 'a proclamation, commanding all the 'knights-errant in Spain to assemble at 'his court, by such a day; and al-'though not more than half a dozen 'should come, among these one may be 'found, who is alone sufficient to over-'throw the whole Turkish power. 'Pray, gentlemen, give attention, and 'take me along with you; is it such a 'new thing, for a single knight to cut in 'pieces a whole army of two hundred 'thousand men, as if they had but one 'common throat, or were made of gin-'ger-bread? How many histories are 'there, think you, filled with such mar-'vellous exploits? Unfortunate it is for 'me, (I will not say, for any other) 'that the renowned Don Belianis is not 'now alive, or some knight of the in-'numerable race of Amadis de Gaul; 'for if any one of them was now liv-'ing,

'ing, to confront the Turks, in good 'sooth, I should not chuse to farm 'their conquests; but God will provide for his own people, and produce 'some champion, who, if not equal 'in valour to former knights-errant, 'at least will be inferior to none of 'them in point of courage*; Heaven 'knows my meaning; I will say no 'more.'—'Lack-a-day!' cried the niece, when she heard this insinuation, 'I'll be hanged, if my uncle is not 'resolved to turn knight errant again.' —'A knight-errant,' replied Don Quixote, 'I will live and die; and the Turks 'may make their descents or ascents, 'when they will, with all the power they 'are masters of. I say again, Heaven 'knows my meaning.' Here the barber interposing, 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I beg you will give me leave to tell 'a short story of what happened at Seville; it comes so pat to the purpose, 'that I have a strong inclination to re'late it.' Don Quixote and the curate granted his request, and the rest yielded him attention, when he began in these words.

'There was in the mad-house at Seville, a certain lunatick, whom his 'relations had sent thither on account 'of the defect in his judgment; he 'had taken his degrees in the canon 'law, at Osuna; and many were of 'opinion, that if he had acquired them 'at Salamanca, he would not have been 'a bit the wiser; this graduate, having 'been confined some years, took it in his 'head, that he was quite well, and restored to his right wits; and in this 'imagination, wrote to the archbishop, 'earnestly entreating him, with many 'sensible arguments, to give order that 'he should be extricated from the misery in which he lived; since, through 'the mercy of God, he had recovered 'his lost judgment, though his relations kept him still in confinement, 'that they might enjoy his estate, and, 'in despite of truth, were resolved that 'he should be mad to the day of his 'death. The archbishop, persuaded 'by the many sensible and pathetick 'letters he received, ordered one of his 'chaplains to go to the rector of the 'mad-house, and enquire into the truth 'of what the licentiate alledged, and 'even to talk with himself, that, if he 'should find him quite recovered, he 'might bring him away, and set him 'at liberty. The chaplain obeyed the 'command of his grace, and the rector 'assured him that the man was still 'mad; for although he would very often talk like a person of excellent understanding, at the long run he commonly broke out into folly and nonsense, as absurd as the first part of his discourse was rational and discreet; 'however, he himself might make the 'experiment, by conversing with the 'licentiate. The chaplain accordingly went to his apartment, and talked 'with him a whole hour and more, 'during which time the lunatick did 'not utter one vague or incoherent 'sentence; but, on the contrary, spoke 'so judiciously, that the chaplain could 'not help believing him quite sound of 'intellect; among other things, he told 'him the rector was his enemy, and 'pronounced him still distracted, though 'with lucid intervals, that he might not 'lose the presents which he received from 'his relations; so that the greatest cause 'of his misfortune was no other than 'his own affluent estate, which to enjoy, 'his adversaries craftily pretended to 'doubt of the mercy which the Lord had 'vouchsafed him, in re-converting him 'from a beast into a man; in short, he 'talked so effectually as to render the 'rector suspected, to prove his relations 'covetous and unnatural, and himself 'so discreet, that the chaplain determined to carry him forthwith to the 'archbishop, that his grace might be 'personally satisfied of the truth. With

* Ridiculous as this scheme may seem to be, such an expedient has actually succeeded in practice. During the captivity of John King of France, his dominions were ravaged by above one hundred thousand peasants, who, under the name of Jacquieers, assembled in arms to exterminate the noblesse; and among other horrid outrages, murdered every gentleman that fell in their way. The Duchess of Normandy and Orleans, together with three hundred ladies of rank, retired for protection to Meaux, where they were surrounded, and would have actually perished by the swords of these banditti, had they not been rescued by the Count de Foix, and the captal of Buch; who, hearing of their distress, hastened to their relief with no more than sixty knights; and, without hesitation, attacked that furious multitude with such bravery and vigour, that they were soon routed and dispersed.

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‘ this laudable intention, he desired the ‘ rector to order the licentiate to be dressed with the cloaths in which he entered the house: the rector again advised him to consider what he was ‘ about; for the licentiate was, without all question, still distracted. But ‘ these cautions and counsels had no ‘ effect in dissuading the chaplain from ‘ carrying him off, and the rector seeing the archbishop's order, was obliged to obey; so that the licentiate received his own cloaths, which were ‘ decent and new. Seeing himself thus divested of the badge of his disorder, ‘ and habited again like a person of ‘ sound intellects, he besought the chaplain, that he would be so charitable ‘ as to allow him to go and take leave of ‘ his companions in affliction; the other ‘ granted his request, and said he would ‘ accompany him, in order to see the ‘ patients; upon which they went up ‘ stairs, followed by several persons ‘ who chanced to be then present. The ‘ licentiate, going to the gate of a cell, ‘ in which there was a furious madman, ‘ though at that time he was calm and ‘ quiet, said to him, “ Brother, have “ you any commands for me? I am “ going to my own house, for God of “ his infinite goodness and mercy, with- “ out any desert of mine, hath been “ pleased to restore unto me the use of “ my reason, and I am now perfectly “ recovered; so that there is nothing “ impossible to the power of the Al- “ mighty; put, therefore, your hope “ and trust in him, who, as he hath re- “ stored me to my former state, will “ grant the same indulgence to you, “ if you confide in his protection. I “ will take care to send you some cor- “ dial food, and be sure, at all events, “ to eat it; for, you must know, I “ conclude from experience, that all “ our disorder proceeds from an empty “ stomach, and the brain's being filled “ with wind. Take heart, brother, “ take heart; for despondence under “ misfortune consumes the constitution, “ and hastens the stroke of death.” ‘ This discourse being overheard by ‘ another lunatick, who was confined ‘ in a cell opposite to that of the furious ‘ patient, he started up stark naked ‘ from an old mat on which he lay, and ‘ roared aloud, “ Who is that going “ away so sober and so sound?” The ‘ licentiate replied, “ 'Tis I, brother, “ who am going home, being under “ no necessity of tarrying longer in this “ place; thanks be to Heaven for the “ signal favour I have received!”— “ Take care what you say, Mr. Li- “ centiate, and let not the devil deceive “ you,” answered the madman: “ halt “ a little, stay where you are, and spare “ yourself the trouble of being brought “ back.”—“ I know that I am per- “ fectly recovered,” said the licentiate, “ and shall have no farther occasion to “ visit the Stations*.”—“ You re- “ covered!” cried the other, “ good! “ we shall see—adieu—but, I swear “ by Jupiter, whose majesty I repre- “ sent on earth, that, for the transgression this day committed in Se- “ ville, by discharging you from the “ house, as a person of sound judg- “ ment, I will take such vengeance as “ shall be a monument of wrath for “ ever and ever, amen. Do'st thou not “ know, pitiful licentiate, that all this “ is in my power, being, as I have al- “ ready observed, Jove the thunderer, “ who wield the flaming bolts, with “ which I use to threaten, and can de- “ stroy the universe? But with one evil “ only will I chastise this ignorant peo- “ ple; I will not suffer one drop of “ rain to fall upon the city, nor it's “ confines, nor indeed in any part of “ this district, for the space of three “ whole years, reckoning from the day “ and minute in which this dreadful “ menace is made. Thou free! thou “ sound! thou recovered! and I mad! “ I distracted and confined! I will “ sooner hang myself than rain one “ spoonful.” The by-standers were ‘ very attentive to the vociferous exclamations of this madman, when our ‘ licentiate turning to the chaplain, and ‘ taking him by the hand, said, “ Dear “ Sir, give yourself no uneasiness or “ concern about what he says; for if “ he who is Jupiter, withholds refreshing “ showers from the earth, I who am “ Neptune, the father and god of wa- “ ters, will rain as often as I please, “ should there be occasion for it, in “ consequence of the privilege I pos- “ sess.” To this promise the chaplain

* A certain number of churches through which they made circuits, uttering an appointed prayer at each.

‘ replied,

'replied, "Nevertheleſs, Signior Neptune, it will not be politick to incenſe Signior Jupiter; therefore, your worſhip will be ſo good as to ſtay where you are, till ſome other day, when we may have more leiſure and convenience to remove you." The rector and the reſt of the company could not help laughing, the chaplain was out of countenance, the licentiate was ſtripped, and ſent back to his cell; and ſo ends my ſtory.'

'And this is the ſtory, Mr. Barber,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'which came ſo pat to the purpoſe, that you could not help relating it? Ah, Mr. Shaver! Mr. Shaver! he muſt be blind indeed, that cannot ſee through the bottom of a ſieve. Is it poſſible your worſhip does not know that compariſons in point of genius, virtue, beauty, and deſcent, are always odious and ill received? I, Mr. Barber, am not Neptune, god of waters; neither do I ſet up for being thought a wiſe man, knowing that I am not ſo: the ſole end of my labours is to convince the world of it's error, in not ſeeking to renew thoſe moſt happy times when the order of knight-errantry exerted itſelf in full perfection; but this depraved age of ours is unworthy of taſting that felicity which was enjoyed by thoſe ages, when knights-errant undertook the charge, and burdened their ſhoulders with the defence of kingdoms, the protection of damſels, the relief of wards and orphans, the chaſtiſement of the proud, and the promotion of the humble. The greateſt part of your modern knights ruſtle in damaſks, brocades, and other rich and ſplendid attire, inſtead of rattling in coats of mail; no knight now ſleeps in the open field, expoſed to the inclemency of the weather, armed at all points cap-a-pee; no warrior, in this degenerate age, ſits on horſeback, and without diſengaging his feet from the ſtirrups, but leaning upon his lance, endeavours to take as it were a ſnatch of ſleep, after the example of former knights-errant; no champion, now-a-days, coming out of ſome dreary wood, immediately enters another rocky wilderneſs, through which he reaches the barren and deſerted coaſt of the rough and ſtormy ſea, where, finding in ſome creek, a crazy boat without oars, ſails, maſt, or tackle, he intrepidly throws himſelf into it, and launches out upon the implacable billows that whirl him aloft to heaven, and then ſink him to the profound abyſs, while his unſhaken ſoul defies the ſtorm; then, when he dreams of no ſuch matter, he finds himſelf three thouſand leagues and more from the place where he embarked, and leaping aſhore on ſome remote and unknown country, atchieves adventures worthy to be written, not on parchment, but on braſs. But now ſloth triumphs over activity, idleneſs over toil, vice over virtue, arrogance over valour, and the theory over the practice of arms, which obtained and ſhone reſplendent in thoſe golden ages that produced knights-errant. Pray, tell me, who could be more honourable and valiant than the famous Amadis de Gaul? who more diſcreet than Palmerin of England? who more inſinuating and pliant than Tirante the White? who more gallant than Liſuarte of Greece? who more hacked and hacking than Don Belianis? who more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? or, who more daring than Felixmarte of Hircania? who more ſincere than Eſplandian? who more deſperate than Cirongilio of Thrace? who more brave than Rodamont? who more prudent than King Sobrino? who more bold than Reynaldo? who more invincible than Roldan? and who more gallant and courteous than Rugero? from whom (according to Turpin, in his Coſmographia) the preſent Dukes of Ferrara are deſcended. All theſe, with many more which I could name, Mr. Curate, were knights-errant, and the very light and glory of chivalry; theſe, or ſuch as theſe, are the champions propoſed by my ſcheme, which, ſhould it take place, would effectually ſerve his majeſty's purpoſe, ſpare an infinite expence, and the Turk would even tear his own beard in deſpair; in that caſe I would tarry where I am, ſince the chaplain would not think fit to enlarge me; and if Jupiter, as the barber ſaid, would not rain, here am I ready to fruſtrate his intent; this I mention, that Mr. Baſon, there, may know I underſtand his meaning.'—'Verily, Signior Don Quixote,' ſaid Mr. Nicholas, 'I meant no harm, ſo help me God! my

'intention was good, and therefore 'your worſhip ought not to be diſpleaſ-'ed.'—'Whether I am diſpleaſed or 'not,' replied the knight, 'I myſelf 'know beſt.'

Here the curate interpoſing, ſaid, 'Though I have hitherto ſcarce open-'ed my mouth, I cannot be eaſy un-'der a ſcruple which tears and gnaws 'my conſcience, and which aroſe 'from what Signior Don Quixote hath 'juſt now aſſerted.'—'In greater mat-'ters, Mr. Curate may command me,' anſwered the knight; 'out with your 'ſcruple, then; for ſcruples of con-'ſcience are very uncomfortable com-'panions.'—'With your good permiſ-'ſion,' replied the prieſt, 'this it is: 'I can by no means perſuade myſelf 'that the whole tribe of knights-er-'rant, whom your worſhip have nam-'ed, were really and truly earthly per-'ſons of fleſh and blood; on the con-'trary, I imagine all theſe things are 'fictions, fables, and lying dreams, 'recounted by men who are awake, or 'rather by thoſe who are half aſleep.' —'That,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'is ano-'ther error incident to many people, 'who do not believe that any ſuch 'knights ever exiſted; and I have, on 'divers and ſundry occaſions, endea-'voured to diſſipate that almoſt general 'miſtake by the light of truth. Some-'times, indeed, I have not ſucceeded 'in my attempts; however, I have 'frequently gained my point, by ſup-'porting it on the ſhoulders of de-'monſtration; and truly the caſe is ſo 'clear, that I could almoſt affirm I 'have with my own eyes beheld Ama-'dis de Gaul, who was a tall man, 'of a fair complexion, well furniſhed 'with a black beard, his aſpect ſome-'thing between mild and ſevere, con-'ciſe of ſpeech, ſlow to anger, and 'ſoon appeaſed. In the ſame manner, 'methinks, I could delineate and paint 'all the knights-errant that ever were 'recorded in hiſtory; for, according to 'the ideas formed by reading theſe 'hiſtories, and by comparing their ex-'ploits and diſpoſitions, ſound philo-'ſophy may diſcover their lineaments, 'ſtatures, and complexions.'—'Sig-'nior Don Quixote,' ſaid the barber, 'how large do you think the giant 'Morgante muſt have been?'—'As to 'the affair of giants,' anſwered the knight, 'there are different opinions; 'ſome affirming, and others denying, 'the exiſtence of any ſuch beings: but 'the Holy Scriptures, which ſurely can-'not fail one atom in point of truth, 'put that affair beyond all diſpute, in 'relating the ſtory of that Philiſtine 'Goliath, who was ſeven cubits and 'an half in height; a moſt amazing 'ſtature! Beſides, in the iſland of 'Sicily, ſeveral thigh and ſhoulder-'bones have been dug up, ſo large as 'to manifeſt, that the perſons to whom 'they belonged muſt have been huge 'giants, as tall as high towers; and 'this can be proved by mathematical 'demonſtration; but, nevertheleſs, I 'will not pretend to aſcertain the ſize 'of Morgante; though I believe he 'was not very tall, becauſe I find in 'the hiſtory which gives a particular 'account of his exploits, that he often 'ſlept under a roof: now, if there was 'any houſe capacious enough to re-'ceive him, his magnitude could not 'be very extraordinary.'—'No, ſure-'ly,' ſaid the curate: who, being di-verted with his extravagant aſſer-tions, aſked his opinion concerning the looks and perſons of Reynaldo de Montalban, Don Orlando, and the reſt of the Twelve Peers of France, who were all knights-errant. 'With 'regard to Reynaldo,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'I will venture to ſay, he 'was broad viſaged, and of a rud-'dy complexion, with large rolling 'eyes, full of punctilio, exceſſively 'cholerick, and a friend to robbers 'and vagabonds. As for Roldan, or 'Rotolando, or Orlando, (for he is 'mentioned in hiſtory by all theſe 'names) it is my opinion, and I af-'firm, that he was of a middling 'ſtature, broad-ſhouldered, ſomewhat 'bandy-legged, of a dark complexion 'and carrotty beard, hairy all over, 'with a frowning aſpect, ſparing of 'ſpeech, though very affable and well 'bred.'—'If Roldan was not more 'comely than you have repreſented 'him,' replied the curate, 'I do not 'wonder that Angelica the Fair diſ-'dained and deſerted him, for the gal-'lantry, mirth, and pleaſantry of the 'little ſmock-faced Moor, to whoſe 'embraces ſhe yielded; and, ſurely, 'ſhe was in the right, to prefer the 'ſmoothneſs of Medoro to the rough-

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'neſs of Roldan.'—'That ſame Angelica, Mr. Curate,' ſaid the knight, 'was an unſettled rambling young 'woman, that longed after novelties, 'and left the world as full of her impertinent actions as of the fame of 'her beauty. She undervalued a thouſand noblemen, a thouſand valiant 'and diſcreet admirers, and contented herſelf with a yellow haired page, 'who had neither fortune nor reputation, but that of being grateful to his 'friend. The renowned Arioſto, who 'ſung the praiſes of her beauty, either 'not daring or not deſigning to rehearſe what happened to her after her 'baſe intrigue, becauſe he deemed it a 'theme not extremely honourable for 'his muſe, dropped her at theſe lines:

"Another bard may ſing, in loftier lay,
"How he obtain'd the ſceptre of Cathay."

'And truly this was a ſort of prophecy, for the poets are alſo called *vates*, 'which in Latin ſignifies *diviners*, and 'it was plainly verified in the event, 'an Andaluſian bard having ſince that 'time ſung in verſe her tears and lamentation, as the moſt famous and 'ſublime genius of Caſtile hath celebrated her beauty.'

'Pray tell me, Signior Don Quixote,' ſaid the barber, 'among all 'thoſe authors who have written in her 'praiſe, hath not ſome one or other 'compoſed a ſatire againſt my Lady 'Angelica?'—'I firmly believe,' replied the knight, 'that if Sacripante or 'Roldan had been bards, they would 'have made the damſel ſmart ſeverely, 'it being natural and peculiar to poets, 'who are diſdained and rejected by 'their falſe miſtreſſes, whether real or 'imaginary, to revenge themſelves by 'ſatires and lampoons; a reſentment 'altogether unworthy of generous 'breaſts; but hitherto I have not met 'with any ſuch defamatory verſes 'againſt the Lady Angelica, though 'ſhe made ſtrange confuſion in the 'world.'—'That is a wonder, indeed!' ſaid the curate.——When hearing the houſekeeper and niece, who had ſome time before quitted the company, bawling aloud in the yard, they ran out to ſee what was the occaſion of ſuch noiſe.

CHAP. II.

THE NOTABLE FRAY, THAT HAPPENED BETWEEN SANCHO AND DON QUIXOTE'S NIECE AND HOUSEKEEPER — WITH OTHER DIVERTING INCIDENTS.

THE hiſtory relates, that the noiſe which Don Quixote, the curate, and barber heard, was occaſioned by the niece and houſekeeper ſcolding at Sancho, who ſtruggled to get in and ſee his maſter, while they defended the door. 'What does the ſwag-bellied 'lurcher want in this houſe?' ſaid the houſekeeper: 'get you home, bro'ther; it was you, and none but you, 'that turned my poor maſter's brain, 'enticing him from his own home, to 'ſtroll about the highways.' To this apoſtrophe Sancho replied, 'Houſe'keeper of Satan! 'tis my brain that's 'turned; 'twas I that was enticed to 'ſtroll about the highways, and not 'thy maſter, for he carried me a ramb'ling; ſo that you have reckoned without your hoſt. 'Twas he that wheed'led me from my own houſe, with the 'promiſe of an iſland, which I expect 'to this good hour.'—'Devil choak 'thee with iſlands, thou curſed cormo'rant!' cried the niece: 'and pray 'what is an iſland; is it any thing to 'eat, thou gorbellied glutton, ha?'—'No, not to eat, but to govern,' anſwered Sancho, 'and a fat government 'it is. Better than four cities, or the 'places of any four of the king's al'cades.'—'Be that as it will,' ſaid the houſekeeper, 'thou ſhan't ſet foot in 'this houſe, thou bag of miſchief, and 'bundle of malice! go and look after 'thy own family, fatten thy hogs, and 'let us hear no more of theſe iſlands or 'oil-lands.'

The curate and barber were highly entertained with this dialogue; but Don Quixote fearing that Sancho would open his budget, and diſburden himſelf of ſome miſchievous load of folly, by blabbing things not much to his credit, called him in, bidding the women hold their tongues, and give him entrance. Sancho being accordingly admitted, the curate and barber took their leave of Don Quixote, whoſe recovery they deſpaired of, ſeeing him ſo unalterably

fixed in his folly, and so wholly possessed with the frantick spirit of knight-errantry. 'You shall see, neighbour,' said the curate to the barber, 'that 'when we least think of it, this poor 'gentleman will make another sally.'— 'That I make no doubt of,' answered the barber, 'but I don't wonder so 'much at the madness of the knight, 'as at the simplicity of the squire, who 'believes so devoutly in this island, 'that I think all the invention of man 'could not extract it from his skull.' —'God mend them!' replied the curate: 'meanwhile, let us keep a strict 'eye over their behaviour, and observe 'the operation of their joint extravagance; for the madness of the master 'seems to have been cast in the same 'mould with the foolishness of the 'man, and in my opinion, the one 'without the other would not be worth 'a farthing.'—'True,' said the barber; 'and I should be glad to know 'what they are now talking of.'—'I 'dare say,' replied the curate, 'the 'niece and house-keeper will give us a 'good account of their conversation; 'for they are none of those who can 'resist the opportunity of listening.'

In the mean time, Don Quixote having shut himself up in his apartment with Sancho, said, 'It gives me much 'concern, Sancho, to hear thee say, as 'thou dost, that I enticed thee from 'thy cottage, when thou knowest that 'I, at the same time, quitted my own 'house; together we set out, lived and 'travelled together; sharing the same 'fortune and the same fate. If 'thou hast been once tossed in a blanket, I have been bruised an hundred times; and this is the only 'pre-eminence I enjoyed.'—'And 'that's but reasonable,' replied Sancho, 'according to your worship's own 'remark, that misfortune belongs more 'to knights-errant than to their squires.' —'There you are mistaken, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'for the Latin adage 'says, *Quando caput dolet, &c.*'— 'Nay,' quoth Sancho, 'I understand 'no lingo but my mother-tongue.'— 'The meaning,' said the master, 'is, 'When the head aches, all the members 'are affected. I, therefore, as thy 'lord and master, am thy head, and 'thou, as my servant, are a part of 'me; so that whatever mischief has 'happened, or may happen to me, 'ought to extend to thee likewise, 'in the same manner as I bear a share 'in all thy sufferings.'—'So it ought 'to be,' said Sancho, 'but when I, as 'a member, was tossed in a blanket, 'my head sat peaceably on the other 'side of the wall, and beheld me vaulting in the air, without feeling the 'least uneasiness; and since the members are obliged to ache with the head, 'I think it is but just that the head 'should ache with the members.'— 'How canst thou affirm, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'that I felt no 'pain while thou was tossed in the 'blanket? Say, or think so no more; 'for I was, at that time, more afflicted 'in mind than thou in body.

'But let us wave this subject for the 'present, and time will, no doubt, offer an opportunity of considering it 'more maturely, and of setting every 'thing to rights: and tell me, friend 'Sancho, how I am spoke of in this 'place? What say the vulgar? What 'character do I bear among the gentry? 'and how am I treated by the knights? 'What is their opinion of my valour, 'exploits, and courteous behaviour? 'and how do they relish the design I 'have undertaken of raising and restoring to the world the long-forgotten 'order of knight-errantry? In short, 'Sancho, I desire that thou wilt inform 'me of every thing thou hast heard 'on this subject, without adding to the 'good, or subtracting from the evil; 'it being the duty of faithful servants 'to represent the truth to their masters 'in it's own native form, neither exaggerated by adulation, nor diminished by any other vain respect: and 'let me tell thee, Sancho, if the naked 'truth was always conveyed to the ears 'of princes, undisguised by flattery, 'we should see better days, and other 'æras would deserve the name of the 'iron age more than the present, which 'would be justly looked upon as the 'age of gold. Remember this advice, 'Sancho, and inform me with honesty 'and discretion, of all that thou knowest in regard to what I have asked.'— 'That I will with all my heart, Sir,' answered Sancho, 'on condition that 'your worship won't be offended with 'the truth, since you desire to see it in 'it's nakedness, just as it came to my 'knowledge.'—'I shall not be offended 'in the least,' replied Don Quixote: 'speak

'ſpeak therefore freely, without going 'about the buſh.'

'Well, then,' ſaid the ſquire, 'in the 'firſt place, you muſt know that the 'common people think your worſhip a 'ſtark-ſtaring madman, and me a moſt 'notorious fool: the better ſort ſay, 'that, ſcorning the rank of a private 'gentleman, you have put Don before 'your name, and dubbed yourſelf 'knight, with a ſmall garden, a few 'acres of land, and a doublet clouted 'on both ſides. The knights, forſooth, 'are affronted that your ſmall gentry 'ſhould pretend to vie with them, eſpe-'cially thoſe needy ſquires who ſole 'their own ſhoes, and darn their black 'hoſe with green ſilk.'—'That obſer-'vation,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'cannot 'affect me; for I always wear good 'cloaths, and never appear patched. 'My doublet may, indeed, be torn, 'but then it is by my armour, not by 'time.'—'Touching the valour, cour-'teſy, adventures, and deſign of your 'worſhip,' ſaid Sancho, 'there are dif-'ferent opinions. Some ſay, he is mad, 'but a diverting madman; others allow 'that he is valiant, but unlucky; a 'third ſet obſerve that he is courteous, 'but impertinent; and in this manner we 'are handled ſo ſeverely, that neither your 'worſhip nor I have a whole bone left.' —'You ſee, Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'that whenever virtue ſhines in an emi-'nent degree, ſhe always meets with 'perſecution. Few or none of the 'celebrated heroes of antiquity could 'eſcape the calumnies of malice: Ju-'lius Cæſar, a moſt daring, wiſe, and 'valiant general, was accuſed of be-'ing ambitious, and not over-cleanly 'in his cuſtoms or apparel; Alexander, 'who by his atchievements acquired 'the name of Great, was ſaid to be a 'drunkard; and Hercules, renowned 'for his labours, reported to have been 'lewd and effeminate; Don Galaor, 'brother of Amadis de Gaul, was 'grumbled at for being exceſſively 'quarrelſome; and Amadis himſelf 'ridiculed as an arrant whiner. There-'fore, ſon Sancho, among ſo many 'aſperſions thrown upon ſuch great 'men, I may well overlook what is 'ſaid againſt me; ſince it is no worſe 'than what thou haſt repeated.'—'That's the very thing, body of my 'father!' replied Sancho. 'What, is 'there any thing more!' ſaid his ma-ſter. 'More!' cried the ſquire, 'the 'tail is yet unfleaed. What you have 'heard is but cakes and gingerbread; 'but, if your worſhip would know all 'the backbitings we ſuffer, I will this 'moment bring hither one who can 'inform you of every circumſtance, 'without loſing a crumb; for, laſt 'night, the ſon of Bartholomew Car-raſco arrived from Salamanca, where 'he has been at his ſtudies, and got a 'batchelor's degree; and when I went 'to welcome him home, he told me 'there was a printed book of your 'worſhip's hiſtory, in which you go by 'the name of The Ingenious Squire 'Don Quixote de La Mancha; and 'that I am mentioned in it by my own 'name of Sancho Panza, as well as 'my Lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, with 'other things that paſſed between you 'and me only; at hearing of which 'I croſſed myſelf through fear, won-'dering how they ſhould come to the 'knowledge of the hiſtorian.'—'You 'may depend upon it, Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'the author of our hiſtory 'muſt be ſome ſage inchanter; for 'nothing is hid from writers of that 'claſs.'—'How can he be a ſage in-'chanter,' ſaid Sancho, 'when batch-'elor Sampſon Carraſco (for that's 'the name of him who told me) ſays 'the author of our hiſtory is called 'Cid Hamet Bean-and-jelly?'—'That 'name is Mooriſh,' replied Don Quix-ote. 'Very like,' ſaid the ſquire; 'for 'I have often heard, that the Moors 'are very fond of beans and jellies.' —'Thou muſt certainly be mitaken, 'Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'in the 'ſurname of that Cid, which, in 'Arabick, ſignifies Signior.'—'Very 'poſſible,' anſwered the ſquire; 'but 'if your worſhip deſires to ſee the 'batchelor, I will bring him hither in 'a twinkling.'—'Thou wilt oblige 'me very much, my friend,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'for what thou haſt told me 'has bred ſuch doubts and ſuſpenſe 'within me, that I cannot eat a mor-'ſel with any ſatisfaction, until I am 'informed of the whole affair.'—'Then 'I'll go ſeek him,' replied Sancho; who, leaving his maſter, went in queſt of the batchelor, with whom he re-turned in a little time, and a moſt plea-ſant dialogue enſued.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

THE LUDICROUS CONVERSATION THAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO PANZA, AND THE BATCHELOR SAMPSON CARRASCO.

DON Quixote remained extremely penſive, in expectation of the batchelor Sampſon Carraſco, from whom he hoped to hear news of himſelf, in print, according to Sancho's information; though he could hardly perſuade himſelf that there could be ſuch a hiſtory extant; the blood of his enemies whom he had ſlain, being ſcarce, as yet, dry upon the blade of his ſword, and yet they would have his high atchievements already recorded in printed books. He therefore imagined that ſome ſage, either friend or foe, had caſt them off, by the power of inchantment: if a friend, in order to aggrandize and extol them above the moſt diſtinguiſhed exploits of knight-errantry; if an enemy, to annihilate and depreſs them beneath the meaneſt actions that ever were recorded of any ſquire. 'Although,' ſaid he, within himſelf, 'the deeds of ſquires are never 'committed to writing; and if my hiſ-'tory actually exiſts, ſeeing it treats 'of a knight-errant, it muſt, of ne-'ceſſity, be pompous, ſublime, ſur-'prizing, magnificent, and true.' This reflection conſoled him a little; but he became uneaſy again, when he recollected that his author was a Moor, as appeared by the name of Cid; and that no truth was to be expected from that people, who are all falſe, deceitful, and chimerical. He was afraid that his amours were treated with ſome indecency, that might impair and prejudice the honour of his Lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, wiſhing for nothing more than a true repreſentation of his fidelity, and the decorum he always preſerved, in refuſing queens, empreſſes, and damſels of all ranks, thus keeping the impulſe of his paſſions under the rein. Toſſed, therefore, and fluctuating on theſe and many other fancies, he was found by Sancho and Carraſco, whom the knight received with great courteſy.

The batchelor, though his name was Sampſon, was not very big, but a great wag, of a pale complexion and excellent underſtanding; he was about the age of four and twenty; had a round viſage, flat noſe, and capacious mouth, all ſymptoms of a miſchievous diſpoſition, addicted to jokes and raillery; as appeared when he approached Don Quixote, before whom he fell upon his knees, ſaying, 'Permit me to kiſs your 'moſt puiſſant hand, Signior Don Quix-'ote de La Mancha; for by the habit 'of St. Peter, which I wear, though 'I have received no other orders than 'the firſt four, your worſhip is one of 'the moſt famous knights-errant that 'ever were, or ever will be, within the 'circumference of the globe! Bleſſed 'be Cid Hamet Benengeli, who wrote 'the hiſtory of your greatneſs! and 'thrice bleſſed that curious perſon who 'took care to have it tranſlated from 'the Arabick into our mother-tongue, 'for the entertainment of mankind!' Don Quixote, raiſing him up, ſaid, 'Tis true, then, that there is a hiſtory 'of me, and that the ſage who com-'poſed it is a Moor.'—'So true, Sig-'nior,' ſaid Sampſon, 'that, to my 'certain knowledge, there are twelve 'thouſand volumes of it this day in 'print; let Portugal, Barcelona, and 'Valencia, where they were printed, 'contradict me if they can. It is even 'reported to be now in the preſs at 'Antwerp; and I can eaſily perceive, 'that there is ſcarce a nation or lan-'guage into which it will not be tran-'ſlated.'—'One of the things,' ſaid Don Quixote on this occaſion, 'which 'ought to afford the greateſt ſatisfac-'tion to a virtuous and eminent man, 'is to live and ſee himſelf celebrated 'in different languages, and his actions 'recorded in print, with univerſal ap-'probation; I ſay, with approbation; 'becauſe, to be repreſented otherwiſe, is 'worſe than the worſt of deaths.'—'In point of reputation and renown,' ſaid the batchelor, 'your worſhip alone 'bears away the palm from all other 'knights-errant; for the Moor in 'Arabick, and the Chriſtian in his lan-'guage, have been careful in painting 'the gallantry of your worſhip to the 'life; your vaſt courage in encounter-'ing dangers, your patience in adver-'ſity, your fortitude in the midſt of 'wounds and miſchance, together with 'the honour and chaſtity of your pla-'tonick love for my Lady Donna Dul-'cinea del Toboſo.'

Here Sancho interpoſing, ſaid, 'I 'never

'never heard my lady called Donna 'Dulcinea, but ſimply the Lady Dul-'cinea del Toboſo; ſo that there the 'hiſtory is wrong.'—'That is no ma-'terial objection,' anſwered Carraſco. 'No, ſure,' replied the knight. 'But 'tell me, Mr. Batchelor, which of my 'exploits is moſt eſteemed in this hiſ-'tory.'—'As to that particular,' ſaid the batchelor, 'there are as many dif-'ferent opinions as there are different 'taſtes. Some ſtick to the adventure 'of the wind-mills, which to your wor-'ſhip appeared monſtrous giants; others, 'to that of the fulling-mills; this rea-'der, to the deſcription of the two ar-'mies, which were afterwards meta-'morphoſed into flocks of ſheep; while 'another magnifies that of the dead 'body, which was carrying to the place 'of interment at Segovia: one ſays, 'that the deliverance of the galley-'ſlaves excels all the reſt; and a ſecond 'affirms, that none of them equals the 'adventure of the Benedictine giants, 'and your battle with the valiant Biſ-'cayner.'

Here Sancho interrupting him again, ſaid, 'Tell me, Mr. Batchelor, is the 'adventure of the Yangueſians mention-'ed, when our modeſt Rozinante long-'ed for green peas in December *.'—'Nothing,' replied Sampſon, 'has eſcap-'ed the pen of the ſage author, who re-'lates every thing moſt minutely, even 'to the capers which honeſt Sancho cut 'in the blanket.'—'I cut no capers in 'the blanket,' anſwered Sancho; 'but 'in the air, I grant you, I performed 'more than I deſired.'—'In my opi-'nion,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'there is no 'human hiſtory that does not contain 'reverſes of fortune, eſpecially thoſe 'that treat of chivalry, which cannot 'always be attended with ſucceſs.'—'Nevertheleſs,' reſumed the batchelor, 'ſome who have read your hiſtory, ſay 'they ſhould not have been ſorry, had 'the author forgot a few of thoſe in-'finite drubbings which, in different 'encounters, were beſtowed on the great 'Don Quixote.'—'But in this con-'ſiſts the truth of hiſtory,' ſaid the ſquire.

Don Quixote obſerved, that they might as well have omitted them; for thoſe incidents, which neither change nor affect the truth of the ſtory, ought to be left out, if they tend to depreciate the chief character. 'Take my word 'for it,' ſaid he, 'Æneas was not ſo 'pious as Virgil repreſents him, nor 'Ulyſſes ſo prudent as he is exhibited 'by Homer.'—'True,' ſaid Sampſon; 'but it is one thing to compoſe as 'a poet, and another to record as an 'hiſtorian: the poet may relate or re-'hearſe things, not as they were, but 'as they ought to have been; whereas 'an hiſtorian muſt tranſmit them, not 'as they ought to have been, but exact-'ly as they were; without adding to, 'or ſubtracting the leaſt tittle from the 'truth.'—'Since this Mooriſh gentle-'man has told all the truth,' ſaid San-'cho, 'I don't doubt that, among the 'drubbings of my maſter, he has men-'tioned mine alſo; for they never took 'the meaſure of his ſhoulders, without 'croſſing my whole body: but at this 'I ought not to wonder, ſince, as he ob-'ſerves, when the heads ache, the mem-'bers ought to have their ſhare of the 'pain.'—'You are a ſly rogue, San-'cho,' replied Don Quixote; 'and I find 'you don't want memory, when you 'think proper to uſe it.'—'If I had 'all the mind in the world,' ſaid San-'cho, 'to forget the blows I have re-'ceived, the marks, which are ſtill freſh 'upon my carcaſe, would by no means 'allow me.'

'Hold your peace, Sancho,' ſaid the knight, 'and don't interrupt Mr. 'Batchelor, whom I intreat to pro-'ceed; and let me know what more is 'ſaid of me in this fame hiſtory.'—'Aye, and of me too,' cried Sancho; 'who, they ſay, am one of the prin-'cipal perſonages of it.'—'You mean 'perſons, and not perſonages, friend 'Sancho,' ſaid Sampſon. 'What! 'have we got another reprimander of 'words?' ſaid the ſquire; 'ſince it is 'come to this, we ſhall never have 'done.'—'Plague light on me! San-'cho!' replied the batchelor, 'if you 'are not the ſecond perſon of the hiſ-

* *Pedir cotufas en el golfo*, ſignifies to look for tartuffles in the ſea; a proverb applicable to thoſe who are too ſanguine in their expectations, and unreaſonable in their deſires.

'tory;

'tory; and there are many who would 'rather hear you ſpeak than the firſt 'character in the book; though ſome 'there be alſo, who ſay you are ex-'ceſſively credulous, in believing there 'could be any foundation for the go-'vernment of that iſland, which was 'promiſed to you by Signior Don Quix-'ote, here preſent.'—'There is no 'time loſt *,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'while 'thou art advancing in years, Sancho, 'age will bring experience; and then 'thou wilt be more qualified and fit to 'govern than thou art at preſent.'—'Fore God! Sir,' ſaid Sancho, 'the 'iſland which I cannot govern with 'theſe years, I ſhall never govern, were 'I as old as Methuſalem: the miſ-'chief is, that this ſame iſland is de-'layed I don't know how; not that I 'want noddle to govern it.'—'Re-'commend it, Sancho,' ſaid Don Quix-ote, 'to the direction of Heaven, which 'does all for the beſt, and may, per-'haps, exceed your expectation; for 'not a leaf can move upon a tree, 'without the permiſſion of God.'—'True, ſaid Sampſon, 'if it be the 'will of God, Sancho ſhall not want 'a thouſand iſlands, much leſs one, to 'govern.'—'I have ſeen governors in 'my time,' quoth Sancho, 'who, to 'my thinking, did not come up to the 'ſole of my ſhoe, and yet they were 'called your lordſhip, and ſerved in 'plate.'—'Thoſe were not governors 'of iſlands,' replied Sampſon, 'but 'of other governments more eaſily ma-'naged; for ſuch as govern iſlands 'ought at leaſt to have ſome gramma-'tical knowledge.'—'I know very 'well how to cram †,' ſaid Sancho; 'but as to the matted cawl, I will nei-'ther meddle nor make, becauſe I 'don't underſtand it; but leaving this 'government in the hands of God, 'who will diſpoſe of me the beſt for 'his own ſervice, I am, Mr. Batchelor, 'Sampſon Carraſco, infinitely pleaſed 'and rejoiced that the author of our 'hiſtory has ſpoke of me in ſuch a 'manner as not to give offence; for, 'by the faith of a good ſquire! if he 'had ſaid any thing of me, that did 'not become an old Chriſtian, as I am, 'the deaf ſhould have heard of it.'—'That were a miracle, indeed!' an-ſwered Sampſon. 'Miracle or no mi-'racle,' ſaid Sancho, 'let every man 'take care how he ſpeaks or writes of 'honeſt people, and not ſet down at a 'venture the firſt thing that comes into 'his jolter-head.'

'One of the faults that are found 'with the hiſtory,' added the batche-lor, 'is, that the author has inſerted 'in it a novel, intitled, The Imperti-'nent Curioſity. Not that the thing 'itſelf is bad, or poorly executed, but 'becauſe it is unſeaſonable, and has 'nothing to do with the ſtory of his 'worſhip Signior Don Quixote.'—'I'll 'lay a wager,' cried Sancho, 'that this 'ſon of a cur has made a ſtrange hodge-'podge of the whole.'—'Now I find,' ſaid the knight, 'that the author of 'my hiſtory is no ſage, but ſome igno-'rant prater, who, without either judg-'ment or premeditation, has under-'taken to write it at random, like Or-'baneja the painter of Ubeda, who 'being aſked what he painted, anſwer-'ed, "Juſt as it happens;" and when 'he would ſometimes ſcrawl out a 'miſhapen cock, was fain to write un-'der it in Gothick letters, "This is a "cock;" and my hiſtory being of the 'ſame kind, will need a commentary 'to make it intelligible.'—'Not at all,' anſwered Sampſon, 'it is already ſo 'plain, that there is not the leaſt ambi-'guity in it; the very children handle 'it, boys read it, men underſtand, and 'old people applaud it: in ſhort, it is 'ſo thumbed, ſo read, ſo well known 'by every body, that no ſooner a 'meagre horſe appears, than they ſay, "There goes Rozinante!" but thoſe 'who peruſe it moſt, are your pages; 'you cannot go into a nobleman's an-'tichamber where you won't find a 'Don Quixote, which is no ſooner laid 'down by one, than another takes it 'up, ſome ſtruggling, and ſome intreat-'ing for a ſight of it; in fine, this 'hiſtory is the moſt delightful and leaſt 'prejudicial entertainment that ever was 'ſeen; for in the whole book there is

* *Aun ay ſol en las bardas.* There is ſtill ſun-ſhine on the wall, i. e. It is not yet too late.

† Finding it impoſſible to tranſlate the original pun or blunder, I have ſubſtituted ano-ther in it's room, on the word Grammatical, which I think has at leaſt an equally good effect.

'not

'not the leaſt ſhadow of a diſhonourable word, nor one thought unworthy of a good Catholick.'—'To write otherwiſe,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'were not to publiſh truth, but to propagate lyes; and thoſe hiſtorians who deal in ſuch, ought to be burnt like coiners of falſe money; but I cannot imagine what induced the author to avail himſelf of novels and ſtories that did not belong to the ſubject, when he had ſuch a fund of my adventures to relate: he, doubtleſs, ſtuck to the proverb, So the gizzard is crammed, it matters not how*; for truly, had he confined himſelf to the manifeſtation of my reveries, my ſighs, my tears, my benevolence, and undertakings, he might have compiled a volume larger, or as large, as all the works of Toſtatus bound together†. Really, Mr. Batchelor, according to my comprehenſion, it requires great judgment, and a ripe underſtanding, to compoſe hiſtories, or indeed any books whatever; for to write with elegance and wit, is the province of great geniuſes only. The wittieſt perſon in the comedy is he that plays the fool; for he muſt be no ſimpleton who can exhibit a diverting repreſentation of folly. Hiſtory is a ſacred ſubject, becauſe the ſoul of it is truth; and where truth is, there the divinity will reſide: yet there are ſome who compoſe and caſt off books, as if they were toſſing up a diſh of pancakes.'

'There is no book ſo bad,' ſaid the batchelor, 'but you may find ſomething good in it.'—'Doubtleſs,' replied the knight; 'but it frequently happens, that thoſe who have deſervedly purchaſed and acquired great reputation by their writings, loſe it all, or at leaſt forfeit a part of it, in printing them.'—'The reaſon,' ſaid Sampſon, 'is, that printed works are peruſed with leiſure, conſequently their faults eaſily obſerved; and the greater the reputation of the author is, the more ſeverely are they ſcrutinized: men celebrated for their genius, great poets, and illuſtrious hiſtorians, are, for the moſt part, if not always, envied by thoſe whoſe pleaſure and particular entertainment conſiſts in criticiſing the works of others, without having obliged the world with any thing of their own.'—'That is not to be wondered at,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'for there are many theologiſts who make but a poor figure in the pulpit, and yet are excellent in diſcerning the faults and ſuperfluities of thoſe who preach well.'—'That is all true, Signior Don Quixote,' ſaid Carraſco; 'and I could wiſh that thoſe cenſurers were either a little more compaſſionate, or ſomething leſs ſcrupulous, than to inſiſt upon ſuch blemiſhes of the work they decry, as may be compared to little ſpots in the ſun, and as *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, conſider how long the author watched, in order to diſplay the light of his performance, with as little ſhade as poſſible. Perhaps, too, thoſe things which diſguſt them are no other than moles, that ſometimes add to the beauty of the face on which they grow; and therefore I affirm, that he who publiſhes a book runs an immenſe riſk; becauſe it is abſolutely impoſſible to compoſe ſuch an one as will pleaſe and entertain every reader.'—'I believe few will reliſh that which treats of me,' ſaid the knight. 'Quite the contrary,' anſwered Sampſon; 'for, as *ſtultorum infinitus eſt numerus*, the number of thoſe who are delighted with your hiſtory is infinite; though ſome accuſe the author's memory as falſe or faulty, becauſe he has forgot to tell who the thief was that ſtole Sancho's Dapple, of whom there was not a word mentioned: we can only infer from the hiſtory, that he was ſtolen; and by-and-by we find the ſquire mounted on the ſame beaſt, without knowing how he was retrieved. They ſay, likewiſe, that he has omitted telling what Sancho did with

* The original is, '*De paja, y di heno, el jergonelleno*;' i. e. 'The bed is filled, though it be with hay and ſtraw.'

† Alphonſus Toſtatus, biſhop of Avila, was ſaid to have known every thing that could be known. He made a figure at the council of Baſil; wrote twenty-ſeven volumes; and dying in the fortieth year of his age, was interred in the church of Avila, with this epitaph:——*Hic ſtupor eſt mundi, qui ſcibile diſcutit omne.*

'those hundred crowns which he found 'in the portmanteau, in Sierra More-'na; and which are never mentioned 'though many people desire to know 'what use he made of them; and this 'is one of the chief defects in the 'work.'

'Mr. Sampson,' answered the squire, 'I am not in an humour at present to 'give accounts and reckonings of that 'affair; for I feel a certain qualmish-'ness in my stomach, and if I don't 'recruit it with a couple of draughts 'of old Stingo, I shall be in most griev-'ous taking *; I have the cordial at 'home, and my dame waits for me; 'but when I have filled my belly, I 'will return and satisfy your wor-'ship, and all the world, in whatever 'they shall desire to ask, both with re-'gard to the loss of my beast, and the 'spending of the hundred crowns.' So, without expecting a reply, or speaking another word, he hied him home, while Don Quixote desired and intreated the batchelor to stay and do penance with him. The batchelor accepted the invitation, and stayed; a pair of pigeons was added to the knight's ordinary; he talked of nothing but chivalry at table, and Carrasco encouraged the discourse. The repast ended, they took their after-noon's nap, Sancho returned, and the former conversation was renewed.

CHAP. IV.

IN WHICH SANCHO PANZA SATISFIES THE DOUBTS, AND ANSWERS THE QUESTIONS OF BATCHELOR SAMPSON CARRASCO; WITH OTHER INCIDENTS WORTHY TO BE RECITED AND KNOWN.

SANCHO returning to his master's house, resumed the former conversation, to gratify Mr. Sampson, who said he wanted to know when, in what manner, and by whom his ass had been stolen; 'You must know, then,' said he, 'that very night we fled from the 'holy brotherhood, and got into the 'Brown Mountain, after the misven-'turesome adventure of the galley-'slaves, and the corpse that was carry-'ing to Segovia, we took up our quar-'ters in a thicket, where my master and 'I, being both fatigued, and sorely 'bruised in the frays we had just fi-'nished, went to rest, he leaning upon 'his lance, and I lolling upon Dapple, 'as if we had been stretched upon four 'feather-beds; I, in particular, slept 'so sound, that the thief, whosoever 'he was, had an opportunity of com-'ing and propping me up with four 'stakes, fixed under the corner of my 'pannel, on which I was left astride; 'so that he slipped Dapple from under 'me, without my perceiving it in the 'least.'—'And this is no difficult 'matter, nor new device,' said Don Quixote; 'for the same thing happen-'ed to Sacripante at the siege of Al-'braca, where, by this contrivance, 'his horse was stolen from between his 'legs by the famous robber Brunelo †.' —'When morning came,' proceeded Sancho, 'I no sooner began to stretch 'myself, than the stakes gave way, 'and down I came to the ground with 'a vengeance; I looked for my beast, 'and finding he was gone, the tears 'gushed from my eyes, and I set up a 'lamentation, which, if the author of 'our history has not set down, you may 'depend upon it, he hath neglected a 'very excellent circumstance; a good 'many days after this mischance, as I 'chanced to be travelling with my lady 'the Princess Micomicona, descrying 'a person riding towards me in the ha-'bit of a gypsy, I immediately knew 'my own ass, and discovered the rider 'to be Gines de Passamonte, that im-'postor and notorious malefactor, whom 'my master and I delivered from the 'galley-chain.'

'The error lies not in that part of 'the history,' replied the batchelor, 'but consists in the author's saying that 'Sancho rode on the same ass, before 'it appears that he had retrieved him.' —'As to that affair,' said the squire, 'I can give you no satisfactory answer; 'perhaps it was an oversight in the his-'torian, or owing to the carelessness of 'the printer.'—'Doubtless it was so,' replied Sampson; 'but what became

* In Spanish, *Me pondra en la espina de Santa Lucia*; i. e. 'Will put me on St. 'Lucia's thorn:' applicable to any uneasy situation.

† As related in the famous poem of Orlando Inamorato, composed by Boyardo, of which the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto is the continuation.

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'of thoſe hundred crowns? were they 'laid up or laid out?'—'I laid them 'out,' anſwered Sancho, 'in neceſſa-'ries for my own perſon, my wife, and 'children; and thoſe crowns were the 'cauſe of my goſſip's bearing patiently 'my ramblings and rovings in the ſer-'vice of my lord and maſter Don Quix-'ote; for if, after ſuch a long abſence, 'I had come home without my aſs, 'and never a croſs in my pocket, I 'might have expected a welcome the 'wrong way. Now, if you have any 'thing elſe to aſk, here I am ready to 'anſwer the king in perſon; and it 'matters not to any perſon, whether I 'did or did not bring them home, or 'whether I ſpent them or lent them; 'for if the blows I have received in our 'peregrinations were to be repaid with 'money, rated at no more than four 'maravedis a piece, another hundred 'crowns would not quit one half of 'the ſcore; therefore, let every man 'lay his hand upon his heart, and not 'pretend to miſtake an hawk for a 'hand-ſaw*; for we are all as God 'made us, and a great many of us much 'worſe.'

'I will take care,' ſaid Carraſco, 'to 'apprize the author of the hiſtory, that 'if it ſhould come to another edition, 'he may not forget to inſert what ho-'neſt Sancho obſerves, as it will not a 'little contribute to raiſe the value of 'the work.'—'Mr. Batchelor,' ſaid the knight, 'did you, in reading it, 'perceive any thing elſe that ought to 'be amended?'—'There might be 'ſome things altered for the better,' replied Carraſco; 'but none of ſuch 'conſequence as thoſe already men-'tioned.'—'And pray,' reſumed Don Quixote, 'does the author promiſe a 'ſecond part?'—'Yes,' ſaid Sampſon, 'but he ſays he has not yet found it, 'nor does he know in whoſe poſſeſſion 'it is; ſo that we are ſtill in doubt, 'whether or not it will ſee the light: 'on that account, therefore, and like-'wiſe becauſe ſome people ſay, that ſe-'cond parts are never good, while 'others obſerve, that too much already 'hath been written concerning Don 'Quixote, it is believed that there will 'be no ſecond part; though there is a 'a third ſort more jovial than wiſe, who 'cry, "Quixote for ever! let the knight "engage, and Sancho Panza harangue; "come what will, we ſhall be ſatisfied."' —'And how does the author ſeem in-'clined?' ſaid the knight. 'How?' anſwered Carraſco, 'to ſet the preſs 'a-going, as ſoon as he can find the 'hiſtory, for which he is now ſearch-'ing with all imaginable diligence; 'thereto ſwayed by intereſt, more than 'by any motive of praiſe.'—'Since 'the author keeps intereſt and money 'in his eye,' ſaid Sancho, 'it will be 'a wonder if he ſucceeds; for he'll do 'nothing but hurry, hurry, like a tay-'lor on Eaſter-eve; and your works 'that are trumped up in a haſte, are 'never finiſhed with that perfection 'they require: I would have Mr. Moor 'take care, and conſider what he is 'about; for my maſter and I will fur-'niſh him with materials, in point of 'adventures and different events, ſuffi-'cient to compoſe not only one, but a 'hundred ſecond parts. What! I ſup-'poſe the honeſt man thinks we are 'now ſleeping among ſtraw; but let 'him lift up our feet, and then he will 'ſee which of them wants to be ſhod; 'all that I ſhall ſay is, if my maſter 'had taken my advice, we might have 'been already in the fields, redreſſing 'grievances, and righting wrongs, ac-'cording to the uſe and cuſtom of true 'knights-errant.'

Scarce had Sancho pronounced theſe laſt words, when their ears were ſaluted by the neighing of Rozinante, which Don Quixote conſidered as a moſt happy omen, and determined in three or four days to ſet out on his third expedition; accordingly, he declared his intention to the batchelor, whoſe advice he aſked with regard to the route he ſhould take. Sampſon ſaid, that in his opinion, he ought to direct his courſe towards the kingdom of Arragon, and go to Sara-goſſa, where, in a few days, was to be held a moſt ſolemn tournament on the feſtival of St. George; there he would have an opportunity of winning the palm from the Arragonian knights, which would raiſe his reputation above that of all the champions upon earth: he applauded his deſign as a moſt va-liant and honourable determination, and begged he would be more cautious in encountering dangers, becauſe his life was not his own, but the property of

* In the original, 'Black for white.'

all those who had occasion for protection and succour in distress.

'That is the very thing I repose,' Mr. Sampson,' said the squire; 'for my master thinks no more of attacking a hundred men in arms, than a hungry boy would think of swallowing half a dozen pippins *. Body of the universe! Mr. Batchelor, if there are times for attacking, there are also seasons for retreating; the cry must not always be "St. Jago! charge, Spain †!" especially as I have heard, and, if I remember aright, my master himself has often observed, that valour lies in the middle, between the extremes of cowardice and rashness; this being the case, I would not have him fly without good reason, nor give the assault when he is likely to be overpowered by numbers; but, above all things, I give my master notice, that if he carries me along with him, it shall be on condition that he fight all the battles himself, and I be obliged to do nothing, but tend his person, that is, take care of his belly, and keep him sweet and clean; in which case, I will jig it away with pleasure ‡; but to think that I will put hand to sword, even against base-born plebeians with cap and hatchet, is a wild imagination: for my own part, Mr. Sampson, I do not pretend to the reputation of being valiant, but of being the best and loyalest squire that ever served a knight-errant; and if my master Don Quixote, in consideration of my great and faithful services, shall be pleased to bestow upon me one of those many islands which his worship says will fall in his way, I shall very thankfully receive the favour; and even if he should not keep his word, here stand I, simple as I am, and one man must not depend upon another, but trust in God alone; besides, the bread I eat, without a government, mayhap will relish better than the dainties of a governor; and how do I know but the devil may, in these governments, raise some stumbling-block, over which I shall fall and beat out my grinders? Sancho I was born, and Sancho will I die; but, nevertheless, if by the favour of Providence, I could fairly and softly, without much risk or anxiety, obtain an island, or some such matter, I am not such a ninny as to throw it away; for, as the saying is, When the heifer is offered, be ready with the rope; and, When good fortune comes to thy door, be sure to bid it welcome.'

'Brother Sancho,' said the batchelor, you have spoke like a professor; but for all that, put your trust in God, and Signior Don Quixote, who instead of an island, will give you a whole kingdom.'—'The one as likely as the other,' answered Sancho; 'though I dare venture to assure Signior Carrasco, that the kingdom, which my master shall bestow upon me, will not be put into a rotten sack; for I have felt my own pulse, and find myself in health sufficient to rule kingdoms and govern islands, as I have, upon many other occasions, hinted to my master.'—'Consider, Sancho,' said the batchelor, 'that honours often change the disposition; and, perhaps, when you come to be governor, you will not know the mother that bore you.'—'That may be the case,' answered the squire, 'with those who were born among mallows; but not with me, who have got four inches of old christian suet on my ribs; then if you come to consider my disposition, you will find I am incapable of behaving ungratefully to any person whatever.'—'God grant it to be so,' said the knight; 'but this will appear when you arrive at the government, which methinks I have already in mine eye.'

He then intreated the batchelor, if he was a poet, to favour him with a copy of verses on his intended parting from his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, and desired that every line might begin with a letter of her name, so that the initials being joined together, might make Dulcinea del Toboso. Carrasco, though he owned he was not one of the

* Literally, *badeas*, a kind of water melon.

† This is the cry uttered by the Spaniards when they charge in battle.

‡ *Baylar el agua delante*, is a phrase applicable to those who do their duty with alacrity, taken from the practice of watering the courts in Spain, an office which the maids perform with a motion that resembles dancing.

famous

famous poets of Spain, who were said to be but three and a half *, promised to compose such an acrostick as he desired, which, by the bye, he foresaw would be no easy task, because the name consisted of seventeen letters, and if he should make four stanzas of four lines each, one must be left out; or should they be composed of five, called decimas or roundelays, three letters would be wanting to compleat the number; however, he would endeavour to sink one letter as much as he could, so that in four stanzas the name Dulcinea del Toboso should be included. 'That must be 'done, at all events,' said Don Quixote; 'for if the name be not plain and manifest, no woman will believe that she 'was the subject of the poem.' This affair being thus settled, as also the time of their departure, which was fixed at the distance of eight days, Don Quixote charged the batchelor to keep it secret, especially from the curate, Mr. Nicholas, his niece, and housekeeper, that they might not obstruct his honourable and valiant determination. Carrasco, having promised to observe this caution, took his leave of the knight, whom he begged to favour him on every occasion, with an account of his good or evil fortune; and Sancho went home, to provide every thing necessary for their expedition.

CHAP. V.

OF THE SAGE AND PLEASANT DIALOGUE BETWEEN SANCHO PANZA AND HIS WIFE TERESA PANZA, WITH OTHER INCIDENTS WORTHY TO BE MOST HAPPILY RECORDED.

THE translator says he looks upon this chapter as apocryphal, because it represents Sancho Panza speaking in a stile quite different from that which might be expected from his shallow understanding, and making such ingenious observations, as he thinks it impossible he should know; but he would not leave it out, that he might punctually perform the duty of a faithful translator, and therefore proceeds in these words.

Sancho returned to his own house in such high spirits, that his wife perceived his gaiety at the distance of a bow shot, and could not help saying, 'What is 'the matter, friend Sancho, that you 'seem so joyful?' To this question the squire answered, 'An it pleased God, 'wife, I should be very glad if I were 'not so joyful as I seem to be.'—'Truly, husband,' replied Teresa †, 'I 'don't understand you; and cannot 'conceive what you mean, by saying 'you should be very glad, an it pleased 'God, you were not so joyful; for, 'simple though I be, I am always glad 'with what makes me joyful.'—'Mark 'me, Teresa,' said the squire, 'I am rejoiced, because it is determined that I 'shall return to the service of my master Don Quixote, who is going to 'make a third sally in quest of adventures, and I must accompany him in 'his expedition; for so my destiny will 'have it, together with the comfortable 'and lively hope of finding another 'hundred crowns like those I have expended: on the other hand, sorry am 'I to part with thee and my children; 'and if God would permit me to eat 'my bread dry-shod at home, without 'dragging me over clifts and cross-'paths; (and this might be done at a 'small expence, if he would only say 'the word) it is plain that my joy 'would be more firm and perfect; 'whereas that which I feel at present, is 'mingled with the melancholy thoughts 'of leaving thee, my duck; wherefore 'I justly said I should be glad, an it 'pleased God, I were less joyful.'—'Verily, Sancho,' said his wife, 'ever 'since you made yourself a member of 'knight-errantry, you talk in such a 'round-about manner, that there is no 'understanding what you say.'—'Let it 'suffice,' answered the squire, 'that I am 'understood by God, who is the understander of all things; and there let it 'rest: meanwhile, take notice, gossip, 'it will be convenient for you to tend 'Dapple for these two or three days 'with special care; let his allowance

* Alonzo de Ercilla, author of the Auraucana; Juan Rufo de Cordova, author of the Austriada; Christopher Verves de Valentia, author of the Monserratte; and as for the half, Cervantes in all probability meant himself.

† Sancho's wife has already been mentioned under the names of Juana and Mary, and now she is called Teresa.

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'be doubled, that he may be enabled 'to carry arms; and look out for the 'pannel and the reſt of the tackle, for 'we are not going to a wedding, but to 'traverſe the globe, and give and take 'dry blows with your giants, dragons, 'and hobgoblins, and hear nothing but 'hiſſing, roaring, bellowing, and bleat-'ing; and all this would be but flowers 'of lavender, were it not our doom to 'encounter with Yangueſians and in-'chanted Moors.'—'I very well believe 'that ſquires-errant do not eat the bread 'of idleneſs,' replied Tereſa; 'and 'therefore, huſband, I ſhall continually 'pray to our Lord, to deliver you from 'ſuch misfortunes.'—'I tell thee, wife,' ſaid Sancho, 'if I did not expect to 'ſee myſelf in a little time governor of 'an iſland, I ſhould drop down dead 'upon the ſpot.'—'By no means, dear 'huſband,' cried Tereſa, 'Let the hen 'live, though ſhe have the pip; and I 'hope you will live, though the devil 'run away with all the governments 'upon earth; without a government 'did you come from your mother's 'womb; without a government have 'you lived to this good hour; and with-'out a government ſhall you go or be 'carried to your grave, in God's own 'time: there are many in the world 'who have no governments, and yet, 'for all that, they live and are number-'ed among the people. Hunger is the 'beſt ſauce, and as that is never want-'ing among the poor, they always reliſh 'what they eat; but take care, Sancho, 'if you come to a government, that you 'do not forget me and your children: 'conſider, Sanchico has already fifteen 'good years over his head, and that it 'is time for him to go to ſchool, if in 'caſe his uncle the abbot has a mind to 'breed him to the church: conſider too, 'that your daughter Mary Sancha, will 'not break her heart if we marry her, 'for I am much miſtaken if ſhe does 'not long for a huſband, as much as 'you do for a government; and the 'ſhort and long of it is, you had better 'have your daughter ill buckled as a 'wife, than well kept as a concubine.'

'Take my word for it,' anſwered Sancho, 'if by the bleſſing of God I 'come to any ſort of government, I in-'tend, my dear, to match Mary Sancha 'ſo high, that nobody ſhall come near 'her, without calling her, *your lady-'ſhip*.'—'Never think of that, Sancho!' cried Tereſa, 'match her with her 'equal, which will be more prudent 'than to raiſe her from clogs to pattens, 'from good fourteen-penny hoyden 'grey, to farthingales and petticoats of 'ſilk, and from *Molly* and *thou*, to 'Donna and *my lady ſuch-a-one*; the 'girl's head would be quite turned, and 'ſhe would be continually falling into 'ſome blunder, that would diſcover the 'coarſe thread of her home ſpun breed-'ing.'—'Shut that fooliſh mouth of 'thine,' ſaid Sancho; 'in two or three 'years practice, quality and politeneſs 'will become quite familiar to her; or, 'if they ſhould not, what does it ſig-'nify? Let her firſt be a lady, and then 'happen what will.'—'Meddle, San-'cho, with thoſe of your own ſtation,' re-plied Tereſa, 'and ſeek not to lift your 'head too high; but remember the pro-'verb that ſays, When your neighbour's 'ſon comes to the door, wipe his noſe, 'and take him in. It would be a fine 'thing, truly, to match our Mary with 'a great count or cavalier, who would, 'when he ſhould take it in his head, look 'upon her as a monſter, and call her 'country wench, and clod-breaker's 'and hemp-ſpinner's brat; that ſhall 'never happen in my life time, huſ-'band; it was not for that I brought 'up my child; do you find a portion, 'and as to her marriage, leave that to 'my care; there is Lope Tocho, old 'John Tocho's ſon, a jolly young fel-'low, ſtout and wholeſome, whom we 'all know, and I can perceive that he has 'no diſlike to the girl; beſides, he be-'ing our equal, ſhe will be very well 'matched with him; for we ſhall al-'ways have them under our eye, and 'the two families will live together, 'parents and children, ſons-in-law and 'grandſons, and the peace and bleſſing 'of God will dwell amongſt us; where-'fore you ſhall not match me her in 'your courts and grand palaces, where 'ſhe will neither underſtand nor be un-'derſtood.'—'Hark ye, you beaſt and 'yoke-fellow for Barrabas!' replied Sancho, 'why wouldſt thou now, with-'out rhime or reaſon, prevent me from 'matching my daughter, ſo as that my 'grand-children ſhall be perſons of 'quality? remember, Tereſa, I have 'often heard my elders and betters ob-'ſerve, He that's coy when fortune's 'kind, may after ſeek but never find. 'And ſhould not I be to blame, if,

'now

'now that she knocks at my door, I 'should bolt it against her? Let us, 'therefore, take the advantage of the 'favourable gale that blows.'

It was this uncommon stile, with what Sancho says below, that induced the translator to pronounce the whole chapter apocryphal.

'Can't you perceive, animal, with 'half an eye,' proceeded Sancho, 'that 'I shall act wisely, in devoting this 'body of mine to some beneficial go-'vernment that will lift us out of the 'dirt, and enable me to match Mary 'Sancha according to my own good 'pleasure: then wilt thou hear thyself 'called Donna Teresa Panza, and find 'thyself seated at church upon carpets, 'cushions, and tapestry, in despite and 'defiance of all the small gentry in the 'parish; and not be always in the same 'moping circumstances, without in-'crease or diminution, like a picture in 'the hangings: but no more of this; 'Sanchica shall be a countess, though 'thou shouldst cry thy heart out.'—'Look before you leap, husband,' answered Tereta: 'after all, I wish to 'God this quality of my daughter may 'not be the cause of her perdition; take 'your own way, and make her dutchess 'or princess, or what you please, but 'I'll assure you, it shall never be with 'my consent or good-will; I was al-'ways a lover of equality, my dear, 'and can't bear to see people hold 'their heads high without reason. 'Teresa was I christened, a bare and 'simple name, without the addition, 'garniture, and embroidery of Don or 'Donna; my father's name is Cascajo, 'and mine, as being your spouse, Te-'resa Panza, though by rights I should 'be called Teresa Cascajo: but as the 'king minds, the law binds; and with 'that name am I contented, though it 'be not burdened with a Don, which 'weighs so heavy, that I should not be 'able to bear it; neither will I put it in 'the power of those who see me dressed 'like a countess or governor's lady, to 'say, "Mind Mrs. Porkfeeder; how "proud she looks! it was but yesterday "she toiled hard at the distaff, and went "to mass with the tail of her gown "about her head, instead of a veil: but "now, forsooth, she has got her fine far-"thingales and jewels, and holds up her "head as if we did not know her." If 'God preserve me in my seven or five 'senses, or as many as they be, I shall 'never bring myself into such a quan-'dary: as for your part, spouse, you 'may go to your governments and 'islands, and be as proud as a peacock; 'but as for my daughter and me, by 'the life of my father! we will not stir 'one step from the village; for, The 'wife that deserves a good name, stays 'at home as if she were lame; and, The 'maid must be still a doing, that hopes 'to see the men come a wooing. You 'and Don Quixote may therefore go to 'your adventures, and leave us to our 'misventures; for God will better our 'condition, if we deserve his mercy; 'though truly I cannot imagine who 'made him a Don; I am sure, neither 'his father nor grandfather had any 'such title.'—'I tell thee, wife,' replied the squire, 'thou hast certainly 'got some devil in that carcase of thine; 'the Lord watch over thee, woman! 'what a deal of stuff hast thou been 'tacking together, without either head 'or tail? What the devil has your Cas-'cajos, jewels, proverbs, and pride, to 'do with what I have been saying? 'Hark ye, you ignorant beast, for 'such I may call thee, as thou hast 'neither capacity to understand my dis-'course, nor prudence to make sure of 'good fortune when it lies in thy way, 'were I to say, that my daughter shall 'throw herself from the top of a steeple, 'or go strolling about the world, like 'the Infanta Donna Uraca, thou 'wouldst have reason to contradict my 'pleasure; but if, in two turnings of a 'ball and one twinkling of an eye, our 'good fortune should lay a title across 'our shoulders, and raising thee from 'the stubble, set thee in a chair of state, 'under a canopy, or lay thee upon a 'sofa, consisting of more velvet almo-'hadas*, than there are Moors in all the 'family of the Almohadas in Morocco; 'wherefore wouldst not thou consent, 'and with me enjoy the good-luck that 'falls?'—'I'll tell thee wherefore, 'husband,' replied Teresa, 'because, as 'the saying is, What covers, discovers 'thee; the eyes of people always run 'slightly over the poor, but make an 'halt to examine the rich; and if a per-'son so examined was once poor, then

* Almohada signifies a cushion.

'comes

'comes the grumbling and the ſlander-
'ing; and he is perſecuted by back-
'biters, who ſwarm in our ſtreets like
'bees.'

'Give ear, Tereſa, and liſten to what
'I am going to ſay,' anſwered Sancho:
'for mayhap thou haſt never heard ſuch
'a thing in all the days of thy life;
'and I do not now pretend to ſpeak
'from my own reflection, but to repeat
'the remarks of the good father who
'preached laſt Lent in our village. He
'ſaid, if I right remember, that all
'objects preſent to the view, exiſt, and
'are impreſſed upon the imagination,
'with much greater energy and force,
'than thoſe which we only remember
'to have ſeen.' (The arguments here
uſed by Sancho, contributed alſo to
make the tranſlator believe this chapter
apocryphal; becauſe they ſeem to ex-
ceed the capacity of the ſquire, who
proceeded thus:) 'From whence it hap-
'pens, that when we ſee any perſon
'magnificently dreſſed, and ſurrounded
'with the pomp of ſervants, we find
'ourſelves invited, and, as it were,
'compelled to pay him reſpect; although
'the memory ſhould, at that inſtant,
'repreſent to us ſome mean circum-
'ſtances of his former life; becauſe
'that defect, whether in point of fa-
'mily or fortune, is already paſt and
'removed, and we only regard what
'is preſent to our view; and if the
'perſon, whom fortune hath thus raiſ-
'ed from the lowneſs of oblivion to
'the height of proſperity, be well-
'bred, liberal, and courteous, without
'pretending to vie with the ancient no-
'bility, you may take it for granted,
'Tereſa, that nobody will remember
'what he was, but reverence what he
'now is, except the children of Envy,
'from whom no thriving perſon is ſe-
'cure.'—'I really do not underſtand
'you,' ſaid Tereſa: 'you may do what
'you will; but ſeek not to diſtract my
'brain with your rhetorick and har-
'ranguing, for if you be revolved to
'do what you ſay—' 'You muſt call
'it reſolved, woman, and not revolved,'
cried Sancho. 'Never plague yourſelf
'to diſpute with me, huſband,' anſwer-
ed Tereſa: 'I ſpeak as God pleaſes,
'and meddle not with other people's
'concerns. If you are obſtinately bent
'upon this ſame government, I deſire
'you will carry your ſon Sancho along
'with you, and from this hour teach
'him the art of that profeſſion; for it
'is but reaſonable that the ſons ſhould
'inherit and learn the trade of their
'fathers.'—'As ſoon as I have obtain-
'ed my government,' ſaid Sancho, 'I
'will ſend the money for him by the
'poſt, as by that time I ſhall have
'plenty; for there are always people in
'abundance that will lend to a gover-
'nor who has no money of his own;
'and be ſure you cloath him in ſuch a
'manner as to diſguiſe his preſent con-
'dition, and make him appear like
'what he is to be.'—'Send you the
'money,' anſwered Tereſa, 'and I
'will dreſs him up like any branch of
'palm*.'—'Well, then,' ſaid Sancho,
'we are agreed about making our
'daughter a counteſs——' 'That day
'I behold her a counteſs,' cried the
wife, 'I ſhall reckon her dead and
'buried; but, I tell you again, you
'may uſe your pleaſure: for we women
'are born to be obedient to our huſ-
'bands, though they are no better than
'blocks.'

So ſaying, ſhe began to weep as bit-
terly as if ſhe had actually ſeen her
daughter laid in her grave. Sancho
conſoled her, by ſaying, that although
ſhe muſt be a counteſs, he would defer
her promotion as long as he could.
Thus ended the converſation, and the
ſquire went back to Don Quixote to
concert meaſures for their ſpeedy de-
parture.

CHAP. VI.

OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE, HIS NIECE, AND HOUSE-KEEPER, BEING ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT CHAPTERS OF THE WHOLE HISTORY.

WHILE this impertinent converſation paſſed between Sancho Panza and his wife Tereſa Caſcajo, Don Quixote's niece and houſekeeper were not idle; for, collecting from a thouſand ſymptoms that their maſter wanted to give them the ſlip a third time, and return to the exerciſe of his unlucky knight-errantry, they endea-voured, by all poſſible means, to divert

* Alluding to the bough that is adorned and carried in proceſſion on Palm Sunday.

him

him from his extravagant design; but all they could say was like preaching to the desart, or hammering cold iron. However, among many other arguments, the housekeeper said to him, 'As I hope to be saved, dear master, if 'your worship will not settle at home in 'your own house, but are resolved to 'stray about the mountains and vallies, 'like a troubled ghost, in quest of what 'you term adventures, but what I call 'mischances, I will complain in per'son, and raise up my voice to God 'and the king, that they may apply 'some remedy to your disorder.' To this declaration, the knight replied, 'Mrs. Housekeeper, how God will 'accept of thy complaints I know not; 'neither can I guess in what manner 'his majesty will answer thy petition: 'this only I know, that if I were king, 'I would excuse myself from answer'ing that infinite number of impertinent memorials which are daily pre'sented; for one of the greatest of the 'many fatigues that attend royalty, is 'that of being obliged to listen and re'ply to all petitions; therefore I would 'not have his majesty troubled with any 'affair of mine.'—'Pray, Sir,' said the housekeeper, 'are there no knight's at 'court?'—'Yes, there are many,' answered Don Quixote; 'and it is reason'able, that there should be always a 'good number in attendance to adorn 'the court, and support the pomp and 'magnificence of majesty.'—'Would 'it not be better, then, for your wor'ship,' replied the matron, 'to be one 'of that number, and serve your king 'and master quietly and safely at court?' —'You must know, good woman,' said Don Quixote, 'all knights cannot 'be courtiers; neither can or ought all 'courtiers to be knights errant: there 'ought to be plenty of both; and though 'we are all knights, there is a great 'difference between the one sort and the 'other; your courtiers, without crossing 'the thresholds of their own apartments, 'travel over the world, in maps, gra'tis, and never know what it is to suf'fer either heat, cold, hunger, or thirst, 'in their journey; whereas, we real 'knights-errant measure the whole 'globe with our own footsteps, exposed 'night and day, on horse-back and a'foot, to the summer's sun and winter's 'cold, and all the inclemencies of the 'weather; we not only seek to see the 'picture, but the person of our foe, and 'on all emergencies and occasions at'tack him, without paying any regard 'to the trifling rules of challenges; 'whether, for example, his sword and 'lance be shorter or longer than our 'own; whether he wears about him any 'relick or secret coat of mail; or whe'ther the sun and wind be equally di'vided; with other ceremonies of that 'nature, which are usually observed in 'duelling, and which, though I know 'them punctually, thou art little ac'quainted with: thou must also know, 'that a good knight-errant, though he 'sees ten giants, whose heads not only 'touch, but overtop the clouds, with 'legs like lofty steeples, and arms re'sembling the masts of vast and war'like ships; while each eye, as large as 'a mill-wheel, beams and burns like a 'glass furnace, is by no means con'founded or abashed; but, on the con'trary, with genteel demeanour, and 'intrepid heart, approaches, assaults, 'and, if possible, vanquishes and over'throws them in a twinkling, though 'they are armed with the shell of a cer'tain fish, said to be harder than ada'mant; and instead of a sword, use a 'keen scymitar of damasked steel, or a 'huge club, armed with a point of the 'same metal, as I have seen on a dozen 'different occasions. All this I have 'mentioned, good woman, that thou 'mayest see what difference there is be'tween knights of different orders; 'and every prince ought, in reason, to 'pay greater respect to his second, or 'rather this first species of knights-er'rant, among whom, as we read in 'history, there have been some who 'were the bulwarks not only of one, 'but of many kingdoms.'

'Ah, dear Sir,' cried the niece, interrupting him, 'consider that all those 'stories of knights-errant are nothing 'but lyes and invention; and every one 'of the books that contain them de'serves, if not to be burnt, at least to 'wear a *san benito**, or some other 'badge, by which it may be known for 'an infamous perverter of virtue and 'good sense.'—'By the God that pro-

* A dress put upon convicted hereticks.

'tects me!' cried the knight, 'wert 'thou not undoubtedly my niece, as 'being my own ſiſter's child, I would 'chaſtiſe thee in ſuch a manner, for the 'blaſphemy thou haſt uttered, that the 'whole world would reſound with the 'example. How! ſhall a pert baggage, 'who has ſcarce capacity enough to 'manage a dozen lace bobbins, dare 'to wag her tongue in cenſuring the 'hiſtories of knights-errant? What 'would Signior Amadis ſay to ſuch 'preſumption? But, ſurely, he would 'forgive thy arrogance; for he was the 'moſt humble and courteous knight of 'his time, and beſides the particular 'champion and protector of damſels: 'but thou mighteſt have been heard by 'another who would not treat thee ſo 'gently; for all are not affable and 'well-bred; on the contrary, ſome there 'are extremely brutal and impolite. 'All thoſe who call themſelves knights, 'are not entitled to that diſtinction; 'ſome being of pure gold, and others 'of baſer metal, notwithſtanding the 'denomination they aſſume. But theſe 'laſt cannot ſtand the touchſtone of 'truth: there are many plebeians, who 'ſweat and ſtruggle to maintain the 'appearance of gentlemen; and, on 'the other hand, there are gentlemen 'of rank who ſeem induſtrious to ap-'pear mean and degenerate; the one 'ſort raiſe themſelves either by ambi-'tion or virtue, while the other abaſe 'themſelves by viciouſneſs or ſloth; ſo 'that we muſt avail ourſelves of our 'underſtanding and diſcernment, in 'diſtinguiſhing thoſe perſons, who, 'though they bear the ſame appellation, 'are yet ſo different in point of charac-'ter.'—'Good God!' ſaid the niece, 'that your worſhip ſhould be ſo learn-'ed, that even, if need were, you might 'mount the pulpit, or go a preaching 'in the ſtreets, and yet remain in ſuch 'woeful blindneſs and palpable folly, 'as to perſuade the world that you are 'a valiant and vigorous righter of 'wrongs, when you are old, feeble, 'and almoſt crippled with age; but, 'above all things, to give yourſelf out 'for a knight, when you are no ſuch 'thing; for, though rich gentlemen 'may be knighted, poor gentlemen, 'like you, ſeldom are.'

'There is a good deal of truth in 'what thou haſt obſerved, couſin,' replied Don Quixote; 'and I could 'tell thee ſuch things, concerning fami-'lies, as would raiſe thine admiration; 'but theſe I ſuppreſs, that I may not 'ſeem to mix what's human with what's 'divine. Take notice, however, my 'friends, and be attentive to what I 'am going to ſay: all the families in 'the world may be reduced to four 'kinds, which are theſe; one that, 'from low beginnings, hath extended 'and dilated to a pitch of power and 'greatneſs; another, that from great 'beginnings hath continued to preſerve 'and maintain it's original importance; 'a third, that from vaſt beginnings 'hath ended in a point, diminiſhing 'and decaying from it's foundation, in-'to an inconſiderable point like that of 'a pyramid, which in reſpect of it's 'baſe, is next kin to nothing; a fourth, 'and that the moſt numerous, had nei-'ther a good foundation, nor reaſon-'able ſuperſtructure, and therefore ſinks 'into oblivion, unobſerved; ſuch are 'the families of plebeians and ordinary 'people. The firſt, that from low be-'ginnings hath mounted to power and 'greatneſs, which it preſerves to this 'day, is exemplified in the houſe of 'Ottoman, that from an humble ſhep-'herd, who gave riſe to it, attained 'that pinnacle of grandeur on which it 'now ſtands; the ſecond ſort of pedi-'gree, that without augmentation hath 'preſerved it's original importance, is 'exhibited in the perſons of many 'princes, who are ſuch by inheritance, 'and ſupport their rank without ad-'dition or diminution, containing them-'ſelves peaceably within the limits of 'their own dominions; of thoſe who, 'from illuſtrious beginnings, have 'dwindled into a point, there are a 'thouſand examples in the Pharaohs 'and Ptolemeys of Egypt, the Cæſars 'of Rome, with all the tribe, if they 'may be ſo called, of our Median, Aſ-'ſyrian, Perſian, Greek, and Barbarian 'princes, monarchs, and great men. 'All theſe families and ſtates, together 'with their founders, have ended in a 'very inconſiderable point; ſince, at 'this day, it is impoſſible to trace out 'one of their deſcendants; or, if we 'could, he would be found in ſome baſe 'and low degree. I have nothing to 'ſay of the plebeians, who only ſerve 'to increaſe the number of the living, 'without deſerving any other fame or 'panegyrick. From what I have ſaid, I

'would

'would have you infer, my precious 'wife-acres, that there is a great con-'fufion of pedigrees; and that thofe only 'appear grand and illuftrious, whofe 'repreſentatives abound with virtue, li-'berality, and wealth: I ſay, virtue, li-'berality, and wealth; becauſe the vi-'cious great man is no more than a 'great ſinner; and the rich man with-'out liberality, a mere covetous beg-'gar; for happineſs does not conſiſt 'in poſſeſſing, but in ſpending riches; 'and that not in ſquandering them 'away, but in knowing how to uſe 'them with taſte. Now a poor knight 'has no other way of ſignalizing his 'birth, but the practice of virtue, be-'ing affable, well-bred, courteous, 'kind, and obliging; a ſtranger to 'pride, arrogance, and ſlander; and, 'above all things, charitable; for, by 'giving two farthings chearfully to the 'poor, he may ſhew himſelf as gene-'rous as he that diſpenſes alms by 'ſound of bell: and whoſoever ſees 'him adorned with theſe virtues, al-'though he ſhould be an utter ſtranger 'to his race, will conclude that he is 'deſcended of a good family. Indeed, 'it would be a ſort of miracle to find 'it otherwiſe; ſo that praiſe is always 'the reward of virtue, and never fails 'to attend the righteous. There are 'two paths, my children, that lead to 'wealth and honour: one is that of 'learning, the other that of arms; now 'I am better qualified for the laſt than 'for the firſt; and (as I judge from my 'inclination to arms) was born under 'the influence of the planet Mars; ſo 'that I am, as it were, obliged to chuſe 'that road, which I will purſue in ſpite 'of the whole univerſe: you will there-'fore fatigue yourſelves to no purpoſe, 'in attempting to perſuade me from 'that which Heaven inſpires, fortune 'ordains, reaſon demands, and, above 'all things, my own inclination dic-'tates; knowing, as I do, the innume-'rable toils annexed to knight errant-'ry, I am alſo well acquainted with 'the infinite benefits acquired in the 'exerciſe of that profeſſion. I know 'the path of virtue is very ſtrait, while 'the road of vice is broad and ſpacious. 'I know their end and iſſue is different: 'the wide extended way of vice con-'ducts the traveller to death; while the 'narrow toilſul path of virtue leads to 'happineſs and life—not that which 'periſheth, but that which hath no end; 'and I know, as our great Caſtilian 'poet obſerves—

"By theſe rough paths of toil and pain,
"Th' immortal ſeats of bliſs we gain,
"Deny'd to thoſe who heedleſs ſtray
"In tempting pleaſure's flow'ry way."

'Ah! woe is me!' cried the couſin, 'my uncle is a poet too! he knows 'every thing, and can do every thing: 'I'll lay a wager, if he ſhould turn 'bricklayer, he could build a houſe 'like any cage.'—'I do aſſure the', 'niece,' replied Don Quixote, 'if thoſe 'knightly ſentiments did not wholly 'engroſs my attention, there is not a 'thing on earth that I could not make, 'nor a curioſity that ſhould not go 'through my hands, eſpecially bird-'cages and tooth-picks.'

Here the converſation was interrupted by a knocking at the gate; which, as they found upon enquiry, was made by Sancho; whoſe preſence was no ſooner intimated, than the houſekeeper ran away to hide herſelf that ſhe might avoid the ſight of him whom ſhe ab-horred: the niece, therefore, opened the door, and his maſter came out to receive him with open arms; then, ſhutting themſelves up together, another dia-logue paſſed, no ways inferior to the former.

CHAP. VII.

OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE; WITH OTHER SURPRIZING INCIDENTS.

THE houſekeeper ſeeing that her maſter and Sancho were locked up together, immediately gueſſed the ſubject of the converſation; and ima-gining, that the reſult of this conſulta-tion would be a third ſally, ſhe put on her veil, and full of trouble and anxiety, went in queſt of the batchelor Sampſon Carraſco, thinking, that as he was a well ſpoken man, and her maſter's new friend, he might perſuade him to lay aſide ſuch an extravagant deſign: ac-cordingly, ſhe found him taking a turn in his own yard, and fell upon her knees before him, in a cold ſweat, oc-caſioned by her vexation. Carraſco ſee-ing her appear with ſuch marks of ſor-

row and consternation, said, 'What is 'the matter, Mrs. Housekeeper? what 'hath befallen you? something seems 'to have harrowed up your very 'soul!'—'Nothing at all, dear Mr. 'Sampson,' cried the housekeeper, 'only my master is breaking out; 'he is certainly breaking out!'—'How breaking out?' said Sampson; 'is any part of his body unsound?'—'Where should it break 'out,' replied the other, 'but through 'the gate of his madness? My meaning, 'dear batchelor of my soul! is, that he 'is going to make another sally, (and 'that will be the third) searching up 'and down the world for what he calls 'adventures, though I cannot imagine 'why they should have that name*: 'the first time, he returned so battered 'and bruised, that they were fain to 'lay him across an ass, like a sack of 'oats, because he could not sit upright; the second time, he was brought 'home in a waggon, stretched and 'cooped up in a cage, in which he imagined himself inchanted, in such a 'woeful plight, that he could scarce be 'known by the mother that bore him, 'so lank and meagre, with his eyes sunk 'into the lowest pit of his brain; so that 'before I could bring him into any tolerable degree of strength, I expended 'more than six hundred new-laid eggs, 'as God and all the world know, as 'well as my hens, that will not suffer 'me to tell a lye.'—'That I verily believe,' said the batchelor; 'your hens 'are so good, plump, and well bred, 'that they would rather burst than say 'one thing, and mean another. Well, 'then, Mrs. Housekeeper, nothing else 'hath happened, neither have you met 'with any other misfortune, but the 'apprehension of what your master Don 'Quixote will do?'—'Nothing else,' said she. 'Give yourself no trouble 'then,' resumed the batchelor, 'but go 'home a-God's name, and get ready 'something hot for my breakfast; and 'in your way, repeat St. Apollonia's 'prayer, if you can; I will follow, 'in a little time, and then you shall 'see wonders.'—'Dear heart!' cried the house keeper, 'St. Apollonia's 'prayer, say you? that I should repeat 'if my master had the tooth-ach; 'but, lack-a-day! his distemper lies 'in his skull.'—'I know what I say,' answered Sampson: 'take my advice, 'Mrs. Housekeeper, and do not pretend to dispute with me; for I 'would have thee to know that I 'am a batchelor of Salamanca; there's 'no higher batcheleering than that.' She accordingly moved homeward, while Sampson went to communicate to the curate that which will be in due time disclosed.

While Don Quixote and Sancho were closeted together, there passed between them a conversation which the history recounts with great punctuality and truth. 'Signior,' said the squire, 'I have 'at length traduced my wife to consent that I shall attend your worship 'wheresoever you please to carry me.'—'Say reduced, and not traduced, Sancho,' replied the knight. 'I have 'once or twice, if my memory serves 'me,' said Sancho, 'intreated your 'worship not to correct my words, if 'you understand my meaning; and 'when you can't make it out, I desire 'you would say, "Sancho," or "devil, "I don't understand thee:" then if I 'fail in explaining myself, you may 'correct me as much as you please; 'for I am so fossile.'—'I do not understand thee now,' cried Don Quixote, 'nor can I comprehend what 'thou wouldst be at, in saying I am 'so fossile.'—'So fossile!' said the squire; 'that is, whereby as how I 'am just so.'—'Nay, now thou art 'more and more unintelligible,' replied the knight. 'If your worship does not understand me now,' answered Sancho, 'I know not how 'to express it; for I am already at 'my wit's end, and Lord have mercy upon me.'—'O! now I conceive thy meaning,' said the knight; 'thou wouldst say thou art so docile, 'gentle, and tractable, as to comprehend every thing I say, and 'retain whatsoever I shall teach thee.' —'I'll lay a wager,' said the squire, 'that from the beginning, you knew 'my meaning by my mumping, but 'wanted to confound me by leading 'me into a thousand more blunders.' —'It may be so,' said the knight; 'but 'in reality, what says Teresa?'—'Teresa,' answered Sancho, 'says 'I must be sharp with your worship.

* The original, *ventura*, signifies good luck as well as adventures.

'Fast

'Fast bind, fast find; He that shuffles 'does not always cut; and that, A 'bird in the hand is worth two in the 'bush: now I know that A wife's 'counsel is bad, but he that will not 'take it is mad.'—'So say I,' replied Don Quixote; 'proceed, friend 'Sancho, you speak like an oracle to-'day.'—'Why then the case is this,' resumed Sancho; 'your worship very 'well knows we are all mortal, here to-'day, and gone to-morrow; for the 'lamb goes as fast as the dam; and no 'man in this world can promise him-'self more hours of life than God is 'pleased to grant him; because death is 'deaf, and when he knocks at the door 'of life is always in a hurry, and will 'not be detained either by fair means or 'force, by sceptres or mitres, as the re-'port goes, and as we have often heard 'it declared from the pulpit.'—'All 'this is very true,' said the knight; 'but I cannot guess what you drive at.' —'What I drive at,' answered Sancho, 'is, that your worship would appoint 'me a certain monthly salary for the 'time I shall serve you, to be paid out 'of your estate; for I do not chuse to 'depend upon recompences that come 'late, or low, or never. God will pro-'tect me with my own. In short, I 'would know what I have to trust to, 'whether little or much; for, The hen 'clucks though but on one egg; Many 'littles make a mickle; and, He that is 'getting aught, is losing nought. True 'it is, if it should happen, which I 'neither believe nor expect, that your 'worship can give me that island you 'have promised me so long; I am not so 'greedy or ungrateful, but that I will 'suffer my rent to be appraised, and my 'salary deducted in due portion*.—'To 'be sure, friend Sancho,' said the knight, 'all portions ought to be proportioned.' —'I understand you,' replied the squire, 'I should have said proportion instead 'of portion; but that is of no signifi-'cation, since my meaning is compre-'hended by your worship.'—'Aye,' 'and so thoroughly comprehended,' said Don Quixote, 'that I have penetrated 'into the inmost recesses of thy thoughts, 'and perceive the mark at which those 'innumerable shafts of thy proverbs 'are aimed. Look you, Sancho, I 'would appoint them salary, if I could 'find in any history of knights-errant, 'one precedent, by which I might dis-'cover, or have the least glimpse of 'what they used to give monthly or 'yearly; but I have carefully perused 'all, or the greatest part of those histo-'ries, and cannot remember to have 'read, that any knight-errant ever paid 'a certain salary to his squire. I only 'know that all of them trusted to 'favour, and when it was least in their 'thoughts, provided their masters 'chanced to be fortunate, they found 'themselves rewarded with an island, 'or something equivalent, and at least 'were honoured with rank and title. 'If with these hopes and expectations, 'you are willing to return to my ser-'vice, do it a-God's name; but if you 'think I will unhinge and deviate from 'the ancient customs of chivalry, you 'are grievously mistaken: wherefore, 'friend Sancho, you may go home 'again, and declare my intention to 'your wife Teresa; and if she is pleased, 'and you are willing to depend upon 'my favour, *bene quidem*; if not, let us 'shake hands and part: while there are 'peas in the dove-house, I shall never 'want pigeons; and remember, my 'child, that it is better to be rich in hope 'than poor in possession; and that a 'good claim is preferable to bad pay. 'I talk in this manner, Sancho, to shew 'that I can pour forth a volley of pro-'verbs as well as you; and finally, I 'must and will give you to understand, 'that if you do not chuse to serve me 'on those terms, and share my fortune, 'whatsoever it may be, I pray God may 'prosper and make a saint of you; for 'my part, I shall not want squires more 'obedient and careful, though less trou-'blesome and talkative than your wor-'ship.'

When Sancho heard this firm reso-lution of his master, the sky began to lour, and down flagged the wings of his heart in a moment: for he had believed that the knight would not set out with-out him for all the wealth in the world. While he thus remained pensive and de-jected, in came Sampson Carrasco, fol-lowed by the niece, who was very de-

* I have substituted this play upon the word proportion, in lieu of Sancho's blundering on *rata*.

firous to hear with what arguments he would diſſuade her uncle from going again in queſt of adventures. Sampſon, who was a notable wag, no ſooner entered, than embracing the knight, as at firſt, he pronounced with an audible voice, 'O flower of knight-errantry, 'reſplendent ſun of arms, thou glory 'and mirrour of the Spaniſh nation! 'may it pleaſe the Almighty, of his 'infinite power, that if any perſon or 'perſons ſhall raiſe any impediment to 'obſtruct thy third ſally, they may ne'ver extricate themſelves from the la'byrinth of their deſires, or accompliſh 'what they ſo unjuſtly wiſh!' Then turning to the duenna, 'Mrs. Houſe'keeper,' ſaid he, 'you need not now 'repeat St. Apollonia's prayer; for I 'know it is the preciſe determination 'of the ſtars, that Signior Don Quix'ote ſhall again execute his new and 'lofty plan: and I ſhould greatly bur'den my conſcience if I forbore to in'timate, and deſire, that this knight 'will no longer withhold and detain the 'force of his valiant arm, and the vir'tue of his heroick ſoul; becauſe, by 'his delay he retards the righting of 'wrongs, the protection of orphans, 'the honour of maidens, the favour of 'widows, the ſupport of wives, with 'many other things of that nature, 'which regard, concern, depend upon, 'and appertain, to the order of knight'errantry. Courage! Signior Don 'Quixote, beautiful and brave; may 'your worſhip and grandeur ſet out be'fore to morrow morning; and if any 'thing be wanting to forward your ex'pedition, here am I, ready to make 'it good with my perſon and fortune; 'and, if need be, to ſerve your mag'nificence in quality of ſquire; an of'fice in the execution of which I 'ſhould think myſelf extremely happy.'

Don Quixote hearing this proffer, turned to Sancho, ſaying, 'Did not I 'tell thee, Sancho, that I ſhould not 'want for ſquires? Take notice who it 'is that offers to attend me; who, but 'the unheard of batchelor Sampſon 'Carraſco; the perpetual darling and 'delight of the court-yards belonging 'to the Salamancan ſchools; ſound of 'body, ſtrong of limb, a ſilent ſufferer 'of heat and cold, hunger and thirſt, 'and endued with all thoſe qualifica'tions which are requiſite in the ſquire 'of a knight-errant: but Heaven will 'not permit me, for my own ſatisfac'tion, to break and demoliſh this pil'lar of learning, this urn of ſciences, 'and to hew down ſuch an eminent 'branch of the liberal arts. No, let 'this new Sampſon ſtay at home, and 'honour the place of his nativity, to'gether with the grey hairs of his an'cient parents; while I make ſhift with 'any ſort of ſquire, ſince Sancho will 'not vouchſafe to go along with me.'

'Y— yes, I do vouchſafe!' cried Sancho, blubbering; 'it ſhall never be 'ſaid of me, dear maſter, that when the 'victuals were eaten up, the company 'ſneaked off; I am not come of ſuch an 'ungrateful ſtock; for all the world, and eſpecially my own townſmen, know 'what ſort of people the Panzas were, of 'whom I am deſcended; beſides, I have 'perceived, and am ſenſible, by many 'good works, and more good words, that 'your worſhip is actually inclined 'to do for me; and if I have hag'gled more than enough about my 'wages, it was to pleaſe my wife, who, 'if ſhe once takes in hand to perſuade me 'to any thing, no cooper's adze drives the 'hoops of a barrel as ſhe drives at her 'purpoſe, until ſhe hath gained it; but, 'after all, a man muſt be a man, and a 'woman a woman: now I being a man 'every inch of me, when or whereſoever 'I pleaſe to ſhew myſelf, (that I cannot 'deny) I am reſolved to be maſter in my 'own houſe, in ſpite of the devil, the 'world, and the fleſh; and therefore your 'worſhip has no more to do but prepare 'your will, with the codicil, ſo as that 'it cannot be rebuked; and then let us 'take our departure, that we may not 'endanger the ſoul of Mr. Sampſon, 'whoſe conſcience, he ſays, prompts 'him to perſuade your worſhip to make 'a third ſally through the world; and 'here I promiſe again to ſerve your 'worſhip faithfully and lawfully, as 'well as, and better than, all the 'ſquires that ever attended the knights'errant, either in paſt or preſent time.'

The batchelor was aſtoniſhed at hearing the manner and concluſion of Sancho's ſpeech; for although he had read the firſt part of his maſter's hiſtory, he never believed him ſo diverting as he is there repreſented; but now, hearing him talk of the will and codicil that could not be rebuked, inſtead of revoked, he was convinced of the truth of what he had read, and confirmed in the opinion

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of his being one of the most solemn simpletons of the present age; saying, within himself, that such madmen as the master and his squire are not to be paralleled upon earth. In fine, Don Quixote and Sancho were reconciled, and embraced each other; and, in consequence of the opinion and assent of the great Carrasco, whom they looked upon as an oracle, it was determined that they should depart in three days, during which they would have time to provide themselves with necessaries for the journey, and find a compleat helmet for the knight, who insisted upon carrying one along with him into the field. Sampson, accordingly, undertook to accommodate him, saying he could command an helmet that was in possession of a friend of his; though the brightness of the metal was not a little obscured by the rust and mould which it had contracted.

Innumerable were the curses which were vented against the batchelor by the housekeeper and niece, who tore their hair, and scratched their faces; and like the hired mourners, formerly in use, lamented the departure, as if it had been the death of their master. But Sampson's view in persuading him to another sally, was to execute a design which he had concerted with the curate and barber, as will appear in the sequel. In short, during those three days, Don Quixote and Sancho furnished themselves with every thing they thought they should have occasion for; the squire pacified his wife, the knight appeased his niece and housekeeper; and on the evening of the fourth day, without being perceived by any living soul but the batchelor, who insisted upon accompanying them half a league out of town, they set out, and took the road to Toboso; Don Quixote mounted on his trusty Rozinante, and Sancho throned upon his old friend Dapple, with a pair of bags well lined with belly-timber, and a purse of money, which his master deposited in his hands, in case of accidents in their expedition.

Sampson, embracing the knight, intreated him to write an account of his good or evil fortune, that he might congratulate or sympathize with him, as the laws of friendship require. Don Quixote assured him, he would comply with his request; the batchelor returned to the village, and the other two pursued their way towards the great city of Toboso.

CHAP. VIII.

AN ACCOUNT OF WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE, IN HIS JOURNEY TO VISIT HIS MISTRESS DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

'BLESSED be the Almighty Ala,' saith Cid Hamet Benengeli, in the beginning of this chapter; and this benediction he repeats three times, in consequence of finding Don Quixote and Sancho in the field again; observing, that the readers of this agreeable history may assure themselves that, from this period, the exploits of the knight and his squire begin. He therefore persuades them to forget the former adventures of our sage hero, and fix their attention upon those which are to come; and which now begin in the road to Toboso, as the others took their origin in the field of Montiel; and truly his demand is but reasonble, considering the fair promise he makes. Thus, therefore, he proceeds.

Scarce had Sampson left Don Quixote and Sancho by themselves, when Rozinante began to neigh, and Dapple to bray most melodiously; a circumstance which was looked upon by both our adventurers as a fortunate signal and most happy omen; though, to deal candidly with the reader, the brayings of the ass exceeded in number the neighings of the horse; from whence Sancho concluded, his fortune would surmount and overtop that of his master. But whether or not he founded his belief on his knowledge in judicial astrology, I cannot determine, the history being silent on that subject; yet certain it is he had been heard to say when he stumbled or fell, that he wished he had not stirred over his own threshold; for nothing was to be got by a stumble or fall but a torn shoe, or broken bone; and truly, simple as he was, he had some reason for making that observation.

'Friend Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'the night is so far advanced, that we 'shall not be able to reach Toboso by 'day-light; yet thither I am determined to go, before I engage in any 'other

'other adventure, that I may receive 'the benediction and good leave of the 'peerleſs Dulcinea, by the help of 'which I ſhall certainly atchieve, and 'happily perform, the moſt perilous ex-'ploits; for nothing in this life exalts 'the valour of knights-errant ſo much 'as the favour of their miſtreſſes.'—'I 'am of the ſame way of thinking,' replied the ſquire; 'but I believe your 'worſhip will find ſome difficulty in 'ſeeing her in a proper place for court-'ſhip, or indeed for receiving her bleſ-'ſing, unleſs ſhe throws it over the 'pales of the yard through which I 'ſaw her for the firſt time, when I car-'ried the letter that gave an account of 'the folly and mad pranks I left your 'worſhip committing in the heart of the 'brown mountain.'—'Didſt thou then 'actually imagine,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'that thoſe were the pales of a yard, 'over or through which thou ſaweſt that 'paragon of gentleneſs and beauty? 'Certainly they could be no other than 'galleries, arcades, or corridores, ſuch 'as belong to rich and royal palaces.'—'It may be ſo,' anſwered Sancho, 'but 'either my memory fails me very much, 'or to me they ſeemed no better than 'the pales of a farmer's yard.'—'Be 'that as it will,' reſumed Don Quixote, 'thither we will go, and at any rate 'get ſight of her: for be it through 'pales, windows, crannies, or the rails 'of a garden, ſo the leaſt ray of that 'ſun of beauty reach mine eyes, it 'will enlighten my underſtanding, 'and fortify my heart in ſuch a man-'ner, that I ſhall remain the une-'qualled phœnix of valour and diſcre-'tion.'—'Truly, Sir, ſaid the ſquire, 'when I ſaw that ſame ſun of my Lady 'Dulcinea del Toboſo, it was not ſo 'bright as to ſend forth any rays at 'all; but the caſe was, the whea that 'her ladyſhip was winnowing, as I 'told you before, raiſed ſuch a cloud 'of duſt about her, as quite darkened 'her countenance.'—'Wilt thou ſtill 'perſiſt, Sancho,' replied the errant, 'in ſaying, thinking, believing, and af-'firming, that my miſtreſs Dulcinea 'was employed in ſuch a mean office, 'ſo wide of all that is or ought to be 'practiſed by perſons of rank, who are 'created and reſerved for other exer-'ciſes and amuſements, that denote 'their quality at the diſtance of a bow-'ſhot. Thou ſeemeſt to forget, O 'Sancho! thoſe verſes of our poet, in 'which he paints the labours that in 'their chryſtal bowers engroſſed the 'four nymphs, who, raiſing their heads 'above the waves of their beloved Ta-'gus, ſat down to work in the verdant 'meadow thoſe rich and ſilken webs, 'which, as the ingenious poet deſcribes, 'were with gold and pearls adorned 'and interweaved. In this manner my 'miſtreſs muſt have been employed 'when thou ſaweſt her; but ſome 'wicked inchanter, envious of my hap-'pineſs and fame, converts and perverts 'every thing that yields me pleaſure, 'into ſhapes and figures different from 'it's real appearance; and in that hiſ-'tory of my atchievements which they 'ſay is printed, if the author be ſome 'ſage who is an enemy to my ſucceſs, 'I am afraid he hath confounded one 'thing with another, and clogged every 'fact with a thouſand falſhoods; ſtray-'ing from his ſubject, to recount 'actions quite foreign to the ſkilful de-'tail of a true hiſtory! O envy! thou 'root of infinite miſchief, and canker-'worm of virtue! The commiſſion of 'all other vices, Sancho, is attended 'with ſome ſort of delight; but envy 'produces nothing in the heart that 'harbours it but rage, rancour, and 'diſguſt.'—'So ſay I, maſter,' anſwered Sancho: 'and I ſuppoſe, in this le-'gend or hiſtory of us, which Batchelor 'Carraſco ſays he has ſeen, my repu-'tation goes like a joſting hackney-'coach, and is toſſed about, as the 'ſaying is, like a tennis-ball; though 'in good faith, I never ſpoke an ill 'word of any inchanter whatſomever; 'nor am I rich enough to ſtir up envy 'in any living ſoul: true it is I am a 'little waggiſh, and have a ſmall ſpice 'of knavery at bottom; but all this is 'crowned and covered with the broad 'cloak of my ſimplicity, which is al-'ways natural and never affected; and 'if there was nothing elſe but my be-'lieving, as I always do firmly and 'ſincerely, in God, as well as in all 'that is owned and believed by the holy 'Roman catholick church; and my be-'ing a mortal enemy, as I certainly am, 'to the Jews, the hiſtorians ought to have 'mercy upon me, and uſe me tenderly 'in their writings: but let them ſay 'what they will, I naked was born, 'and naked remain; and if I loſe no-'thing, as little I gain: though, pro-

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vided I see myself mentioned in a book, and circulate through the world from hand to hand, I don't value what they can say of me a fig's end.'

'That observation,' said Don Quixote, 'puts me in mind of what happened to a famous poet of this age, who having composed a severe satire against the court ladies, omitted to insert one in particular, by name, so that it was doubtful whether or not she was implied in any part of the performance. The lady, thus neglected, complained to the poet, asking what he had seen in her character unworthy of being described among the rest, and desiring him to enlarge the satire, that she might be included in the supplement, or look to himself. The author complied with her request, lashing her in terms not fit to be named; and she was perfectly well satisfied with the fame of being infamous. Of a piece with this ambition was that reported of the shepherd, who set fire to the celebrated temple of Diana, reckoned one of the wonders of the world, with no other view than to render his name immortal; and although there was a severe edict, prohibiting all persons whatever from making mention of his name, either by word or writing, that he might not accomplish his aim, it is very well known at this day, that his name was Erostratus. This likewise bears an affinity to that occurrence which passed at Rome, between that great emperor Charles the Fifth, and a certain knight. The emperor went to visit the famous temple of the Rotunda, which was of old called the Pantheon, but is now more happily named the Church of All-Saints, the most entire edifice that remains of heathen Rome, and which most of all evinces the grandeur and magnificence of it's founders. It is built in the shape of half an orange, of a vast extent, and very well lighted, though it has but one window, or rather a round lanthorn at it's top, from whence the emperor considered the inside of the structure, being attended by a Roman knight, who described the excellence and ingenious contrivance of that vast and memorable work; and, after they had descended, said to him, "Sacred "Sir, a thousand times was I seized "with an inclination to clasp your majesty in my arms, and throw myself "down from the lanthorn, in order to "eternize my name."—"I thank you," replied the emperor, "for having re"sisted such a wicked suggestion, and "henceforward will never give you an "opportunity of repeating such a proof "of your loyalty; avoid my presence, "and never presume to speak to me "again." But, notwithstanding this severe command, he conferred upon him some extraordinary favour. My meaning, Sancho, is, that the desire of fame is a most active principle in the human breast. What dost thou imagine was the motive that prevailed on Horatius to throw himself from the bridge, armed at all points, into the depth of the river Tyber? what induced Mutius to burn his hand and arm? what impelled Curtius to dart himself into the flaming gulph which opened in the midst of Rome? what prompted Cæsar to pass the Rubicon, in spite of all the unfavourable omens that appeared? and, to give you a more modern instance, what consideration bore the ships, and left on shore, encompassed with enemies, those valiant Spaniards in the new world, under the conduct of the most courteous Cortez? All these, and many other great and various exploits, are, were, and shall be performed, in consequence of that desire of fame, which flatters mortals with a share of that immortality which they deem the merited reward of their renowned atchievements: although we catholick Christian knights-errant ought to pay greater attention to that glory which is to come, and eternally survives within the etherial and celestial mansions, than to the vanity of that fame, which is obtained in this present perishable state, and which, considered in it's longest duration, must end at length with the world itself, which hath it's appointed period. Wherefore, Sancho, our works must not exceed the limits prescribed by the Christian religion which we profess. We must, in slaying giants, extirpate pride; get the better of envy by benevolence and virtue; resist anger with patience and forbearance; conquer gluttony and sloth by temperance and watchfulness; luxury and lewdness by our fidelity to those whom we constitute mistresses of our inclination; and idleness by travelling through all parts of

'the world in queſt of opportunities to 'evince ourſelves not only Chriſtians, 'but, moreover, renowned knights. 'Thus, Sancho, thou ſeeſt the means 'of acquiring that ſuperlative praiſe 'which produces fame and reputation.'

'All that your worſhip hath hither-'to ſaid,' replied the ſquire, 'I un-'derſtand perfectly well; but, for all 'that, I wiſh you would diſſolve me 'one doubt, which hath this moment 'ſtruck me in the noddle.'—'Thy 'meaning is reſolve, Sancho,' ſaid the knight: 'in good time, out with it, and 'I will give thee ſatisfaction, as far as 'my own knowledge extends.'—'Tell 'me, then, Signior,' proceeded Sancho, 'where now are all thoſe Julys and 'Auguſts, and adventureſome knights 'who died ſo long ago?'—'The Hea-'thens,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'are 'doubtleſs in hell; and the Chriſtians, 'if they were good catholicks, either 'in purgatory or in heaven.'—'Right,' ſaid the ſquire; 'let us next enquire, 'if the tombs that contain the bodies 'of that ſort of gentry are lighted with 'ſilver lamps; or the walls of their 'chapels adorned with crutches, wind-'ing ſheets, periwigs, legs, and eyes, 'made of wax; if not, pray in what 'manner are they adorned?' To this queſtion Don Quixote anſwered, that the ſepulchres of the heathen heroes were, for the moſt part, ſumptuous temples; the aſhes of Julius Cæſar were placed upon the top of a ſtone pyramid, of vaſt dimenſions, ſtill to be ſeen at Rome, under the name of St. Peter's obeliſk; the emperor Adri-an's tomb was a building as large as a good village, formerly called Moles Adriani, but at preſent the Caſtle of St. Angelo; and Queen Artemiſia buried her huſband Mauſolus in a monument, that was accounted one of the ſeven wonders of the world; but none of theſe ſepulchres, nor any other belong-ing to the heathens, were adorned with ſhrouds, offerings, or marks, to denote the ſanctity of the perſons there buried. 'So I perceive,' ſaid Sancho; 'and now tell me, whether it 'be more meritorious to ſlay a giant, 'or raiſe up the dead to life again?'—'The anſwer is plain,' replied the knight; 'it is more meritorious to re-'animate the dead.'—'Then I have 'caught you fairly,' cried the ſquire; 'he who revives the dead, reſtores ſight 'to the blind, ſtraightens the crooked, 'heals the ſick; before whoſe tomb the 'lamps continually burn, whoſe cha-'pels are filled with devout people who 'adore his relicks upon their knees; 'I ſay, he ſhall have more fame in this 'world, and that which is to come, than 'all the heathen emperors and knights-'errant that ever lived have left or will 'leave behind them.'—'I am very ſen-'ſible of the truth of what you alledge,' anſwered the knight. 'Now this fame, 'this grace, this prerogative, or what 'you call it,' reſumed the ſquire, 'is 'veſted in the bodies and relicks of the 'ſaints; and with the approbation and 'licence of our holy mother church, 'they have their lamps, tapers, ſhrouds, 'crutches, pictures, periwigs, eyes, 'and legs, whereby the devotion of the 'people is increaſed, and their own 'Chriſtian fame promulgated; the bo-'dies and relicks of ſaints are carried 'upon the ſhoulders of kings, who kiſs 'the very fragments of their bones, 'with which they enrich and adorn 'their moſt precious altars and orato-'ries.'—'What wouldſt thou have me 'infer from all this?' ſaid Don Quix-ote. 'My meaning,' replied Sancho, 'is, that we ſhould turn ſaints imme-'diately, and ſo with the greater diſ-'patch acquire that fame which we are 'in ſearch of; and pray take notice, 'Signior, it was but yeſterday, or t'other 'day, as one may ſay in compariſon, 'that they canonized and beatified two 'bare-footed friars; and people now 'think it a great happineſs to be al-'lowed to touch and kiſs the iron chains 'with which they girded and torment-'ed their poor bodies; and which are 'in greater eſteem than the ſword of 'Orlando, which, as the report goes, 'is kept in the armoury of our lord the 'king, whom God in Heaven bleſs: 'wherefore, dear maſter, it is better to 'be an humble friar of any order what-'ever, than the moſt valiant knight 'that ever breathed; for, with God, 'two dozen of diſciplines will more 'avail than as many thouſand back-'ſtrokes, whether they be beſtowed on 'giants, dragons, or hobgoblins.'—'All this is very true,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'but we cannot all be friars; 'and various are the paths by which 'God conducts the good to Heaven. 'Chivalry itſelf is a religious order, 'and ſome that were knights are now

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'saints in glory.'—'True,' resumed the squire, 'but I have often heard it 'observed, that there are more friars 'than knights in Heaven.'—'The 'reason,' said the knight, 'is, because 'there is a greater number of monks 'than of the other order.'—'And yet 'there are many knights-errant,' replied the squire. 'There is, indeed, a 'good number,' answered Don Quixote; 'but very few that deserve the 'name.'

In this, and other such discourse, they passed that night and the following day, without encountering any thing worthy of being mentioned; a circumstance that chagrined our knight not a little. Next day, however, in the twilight, they descried the great city of Toboso; at sight of which Don Quixote's spirits were exhilarated, and Sancho's depressed, because he did not know where to find the house of Dulcinea, whom he had never seen, neither had his master ever beheld this peerless princess; so that the one suffered perturbation from the desire of seeing her, and the other because he had not seen her; and, indeed, Sancho could not contrive how to manage the affair, when his master should send him to Toboso. In fine, Don Quixote resolved to enter the city in the dark; and with this view they tarried in a grove of oaks, not far from the gate, till the night was advanced; then entered the town, where they met with things which amount to things indeed.

CHAP. IX.

WHICH CONTAINS WHAT YOU WILL SEE IN THE PERUSAL OF IT.

IT was midnight, or thereabout, when Don Quixote and Sancho, leaving their covert, entered the city of Toboso, which was then in profound silence, all it's inhabitants being asleep, and lying with outstretched legs, as the saying is. The night was clear, though Sancho wished it otherwise, that in the darkness he might find an excuse for his imposition; and nothing was heard in the whole town but the barking of dogs, which thundered in Don Quixote's ears, and very much disturbed the heart of Sancho; yet, from time to time, they were saluted by the braying of asses, the grunting of hogs, and the mewing of cats; which different notes being augmented by the stillness of the night, were considered as ill omens by the enamoured knight, who nevertheless said to his squire, 'Son Sancho, 'lead on to the palace of Dulcinea, 'whom, perhaps, we shall find awake.' —'Body of the sun!' cried Sancho, 'what palace should I lead to? when I 'saw her highness she was in a very 'small cottage.'—'Then she must have 'been retired,' answered the knight, 'to some small apartment of her castle, 'to divert herself with her damsels, according to the use and custom of princesses and ladies of rank.'—'Signior,' said the squire, 'since your worship, in 'spite of all that I can say, will 'have my Lady Dulcinea's house to 'be a castle, is this an hour to find the 'gate open? and will it be decent for 'us to throw the whole family into 'confusion and uproar, by making a 'racket, and demanding entrance, at 'this time of night? Do you think we 'are going to a bawdy-house, like your 'fornicators, who rap and knock, and 'enter at any hour of the four and 'twenty?'—'First of all, let us fairly 'find the castle,' replied the knight, 'and then I will tell thee what is to be 'done; and take notice, Sancho, for 'either mine eye-sight fails me, or that 'great shadowy building before us is 'the palace of Dulcinea.'—'Advance, 'then,' answered Sancho, 'perhaps it 'may be so; and yet, though I should 'see it with mine eyes, and touch it 'with my hands, I will believe it as 'much as I believe it is now twelve 'o'clock at noon.'

Don Quixote, however, proceeded; and having gone about two hundred paces, came up with the building that produced the shadow, and perceiving it an high steeple, found it was no castle, but in reality the principal church in town. 'We are arrived at the cathe-'dral, Sancho,' said he. 'So I per-'ceive,' replied the squire, 'and God 'grant we be not arrived at our graves! 'for it is no good sign to be strolling 'about church-yards at these hours: 'besides, I have already told your 'worship, (if my memory serves me 'right) that my lady's house stands in 'a blind alley.'—'The curse of God 'light on thee, for a blockhead as thou 'art!' cried Don Quixote; 'where didst 'thou ever hear of castles and royal pa-

'laces built in blind alleys?'—'Signior,' anſwered Sancho, 'every country has it's own cuſtoms; and perhaps 'it is the cuſtom here, in Toboſo, to 'raiſe palaces and grand edifices in 'blind alleys; I therefore humbly beſeech your worſhip to let me ſearch 'all the ſtreets and alleys I ſhall meet 'with; and who knows but in ſome 'corner I may light on this fame 'caſtle, which I wiſh the dogs had devoured, before it had brought us to 'ſuch perplexity and confuſion?'—'Talk reſpectfully, Sancho, of thoſe 'things that appertain to my miſtreſs,' ſaid the knight; 'let us ſpend our holiday in peace, and not throw the 'helve after the hatchet.'—'Well, I 'will be pacified,' anſwered the ſquire; 'though how can I endure your worſhip ſhould expect that I who have 'ſeen my lady's houſe but once, 'ſhould know it always, and even 'find it out in the middle of the night, 'when you yourſelf are at a loſs, though 'you muſt have ſeen it a thouſand 'times?'—'You diſtract me, Sancho,' cried Don Quixote; 'hark ye, here'tick, have not I told you a thouſand 'times, that in all the days of my life, 'I never ſaw the peerleſs Dulcinea, nor 'ever croſſed the threſhold of her palace, being only enamoured by hear'ſay, and the great reputation of her 'beauty and diſcretion?'—'I hear your 'worſhip ſay ſo now,' replied Sancho; 'and tell you in my turn, that if you 'have not ſeen her, no more have I.' —'That is impoſſible,' reſumed the knight; 'at leaſt, you told me you 'had ſeen her winnowing wheat, 'when you brought back an anſwer to 'the letter with which I ſent you to 'her habitation.'—'Truly, Signior, 'you muſt not depend upon that,' anſwered Sancho; 'for you muſt know, 'my ſeeing her, and bringing back the 'anſwer, was alſo upon hearſay; and 'I am as incapable of giving any ac'count of the Lady Dulcinea, as I am 'of pulling the moon by the noſe.' 'Sancho! Sancho!' ſaid Don Quixote, 'there is a time for jeſting, and a time 'when jokes are very unſeaſonable; 'though I ſay I have never ſeen or 'ſpoke with the miſtreſs of my ſoul, 'there is no reaſon for thy making the 'ſame declaration, which thou know'eſt is ſo contrary to the truth.'

While they thus converſed together, they perceived a perſon paſſing that way with a couple of mules; and by the noiſe of a plough-ſhare, which they dragged along, juſtly concluded that he was a peaſant who had riſen before day to go to labour: they were not miſtaken; it was actually a labourer, who went along ſinging the ballad of Ronſcevalles*; which the knight no ſooner heard, than he exclaimed, 'Let me die, San'cho! if any thing lucky will befal 'us to-night; don't you hear what 'that peaſant is ſinging?'—'Yes,' ſaid Sancho; 'but what has the defeat at 'Ronſcevalles to do with our affair? 'If he had ſung the ballad of Calay'nos, it would have been the ſame 'thing with regard to our good or evil 'fortune.'

Don Quixote ſaid to the peaſant, who was by this time come-up, 'Can you 'tell me, honeſt friend, and the bleſ'ſing of God attend you, in what 'part of this city ſtands the palace of 'the peerleſs princeſs Donna Dulcinea 'del Toboſo?'—'Signor,' anſwered the young man, 'I am a ſtranger, and 'have been but a few days in town, in 'the ſervice of a rich farmer, whoſe 'lands I till; but in that houſe that 'fronts you live the curate and ſexton 'of the pariſh, and either or both can 'give your worſhip an account of that 'fame princeſs, for they keep a regiſter 'of all the inhabitants of Toboſo, 'though I believe, there is no ſuch 'thing as a princeſs in the whole place: 'there are, indeed, many ladies of fa'ſhion, and every one may be a prin'ceſs in her own houſe.'—'She whom 'I aſk for muſt be one of theſe,' ſaid the knight. 'It may be ſo,' anſwered the peaſant; 'but I ſhall be overtaken 'by the morning.' So ſaying, he drove on his mules, without waiting for any more queſtions.

Sancho, ſeeing his maſter in ſuſpence, and over and above diſſatisfied, 'Sig'nior,' ſaid he, 'day begins to break, 'and it will not be altogether conve'nient to let the ſun find us here in the 'ſtreet: we had better quit the city, and 'look out for ſome wood in the neigh'bourhood, where your worſhip may

* Like our Chevy Chaſe.

'enjoy

'enjoy the cool ſhade; and I will re-
'turn by day, and ſearch every hole
'and cranny in Toboſo for this houſe,
'caſtle, or palace of my lady, and it
'will be very unfortunate, indeed, if I
'cannot find it; and if I have the good
'luck to meet with her ladyſhip, I will
'tell her where and how I have left
'your worſhip, in expectation of her
'contriving ſome means whereby you
'may viſit her, without any prejudice
'to her honour and reputation.'—
'Sancho,' cried Don Quixote, 'thou
'haſt uttered a thouſand ſentences
'within the compaſs of a few words:
'the counſel thou haſt given me I re-
'liſh, and moſt willingly receive. Come,
'my ſon, let us go in queſt of ſome
'thicket, where I may embower my-
'ſelf, while thou ſhalt return to ſeek,
'ſee, and talk with my miſtreſs, from
'whoſe courteſy and diſcretion I hope
'to receive more than miraculous fa-
'vours.'

Sancho burned with impatience to ſee his maſter fairly out of town, that he might not detect the falſhood of the anſwer which he pretended to bring from Dulcinea, while he remained in the Brown Mountain: he therefore preſſed him to depart, and about two miles from the city they found a thicket or wood, where Don Quixote took up his reſidence, while Sancho went back to commune with Dulcinea; and, in the courſe of his embaſſy, met with adventures that demand new credit and freſh attention.

CHAP. X.

GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF THE STRATAGEM WHICH SANCHO PRACTISED, IN ORDER TO INCHANT THE LADY DULCINEA—WITH OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES EQUALLY LUDICROUS AND TRUE.

THE author of this ſtupendous hiſtory, when he comes to relate what is contained in this chapter, ſays, he would have willingly paſſed it over in ſilence, becauſe he was afraid that it would not be believed; for here the madneſs of Don Quixote ſoars to the higheſt pitch of extravagance that can be imagined, and even by two bow ſhots, at leaſt, exceeds all credit and conception: yet, notwithſtanding this jealouſy and apprehenſion, he has recounted it in the ſame manner as it happened, without adding to the hiſtory, or detracting one tittle from the truth, undervaluing the riſk he runs of being deemed apocryphal: and ſurely he was in the right; for truth may bend, but will never break, and always ſurmounts falſhood, as oil floats above water. Wherefore he proceeds in the narrative, ſaying—

Don Quixote having taken his ſtation in the foreſt, grove, or wood, near to the great city of Toboſo, ordered Sancho to go back to town, and not return to his preſence before he ſhould have ſpoken to his miſtreſs, and begged, in his name, that ſhe would be pleaſed to grant an interview to her captive knight, and deign to beſtow upon him her bleſſing, through which he might expect the moſt happy iſſue to all his attempts and enterprizes.

The ſquire, having undertaken to execute this command, and to bring back as favourable an anſwer as he had brought the firſt time; 'Go, my ſon,' ſaid the knight, 'and be not confound-
'ed when you find yourſelf beamed
'upon by that reſplendent ſun of beau-
'ty, which is the object of your en-
'quiry: happy thou, above all the
'ſquires that ever lived! Be ſure to
'retain in thy memory every circum-
'ſtance of thy reception; obſerve if
'ſhe changes colour, while thou art
'delivering my meſſage; if ſhe is diſ-
'compoſed, and under confuſion at the
'mention of my name; whether ſhe
'ſinks upon her cuſhion, or happens at
'the time to be ſeated under the rich
'canopy of her authority; if ſhe be
'ſtanding, take notice whether or not
'ſhe ſometimes ſupports herſelf on one
'foot, ſometimes on the other; and if
'ſhe repeats her anſwer more than once,
'changing it from kind to harſh, from
'ſour to amorous; and if ſhe lifts up
'her hand to adjuſt her hair, although
'it be not diſorderd; finally, ſon,
'mark all her geſtures and emotions;
'and if thou bringeſt me an exact de-
'tail of them, I ſhall be able to di-
'vine her moſt abſtruſe ſentiments,
'touching the concerns of my paſſion:
'for know, Sancho, if thou art ſtill
'to learn, among lovers, the leaſt ge-
'ſticulation in their external behaviour,
'while the converſation turns upon
'their amours, is, as it were, a meſ-
'ſenger

'fenger that brings a moſt certain account of what paſſes within the ſoul. Go, friend, and enjoy thy fate, ſo much more favourable than thy maſter's; and return with much more ſucceſs than that which I dread and expect in this cruel ſolitude, where I now remain.'—'I go,' replied Sancho, 'and will return in a twinkling; therefore, good your worſhip, do encourage that little heart of yours, which, at preſent, muſt be no bigger than a hazle-nut; and conſider, as the ſaying is, A ſtout heart flings misfortune; Where you meet with no hooks, you need expect no bacon; and again, The hare often ſtarts, where the hunter leaſts expects her. This I obſerve, becauſe, though we did not find the palace and caſtle of my lady in the night; now that it is day, I hope to ſtumble upon it, when I leaſt expect to ſee it; and if ſo be I once catch it, let me alone with her.'—'Sancho,' ſaid the knight, 'God grant me better fortune in my deſires than you have in the application of the proverbs you utter.'

This was no ſooner ſaid, than Sancho ſwitching Dapple, quitted the knight, who remained on horſeback, reſting his legs upon his ſtirrups, and leaning upon his lance, his imagination being engroſſed by the moſt melancholy ſuggeſtions. Here let us leave him, and proceed with Sancho Panza; who, parting from his maſter, in equal perplexity and confuſion, no ſooner found himſelf clear of the wood, than looking back, and perceiving that Don Quixote was not in ſight, he alighted from his aſs, and ſitting down at the root of a tree, began to catechiſe himſelf in theſe words: 'Brother Sancho, be ſo good as to let us know, where your worſhip is going? Are you in ſearch of ſome ſtray beaſt?—No, truly!—What then is your errand?—Why, really, I am going in ſearch of a thing of nought, a princeſs, God wot! and in her, the ſun and the whole heaven of beauty. And, pray, where may you expect to meet with this that you mention, Sancho?—Where, but in the great city of Toboſo.—Well, and by whoſe order are you going upon this enquiry?—By order of the renowned knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, the righter of wrongs, who gives thirſt to the hungry, and food to thoſe that are dry.—All this is mighty well; but do you know the houſe, Sancho?—My maſter ſays, it muſt be ſome royal palace, or ſtately caſtle.—But have you never once ſeen this ſame princeſs?—Neither I nor he ever ſet eyes on her.—And do you think it will be well beſtowed, if the inhabitants of Toboſo, getting notice that you are come with an intention to wheedle away their princeſſes, and diſturb their dames, ſhould break every bone of your ſkin, and grind your ribs to a paſte, with pure cudgelling?—Verily they would not be much to blame, unleſs they conſidered, that I do nothing but execute my maſter's command, and being only a meſſenger, am not in fault.—Never truſt to that, Sancho; for the Manchegans are as cholerick as honourable, and will not ſuffer themſelves to be tickled by any perſon whatever. Ecod! if you are once ſmoked, you will come but ſcurvily off.—Bodikins! ſince that be the caſe, why ſhould I plague myſelf, ſeeking a cat with three legs, for another man's pleaſure?—Beſides, you may as well ſeek for a magpye in Rabena, or a batchelor in Salamanca, as for Dulcinea in Toboſo.—The devil, and none but the devil, has ſent me on this fool's errand!'

The reſult of this ſoliloquy was another, that broke out in theſe words: 'There is a remedy for every thing but death, under whoſe yoke we muſt all paſs, will we nill we, when this life is at an end. This maſter of mine, as I have perceived by a thouſand inſtances, is mad enough to be ſhackled among ſtraw; and truly I am not much behind him in folly; nay, indeed, I am more mad than he, ſeeing I ſerve and follow him, if there be any truth in the proverb that ſays, Tell me your company, and I will tell you your manners: and the other, Not he with whom you was bred, but he by whom you are fed. Now he being, as he certainly is, a madman; aye, and ſo mad as for the moſt part to miſtake one thing for another, affirming white to be black, and black to be white; as plainly appeared when he took the windmills for giants, the mules of the friars for dromedaries, the flocks of ſheep for oppoſite armies; and a great many other things in the ſame ſtile: I

'ſay,

'say, it will be no difficult matter to 'make him believe the first country-'wench I shall meet with to be his 'mistress Dulcinea; and if he boggles 'at swallowing the cheat, I will swear 'lustily to the truth of what I affirm; 'and if he swears also, I will swear 'again; and if he is positive, I will be 'more positive; so that come what will, 'my obstinacy shall always exceed his. 'Perhaps, by this stubborn behaviour, 'I shall get rid of all such troublesome 'messages for the future; when he finds 'what disagreeable answers I bring; or 'perhaps, which I rather believe, he 'will think that one of those inchant-'ers, who, he says, bear him a grudge, 'hath transmographied her shape, in 'order to vex and disquiet him.'

Sancho having found out this expedient, was quite calm and satisfied in his mind, and thinking he had brought the business to a good bearing, remained where he was till the evening, that Don Quixote might think he had sufficient time to execute his orders, and return. Every thing succeeded so well to his wish, that when he got up to mount Dapple, he descried three country wenches riding from Toboso, towards the place where he stood, upon three young he or she asses, for the author does not declare their sex; though in all likelihood they were of the female gender, as your village maidens commonly ride upon she-asses; but this being a circumstance of small importance, we shall not give ourselves any trouble to ascertain it.

In short, Sancho no sooner perceived the wenches, than he rode back at a round trot to his master, whom he found sighing bitterly, and pouring forth a thousand amorous complaints; the knight seeing him arrive, 'Well, friend 'Sancho,' said he, 'is this day to be 'marked with a white or black stone?' —'Your worship,' answered the squire, 'had better mark it with red ochre, 'like the titles on a professor's chair, 'that it may be seen the better by those 'who look at it.'—'At that rate,' replied Don Quixote, 'thou bringest me 'good news.'—'So good,' answered Sancho, 'that your worship has nothing 'to do but to mount Rozinante, and 'gallop into the plain, where you will 'see my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso and 'two of her damsels coming this way 'to pay you a visit.'—'Gracious God!' cried the knight, 'what is that you 'say, friend Sancho? Take care how 'you deceive me! endeavouring, by 'feigned joy, to enliven my real sad-'ness.'—'What should I get by de-'ceiving your worship?' said the squire. 'Besides, you can easily be satisfied of 'the truth of what I say. Make haste, 'Signior, come and see our mistress the 'princess, arrayed and adorned; in 'short, as she ought to be; her dam-'sels and she are all one flame of gold; 'all covered with pearls, diamonds, 'rubies, and brocade, more than ten 'hands deep; their hair flowing loose 'about their shoulders, like so many 'sun-beams waving with the wind; 'and moreover they are mounted on 'three pied belfreys, that it would do 'one's heart good to see them.'—'Pal-'freys, you mean, Sancho,' said the knight. 'There is no great difference,' answered the squire, 'between palfreys 'and belfreys; but, be that as it will, 'they are the finest creatures one would 'desire to see, especially my Lady Dul-'cinea, who is enough to stupify the 'five senses.'—'Come, then, my son,' replied Don Quixote; 'and as a gra-'tuity for bringing this piece of news, 'equally welcome and unexpected, I 'bestow upon thee the spoils of the first 'adventure I shall atchieve; and if 'thou art not satisfied with that recom-'pence, I will give unto thee the foals 'that shall this year be brought forth 'by my three mares, which thou 'knowest we left with young upon our 'town common.'—'I stick to the 'foals,' cried the squire, 'for as to the 'spoils of our first adventure, I ques-'tion whether or not they will be worth 'accepting.'

By this time, they were clear of the wood, and in sight of the three country-maidens; when the knight lifting up his eyes, and surveying the whole road to Toboso, without seeing any thing but them, began to be troubled in mind, and asked Sancho if the ladies had got out of town when he left them. 'Out of town?' said Sancho. 'What! 'are your worship's eyes in the nape of 'your neck, that you don't see them 'coming towards us, glittering and 'shining like the sun at noon?'—'I 'see nobody,' replied the knight, 'but 'three country wenches riding upon 'asses.'—'God deliver me from the 'devil!' cried the squire, 'is it pos-

'sible

'ſible that three belfreys, or how-d'ye-'call-ums, white as the driven ſnow, 'ſhould appear no better than aſſes in 'your worſhip's eyes? By the Lord! 'I'll give you leave to pluck off every 'hair of my beard if that be the caſe.' —'Then I tell thee, Sancho,' ſaid his maſter, 'they are as certainly he or ſhe-'aſſes as I am Don Quixote, and thou 'Sancho Panza; at leaſt, ſo they ſeem to 'me.'—'Hold your tongue, Signior,' replied Sancho, 'and never talk in that 'manner, but ſnuff your eyes, and go 'and make your reverence to the miſ-'treſs of your heart, who is juſt at 'hand.'

So ſaying, he advanced towards the damſels, and alighting from Dapple, ſeized one of their beaſts by the halter; then fell upon his knees before the rider, to whom he addreſſed himſelf in this manner: 'Queen, princeſs, and du-'cheſs of beauty, will your highneſs 'and greatneſs be pleaſed to receive 'into grace and favour your captive 'knight, who ſits there ſtupified to 'ſtone, utterly confounded and depriv-'ed of pulſe, at ſeeing himſelf in pre-'ſence of your magnificence; I am 'Sancho Panza his ſquire, and he is the 'perplexed and down-trodden knight 'Don Quixote de La Mancha, alias 'the Knight of the Rueful Counte-'nance.'

By this time Don Quixote having placed himſelf on his knees, by Sancho, gazed with ſtaring eyes and troubled viſion, upon the object which the ſquire called queen and princeſs; and perceiving nothing but a country-wench's viſage, and that none of the moſt agreeable, for it was round and flat-noſed, he remained in the utmoſt confuſion and ſurprize, without daring to open his lips. The other two damſels were equally aſtoniſhed at ſeeing a couple of ſuch different figures kneeling before their companion, whom they had detained; but ſhe, breaking ſilence, pronounced in a moſt ungracious and reſentful manner, 'Get out of the way, 'and let us paſs, for we are in a hurry.' To this apoſtrophe Sancho replied, 'O 'princeſs and univerſal Lady of To-'boſo! do not your magnificent bowels 'yearn to ſee upon his marrow-bones 'before your ſublimated preſence, the 'very pillar and prop of knight-er-'rantry?' One of the other two hearing this pathetick remonſtance, bauled aloud, 'Would I had the currying that aſs's 'hide of thine: mind, forſooth, how 'your ſmall gentry come and paſs their 'gibes upon us country-folks; as if 'we could not give them as good as 'they bring. Go about your buſineſs, 'friend, and leave us to mind our'n, 'and ſo God b'w'ye.'

Here the knight interpoſing, ſaid, 'Riſe, Sancho, I can plainly perceive 'that fortune, not yet tired of perſe-'cuting me, hath barred every avenue 'by which any comfort could arrive at 'the miſerable ſoul that this carcaſe 'contains: and thou! the eſſence of 'every thing that is deſirable in nature, 'thou ſum of human perfection, and 'ſole remedy of this afflicted heart, by 'which thou art adored! although that 'malicious inchanter, my inveterate 'enemy, hath ſpread clouds and cata-'racts before mine eyes, to them and 'them only changing and transforming 'thy unequalled beauty into the ap-'pearance of a poor country-wench; 'if he hath not alſo altered my figure 'into that of ſome frightful ſpectre, 'horrid to thy view, deign to look upon 'me with complacency and love; be-'cauſe thou mayeſt perceive by this 'ſubmiſſive poſture I have aſſumed, 'even before thy perſon thus diſguiſed, 'the humility with which my ſoul 'adores thy charms.'—'You may go 'kiſs my grannam,' cried the damſel; 'I'm a fine Madam, truly, to hear ſuch 'gibberiſh; we ſhould be more obliged 'to you if you would get out of our 'way, and let us go about our own 'affairs.'

Sancho accordingly quitted his hold, leaving her free to go whither ſhe would, and highly pleaſed with the iſſue of his ſtratagem. The ſuppoſititious Dulcinea no ſooner found herſelf at liberty, than pricking her palfrey with a goad which was in the end of a ſtick ſhe had in her hand, the creature galloped acroſs the field with great ſpeed, and feeling the application more ſevere than uſual, began to plunge and kick in ſuch a manner, that my lady fell to the ground. Don Quixote perceiving this accident, ran with great eagerneſs to raiſe her up, and Sancho made haſte to adjuſt and gird on the pannel, which had got under the aſs's belly. This affair being ſet to rights, the knight went to lift his inchanted miſtreſs in his arms, and placed her on her ſeat again; but



Plate II.

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but she, starting up from the ground, saved him that trouble; for, retreating a few paces backwards, she made a small run, and clapping both hands upon the crupper, leaped upon the pannel as nimble as a falcon, seating herself astride like a man.

'By St. Roque!' cried Sancho, 'my 'lady mistress is as light as a hawk, 'and can teach the most dextrous horse-'man to ride; at one jump she has 'sprung into the saddle, and, without 'spurs, made her palfrey fly like any 'zebra: and truly, her damsels are not 'a whit behind; for they go scouring 'along as swift as the wind.' This was actually true; for Dulcinea was no sooner remounted than the other two trotted after her, and at last disappeared, after having gone more than half a league, at full speed, without once looking behind them.

Don Quixote followed them with his eyes, until they vanished; then turning to his squire, 'Sancho,' said he, 'thou 'seest how I am persecuted by inchant-'ers, and mayest perceive how far the 'malice and grudge they bear me ex-'tends; seeing they have deprived me 'of the pleasure I should have enjoyed 'at the sight of my mistress in her own 'beauteous form. Surely, I was born 'to be an example of misery; the very 'mark and butt for all the arrows of 'misfortune; nay, thou art also to ob-'serve, Sancho, that those traitors were 'not contented with a simple metamor-'phosis of my Dulcinea, but have 'transformed and changed her into the 'base and homely figure of that coun-'try-wench; robbing her, at the same 'time, of that which is so peculiar to 'ladies of fashion, I mean, that sweet 'scent which is the result of their liv-'ing among flowers and perfume; for 'know, my friend, when I went to 'lift Dulcinea upon her palfrey, as 'thou sayest it was, though to me it 'seemed neither more nor less than a 'she-ass, I was almost suffocated and 'poisoned with a whiff of undigested 'garlick!'

'O ye miscreants!' cried Sancho, 'O ye malicious and mischievous in-'chanters! would to God, I could see 'you all strung by the gills, like so 'many haddocks! much you know, 'much you can, and much more will 'you still be doing. Was it not 'enough, ye knaves, to change the 'pearls of my lady's eyes into a couple 'of cork-tree galls, and her hair of 'shining gold into the bristles of a red 'cow's tail; and, in short, so transmo-'graphy every feature of her counte-'nance; without your meddling with 'the sweetness of her breath, by which 'they might have discovered what was 'concealed beneath that bark of home-'liness: though, to tell the truth, I saw 'not her homeliness but beauty, which 'was exceedingly increased by a mole 'upon her upper lip, something like a 'whisker, consisting of seven or eight red 'hairs, like threads of gold, as long as 'my hand.'—'According to the cor-'respondence which the moles of the 'face have with those of the body,' said Don Quixote, 'Dulcinea must 'have just such another on the brawny 'part of her thigh, of the same side; 'but hairs of such a length are, me-'thinks, rather too long for moles.'—'I do assure your worship,' answered Sancho, 'they seemed as if they had 'come into the world with her.'—'I 'very well believe what you say, my 'friend,' replied the knight; 'for na-'ture hath bestowed nothing on Dul-'cinea but what is perfectly finished; 'wherefore, if thou hadst seen an hun-'dred such moles, in her would they 'be so many moons and resplendent 'stars: but tell me, Sancho, that which 'you adjusted, and which to me seemed 'a pannel, was it a plain pad or a side-'saddle?'—'It was a great side-sad-'dle,' answered the squire, 'so rich that 'half the kingdom would not buy it.' —'And why could not I see all this!' said the knight. 'I say again, San-'cho, and will repeat it a thousand 'times, that I am the most unfortu-'nate of men.'

The rogue Sancho, finding his master so dextrously gulled, and hearing him talk in this mad strain, could scarce refrain from laughing in his face: in fine, a good deal more of this sort of conversation having passed between them, they remounted their beasts, and took the road to Saragosa, where they expected to arrive time enough to be present at the solemn festival yearly celebrated in that famous city; but before they accomplished their journey, they met with adventures, which, for their variety, novelty, and greatness, deserve to be read and recorded, as in the sequel.

CHAP. XI.

OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE WHICH BEFEL THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE, WITH THE CART OR WAGGON CONTAINING THE PARLIAMENT OF DEATH.

DON Quixote jogged along exceedingly penſive, his thoughts being engroſſed by the ſcurvy trick which the inchanters had played him, in tranſforming his miſtreſs Dulcinea into the diſagreeable figure of a country-wench; and he could not conceive what remedy he ſhould find for reſtoring her to her former ſhape. So much was he abſorbed in this reflection, that he inſenſibly dropped the reins upon the neck of Rozinante, who being ſenſible of the liberty he enjoyed, at every two ſteps turned aſide to take a pluck at the inviting paſture with which thoſe fields abounded. At length Sancho Panza rouzed him from this fit of muſing, ſaying, 'Signior, melancholy was not made for 'beaſts, but for men; and yet if men 'encourage melancholy too much, they 'become no better than beaſts: good 'your worſhip, be contented, mind 'what you're about, take hold of Rozinante's reins, rouze up, awake, and 'ſhew that gaiety which all knights-'errant ought to have. What the 'devil is the meaning of all this faint-'heartedneſs? Sure you don't know 'whether we are here or in France! let 'Satan rather run away with all the 'Dulcineas upon earth; for the health 'of one ſingle knight is of more value 'than all the inchanted perſons or trans-'formations that ever were known.'—'Peace, Sancho,' cried Don Quixote, with a voice that was none of the fainteſt, 'Peace, I ſay; and utter not ſuch 'blaſphemies againſt that inchanted 'lady, of whoſe diſgrace and misfor-'tune I am the ſole cauſe: for, from 'the envy of my wicked foes, her miſ-'chance hath ſprung.'—'So I ſay,' anſwered Sancho; 'for, He that hath ſeen 'her before, let him look at her now, 'and her fortune deplore.'—'Well 'mayeſt thou make that obſervation, 'Sancho,' ſaid the knight, 'ſeeing thou 'ſaweſt her in the full perfection of her 'beauty, as the inchantment did not 'extend ſo far as to diſturb thy viſion, 'or conceal her charms from thy view. 'No! againſt me alone, and my long-'ing eyes, was the force of it's poiſon 'directed! Yet, nevertheleſs, Sancho, 'I cannot help obſerving, that you 'made but an indifferent picture of her 'beauty; for if I rightly remember, 'you likened her eyes to pearls; now, 'eyes reſembling pearls, are more pecu-'liar to dead whitings than to living 'beauties; and, in my conjecture, 'Dulcinea's muſt be rather like green 'emeralds, arched over with two ce-'leſtial rainbows: thoſe pearls, there-'fore, muſt be compared to her teeth, 'which, without doubt, you have miſ-'taken for her eyes.'—'Nothing more 'likely,' anſwered the ſquire, 'for I 'was as much confounded by her beauty 'as your worſhip by her uglineſs; but 'let us recommend this whole buſineſs 'to God, who fore-ordains every thing 'that is to happen in this vale of tears; 'in this evil world of ours, where 'ſcarce any thing is to be had, with-'out a mixture of falſhood, knavery, 'and ſin. One thing, dear Sir, of all 'others, gives me the greateſt pain; 'and that is, to think what method is 'to be fallen upon, when your wor-'ſhip, after having vanquiſhed ſome 'giant or knight, ſhall command him 'to go and preſent himſelf before the 'beauty of the Lady Dulcinea, where 'will this poor giant, or this poor mi-'ſerable object of a vanquiſhed knight, 'find out the perſon to whom he is ſent? 'Methinks I ſee them ſtrolling up and 'down, and gaping about thro' the ſtreets 'of Toboſo, in queſt of my Lady Dulci-'nea; and if they ſhould ſtumble upon 'her in their way, they would no more 'know her than they would know my 'father.'—'Sancho,' reſumed Don Quixote, 'perhaps the inchantment will not 'extend ſo far as to diſguiſe Dulcinea 'to the eyes of thoſe vanquiſhed giants 'and knights who ſhall preſent them-'ſelves before her; and in one or two 'of the firſt whom I ſhall conquer 'and ſend thither, we will make the 'experiment, commanding them to re-'turn and give me an account of what 'ſhall happen to them, with regard to 'that affair.'—'Truly, Signior,' ſaid Sancho, 'I heartily approve of your 'worſhip's ſcheme; becauſe, by this 'artifice, we will ſoon learn what we 'want to know; and if ſo be that ſhe 'is only concealed from your worſhip, 'you are the moſt unfortunate perſon

'of

'of the two; for as my Lady Dulcinea 'enjoys good health and ſatisfaction, 'we will comfort ourſelves, and make 'the beſt of a bad bargain, going about 'in queſt of adventures, and leaving 'the reſt to time, who is the beſt phy-'ſician for theſe and other greater ca-'lamities.'

Don Quixote would have replied, but was prevented by the appearance of a ſort of waggon that croſſed the road, full of the ſtrangeſt figures that can be imagined, and conducted by a frightful dæmon that drove the mules. The cart being altogether open, without tilt or cover, the firſt figure that ſtruck the eyes of Don Quixote, was Death itſelf in human ſhape; next to which appeared an angel with broad painted wings; on one ſide, ſtood an emperor with a crown (ſeemingly) of gold, upon his head; and hard by Death, was the god Cupid, with his bow, quiver, and arrows, but without the bandage on his eyes; there was likewiſe a knight armed cap-a-pee, except that he wore neither helmet nor head-piece, but a hat adorned with a plume of variegated feathers. Beſides theſe, there were other perſonages of different countenance and dreſs; ſo that the whole groupe appearing of a ſudden, diſcompoſed our hero a little, and filled the heart of Sancho with fear; but Don Quixote ſoon recollected himſelf, and rejoiced, becauſe he looked upon it as ſome new and perilous adventure. On this ſuppoſition, and with an effort of courage capable of encountering the greateſt danger, he placed himſelf before the wain, and with a loud and threatening voice, pronounced, 'Driver, 'coachman, devil, or whatſoever thou 'art, tell me ſtraight, whither thou art 'going, and who thoſe people are whom 'thou driveſt in that carriage, which 'looks more like Charon's bark than 'any modern vehicle.' The devil ſtopping his waggon very courteouſly, replied, 'Signior, we are players be-'longing to the company of Angulo el 'Malo, and have, this morning, which 'is the octave of Corpus Chriſti, been 'repreſenting, in a village on the other 'ſide of yon hill, the piece called the 'Parliament of Death, which we are 'going to act over again, this very 'evening, in that other village now in 'ſight; we therefore travel in our ha-'bits, to ſave ourſelves the trouble of 'undreſſing and dreſſing anew; this 'young man plays the part of Death, 'that other repreſents an angel; the 'woman, who is the author's wife, 'acts the queen; he with the plume of 'feathers is our hero; the emperor you 'may diſtinguiſh by his gilded crown; 'and I am the devil, which is one of 'the beſt characters in the perform-'ance, for I myſelf am the chief ac-'tor of this company. If your wor-'ſhip is deſirous of knowing any thing 'elſe concerning our affairs, queſtion 'me freely, and I will anſwer with the 'utmoſt punctuality, for being a devil 'I underſtand every thing.'

'By the faith of a knight-errant!' ſaid Don Quixote, 'when I firſt de-'ſcried the waggon, I thought myſelf 'on the eve of ſome great adventure; 'and now I affirm, that a man ought 'to examine things with more ſenſes 'than one, before he can be aſſured of 'the truth; proceed, my honeſt friends, 'a God's name, in order to exhibit 'your entertainment, and if I can ſerve 'you in any reſpect, you may com-'mand my endeavours, which ſhall be 'heartily and freely exerted for your 'advantage; for, from my childhood, 'I have been a great lover of maſques 'and theatrical repreſentations.'

While this converſation paſſed between them, they chanced to be overtaken by one of the company, dreſſed in motley, hung round with a number of morrice-bells, with a pole in his hand, to the end of which were tied three blown ox-bladders. This merry-andrew advancing to Don Quixote, began to fence with his pole, beating the ground with his bladders, and ſkipping about, ſo that his bells rung continually: till at length Rozinante, being diſturbed at the uncommon apparition, took the bridle between his teeth; and the knight being unable to reſtrain him, began to gallop acroſs the plain with more nimbleneſs than could have been expected from the bones of his anatomy. Sancho ſeeing his maſter in danger of falling, leaped from Dapple, and ran with all diſpatch to give him all poſſible aſſiſtance; but before he came up, the knight was overthrown cloſe by Rozinante, who had come to the ground with his lord; and this was the uſual end and conſequence of all his frolickſome adventures. Scarce had Sancho quitted his beaſt, to run to the

assistance of his master, when the bladder-shaking devil jumped upon Dapple, and began to belabour him with his rattle; so that being frightened at the noise, rather than with the smart of the application, he took to his heels, and flew towards the village where they intended to perform. Sancho seeing, at the same time, the career of Dapple, and his master's fall, scarce knew which of these misfortunes he ought first to remedy; but at length, as became a loyal servant and trusty squire, his love for his master prevailed over his tenderness for the beast; though every time he saw the bladders raised aloft, and discharged upon Dapple's buttocks, he felt the pangs and tortures of death, and would rather have received every thwack upon the apple of his own eye than have seen it fall upon the least hair of his ass's tail.

In this state of perplexity and tribulation, he arrived at the place where Don Quixote lay in a very indifferent plight, and helping him to mount Rozinante, 'Signior,' said he, 'the devil 'has run away with Dapple.'—'Which 'devil?' cried the knight. 'He with 'the bladders,' answered the squire. 'I will retrieve him,' replied Don Quixote, 'even if he should conceal him 'in the darkest and deepest dungeon in 'hell; follow me, Sancho, the waggon 'moves slowly, and the mules shall 'atone for the loss of Dapple.'

'There is no occasion for putting 'ourselves to that trouble,' said the squire: 'good your worship, be pacified! for I see the devil has quitted 'my ass, and returned to the rest of his 'crew.'

This observation was actually true; Dapple and his new rider had come to the ground, in imitation of the knight and Rozinante: upon which the devil trudged on foot to the village, and the ass returned to his right owner. 'For 'all that,' said Don Quixote, 'it will 'not be amiss to punish the troop for 'that devil's incivility, though it should 'be in the person of the emperor himself.'—'I hope your worship's imagination will harbour no such thoughts,' answered Sancho; 'take my advice, 'and never meddle with players, who 'are a set of people in such high favour with the publick, that I have 'known an actor taken up for two 'murders, and yet 'scape scot-free; 'your worship must know, that being 'the ministers of mirth and pleasure, 'they are favoured, protected, assisted, 'and esteemed by every body; especially if they belong to the king's 'company, or to some grandee; in 'which case all, or most of them, look 'like princes in their manners and 'dress.'—'Nevertheless,' replied the knight, 'that farcical devil shall not 'escape unpunished, or applaud himself 'for what he has done, though all 'mankind should appear in his favour.'

So saying, he rode towards the waggon, which was by this time pretty near the village, and called aloud, 'Stay, my merry men; halt a little, 'and I will teach you how to treat the 'asses and cattle belonging to the 'squires of knights-errant.' Don Quixote hallooed so loud as to be heard and understood by the people in the waggon, who judging, by his words, the intention of the speaker, Death instantly jumped out of the cart, and was followed by the Emperor, the Devil-driver, and the Angel, with the Queen and Cupid in their train; in short, the whole company armed themselves with stones, and, drawing up in order of battle, stood without flinching, to receive the assailant at point of pebble.

The knight perceiving them arranged in such a formidable squadron, their arms lifted up in a posture that threatened a powerful discharge of stones, checked Rozinante, and began to consider in what manner he should attack them, with least hazard to his person. During this pause, Sancho came up, and seeing him bent upon assaulting such a well-compacted brigade, 'It will be 'the height of madness,' said he, 'to 'attempt any such adventure; consider, dear Sir, that there is no kicking 'against the pricks; and that there is 'no armour upon earth sufficient to defend your body from such a shower, 'unless your worship could creep into 'a bell of brass; you ought also to remember, that it favours more of rashness than of true valour, for one man 'to attack a whole army, in which Death 'and emperors fight in person, being 'aided and assisted both by good and 'evil angels; and if that consideration 'will not prevail upon you to be quiet, 'you ought to be diverted from your 'purpose, by knowing certainly, that 'among all those enemies in the ap-

'pearances

'pearances of kings, princes, and emperors, there is not so much as one single knight-errant.'—'Now, indeed,' cried Don Quixote, 'thou hast hit upon the sole reason that can and ought to dissuade me from my determined design; I neither can nor ought to draw my sword (as I have told thee, on many other occasions) against any person who hath not received the honour of knighthood; to thee, Sancho, it belongs, if so thou art inclined, to take vengeance for the injury done to Dapple, while I from hence will assist and encourage thee with salutary advice.'—'Signior,' answered the squire, 'there is no occasion to take vengeance of any person whatever; for it is not the part of a good Christian to revenge the wrongs he hath suffered: besides, I will prevail upon my ass to leave the affair to my inclination, which is to live peaceably all the days that Heaven shall grant me in this life.'—'Since that is thy determination,' replied the knight, honest Sancho, discreet Sancho, christian and sincere Sancho, let us leave these phantoms, and go in quest of adventures more dignified and substantial; for this country seems to promise a great many, and those very extraordinary too.'

He accordingly turned his horse, Sancho went to catch Dapple, while Death, with his whole flying squadron, returned to their waggon, and proceeded on their journey. Thus was the dismal adventure of the waggon of Death happily terminated by the wholesome advice which Sancho Panza gave to his master; who next day met with another equally surprizing, in the person of an enamoured knight-errant.

CHAP. XII.

OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE THAT HAPPENED TO THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE, IN HIS ENCOUNTER WITH THE KNIGHT OF THE MIRROURS.

THE night that followed the rencounter with Death, Don Quixote and his squire passed among some tall and shady trees; the knight, by Sancho's persuasion, having eaten of what was found in the store that Dapple carried. During this meal, Sancho said to his master, 'What a fool should I have been, Signior, if I had chosen, by way of gratification, the spoils of your worship's first adventure, instead of the three foals? Verily, verily, a bird in hand is worth two in the bush.'—'But, for all that,' answered Don Quixote, 'hadst thou suffered me to attack them, as I intended, thou wouldst have enjoyed among the spoils the emperor's golden crown, with Cupid's painted wings, which I would have stripped off against the grain, and put into thy possession.'—'The sceptres and crowns of your stage emperors are never made of pure gold, but of tin or tinsel,' replied the squire. 'True,' said the knight, 'the ornaments of comedy ought not to be rich and real, but feigned and artificial, like the drama itself, which I would have thee respect, Sancho, and receive into favour, together with those who represent and compose it; for they are all instruments of great benefit to the commonwealth, holding, as it were, a looking-glass always before us, in which we see naturally delineated all the actions of life; and no other comparison whatever represents to us more lively what we are, and what we ought to be, than comedy and her attendants; for example, hast thou never seen a play acted, in which kings, emperors, popes, knights, ladies, and many other characters, were introduced? One acts the ruffian, another the sharper, a third the merchant, a fourth the soldier, a fifth the designing fool, and a sixth the simple lover; but the play being ended, and the dresses laid aside, all the actors remain upon an equal footing.'—'Yes, I have seen all this,' answered Sancho. 'Then the very same thing,' said the knight, 'happens in the comedy and commerce of this world, where one meets with some people playing the parts of emperors, others in the characters of popes; and, finally, all the different personages that can be introduced in a comedy; but when the play is done, that is, when life is at an end, Death strips them of the robes that distinguished their stations, and they become all equal in the grave.'—'A brave comparison!' cried Sancho, 'though not so new but I have heard

'it

'it made on divers and fundry occa-
'fions as well as that of the game of
'chefs, during which every piece main-
'tains a particular ftation and charac-
'ter; and when the game is over, they
'are all mixed, jumbled, and fhaken
'together in a bag, like mortals in
'the grave.'—'Sancho,' refumed the knight, 'every day you become lefs
'fimple and more difcreet.'—'Yes,' faid the fquire, 'fome fmall portion of
'your worfhip's difcretion muft needs
'ftick to me; as lands which are, in
'their own nature, fapleſs and barren,
'being well dunged and cultivated,
'come to yield excellent fruit. My
'meaning is, that your worfhip's con-
'verfation hath fallen like dung upon
'the barren defart of my underftand-
'ing, which being cultivated by the
'time of my fervice and communica-
'tion, will, I hope, produce bleffed
'fruit, fuch as fhall not difgrace, nor
'ftray from the path of that good breed-
'ing which your worfhip hath beftow-
'ed on my narrow capacity.'

Don Quixote could not help fmiling at the affected terms in which Sancho delivered himfelf, though what he faid of his own improvement was actually true: for at certain times he talked to admiration; and yet when he attempted to argue, or fpeak in a polite ftile, his efforts always, or for the moft part, ended in precipitating himfelf from the pinnacle of fimplicity to the depth of ignorance; his chief talent laying in his memory, which never failed to furnifh him with proverbs that he lugged into his difcourfe, whether they were pat to the purpofe or not, as may be feen and obferved through the whole courfe of this hiftory.

In this, and other fuch converfation, the greateft part of the night elafped, when Sancho began to be inclined to let fall the portcullices of his eyes, as he termed it, when he wanted to go to fleep: he therefore unpannelled Dapple, to let him graze among the rich paſture with which the place abounded; but Rozinante's faddle he would not remove, in conſequence of his maſter's expreſs order, which was never to unfaddle his fteed while they were in the field, or did not fleep under cover; it being an ancient eſtabliſhed cuſtom, obſerved by all knights errant, in theſe caſes, to take the bridle out of the horſe's mouth, and hang it upon the pummel of the faddle, but to leave the faddle itſelf untouched. This expedient was accordingly performed by Sancho, who turned Rozinante looſe with Dapple; and between theſe two animals ſuch a ſtrict reciprocal friendſhip ſubſiſted, that, according to tradition from father to ſon, the author of this true hiſtory wrote particular chapters on this very ſubject; but, in order to preſerve the decency and decorum which belongs to ſuch an heroick compoſition, omitted them; though ſometimes he ſeems to neglect this precaution, and writes, that theſe two friends uſed to approach and ſcrub each other moſt lovingly; and after they had reſted and refreſhed themſelves, Rozinante would ſtretch his head more than half a yard over Dapple's neck, while the two were wont to ſtand in this poſture, with their eyes fixed upon the ground, three whole days together; at leaſt, till they were parted, or compelled by hunger to go in queſt of ſuſtenance; nay, it is confidently reported, that the author had compared their mutual attachment to the friendſhip of Niſus or Euryalus, or that which ſubſiſted between Pylades and Oreſtes. If this be the caſe, we may with admiration conceive how firm the fellowſhip of thoſe two pacifick animals muſt have been; to the utter confuſion of mankind, who ſo little regard the laws of friendſhip and ſociety, according to the common ſaying, 'there is no truſt in profeſſion; 'the ſtaff will turn into a ſpear*,' and, as the ſong goes, 'the modes of the 'court ſo common are grown, that a 'true friend can hardly be met.' Let no man imagine the author went out of his road, in comparing the friendſhip of brutes with that of the human ſpecies; for men have received valuable hints, and learned many things of importance from beaſts, ſuch as the clyſter from ſtorks, gratitude and the uſe of vomits from dogs, vigilance from the crane, foreſight and frugality from the ant, honeſty from the elephant, and loyalty from the horſe.

In fine, Sancho went to ſleep at the

* As the original quotation is a fragment that will not complete the ſenſe, I have taken the liberty to make the alluſion altogether Engliſh,

root

root of a cork-tree, and Don Quixote began to ſlumber under an oak; but being in a very little time awaked by a noiſe behind him, he ſtarted up, and employing both eyes and ears to diſtinguiſh whence it proceeded, he perceived two men on horſeback, one of whom, letting himſelf drop, as it were, from the ſaddle, ſaid to the other, 'Alight, 'my friend, and unbit the horſes; for 'this place ſeems to abound with paſ'ture for them, and with ſilence and 'ſolitude, which are the neceſſary food 'of my amorous thoughts.' He had no ſooner pronounced theſe words, than he threw himſelf upon the ground, and his armour rattled as he fell, furniſhing Don Quixote with a manifeſt proof of his being a knight-errant: he therefore approached Sancho, who was aſleep, and ſhaking him by the arm, with no ſmall difficulty, brought him to himſelf; ſaying, in a low voice, 'Brother Sancho, 'here is an adventure.'—'God grant 'it may be a good one,' anſwered the ſquire; 'and pray, Signior, whereabouts 'may her ladyſhip be?'—'Where?' ſaid Don Quixote, 'turn thine eyes this 'way, and behold lying upon the graſs 'a knight-errant, who, by what I have 'already obſerved, cannot be over and 'above eaſy in his mind? for I ſaw him 'throw himſelf upon the ground, with 'evident marks of vexation, and heard 'his armour clatter in his fall.'—'But 'how has your worſhip found that this 'is an adventure?' replied the ſquire. 'I will not poſitively ſay that it is 'altogether an adventure,' anſwered the knight, 'but rather the beginning of 'one: for thus they uſually commence: 'but hark! he ſeems to tune a lute or 'rebeck, and by his hawking and hem'ming, I ſuppoſe he is going to ſing.' —'In good faith, it is even ſo,' ſaid Sancho, 'and he muſt be ſome knight'errant in love.'—'All knights-er'rant are ſo,' reſumed Don Quixote; 'but let us liſten, and by the thread of 'his ſong, diſcover the clue of his 'thoughts; for, From the abundance 'of the heart the tongue ſpeaketh.'

Sancho would have made ſome reply, but was prevented by the voice of the Knight of the Wood, which was neither very ſweet nor diſagreeable; and, liſtening with ſurprize, they heard him ſing the following ſong:

I.

'SUBJECTED to thy ſov'reign will,
'Ah, cruel maid! my fate decree:
'The ſentence, tho' inhuman, ſtill
'Shall never be declin'd by me.

II.

'Say, that my death thy joy would move,
'My breath with freedom I'll reſign—
'Or wouldſt thou liſten to my love,
'The God himſelf ſhall whiſper mine.

III.

'This heart, thy vaſſal whilſt I live,
'Like ductile wax, and diamond hard,
'Thy ſtamp will yieldingly receive,
'And keep th' impreſſion unimpair'd.'

The Knight of the Wood finiſhed this complaint with an 'Ah!' that ſeemed to be heaved from the bottom of his ſoul, and ſoon after exclaimed, in a ſorrowful tone, 'O thou moſt beautiful 'and ungrateful woman upon earth! is 'it poſſible, that the moſt ſerene Caſil'dea de Vandalia has doomed this her 'captive knight to conſume and exhauſt 'himſelf in continual peregrinations, in 'harſh and rugged toils? Is it not 'enough that I have eſtabliſhed the 'fame of thy beauty above all com'pariſon, by the extorted confeſſion of 'all the knights of Navarre, Leon, 'Tarteſia, Caſtile, and finally of La 'Mancha?'

'Not ſo, neither,' cried Don Quixote, interpoſing; 'for I, who am of La 'Mancha, never made any ſuch ac'knowledgment; neither could I, or 'ought I, to make a confeſſion ſo pre'judicial to the beauty of my own miſ'treſs: therefore, Sancho, this knight 'muſt certainly be diſordered in his 'judgment; but let us liſten, perhaps 'he will explain himſelf.'—'Very 'like,' anſwered the ſquire, 'he ſeems 'to be in the humour of complaining 'for a whole month.'

But this was not the caſe; for the Knight of the Wood, hearing people talk ſo near him, proceeded no farther in his lamentation, but ſtarting up, called with a courteous and ſonorous voice, 'Who is there? are you of the 'number of the happy or afflicted?'— 'Of the afflicted,' replied Don Quixote. —'Come hither, then,' reſumed the ſtranger, 'and depend upon it you will

'find

'find the very essence of sorrow and 'affliction.'

Don Quixote hearing him speak in such civil and pathetick terms, went towards him, with Sancho at his back, when the complaining knight took him by the hand, saying, 'Sit down, Sir 'knight, for that you are one of those 'who profess knight-errantry, I am 'convinced by finding you in this 'place, accompanied by solitude and 'the dews of night, which are the peculiar companions of those who be'long to our order.'

To this address Don Quixote replied, 'I am a knight of that order you men'tion; and though melancholy, mis'chance, and misfortune, have taken 'up their habitation in my soul, they 'have not been able to banish from it 'that compassion which I feel for the 'unhappy. From the soliloquy you 'just now uttered, I gather that your 'misfortunes are of the amorous kind; 'I mean, that they proceed from the pas'sion you entertain for that beautiful 'ingrate whom you named in your 'complaint.' While this conversation passed, they sat down together upon the grass, with all the marks of amity and good fellowship, as if at break of day they had not been doomed to break each other's head. 'Perchance, Sir Knight,' said the stranger, 'you are in love?'—'By mischance I am so, answered Don Quixote, 'though the vexation that pro'ceeds from well placed affection 'ought rather to be deemed a benefit 'than misfortune.'—'True,' said the Knight of the Wood, 'if our judgment 'and reason are not disturbed by dis'dain, which, if exerted severely, seems 'a-kin to revenge.'—'I never was dis'dained by my mistress,' replied Don Quixote. 'No, indeed,' (cried Sancho, who stood hard by) 'my lady is as 'meek as a lamb, and as soft as but'ter.'

The stranger knight asked if that was his squire; and the other answering in the affirmative, 'I never saw a 'squire,' said he, 'that, like him, durst 'intrude upon his master's conversa'tion; at least, I can say so much for 'mine, who, though as tall as his fa'ther, was never known to open his 'lips, when I was engaged in discourse.'—'In good faith! cried Sancho, 'I 'have spoke, and will speak again, be'fore as good a man as—but let that 'rest—the more you stir it, the more it 'will——.'

Here the other squire took hold on Sancho by the arm, saying, 'Let you 'and I go somewhere, and talk our 'bellies-full, in our own way, and 'leave our masters at liberty to recount 'their amours; for sure I am, the night 'will be spent before they are done.'—'With all my heart,' replied Sancho, 'and I will tell your worship who I 'am, that you may see whether or not 'I am qualified to be ranked among 'your talking squires.' They accordingly retired together, and between them passed a conversation every bit as merry as that of their masters was grave.

CHAP. XIII.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE ADVENTURE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE WOOD—WITH A SAGE, UNCOMMON, AND AGREEABLE DIALOGUE, THAT PASSED BETWEEN THE TWO SQUIRES.

THE knights and their squires being thus parted, the first entertained each other with the story of their loves, while the last indulged themselves with a reciprocal account of their own lives: but the history first of all records the conversation of the domesticks, and then proceeds to relate what passed between the masters. The squires, therefore, having chosen a situation at a convenient distance from the knights, he of the wood accosted Sancho in these words: 'Signior, this is a troublesome 'life that we squires to knights-errant 'lead; in good soothe, we earn our 'bread with the sweat of our brows, 'which is one of the curses that God 'denounced against our first parents.'—'It may also be said,' replied Sancho, 'that we earn it with the frost of our 'bodies; for no creatures on earth suf'fer more heat and cold than the mi'serable squires of knight-errantry; and 'even that would be more tolerable, if 'we had any thing good to eat; for, 'Hearty fare lightens care, as the 'saying is; but we often pass a whole 'day, nay sometimes two, without 'ever breaking our fast, except upon 'the winds of heaven.'—'All this,' said the other, 'may be endured, with 'the hope of reward: for if the knight-errant

'errant is not extremely unfortunate, 'his squire must, in a very little time, 'see himself recompensed with the hand-'some government of some island, or 'with the possession of a profitable earl-'dom.'—'For my own part,' answered Sancho, 'I have already told my ma-'ster, that I shall be satisfied with the 'government of an island, which he 'has been so noble and generous as to 'promise me, divers and sundry times.' —'And I,' said the stranger, 'am con-'tented with a canonship, which my 'master has already bespoke for me, 'on account of my faithful services.'— 'It seems, then, your master must be 'an ecclesiastical knight,' replied Sancho, 'seeing he can provide for his squire 'in the church: but as for mine, he is 'a mere layman; though I remember, 'that certain very wise persons (and 'yet, I believe, not very honest at bot-'tom) advised him to procure for him-'self an archbishoprick; but he would 'be nothing but an emperor: and I was 'then in a grievous quandary, for fear 'he should take it in his head to be of 'the church; in which case, I should 'not have been qualified to hold a be-'nefice; for your worship must know, 'though I look like a man, I am no 'better than a beast at church-matters.' —'Verily,' said he of the wood, 'your 'worship mistakes the matter quite; 'your governments of islands are not 'at all desirable; some are vexatious, 'some are beggarly, others attended 'with much melancholy and fatigue; 'in short, the most creditable and or-'derly brings along with it a load of 'care and inconvenience, that lies hea-'vy on the shoulders of the unhappy 'person whose lot it is to bear it: it 'would be abundantly better for us to 'undergo this accursed slavery, to re-'turn to our own homes, and there a-'muse ourselves with more agreeable 'pastime; such, for example, as hunt-'ing or fishing; for what squire is there 'on earth, so poor as to want a horse, 'a couple of hounds, and a fishing-rod, 'wherewith to entertain himself at his 'own habitation?'

'For my own part,' answered Sancho, 'I want none of these conveniencies: true it is I have not a horse, 'but then I am in possession of an ass, 'which is worth my master's steed twice over. God let me never see a joyful 'Easter, if I would truck with him for 'four bushels of barley to boot; you 'may laugh, if you will, at the price 'I set upon Dapple, (for that is the 'colour of my beast;) then, I should 'never be in want of hounds; for there 'are plenty, and to spare, in our town, 'and you know nothing is so relishing 'as to hunt at another's expence.'— 'Really and truly, Signior Squire,' resumed the stranger, 'I am fully re-'solved and determined to quit these 'knights-errant, with all their crazy 'pranks, and betake myself to my own 'town, where I will bring up my chil-'dren; for, thank God, I have three, 'like as many oriental pearls.'—'And 'I have a couple,' said Sancho, 'that 'may be presented to the pope in per-'son; especially my daughter, whom I 'breed up to be a countess, by the bless-'ing of God, though it be contrary 'to her mother's inclination.'—'And 'of what age may this young lady be, 'whom you are breeding for a coun-'tess?' said the squire of the wood. 'Fifteen years, or thereabouts,' an-swered Sancho; 'but she is as tall as a 'spear, fresh as an April morn, and 'strong as a porter.'—'These are qua-'lifications not only for a countess, but 'even for the nymph of the green-'wood-tree,' said the other: 'ah, the 'whoreson baggage! what a buxom jade 'she must be.' Sancho, nettled at this epithet, replied, 'She is no whore, nei-'ther was her mother before her; nor 'shall either of them be so, an please 'God, whilst I live: so I think you 'might talk more civilly; for, consider-'ing your worship has been bred among 'knights-errant, who are, as it were, 'courtesy itself, methinks your words 'might be better chosen.'—'How little 'are you acquainted with the nature of 'commendation, Signior Squire?' an-swered he of the wood. 'Don't you 'know, that when any cavalier, at a 'bull-feast, wounds the bull dex-'trously, or when any person behaves 'remarkably well, the people exclaim, "How cleverly the son of a whore has "done it?" and that which looks like 'reproach, is on such occasions a nota-'ble commendation. Take my word, 'Signior, you ought to renounce all 'children, if their behaviour does not 'entitle the parents to such praise.'— 'I do renounce them,' answered San-cho; 'at that rate, and for that reason, 'you worship may call my wife and

'daughter as many whores as you' 'pleaſe; for both in word and deed, 'they richly deſerve the name; and that 'I may ſee them again, I beſeech God 'to deliver me from this mortal ſin, 'which will be the caſe, if he delivers 'me from this dangerous employment 'of ſquire, which I have incurred a 'ſecond time, being ſeduced and enticed 'by a purſe of one hundred ducats, 'which I found one day in the midſt 'of the Brown Mountain; and the 'devil continually ſets before mine eyes, 'here and there and every where, a bag 'full of doubloons, which, at every 'ſtep, methinks I have faſt in my 'clutches, hugging it in my arms, 'and carrying it home to my own 'houſe, where I purchaſe mortga-'ges and eſtates, and live like any 'prince; and while I pleaſe myſelf 'with theſe notions, I bear, without 'murmuring, all the toils and fatigues 'I undergo, in the ſervice of the wiſe-'acre my maſter, who, I know, is more 'of a madman than a knight.'

'So that, according to the proverb,' replied the ſtranger, 'Covetouſneſs 'burſts the bag. But if you talk of 'wiſeacres, there is not a greater in the 'univerſe than my maſter, who is one 'of thoſe concerning whom people ſay, 'He is burdened like an aſs, with a-'nother man's load; for truly he is 'turned mad, that another knight may 'turn wiſe, and is going about in queſt 'of that which, when he hath found 'it, may hit him in the teeth.'—'And 'pray, is he in love?' ſaid Sancho. 'Yes,' replied the other, 'he is ena-'moured of one Caſildea de Vandalia, 'the moſt fickle dame that ever was 'ſeen; but her cruelty is not the foot 'that he halts upon at preſent: he has 'got other crotchets of greater impor-'tance grumbling in his gizzard, which 'ere long will more plainly appear.'—'There is no road ſo ſmooth,' reſumed Sancho, 'but you'll meet with rubs and 'hollows in it. Other people uſe beans, 'but I boil whole kettles full. Mad-'neſs is always more accompanied and 'followed after, than diſcretion: but 'if it be true, as it is commonly alledg-'ed, that company in affliction leſſens 'the weight of it, I ſhall comfort my-'ſelf by reflecting that your worſhip 'ſerves a maſter who is as diſtracted as 'mine.'—'Diſtracted, I grant you,' ſaid he of the wood, 'but valiant, and 'ſtill more miſchievous than valiant or 'diſtracted.'—'That is not the caſe 'with my maſter,' replied Sancho, 'he 'has nothing at all miſchievous about 'him; on the contrary, is as dull as a 'beetle, and knows not what it is to 'harm man, woman, or child, or to 'harbour the leaſt malice, but ſeeks to 'do good unto all mankind. A child 'may perſuade him that it is night at 'noon; and, indeed, for that very ſim-'plicity, I love him as my own bow-'els, and cannot find in my heart to 'leave him, notwithſtanding all the 'mad pranks he is guilty of.'—'But 'for all that, Signior and brother of 'mine,' ſaid the ſtranger, 'if the 'blind lead the blind, they are both in 'danger of falling into the ditch. We 'had much better retire fair and ſoft-'ly, and return to our own habitations; 'for they who go in ſearch of adven-'tures do not always find them to 'their liking.'

About this time Sancho began to hawk a kind of dry ſpitting; which being obſerved by the charitable ſquire of the wood, 'Methinks,' ſaid he, 'we 'have talked till our tongues cleave to 'the roofs of our mouths; but I have 'got ſomething that will agreeably 'moiſten them, at my ſaddle-bow.' He accordingly got up, and going aſide to his horſe, ſoon returned with a large leathern bottle of wine, and a pye half a yard long: and this is really no exagge-ration; for it contained a whole fed rabbit, ſo large, that when Sancho felt it, he took it for a whole goat or a large kid at leaſt, crying, as ſoon as he per-ceived it, 'How! does your worſhip 'uſually carry ſuch proviſion as this 'about with you?'—'What d'ye 'think?' anſwered the other; 'd'ye 'take me for a hackney ſquire*? I 'carry a better cupboard on my horſe's 'crupper than e'er a general on his 'march.'

Sancho fell to, without ſtaying for intreaty, and ſwallowed, in the dark, huge mouthfuls, with as much eaſe as if it had been ſlummery, ſaying be-

* Literally, 'a ſquire of wool and water,' an alluſion to a cuſtom among the Spaniards, who ſometimes have domeſticks to attend them to maſs, and ſprinkle them with holy water: theſe are generally ſhabby fellows, who have very poor appointments.

tween

tween whiles, 'Yes, indeed, your wor-
'ſhip is a true and loyal ſquire, well
'dammed and griſted, as the ſaying is,
'grand and magnificent withal, as
'plainly appears from this banquet,
'which, if it did not come hither by
'the art of inchantment, at leaſt ſeems
'ſo to have done; this is not the caſe
'with ſuch an unlucky poor devil as
'me, who carry nothing in my bags
'but a piece of cheeſe hard enough to
'knock out a giant's brains, accom-
'panied by three or four dozen of car-
'robes, and as many hazle-nuts;
'thanks to the niggardlineſs and opi-
'nion of my maſter, and the rule he
'obſerves, by which knights-errant
'muſt maintain and ſupport themſelves
'with nothing but dried fruits, and
'the herbs of the field.'—'In good
'faith, brother!' reſumed he of the
wood, 'my ſtomach was not made for
'your ſweet thiſtle, wild pear, and
'mountain roots; let our maſters pleaſe
'themſelves with their own opinions
'and rules of chivalry, and live ac-
'cording to their meagre commands;
'for my own part, I always carry ſome
'cold paſty, happen what will, and
'this bottle hanging at my ſaddle-bow,
'which I love ſo devoutly, that I kiſs
'and embrace it almoſt every minute.'
So ſaying, he handed it to Sancho, who
lifting it up to his mouth, ſtood gazing
at the ſtars a whole quarter of an hour,
and when his draught was out, he hung
his head on one ſide, pronouncing with
a long ſigh, 'Ah, whoreſon! how ca-
'tholick it is!'—'You ſee now,' ſaid
he of the wood, hearing Sancho's whore-
ſon, 'how you have praiſed the wine,
'by giving it ſuch a title.'—'I am ſenſi-
'ble,' replied Sancho, 'and confeſs that
'it is no diſparagement to any body
'to be called the ſon of a whore, when
'it is underſtood in the way of com-
'mendation; but tell me, Signior, by
'the life of what you beſt love, is not
'this wine from Cividad Real?'

'You have an excellent taſte,' an-
ſwered he of the wood, 'it comes from
'no other part, I'll aſſure you; and
'has, moreover, ſome good years over
'it's head.'—'Let me alone for that,'
ſaid Sancho, 'you'll never catch me
'tripping in the knowledge of wine,
'let it be never ſo difficult to diſtin-
'guiſh; is it not an extraordinary
'thing, Signior Squire, that I ſhould
'have ſuch a ſure and natural inſtinct
'in the knowledge of wine, that give
'me but a ſmell of any kind whatever,
'and I will tell you exactly it's coun-
'try, growth, and age, together with
'the changes it will undergo, and all
'other circumſtances appertaining to the
'myſtery? But this is not to be won-
'dered at; for, by my father's ſide, I
'had two kinſmen who were the moſt
'excellent taſters that La Mancha hath
'known for theſe many years; as a
'proof of which, I will tell you what
'once happened to them. A ſample of
'wine was preſented to them out of a
'hogſhead, and their opinions aſked
'concerning the condition and quality;
'that is, the goodneſs or badneſs of
'the liquor to which it belonged; one
'of them taſted it with the tip of his
'tongue, the other did no more than
'clap it to his noſe; the firſt ſaid the
'wine taſted of iron, the other affirmed
'it had a twang of goats leather; the
'owner proteſted that the pipe was
'clean, and the contents without any
'ſort of mixture that could give the
'liquor either the taſte of iron, or the
'ſmell of goats leather: nevertheleſs,
'the two famous taſters ſtuck to the
'judgment they had given; time paſſed
'on, the wine was ſold, and when the
'pipe came to be cleaned, they found
'in it a ſmall key, tied to a leathern
'thong. By this your worſhip may
'perceive, whether or not one who is
'deſcended from ſuch a race, may ven-
'ture to give his opinion in caſes of
'this nature.'—'Therefore, I ſay,' re-
plied the ſtranger, 'that we ought to
'quit this trade of going in queſt of
'adventures, and be contented with our
'loaf, without longing for dainties;
'let us return to our own cottages,
'where God will find us, if it be his
'bleſſed will.'—'I will ſerve my ma-
'ſter till he arrives at Saragoſſa,' ſaid
Sancho, 'and then we ſhall come to a
'right underſtanding.'

In fine, the two honeſt ſquires talked and drank ſo copiouſly, that ſleep was fain to tie up their tongues, and allay their drought, which it was impoſſible to remove; each, therefore, graſping the bottle, which by this time was almoſt empty, fell aſleep, with the morſel half chewed in his mouth. In this ſituation we will leave them for the preſent, and relate what happened between the knight of the wood, and him of the rueful countenance.

CHAP. XIV.

WHEREIN THE ADVENTURE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE WOOD IS CONTINUED.

IN the courſe of the converſation that paſſed between the two knights, the hiſtory relates, that he of the wood ſaid to Don Quixote, 'Finally, Sir Knight, 'you muſt know, my deſtiny, or rather my choice, led me to place my 'affection on the peerleſs Caſildea de 'Vandalia. I call her peerleſs, becauſe 'ſhe has no equal, either in point of 'ſtature, quality, fortune, or beauty. 'Now this lady, in return for all my 'virtuous inclination and amorous de'ſires, like the ſtepmother of Hercu'les, employs me in many various 'toils and dangers, promiſing at the 'concluſion of each, that with the next 'my cares ſhall be finiſhed; but thus 'ſhe goes on, ſtringing one labour to 'another, without number, and I know 'not which will be the laſt that is to 'produce the accompliſhment of my 'wiſhes. At one time ſhe command'ed me to go and challenge that fa'mous giantеſs of Seville, called Gi'ralda *, who is ſo valiant and ſtrong, '(her body being made of braſs) and 'who, without ſhifting her ſtation, is 'the moſt changeable and fickle female 'in the whole world. I came, ſaw, and 'conquered; fixing her motionleſs to 'one point, for during a whole week, 'the wind blew from the north. Ano'ther time, ſhe ordered me to weigh 'the ancient figures called the Valiant 'Bulls of Guiſando †; an enterprize 'more ſuitable to porters than to knights; 'nay, ſhe even commanded me to throw 'myſelf headlong into the gulph of Ca'bra, an adventure equally new and 'dangerous, and bring to her a parti'cular account of what is contained in 'that dark and deep abyſs. I fixed the 'inconſtant Giralda, weighed the bulls 'of Guiſando, precipitated myſelf into 'the gulph, and brought to light the 'ſecrets of it's abyſs; and yet my 'hopes are dead; ah, how dead! while 'her cruelty and diſdain are ſtill alive; 'ah, how much alive! In ſhort, to con'clude, ſhe ordered me to traverſe all 'the provinces of Spain, and compel 'every knight-errant in the kingdom 'to confeſs that ſhe is preferable, in 'point of beauty, to all the women 'upon earth; and that I am the moſt 'valiant and amorous knight in the 'world. In conſequence of this com'mand, I have travelled over the greateſt 'part of Spain, and vanquiſhed many 'knights who have preſumed to con'tradict my aſſertion: but I value and 'applaud myſelf chiefly for having 'conquered in ſingle combat, that ſo 'renowned knight Don Quixote de La 'Mancha, and made him confeſs that 'my Caſildea is more beautiful than 'his Dulcinea. Now, in that ſingle 'conqueſt, I deem myſelf ſuperior to 'all the knights in the univerſe; for 'that fame Don Quixote hath van'quiſhed all his cotemporaries; and I, 'in conquering him, have transferred 'and conveyed to my own perſon all 'his honour, glory, and reputation; 'the victor being always honoured in 'proportion to the fame of his van'quiſhed foe; wherefore, the innume'rable atchievements of the ſaid Don 'Quixote are placed to my credit, as if 'they were the effects of my own per'ſonal proweſs.'

Don Quixote was aſtoniſhed at hearing the knight of the wood talk in this manner, and was a thouſand times tempted to give him the lye; nay, 'You lye,' was at the very tip of his tongue; but repreſſing his indignation as well as he could, that he might make the ſtranger's own tongue convict him of falſhood, he replied very calmly, 'That 'your worſhip, Sir Knight, may have 'vanquiſhed the greateſt part of the 'knights-errant in Spain, and even in 'the whole world, I do not pretend to 'queſtion; but that you have con'quered Don Quixote de La Mancha, 'I doubt very much; perhaps it might 'be another who reſembles him, though 'there are few ſuch.'—'How! not 'conquer him?' cried he of the wood; 'now, by yon canopy of Heaven, un'der which we ſit, I engaged, over'came, and ſubjected that very indi-

* A braſs ſtatue on a ſteeple at Seville, ſerving for a weather-cock.

† Theſe are ſtone ſtatues of bulls, erected by the Romans at Guiſando, a town in Caſtile; all the inſcriptions are effaced, except the name of A. Quintus Cæcilius, Conſul II.

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'vidual Don Quixote; he is a tall, 'meagre, long-legged, lanthorn-jawed, 'ſtalking figure; his hair inclining to 'grey, his noſe hooked and aquiline, 'with long, ſtraight, black muſtachios; 'in his excurſions he aſſumes the name 'of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance; and is attended by a peaſant called Sancho Panza, who ſerves 'him in quality of ſquire; he preſſes 'the loins, and governs the reins of a famous ſteed hight Rozinante; and, 'in fine, he avows, as the miſtreſs of 'his heart, one Dulcinea del Toboſo, formerly known by the name of Aldonza Lorenzo; in like manner, my 'own miſtreſs, whoſe name is Caſildea, being a native of Andalouſia, is now diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of Caſildea de Vandalia. If all theſe 'proofs are not ſufficient to evince my 'veracity, here is my ſword, which 'ſhall make a convert of incredulity 'itſelf.'

'Have a little patience, Sir Knight,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'and give ear unto 'what I am going to ſay. You muſt 'know, that ſame Don Quixote you 'mention, is the deareſt friend I have 'upon earth; ſo that I may ſay, I love 'him as well as my own individual 'perſon; now your deſcription of him 'is ſo punctual and exact, that I ſhould 'never doubt but he is actually the 'perſon you have vanquiſhed, did I 'not ſee with my eyes, and, as it were, 'feel with my hands, the impoſſibility 'of the fact; and yet, as divers inchanters are his enemies, particularly 'one who perſecutes him inceſſantly, 'ſome one among them may have aſſumed his figure, and allowed himſelf to be overcome, in order to defraud the knight of that fame which 'his gallant exploits had collected and 'acquired through the whole known 'world; in confirmation of this conjecture, I muſt alſo tell you, that 'about two days ago, thoſe perverſe inchanters transformed the ſhape and perſon of the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboſo, into that of a mean and plebeian 'country-wench; ſo that Don Quixote 'muſt have alſo undergone a transformation. And if all this is not 'enough to aſcertain the truth of what 'I ſay, here is Don Quixote himſelf, 'who will maintain it by force of arms, 'on horſeback or on foot, or in any 'ſhape you pleaſe.'

So ſaying, he ſtarted up, and graſping his ſword, ſtood waiting for the reſolution of the Knight of the Wood, who with great deliberation replied; 'A 'good paymaſter needs no pawn, Signior Don Quixote; he who could vanquiſh you when you was transformed, 'may well hope to reduce you in *propria perſona*; but as it is unſeemly 'for knights to perform their exploits 'in the dark, like robbers and ruffians, 'let us wait for day, that the ſun may 'ſhine upon our works; and let this 'be the condition of our combat, that 'the vanquiſhed ſhall comply with the 'will of the victor, and do every thing 'that he ſhall deſire, provided his commands be ſuch as a knight-errant can 'decently obey.'

Don Quixote aſſured him, that he was extremely well ſatisfied with the condition and proviſo; upon which they went in queſt of their ſquires, who were found ſnoring in the very ſame attitudes in which ſleep had ſurprized them. They wakened, and ordered them to get their horſes ready; for by ſun-riſe they intended to engage in a moſt unparalleled and bloody ſingle combat. Sancho was aſtoniſhed and confounded at this piece of news; deſpairing of his maſter's ſafety, when he recollected what the other ſquire had told him concerning the valour of the knight of the wood. The two ſquires, however, without pretending to make any words, went to look for their cattle, and found the three ſteeds, with Dapple, (for they had ſmelled each other out) very ſociably met together. While they were thus employed, 'Brother,' ſaid he of the wood to Sancho, 'you muſt know that it is 'cuſtomary with your warriors of Andalouſia, when they are godfathers in 'any quarrel, not to ſtand idle, with 'their arms acroſs, while their godſons 'are engaged. This I hint, by way of 'apprizing you that, while our maſters 'are at it, we muſt exchange a few dry 'blows too.'—'That cuſtom, Signior 'ſquire,' anſwered Sancho, 'may paſs 'current with thoſe ruffians and warriors you mention; but that it prevails 'among the ſquires of knights-errant, 'I can by no means believe; at leaſt, I 'have never heard ſuch a cuſtom mentioned by my maſter, who knows all 'the ordinances of chivalry by rote. 'Beſides, granting it to be fact, and 'expreſsly ordained, that the ſquires

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'must go to loggerheads while their 'masters are engaged; I will by no 'means comply with it, but pay the 'penalty incurred by peaceable squires, 'which I am sure cannot exceed a cou-'ple of pounds of wax; and that will 'not cost me so much as the pence I 'should expend in the cure of my head, 'which I should lay my account with 'having split and divided into two halves; 'and moreover, it is impossible that I 'should fight, because I have got no 'sword, and never wore one in my born 'days.'—'I know a very good remedy 'for that inconvenience,' said the stran-ger: 'here are a couple of linen bags, 'of the same size; you shall take one, 'and I the other, and play away upon 'each other with equal arms.'—'With 'all my heart,' answered Sancho; 'that 'sort of exercise will serve to dust our 'jackets, without hurting our skin.'—'Not quite so neither,' resumed the other, 'for that the bags may not flap in 'the air, we will clap into each half a 'dozen clear smooth pebbles, of equal 'weight and magnitude; so that we 'may thwack one another without hurt 'or damage.'—'Body of my father,' cried Sancho, 'mind what sable furrs 'and flakes of carded cotton he would 'line the bags withal, to prevent them 'from grinding our skulls, and making 'a paste of our bones! Hark ye, ma-'ster of mine, I'll have nothing to do 'with them, though they were stuffed 'with balls of silk; let our masters 'fight as they shall think proper, but 'for our parts, let us drink and live 'quietly; for old father Time will take 'care to rid us of our lives, without 'our seeking occasions to throw them 'away before the appointed season, at 'which, being ripe, they drop off of 'their own accord.'

'But, for all that,' replied he of the wood, 'we must have a bout, if it 'should not last half an hour.'—'By 'no means,' said Sancho; 'I shall not be 'so uncivil and ungrateful as to have 'any difference, let it be never so small, 'with a person at whose cost I have 'both eaten and drank: besides, who 'the devil do you think can fight in 'cool blood, without any sort of anger 'or provocation?'—'I know how to 'remove that objection,' resumed the stranger; 'before we begin the battle, 'I will come up fair and softly, and 'give your worship two or three such 'hearty boxes on the ear, as will lay 'you flat at my feet, and awaken your 'choler, though it should sleep sounder 'than a dormouse.'—'Against that ex-'pedient,' answered Sancho, 'I know 'another twice as good: for I will lay 'hold on a good cudgel, and before 'your worship comes to awaken my 'choler, give your own such a lullaby 'of dry beating, that it shall never 'wake but in the next world, where 'you'll have reason to know that I am 'not a man who will suffer his nose to 'be handled by any person whatsom-'ever; wherefore, let every one look to 'his own affairs. Though it would be 'the wisest course for every man to let 'his own choler lie still and sleep: for 'nobody knows the heart of his neigh-'bour, and some who go out for wool, 'come home quite shorn. God him-'self bestowed his blessing upon peace, 'and curse upon contention; for if a 'cat that is confined, provoked, and 'persecuted, turns into a lion, the Lord 'knows what I, who am a man, may 'turn into: I therefore, Signior Squire, 'give your worship notice, that all the 'mischief and damage which shall pro-'ceed from our quarrel, must be charg-'ed to your account.—'Mighty well,' replied the stranger, 'we shall see what 'is to be done, when God sends us 'morning.'

Now a thousand kinds of painted birds began to warble from the trees, and in their various and sprightly notes seemed to welcome and salute the fresh and joyous morn, which already, through the gates and balconies of the east, disclosed her beauteous visage; while from her hair distilled an infinite number of liquid pearls, in which deli-cious liquor the herbs being bathed, seemed to sprout and rain a shower of seed-pearl upon the earth. The wil-lows shed savoury manna, the fountains laughed, the brooks murmured, the woods rejoiced, and the meadows adorn-ed themselves at her approach.

But scarce had the light of day ren-dered objects distinguishable, when the first thing that presented itself to the eyes of Sancho Panza was the nose of his brother squire, which was so large as almost to over-shadow his whole body. It is actually said to have been of ex-cessive magnitude, crooked in the mid-dle, and studded all over with warts of a mulberry colour, like the fruit called berengena;

berengena; and it hung down two fingers breadth below his mouth. The fize, colour, warts, and curvature of this feature, rendered the face fo frightful and deformed, that Sancho no fooner beheld it than he began to fhake in every limb, like a child troubled with convulfions; and refolved, in his heart, to endure two hundred buffetings, before his choler fhould be awaked, fo as to fight with fuch a hobgoblin.

Don Quixote furveying his antagonift, found his vizor already down, and clofed in fuch a manner as effectually concealed his face; but he perceived him to be a mufcular man, of a middling ftature. Over his arms he wore a loofe coat or caffock, to all appearance of the fineft cloth of gold, powdered with a number of fmall moons formed of the brighteft looking-glafs, which had a moft magnificent, gay, and fhewy effect. Over his helmet waved a great quantity of green, yellow, and white plumes; and his lance, which leaned againft a tree, was exceffively long and large, armed with above a hand's breadth of pointed fteel. All thefe particulars were obferved and confidered by Don Quixote, who concluded, from what he faw and obferved, that the faid knight muft be a perfon of Herculean ftrength. Nevertheleſs, far from being afraid, like Sancho Panza, he, with the moft gallant intrepidity, thus addreffed himfelf to the Knight of the Mirrours: 'I entreat you, by your courtefy, Sir Knight, 'if your eager defire of fighting hath 'not deftroyed that quality, to lift up 'your beaver a little, that I may fee 'whether or not the grace of your 'countenance correfponds with the gal'lantry of your demeanour.'—'Signior 'cavalier,' replied he of the looking-glaffes, 'whether you are victor or van'quifhed in this enterprize, you will 'have time and opportunity more than 'fufficient to confider my vifage: my 'reafon for not fatisfying your defire 'at prefent, is, that I fhould deem it a 'notible injury to the beautiful Caftil'dea de Vandalia, to fpend fo much 'time as it would take to lift up my 'beaver, before I compel you to con'fefs what you know I pretend to main'tain.'—'Yet, while we mount our 'fteeds,' faid Don Quixote, 'you may 'eafily tell me if I am that fame Don 'Quixote whom you pretend to have 'overcome.'—'To that queftion I an'fwer,' faid he of the mirrours, 'that 'you are as like the knight I over'came, as one egg is like another; but 'as you fay you are perfecuted by in'chanters, I will not venture to affirm 'whether or not you are the fame per'fon.'—'That is enough,' replied Don Quixote, 'to convince me that you are 'miftaken: nevertheleſs, to perfuade 'you beyond all poffibility of doubt, 'let us have recourfe to our horfes, and 'in lefs time than you would have taken 'to lift your beaver, if God, my mif'trefs, and my arm avail me, I fhall 'fee your face; and you will fee I am 'not that conquered Don Quixote whom 'you fuppofe me to be.'

Thus breaking off the converfation, they mounted their horfes; and Don Quixote turned Rozinante, in order to take a fufficiency of ground for returning to encounter his antagonift, while he of the mirrours took the fame precaution. But the firft had not proceeded twenty paces when he was called back by the other, and the two meeting again half way, 'Take notice, Sir Knight,' faid he of the looking glaffes, 'the con'dition of our combat is, that the con'quered, as I have already obferved, 'muft be at the difcretion of the con'queror.'—'I know it,' anfwered Don Quixote, 'provided the commands im'pofed upon the vanquifhed be fuch as 'do not tranfgrefs the bounds of chi'valry.'—'So I underftand the con'ditions,' anfwered he of the mirrours.

At that inftant the ftrange nofe of the fquire prefented itfelf to the eyes of Don Quixote, who was no lefs aftonifhed than Sancho at the fight; infomuch that he took him for fome monfter, or new-faſhioned man, fuch as are not commonly found in this world. Sancho, feeing his mafter fet out, in order to take his career, would not ftay alone with nozzle, being afraid, that one flirt of fuch a fnout in his face would determine the quarrel, and lay him ſtretched along the ground, either through fear or the feverity of the blow, he therefore ran after his maſter, and laying hold of one of Rozinante's ſtirrups, when he faw him ready to turn, 'I befeech your 'worſhip, dear maſter,' cried he, 'before you turn to begin the combat, 'help me in climbing this cork-tree, 'from whence I may behold, more to 'my liking than from the ground, 'your worſhip's gallant encounter with

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'that ſame knight.'—'I rather believe, 'Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'that thy 'motive for clambering up is to ſee the 'bull-fight from a ſcaffold, without 'any danger to thyſelf.'—'The truth 'is,' anſwered Panza, 'the outrageous 'noſe of that ſquire fills me with ſuch 'aſtoniſhment and affright, that I dare 'not tarry along with him.'—'It is 'ſuch indeed,' replied the knight, 'that 'were I any other than what I am, I 'ſhould be ſcared at it's appearance: 'come, therefore, and I will help thee 'to aſcend to the place you mention.'

While Don Quixote ſtopped until Sancho ſhould get up into the cork-tree, the Knight of the Mirrours took as much ground as he thought neceſſary, and imagining that Don Quixote had done the ſame, without waiting for ſound of trumpet, or other ſignal, he turned his horſe, which was not a whit ſuperior to Rozinante, either in fleetneſs or appearance, and at his full ſpeed, which was a middling trot, rode forwards to encounter his antagoniſt; but ſeeing him buſy in the exaltation of Sancho, he pulled in the reins, and halted in the middle of his career; a circumſtance that gave infinite joy to his ſteed, which was already ſo tired, that he could not move another ſtep. Don Quixote perceiving his enemy approaching with ſuch ſpeed, drove his ſpurs ſtoutly into the meagre flanks of Rozinante, and made him ſpring forwards in ſuch a manner, that the hiſtory ſays, this was the only occaſion on which he was ever known to gallop; for, at all other times, his ſwifteſt pace was no other than a downright trot; and with this hitherto unſeen fury he arrived at the ſpot where the Knight of the Mirrours ſat, thruſting his ſpurs rowel-deep into the ſides of his horſe, without being able to move him one finger's breadth from the place where he had made his halt. In this confuſion and dilemma Don Quixote found his antagoniſt embroiled with his horſe, and embarraſſed with his lance, which, either through want of knowledge or of time, he had not as yet fixed in the reſt. Our Manchegan, who never minded theſe incumbrances, ſafely, and without the leaſt danger to his own perſon, encountered him of the mirrours with ſuch vigour, as to bring him, very much againſt his inclination, to the ground, over the crupper of his horſe, with ſuch a fall, that he lay without ſenſe or motion, to all appearance bereft of life.

Sancho no ſooner ſaw him unhorſed, than ſliding down from the cork-tree, he ran down to his maſter, who having alighted from Rozinante, ſtood over the Knight of the Mirrours, untying his helmet, in order to ſee, whether or not he was actually dead, and to give him air, in caſe he ſhould be alive. Then it was he ſaw—who can relate what he ſaw, without creating admiration, wonder, and affright in thoſe who hear it! He ſaw, ſays the hiſtory, the very face, the very figure, the very aſpect, the very phyſiognomy, the very effigies, the very perſpective of the batchelor, Sampſon Carraſco; and this he no ſooner beheld, than raiſing his voice, he cried, 'Come 'hither, Sancho, and behold what thou 'ſhalt ſee, but not believe; quick, my 'child, and contemplate the power of 'magick: here thou wilt ſee what thoſe 'wizards and inchanters can do.' Sancho accordingly approached, and ſeeing the face of batchelor Carraſco, began to croſs and bleſs himſelf a thouſand times.

Mean while, the overthrown knight, giving no ſigns of life, Sancho ſaid to Don Quixote, 'In my opinion, maſter, 'right or wrong, your worſhip ſhould 'thruſt your ſword through the jaws 'of this miſcreant, who ſeems to 'be the batchelor Sampſon Carraſco, 'and in him, perhaps, you may ſlay 'one of thoſe inchanters who are your 'enemies.'—'That is no bad advice,' ſaid the knight, 'for the fewer enemies 'the better.' So ſaying, he drew his ſword, in order to put in execution the advice and counſel of Sancho, when the ſquire belonging to the Knight of the Mirrours, came up without his frightful noſe, and cried aloud, 'Take care 'what you do, Signior Don Quixote; 'he who lies at your feet is your friend 'the batchelor Sampſon Carraſco, and 'I am his ſquire.'

Sancho ſeeing him without his original deformity, 'And the noſe?' ſaid he. 'I have it here,' replied the other; who putting his hand in his right ſide-pocket, pulled out a paſte-board noſe, covered with varniſh, ſuch as we have already deſcribed. Sancho having conſidered him more and more attentively, broke out into a loud exclamation of wonder, crying, 'Bleſſed virgin watch 'over me! Sure this is not my neigh-

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'bour and goſſip Tommy Cecial?' —'The very ſame,' anſwered the unſnouted ſquire, 'Thomas Cecial I am, 'your own friend and goſſip, Sancho 'Panza, and I will preſently tell you 'by what round-about conduits, tricks, 'and miſchievous ſtories, I have been 'brought hither: in the mean time, ſup'plicate and beſeech your maſter's wor'ſhip not to treat, maltreat, wound, or 'ſlay, the Knight of the Looking-glaſ'ſes, who now lies at his feet; for, with'out all doubt, he is no other than our 'townſman, the inconſiderate and ill-'adviſed batchelor Sampſon Carraſco.'

About this time, the Knight of the Mirrours came to himſelf; and Don Quixote perceiving he had recovered the uſe of his ſenſes, clapped the point of his naked ſword to his throat, ſaying, 'Knight, you are a dead man, if you 'do not inſtantly confeſs that the peer'leſs Dulcinea del Toboſo excels your 'Caſildea de Vandalia, in beauty; and 'in the next place, you muſt promiſe, '(provided you eſcape with life from 'this contention and overthrow) to go 'to the city of Toboſo, and preſent 'yourſelf before her, in my name, that 'ſhe may diſpoſe of you according to 'her good pleaſure; and if ſhe leaves 'you at your own diſpoſal, you ſhall 'return in queſt of me; for the tracks 'of my exploits will ſerve as a guide to 'conduct you to the place where I ſhall 'be, and give me an account of what 'hath paſſed between you; theſe con'ditions being conformable to what we 'agreed upon before the combat, and 'not deviating from the cuſtoms of 'knight-errantry.'—'I confeſs,' ſaid the vanquiſhed knight, 'that the clout'ed dirty ſhoe of the Lady Dulcinea 'del Toboſo, excels the diſhevelled, 'though ſhining locks of Caſildea: I 'promiſe to go and return from her to 'your preſence, and give you a full and 'particular detail of what you demand.' —'You muſt, in like manner, confeſs 'and believe,' added Don Quixote, 'that 'the knight whom you overcame nei'ther was nor could be Don Quixote 'de La Mancha, but ſome other who 'reſembled him; as I confeſs and be'lieve, that although you appear to be 'the batchelor Sampſon Carraſco, you 'are not really he, but another cloathed 'in his appearance, with which my 'enemies have inveſted you, in order 'to arreſt my arm, and reſtrain the im'petuoſity of my rage, ſo as that I 'may bear the glory of my conqueſt 'with moderation.'—'I confeſs, judge, 'and perceive, in all reſpects, as you 'believe, judge, and perceive,' anſwered the diſcomfited knight; 'and I be'ſeech you to allow me to riſe, if the 'ſeverity of my fall, which hath put 'me in a miſerable plight, will permit 'me to get up.'

He was accordingly aſſiſted in riſing, by Don Quixote and his own ſquire Tommy Cecial, from whoſe perſon Sancho could not withdraw his eyes, while he aſked a thouſand queſtions; the anſwers to which manifeſtly ſhewed, that he was really and truly the individual Tommy Cecial, whom he pretended to be; but the apprehenſion which Sancho had conceived, from what his maſter ſaid touching the inchanters, who had metamorphoſed the Knight of the Mirrours into the Batchelor Carraſco, hindered him from giving credit to the truth of what he ſaw with his own eyes. Finally, both maſter and man remained under the influence of that deception, while he of the mirrours, with his ſquire, in exceeding bad humour and evil plight, took his leave of Don Quixote and Sancho, to go in queſt of ſome place where he might beplaiſter and beſplinter his ribs. Don Quixote and Sancho returned to the proſecution of their journey; in which the hiſtory leaves them, to explain the myſtery of the knight of the looking-glaſſes and his ſnouted ſquire.

CHAP. XV.

WHICH GIVES AN ACCOUNT AND INFORMATION OF THE KNIGHT OF THE MIRROURS AND HIS SQUIRE.

DON Quixote went on his way rejoicing; he gloried, he triumphed in the importance of his conqueſt, imagining the knight of the mirrours to be the moſt redoubtable of all knights that had yet ever appeared; and what afforded him likewiſe great matter of comfort was, that this knight, having engaged himſelf by the ties of honour, from which he could not deviate, without forfeiting his title to the order, he conceived hopes of hearing ſoon from Dulcinea, and of being certainly in-

formed whether the inchantment of that princeſs ſtill continued; though, indeed, it happened, that he and the knight of the mirrours thought, at that time, differently upon this ſubject; inaſmuch as the latter was ſolely intent upon thinking how he ſhould repair the damage done to his carcaſe.

And here the hiſtorian informs his readers, that when Sampſon Carraſco adviſed Don Quixote to reſume the profeſſion of knight-errantry, it was in conſequence of mature conſultation between him, the curate, and the barber, when they deliberated upon the means of keeping him in peace and quiet at home, ſo that his brains, for the future, ſhould not be diſturbed in purſuit of thoſe wild extravagances; the reſult of which was, that the only way to cure the frenzy of this unhappy man, was at preſent not to check his ungovernable obſtinacy, but to humour it, and encourage him to go out again, as they ſaw it was impoſſible to prevent him; that Sampſon ſhould arm himſelf, and take an opportunity of meeting and challenging him, as a knight-errant; that he ſhould ſettle the terms with him, that the vanquiſhed ſhould be at the diſpoſal of the conqueror; that, in conſequence of this agreement, Don Quixote, when overcome, (which they looked upon as a matter of little doubt and difficulty) ſhould be ordered to return home, and not to paſs the bounds of his own village for the ſpace of two years, without the good-will and permiſſion of the other; that, no doubt, this he would religiouſly comply with, as not daring to violate the laws of the order; and that there might be hopes, he would either in that ſpace of time be naturally cured of thoſe extravagant follies, or they might find out ſome method of diverting his mind from the farther purſuit of them. Carraſco undertook the affair very readily; and this Thomas Cecial, an intimate friend and companion of Sancho, and a queer ſort of fellow, proffered his ſervice to go upon the expedition, in the quality of ſquire. Sampſon got himſelf accoutred in the manner you have read, and Cecial appeared in the terrors of that tremendous paſte-board noſe, to diſguiſe himſelf from Sancho; and being thus equipped, they followed him ſo cloſe, that they were very near coming up with him at the adventure of the waggon of Death; they met him however in the wood, where enſued what the attentive reader muſt already be acquainted with; and where, had it not been for Don Quixote's heated imagination, which hurried him into the belief that the batchelor was not the batchelor Signior Sampſon Carraſco, would have been effectually ſtopped in the progreſs of his univerſity degrees, and would not even have found a neſt where he expected a flight of ſparrows.

Thomas Cecial, finding the unhappy ſucceſs that attended their undertaking, ſaid, 'Mr. Carraſco, I cannot in my 'conſcience ſee why we ought to com-'plain; it is one thing to undertake, 'but another thing to finiſh: we look-'ed upon Don Quixote as mad, and 'ourſelves as hugely wiſe; but, be-'hold the end! we take our march 'back again, both from a fool's er-'rand, and you moſt handſomely drub-'bed to boot, while he purſues his jour-'ney in ſafety and triumph; and I 'ſhould really be curious to know which 'is the greateſt fool, he who is made 'ſo by nature, or he who makes him-'ſelf one?'—'There is this diffe-'rence,' replied the batchelor, 'between 'a natural and a wilful fool; that the 'former will always remain ſo, the 'latter may ceaſe to be ſo when he has 'a mind.'—'As that is the caſe,' ſaid Thomas, 'I think I have been a mon-'ſtrous fool in coming here to attend 'you as your ſquire; and therefore, 'that I may be ſo no longer, I will 'this inſtant hie me to my own habi-'tation.'—'In that particular, you 'may do what ſeems good unto you,' replied Sampſon; 'but as for me, I ſee 'not the place of my dwelling, until 'I ſhall have taken bodily vengeance 'upon Don Quixote: 'tis not now 'from motives of charity or benevo-'lence; no, 'tis revenge, and the an-'guiſh of my ribs, that prompt me to 'perſevere in attempting the work of 'his reformation.'

They entertained one another in this manner, till they came to a village, where they had the good fortune to find a bone-ſetter, who put the batchelor's ribs ſomewhat to rights; and Cecial took the route for his own village, leaving Carraſco deep in his meditations, projecting ſchemes of revenge. In due time, the hiſtory will again mention him;

him; but, at present, let us share with Don Quixote in the transports of his joy.

CHAP. XVI.

WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE WITH A GRAVE GENTLEMAN OF LA MANCHA.

DON Quixote, as we have observed, went on his way, glorying in his success. From that day, he dated himself the most renowned and invincible of all knights that had ever yet gone through a course of labours on this our earth: he looked upon all dangers, all difficulties that possibly could come in his way, as already vanquished, already overcome: he now valued not a rush the machinations of the most powerful inchanters. The very traces of former misfortunes, those drubbings out of number he had undergone, in discharging the functions of knighthood, were now quite obliterated from his memory. He thought no more of the shower of stones which had so sorely afflicted his jaw-bones, nor the mortifying ingratitude of the galley-slaves; nor did he think any more of the pack-staves of the Yanguesian carriers, who had the hardiness to make his sides resound like the dusting of a carpet: in short, the idea he conceived of his own felicity was so great, that, 'Could I,' said he to himself, 'but accomplish the great point of delivering my celestial princess from the 'power of inchantment, I should not 'envy the glory that ever was or will be 'purchased by any knight in the universe.'

He was lost in these reveries, when Sancho interrupted him: 'Signior, you 'will hardly believe what a fool I am; 'but it is an actual truth, that I can'not keep myself from thinking on 'that horrid and unmeasurable nose of 'my neighbour Tom Cecial.'—'And 'dost thou really believe,' replied the other, 'that the Knight of the Mir'rours was Sampson Carrasco; and 'that thy old companion, Thomas 'Cecial, was his squire?'—'As to 'that affair, I can say nothing to it,' answered Sancho; 'only one thing I 'am positive in, that no one but him'self could have given me such an ac'count of my house, my wife, and 'my children; and as to his face, 'when that nose was slipt off, it was 'the very individual face of Thomas 'Cecial, just as I have beheld it many 'a time, when we were next door 'neighbours in our village: and as for 'his voice, I will take my oath, it is 'the same to a tittle.'—'Come, San'cho,' said Don Quixote, 'let us rea'son coolly upon this head: what pro'bability is there, that Sampson Car'rasco should come, as a knight-er'rant, armed cap-a-pee, to offer me 'combat? Am I his enemy, or did I 'ever give him occasion to bear re'sentment against me? Do you ima'gine I am his rival, or that he has 'entered into the profession of chivalry, 'as envying the glory I have acquired 'by arms?'—'But then, Sir,' answered Sancho, 'what account can we give 'of the resemblance of that same 'knight and his squire to Sampson 'Carrasco, and my old friend Thomas 'Cecial? And if it be inchantment, 'as your worship says, were there no 'other two in the world but them 'whose likeness they could assume?'—'It is all design,' answered the other; 'and the contrivance of those cursed 'inchanters that persecute me, who 'easily foreseeing I should be victorious 'in the combat, changed the form of 'the vanquished knight into that of 'the batchelor, that the friendship I 'have for him might check the fury 'of my sword, and shield him against 'the effects of my just indignation; 'and by that means save the life of 'him who by treachery and artifice 'had attempted to take away mine. 'But what farther proof need there be 'of the power of those inchanters, to 'change the appearance of human coun'tenances, the fair into the deformed, 'and the deformed into the fair, than 'what thou thyself hast lately found 'by certain experience? Thou, who 'not two days since beheld the peer'less Dulcinea in all the charms and 'lustre of perfect beauty, while at the 'same time she appeared to me an 'ugly rustick wench, with bleared eyes, 'and stinking breath; and doubtless, 'if the wicked magician could effect 'such a diabolical inchantment as that, 'it is not to be wondered at, if he did 'the like by Carrasco and Thomas 'Cecial, to rob me of the glory of my 'victory: however, this is my conso'lation, that the prowess of my arm

'hath prevailed againſt my enemy, 'whatever ſhape he has aſſumed.'— 'It is God alone who knows the truth 'of all things,' anſwered Sancho: who, well knowing that the transformation of Dulcinea was the effect of his own inchantments, upon that account was not quite convinced by his maſter's arguments; but durſt not mutter the leaſt word, leſt ſomething ſhould have dropped from him, by which he might have betrayed himſelf.

While they were diſcourſing in this manner, a gentleman, mounted in the jockey-faſhion, on a fine flea-bitten mare, came up with them, dreſſed in a riding-coat of fine green cloth, faced with murry-coloured velvet, and a hunting-cap of the ſame; his furniture of a piece, murry-coloured and green; he had a belt of green and gold, at which hung a Mooriſh ſcymitar, and his buſkins were wrought in the ſame manner; his ſpurs were not gilt, but ſo finely varniſhed with green, that as they were more of a piece with the reſt of his dreſs, they looked better than if they had been pure gold. When this gentleman overtook them, he ſaluted them with great politeneſs, and was ſpurring on, in order to paſs them, when Don Quixote calling to him, ſaid, 'Signior, if you are not in 'haſte, and are a going this way, I 'ſhould be exceeding glad to join com- 'pany with you.'—'Sir,' anſwered the other, 'I ſhould not have been in 'ſuch haſte to paſs you, but was afraid 'your horſe might be unruly, in the 'company of my mare.'—'If that be 'all,' anſwered Sancho, 'you may ſtop 'your mare when you pleaſe, with 'great ſafety; ours is the moſt ſober 'and moſt diſcreet horſe in the world, 'and has more breeding than ever to let 'his naughtineſs get the better of him 'upon ſuch occaſions, and never tranſ- 'greſſed in this particular but once, 'and then my maſter and I both ſuf- 'fered ſeverely in the fleſh for it: I ſay 'once more, your worſhip may ſtop; 'for if your mare was ſerved up in a 'diſh, our ſteed would not ſo much 'as ſmell to her.' Upon this aſſurance, the gentleman ſtopped, and looked with amazement at the air and appearance of Don Quixote, who rode without his helmet, which hung like a wallet before Sancho, at the pummel of his aſs's pannel; and, on the other hand, Don Quixote beheld him with no leſs attention, conceiving him to be ſome perſon of figure and diſtinction. The traveller ſeemed to be a man about fifty; he had ſome, though few, grey hairs; his features were ſharp, and in his looks appeared neither levity nor moroſeneſs: in ſhort, his appearance beſpoke him a man of conſequence. He looked with a kind of aſtoniſhment at Don Quixote, as having never beheld ſuch a phænomenon before; the lankneſs of the horſe, and the tall ſtature of the perſon that rode him, the ſepulchral meagreneſs of his aſpect, his ſolemn gravity, the ſtrangeneſs of his armour, all together forming ſuch a compoſition as perhaps had never before been ſeen in that country.

Don Quixote obſerved with what attention the traveller conſidered him; and, by the ſurprize he ſaw him in, gueſſing what he wanted to know, as he was himſelf the very flower of civility, and of exceſſive complaiſance, he was reſolved to be beforehand with him, and ſave him the trouble of aſking any queſtion: 'Signior,' ſaid he, 'I am not at all ſurprized to find, that 'with amazement you contemplate this 'my appearance, ſo new to you, and 'ſo different from that of other mor- 'tals; but your wonder will ceaſe, 'when I have told you that I am of 'the fraternity of thoſe knights whom 'people diſtinguiſh by the title of ad- 'venture-hunters. I have left my na- 'tive home, mortgaged my all, bid 'adieu to eaſe and pleaſure, and caſt 'myſelf upon fortune, to diſpoſe of 'me as ſhe ſhall think proper; my de- 'ſign being to awaken the loſt and de- 'cayed ſpirit of knight-errantry: it is 'now ſome time ſince I entered upon 'the reſolution of accompliſhing this 'aim, during which period I have ſuf- 'fered a variety of fortune, toſſed about 'from one adventure to another, ſome- 'times triumphant, at other times not 'ſo ſucceſsful, until I have in a great 'meaſure fulfilled my deſign, having 'relieved many diſconſolate widows, 'afforded protection to many diſtreſſed 'damſels, and been of aid and aſſiſt- 'ance to divers married women and 'fatherleſs children, the true duty and 'intent of our order; ſo that, by num- 'berleſs exploits becoming a Chriſtian 'hero, I am now celebrated in print 'through almoſt all the nations of the 'habitable

'habitable globe. Thirty thouſand 'copies of my renowned hiſtory are al-'ready in the hands of the publick; 'and if Heaven does not think proper 'to put a ſtop to it, in all likelihood 'there will be a thouſand times as many 'more. In one word, Sir, I am Don 'Quixote de La Mancha, otherwiſe 'ſtiled the Knight of the Rueful Coun-'tenance; and though I own it is illi-'beral to ſound one's own praiſes, yet 'am I ſometimes obliged to do it; but 'then, never unleſs when no one is by 'to do it for me; ſo that, Signior, after 'what I have told you, neither my 'lance nor my ſhield, my horſe nor my 'ſquire, the wanneſs of my counte-'nance, nor the lankneſs of my per-'ſon, and all my whole compoſition 'together, ought any more to affect 'you with ſurprize, ſince you know 'the profeſſion I am of, and the order 'I belong to.'

There Don Quixote ſtopped to give the traveller an opportunity of reply; but he was ſo long before he opened his mouth, that it ſeemed as if he could make no anſwer; however, after a long pauſe, 'Sir Knight,' ſaid he, 'you 'was not miſtaken, when, by the ſur-'prize you ſaw me in, you gueſſed the 'deſire I had to be informed; but I 'am ſtill as much ſurprized as ever, 'and though what you ſay may be 'right, that my knowing who you are 'ought to have made my wonder ceaſe, 'it is yet far from having that effect 'upon me. Can it be poſſible, that there 'are indeed now in the world knights-'errant really exiſting, and that there 'are publiſhed accounts of real ad-'ventures? I ſhould never have once 'dreamed that there was ſuch a thing 'upon earth as any one who aſſiſted 'married womed and orphans, relieved 'widows, and protected damſels, if I 'had not had this opportunity of being 'convinced by now ſeeing you; and 'Heaven be praiſed, that this noble 'hiſtory of your real and glorious at-'chievements is in print, as it muſt ef-'face and diſcredit thoſe numberleſs 'romances about knights-errant, who 'never had being, and with which the 'world was ſo peſtered and abuſed, to 'the apparent corruption of the mind 'of the readers, and the diſcredit of 'real and true hiſtory.'—'As to that 'circumſtance, Sir, there is much to 'be ſaid, and you muſt not be too raſh 'in believing, that the hiſtories of 'knight-errantry are all fable.'—'Is 'there any one,' anſwered the travel-ler, 'who makes a doubt of it?'—'I 'do, for one,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'but we will drop that ſubject for the 'preſent, as I doubt not but, if we 'continue any time travelling together, 'I ſhall be able, by the bleſſing of 'God, to convince you of your error, 'and to ſhew you that you are preju-'diced only by the number of thoſe 'who have entertained a notion, that 'ſuch accounts are fictitious.'

Theſe laſt words of Don Quixote gave the gentleman in green a ſuſpicious idea of his underſtanding: he had a no-tion that he muſt be diſordered in his ſenſes, and was expecting ſome other proof of it; but, without entering into farther diſcourſe, Don Quixote deſired his companion to let him know who he was, as he himſelf had given an account of his life and ſituation. To which requeſt the gentleman replied, 'Sir 'Knight of the Rueful Countenance, 'I am a gentleman born in a village 'where, if it pleaſes God, we ſhall all 'dine to-day; my fortune is better than 'moderate, and my name Don Diego 'de Miranda. I paſs my time chear-'fully, with my wife, my children, 'and my friends; my uſual diverſions 'are fiſhing and hunting; but I neither 'keep hounds nor hawks; all I have 'are ſome decoy-partridges and a good 'ferret. My library conſiſts of about 'ſome ſix dozen of Spaniſh and Latin 'books; ſome are books of hiſtory, 'others of piety; for as to books of 'chivalry, I have not yet allowed them 'to come under my roof: I am more 'inclined to the reading of profane 'than religious authors, if the ſubjects 'they treat of are of an innocent na-'ture, if the ſtile is engaging, and the 'incidents affecting and ſurprizing: but, 'indeed, Spain produces mighty few 'performances of this ſort. I live in 'terms of good neighbourhood with 'all about me; ſometimes I go to their 'houſes, ſometimes I invite them to 'mine; my table is neat and clean, and 'ſufficiently affluent, without extrava-'gance. I ſlander no one, nor do I 'allow backbiters to come near me; 'my eyes pry not into the actions of 'other men, nor have I any impertti-'nent curioſity to know the ſecrets of 'their lives. I go to maſs every day,

'and

'and the poor man partakes of my 'substance; I make no ostentation in 'the good I do, that I may defend 'myself against the attacks of hypo-'crisy and vain-glory, well knowing, 'that the best fortified heart is hardly 'proof against these fly deceivers. As 'far as I have an opportunity, I am a 'reconciler of differences among my 'neighbours: I particularly pay my 'devotions to the blessed Mother, and 'have an entire dependance on the 'mercies of God our Saviour.'

Sancho had listened with uncommon attention to what the gentleman in green said; and this discourse seemed to him of such exalted piety and virtue, that he immediately conceived such a man must be endowed with the power of working miracles: fully persuaded of the truth of this supposition, he threw himself off his ass, ran up to the gentleman, seized his right stirrup, and with a heart overflowing with devotion, and eyes full of tears, fell a kissing his feet. Which humility, when the traveller perceived, 'What is the matter, 'friend,' said he; 'what is the mean-'ing of these embraces?'—'Pray let 'me alone,' said Sancho; 'for in my 'life before, excepting your worship, 'did I never know a saint mounted on 'horseback.'—'I have no title to be 'thought so,' answered the gentleman; 'on the contrary, I am a miserable sin-'ner; but the simplicity of your beha-'viour, my friend, shews, that you 'yourself must be a very good man.' Upon this declaration Sancho quitted him, and again remounted Dapple, having by his behaviour unbended the solemn gravity of his master into a smile, and increased the wonder of Don Diego.

Don Quixote then made enquiry into the number of children he had, informing him at the same time, that the ancient sages, who were not enlightened with the knowledge of the true God, reckoned the gifts of fortune and nature, abundance of friends and encrease of dutiful children, as constituting part of the supreme happiness. 'Sir,' answered Don Diego, 'I have one son; and if I 'had none, should, peradventure, think 'myself happier than I am; not that 'he is very bad, but because he does 'not come up to what I would wish 'him to be. He is now eighteen years 'of age, six of which he has spent at 'Salamanca, studying Greek and La-'tin; and when I would have had him 'apply to something else, I found him 'so dipt in poetry, if that deserves the 'name of science, that I could not pre-'vail upon him to take to the study of 'the law, which was what I wanted he 'should do; nor would he apply to di-'vinity, the first and noblest of all 'sciences. I was desirous to make him 'the honour and ornament of his fa-'mily, as we live in an age, and under 'a monarch, where useful and virtu-'ous learning is so amply recompensed: 'for what is learning without virtue; 'no better than pearls on a dunghill! 'He will spend whole days in examin-'ing whether such a verse in Homer's 'Iliad be expressed with propriety, whe-'ther such an epigram of Martial is 'to be construed into a lewd sense or 'not, and whether such a verse in Vir-'gil will bear this or that meaning. In 'a word, these authors, with Horace, 'Persius, Juvenal, and Tibullus, en-'gross the whole of his time and con-'versation. As to the modern authors 'of his own country, he seems to have 'no great relish for them, though, not-'withstanding his seeming disregard, 'he is now busied in making a kind of 'commentary upon four verses, which, 'I believe, are designed as a subject for 'a prize in the schools.'

To this information, the other answered, 'Signior, children are to be consi-'dered as part of the bowels of the pa-'rents, and be they good or bad, we 'must treat them as such, and cherish 'them accordingly. It is incumbent 'upon parents to lead them betimes into 'the paths of decency and virtue, to 'instil into them sound principles, and 'train them up in Christian discipline, 'that by these means they may be the 'stay of their declining years, and an 'honour to their own descendants. I 'am not against using persuasion to in-'cline them either to the study of this or 'that science, but look upon using force 'as altogether unwarrantable; more 'especially as the young gentleman 'does not study in view of getting his 'livelihood, he being so fortunate as 'to have that secured by inheritance: 'then I think he should be indulged in 'pursuing whatever his genius or in-'clination mostly prompts him to; and 'though in poetry there is more plea-'sure than utility, it generally does ho-'nour to the person who has a vein for

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'it. I liken poetry to a young, tender, and beautiful virgin, whom many 'other virgins, that is, all the other 'sciences, are assiduous to ornament, 'enrich, and embellish; now as she 'makes use of them all, so likewise 'does she reflect a lustre upon them 'all. But then this tender virgin is 'not to be handled roughly; she is not 'to be dragged through the streets, ex'posed in publick places, or stand as a 'prostitute at the gates of palaces. 'She is a kind of alchemy of such rare 'virtue, that whoever knows the nature 'of her composition may change her 'into pure gold of inestimable value: 'whoever would keep her must narrow'ly look after her; she must not be in'dulged in the indecency of obscene 'satire, nor allowed to run into insipid 'sonnets; and though she may enjoy 'the profits arising from heroick poetry, 'weeping tragedy, or laughing come'dy, yet the muse must not be venal; 'no buffoons must have any thing to 'do with her, and she must be kept sa'cred from the unhallowed multitude, 'who neither know nor esteem those 'hidden treasures she carries about her. 'And think not that by the multitude 'I only mean the common rank of 'men; no, under that class I number 'all who are strangers to real know'ledge, be they peers or be they prin'ces. But, whoever is possessed of 'those qualifications I have been men'tioning, and with them attempts the 'study and execution of poetry, I say, 'his name will be famous and held in 'veneration wherever politeness ex'tends it's influence. As to what you 'say of your son's not esteeming the 'poetry of his own country, I don't 'think he is quite right in that opi'nion, and for this reason: the mighty 'Homer did not write in Latin, because 'he was a Greek; nor Virgil in Greek, 'for the same reason that he was a Ro'man; and, in general, every one of 'the ancient poets wrote in the language 'of his own country, and did not seek 'for another to clothe the majesty of 'his ideas. As this is the case, I think 'it should be a prevailing maxim in all 'countries, nor should we undervalue 'the German poet for writing in his 'own language, nor the Castilian, nor 'even the Biscayan, for writing in 'his; but, perhaps, your son does not 'dislike Spanish poetry, but Spanish 'poets, as being destitute of the know'ledge of other languages or sciences, 'that might contribute to cultivate, as'sist, and enliven their own natural ge'nius; and even this prejudice might be 'carried too far; for the maxim that a 'poet is born with his talent, is cer'tainly just; that is, a real poet comes 'forth a poet into the world, and with 'this natural endowment, implanted in 'him by his Creator, produces, with'out the help of study or cultivation, 'such things as verify that of the poets 'when they say, "*Est Deus in nobis.*" 'One so born a poet, if he cultivates 'his genius by the assistance of art, 'must be much better, nay, greatly 'preferable to him who, without natu'ral fire, attains to the knowledge of 'the rules only; for it is obvious, that 'as art does not exceed nature, but 'serves to polish and bring it to perfec'tion, so art assisting nature, and na'ture so assisted by art, form the ac'complished poet. To conclude, Sig'nior, my advice is, that your son 'should be allowed to follow the bent 'of his own inclination; and as he 'must be already an exceeding good 'scholar, having mastered the learned 'languages, which may be looked upon 'as having mounted the first steps in his 'progress to the seat of the sciences, 'by the assistance of that knowledge he 'will be able, without more help, to 'climb to the top of human literature, 'which as much adorns and sets off a 'gentleman as a mitre does a bishop, 'or the long robe the counsel learned 'in the law. If you find him writing 'satires injurious to private characters, 'burn his works and rebuke him; but 'if he composes discourses, that com'prehend for their subject of satire vice 'in general, as Horace did with so 'much elegance, then commend him: 'for, though it be unlawful to mark 'and single out particular persons, it is 'allowable to write against particular 'vices; for example, to write against 'envy, or to lash the envious, and so 'of others. Here are some poets, in'deed, who, rather than baulk their 'fancy of saying a smart thing, will risk 'being sent to the isles of Pontus. As 'the manners, so will the verses be; 'if the former are chaste, the latter will 'be so likewise. Writing is the inter'preter of the mind, which will al'ways produce what is consonant to

'it's

'it's own native conceptions; and when 'kings, and the great men of the earth, 'once see this wonderful gift of poe-'try employed on subjects of wisdom, 'virtue, and dignity, they bestow 'marks of honour, esteem, and mu-'nificence upon the poet; they crown 'him from the leaves of that tree, which 'is proof against the glancing thun-'derbolt, emblematically denoting, that 'such as wear that crown ought to be 'secure against all hurt or offence.'

The traveller wondered so much at Don Quixote's discourse, that he began to be staggered in his mind, whether he was a madman or not. But as this conversation did not altogether hit Sancho's taste, he had, in the midst of it, gone out of the road, to beg a little milk of some shepherds who were milking ewes hard by; and the gentleman in green, who seemed very fond of the good sense and ingenious conversation of Don Quixote, was going to renew their dialogue, when the Don, suddenly lifting up his eyes, saw a carriage with the king's colours meeting them upon the road, and taking this for some new adventure, called to Sancho to bring his helmet. Sancho, hearing the voice of his master, left the shepherd in great hurry, and mounting Dapple, arrived where Don Quixote was, to whom there happened a very terrible and tremendous adventure.

CHAP. XVII.

WHICH SETS BEFORE THE READER THAT HIGHEST AND MOST EXALTED PINNACLE, WHICH THE INCREDIBLE MAGNANIMITY OF DON QUIXOTE EVER DID, OR EVER COULD ARRIVE AT—WITH THE HAPPY ISSUE OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE LIONS.

THE history then proceeds to inform us, that when Don Quixote called upon Sancho to bring him his helmet, he, Sancho, was deep in bargain with the shepherds about some curds; and finding himself summoned in such violent haste by his master, was at a prodigious loss what to do with them, for he had paid for them, and could not bear the thoughts of losing his purchase: in this extremity he had recourse to his master's helmet, in which he safely stowed them, and hugging himself in this lucky thought, away he trotted to receive the commands of his lord and master, who desired him to deliver his helmet; 'For,' said he, 'if I know 'aught of adventures, that which I de-'scry yonder will prove such a one as 'will oblige me to have recourse to 'arms.'

Don Diego, upon hearing this declaration, looked about him every where, but could discover nothing, except a carriage coming towards them, with two or three flying flags, by which he guessed the carriage might be loaded with some of the king's money, and mentioned this observation to Don Quixote, who minded not what he said, his brain wandering so upon adventures, that every thing must be one, and nothing but a series of one adventure upon the back of another; he therefore answered the gentleman to this effect: 'Sir, forewarned and fore-armed is 'half the day; I am not now to learn 'that I have enemies of all kinds, visi-'ble and invisible; neither know I the 'time, the place, the hour, nor under 'what appearance they will attack 'me.' With these words, turning about, he demanded his helmet of Sancho; who not having time to disengage the curds from it, was obliged to deliver it, with that lining in the inside, to his master, who took it, and without farther examination, clapped it in a great hurry upon his head, which pressing and squeezing the curds, the whey began to ooze down his beard; and this circumstance so startled him, that he called out to Sancho, 'What can this mean? Is 'my skull softening, or my brains melt-'ing, or do I sweat from head to foot? 'Surely, this I can say, that if I do 'sweat, it is not through fear, though 'I am fully persuaded this will prove a 'most terrible adventure. If you have 'got any thing, let me have it to wipe 'me; for this deluge of sweat blinds 'my eyes.' Sancho replied not, but gave him a cloth, and with it sent up his thanks to the Almighty, that his master had not found out what it was. Don Quixote, after rubbing himself, took off his helmet, to see what it was that sat so cool upon his head, and, perceiving something white and clotted, put it to his nose, and snuffed at it; 'By the life of my Lady Dulcinea del 'Toboso,' cried he, 'thou hast put 'curds into my helmet, thou traitor, 'thou ill-bred squire!' To which apo-

strophe,

ſtrophe, Sancho anſwered with great unconcern and tranquillity, 'If they 'are curds, let me have them to eat; 'but the devil ought rather to eat them, 'for I am ſure it muſt be he who put 'them there. I offer to defile your 'worſhip's helmet! in good troth, I can 'perceive, by the help of that under-'ſtanding God has given me, that I 'am not without my inchanters too, 'who are at me, as a ſort of member 'and limb of your worſhip; and I'll 'be ſworn, have put that naſtineſs there, 'to inſtigate your worſhip to wrath 'againſt me, and ſtir up your worſhip 'to anoint my ribs in the manner your 'worſhip was wont to do. But this 'time they have miſſed their aim I 'trow, as I can depend upon the juſt 'ſentence of my maſter, who will eaſily 'weigh with himſelf, that I had nei-'ther curds, cream, nor any ſuch ſtuff; 'and that, if I had, it was more likely 'I ſhould have crammed them into my 'own guts than put them into his wor-'ſhip's helmet.'—'All this is poſſible,' cried Don Quixote: and all this the other gentleman ſaw, and ſaw with aſtoniſhment, more eſpecially when our hero, after having cleaned his head, beard, chops, and helmet, clapped the latter upon his ſkull, and fixing himſelf in his ſeat, tried whether or not his ſword could be eaſily drawn; then graſping his ſpear, 'Now,' cried he, 'happen what will happen, here am I, 'determined for the combat, ſhould the 'prince of the evil ſpirits ſet himſelf in 'battle array againſt me.'

By this time the carriage with the ſtreamers was come up, attended only by the driver (who rode one of the mules) and a man who ſat upon the fore-part of it. Don Quixote wedged himſelf directly in their way, and called out, 'Whither, my brethren, are you 'bound? what carriage is this? what 'does it contain? what enſigns are 'thoſe diſplayed?' To which interrogations the waggoner replied, 'The 'carriage itſelf belongs to me, and 'within are two ſavage lions, which 'the general of Oran ſends to court to 'his majeſty: the ſtreamers are the en-'ſigns of our lord the king, to ſhew 'that what is here contained belongs 'to the crown.'—'Are theſe lions 'large?' anſwered Don Quixote.—'So large,' replied the man, who ſat on the fore-part of the waggon, 'that 'lions of a more monſtrous ſize never 'came from Barbary into this king-'dom. I am their keeper, and have 'had ſeveral under my charge before 'now, but never any ſo big as they: 'there is a male and female; the he 'is in the firſt cage, and the female in 'the other; they are now ravenous 'with hunger, having had no food to-'day, and therefore I muſt entreat you 'to get out of the way, as we muſt 'make haſte to the place where they are 'to be fed.' To which intreaty, Don Quixote anſwered with a half ſmile, 'What are your lion whelps to me, 'and at this time of day too! are lion 'whelps brought againſt me! I'll make 'thoſe who ſent them hither—yes, by 'the holy God! I'll make them ſee 'whether I am a man to be ſcared by 'lions. Come, honeſt friend, get off; 'and as you are their keeper, open the 'cages and turn them out; for, in the 'midſt of this plain, will I make the 'ſavage beaſts of the wilderneſs know 'who Don Quixote de La Mancha is, 'in defiance of the inchanters who have 'ſent them againſt me.'

'Aha!' ſaid Don Diego to himſelf, 'I think our Knight of the Rueful 'Countenance has now given us a pret-'ty inconteſtable ſample of what he is; 'theſe curds have certainly ſoaked his 'ſkull, and ſuppurated his brains.' Then Sancho came up to Diego, and ſaid, 'For God's ſake, Signior, take 'care that my maſter's worſhip does 'not encounter theſe lions, or belike 'we ſhall all of us be tore to pieces.'—'What!' anſwered he, 'is your ma-'ſter then really ſo much out of his wits, 'that you believe and dread he will 'engage theſe ſavage monſters?'—'He 'is not out of his wits,' replied Sancho, 'but prodigious bold.'

'I'll make him give over,' anſwered the other; then going up to Don Quix-ote, who was preſſing the keeper to open the cages, he ſaid, 'Signior, gen-'tlemen of the order of knights-er-'rant ought to go upon adventures 'that have a probability of ſucceſs, not 'ſuch as are quite deſperate; for that 'courage which is almoſt temerity, fa-'vours rather of madneſs than true 'fortitude. Beſides, theſe lions do not 'come with any hoſtile deſign againſt 'you; no, they think of nothing leſs; 'they are going to be preſented to the 'king, and as they are on their way

'to court, I think they ſhould not be 'ſtopped in their journey.'—'Pray, 'good Signior,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'if 'you will pleaſe to get away from 'hence, and look after your ferrets and 'decoy-partridges, do, and leave every 'one to mind his own buſineſs: this 'is my buſineſs, and it behoves me to 'know whether or not theſe lions come 'againſt me.' Then turning to the keeper, 'Sirrah,' ſaid he, 'if you 'do not immediately open the cages, I 'ſwear by the living God, I will this 'inſtant pin you to the place where 'you ſit.'

The carter ſeeing the obſtinate reſolution of this armed phantom, who addreſſed him, begged for the ſake of charity, he would let him take off his mules, and get with them out of danger, before the lions were uncaged, 'For ſhould my cattle be ſlain,' ſaid he, 'I am undone for ever, having nothing 'to depend upon for bread but this 'cart and theſe mules.'—'Man of little faith,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'alight; 'take off thy mules, and do what thou 'wilt; but thou ſhalt quickly ſee thou 'haſt laboured in vain, and that thou 'mighteſt have ſpared thyſelf this unneceſſary trouble.'

The carter then got off, and unharneſſed in great hurry, and the keeper ſpoke aloud, 'I call all preſent to witneſs that I am forced againſt my 'will, to open the cages, and let looſe 'the lions; and I here declare, that 'this gentleman is chargeable with, 'and anſwerable for, all the harm they 'ſhall do, as alſo for my ſalary and 'perquiſites over and above. And 'now, gentlemen, pray take care of 'yourſelves, and get out of the way; 'for, as to me, I know they will do 'me no harm.' Don Diego again urged him to forbear attempting ſo extravagant an action, alledging it was tempting of God, to think of going about ſuch a deſperate undertaking. The other replied, that he knew what he did, and Don Diego once more deſired him to think well of what he was about, as he was certain that he deceived himſelf. 'Signior,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'if you do not care to be a 'ſpectator of what you think will be a 'tragical adventure, ſet ſpurs to your 'mare, and provide for your own 'ſafety.' Sancho, upon this intimation, fell a blubbering, and earneſtly beſought him not to think of entering upon this adventure; 'For, in compariſon 'of this,' ſaid he, 'the windmills, the 'terrible adventure of the fulling-mill 'hammers, nay, all the exploits your 'worſhip has performed during the 'courſe of your life, are but cuſtards 'and puff-paſte. Conſider, Sir,' continued he, 'that there can be no in'chantment in this cage; I myſelf 'have peeped through the cage, and 'there I ſaw the claw of a real living 'lion; and ſure I am, that the beaſt 'that owns ſuch a claw muſt be bigger 'than a mountain.'—'Be he large or 'ſmall,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'thy 'fear would magnify him to the bigneſs of one half of the globe. Be 'gone, leave me: if I die, you know 'our old agreement; repair to Dulcinea. I ſay no more!' He ſpoke ſeveral other things, which ſhewed he was determined on what he was about, and that all attempts to diſſuade him were in vain.

Don Diego would willingly have ſtopped him; but had neither weapons nor armour equal to the other's, and, beſides, did not think it prudent to engage with a man who was frantick; for, by this time, he was convinced that Don Quixote was ſo in all reſpects; who ſtill preſſing the keeper, and repeating his threats, Don Diego clapped ſpurs to his mare, Sancho applied his heels to Dapple, the carter put forward his mules, and all endeavoured to get as faſt out of the way as they could, before the beaſts were let looſe. Sancho deplored the fate of his maſter, who he believed was juſt going to be ſacrificed by the lions: he bewailed his own hard fortune, and curſed the hour when he thought of ſerving him again; however, amidſt the intenſeneſs of his grief, he ceaſed not to punch and jog on his aſs, that he might get from the cart as faſt as poſſible. The keeper ſeeing that theſe runaways were now ſafe at a ſufficient diſtance, renewed his expoſtulations with Don Quixote, who ſaid, 'I hear you, friend; but 'give yourſelf no more trouble with 'arguments or entreaties, it will all 'ſignify nothing; and therefore I de'ſire you will make haſte.'

While the keeper protracted the time in opening the firſt grate, Don Quixote conſidered with himſelf, whether he had beſt alight for the combat, or continue



Plate XIII Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. June 1, 1782.

tinue on the back of Rozinante; and determined, at last, to fight on foot, lest his steed might take fright at the sight of the lions. Accordingly, he leaped upon the ground, threw away his lance, braced his shield, and drew his sword; in which attitude, approaching with great steadiness, he placed himself just before the cart, recommending himself, with great devotion, first to the protection of the Almighty, and then to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso.

We must observe, that at this place the author of this history breaks out into pathetick exclamations, expressing himself to this purpose: O Don Quixote de La Mancha! renowned for fortitude, brave beyond human expression; thou mirrour, in which all heroes of the earth may contemplate their own perfections! thou second and other Don Manual de Leon, glory and ornament of Spanish knights! how shall I find words worthy to relate this matchless atchievement: by what power of argument shall I make it gain credit among future generations? for what encomiums ever so exalted, even beyond the hyperbole, can there be but what thou deservest? On foot thou stood'st, collected within thy magnanimous self, with a sword far from being sharp, with a shield far from bright and shining; there, I say, didst thou stand waiting and expecting two of the fiercest lions that were ever yet engendered in the dens of Libya. I want words wherewithal to embellish thy great atchievements: let thy own exploits, then, be the harbinger of thy praises, O heroick Manchegan!

The author here breaks off his exclamation, and proceeds in the recital of the history, saying,—

The keeper seeing Don Quixote fixed in this posture, and finding himself under a necessity of letting loose the lion, to avoid the resentment of this enraged and intrepid hero, flung the door of the first cage open, where the lion appeared lying, of a monstrous bigness and terrifying aspect: he immediately turned himself round in the cage, put out one of his paws, and stretching himself at full length yawned and gaped with great composure, and then, with a tongue of about half a yard long, cleaned his face and eyes; after which he thrust his head out of the cage, and stared around him with eyes like firebrands; a sight sufficient to have struck a damp into the most intrepid heart: but Don Quixote only fixed his eyes attentively upon him, wishing for the minute he would leap out of the cart, that he might engage and cut him in pieces; to such an unaccountable degree had his frenzy worked up his disturbed imagination. But the lion, naturally generous, and more inclinable to be gentle than rough, heeded not his bravadoes or flourishing: on the contrary, after having looked around him, as we have observed, turned about, and shewing our hero his backside, with great composure and tranquillity, laid himself down again to rest; which circumstance Don Quixote perceiving, ordered the keeper to rouze him by blows, and oblige him to come forth. 'Nay, that I wont,' answered he; 'for, should I enrage him, he 'would immediately tear me to pieces: 'come, Sir Knight, be contented with 'what you have done, which is all that 'can be expected from any man's 'courage, and give over tempting fortune any more. The door of his 'cage is open, and he may come forth, 'or not, as he pleases; but as he has 'not come out now, he will not all 'day. The intrepidity of your worship's valour is sufficiently vouched; 'I apprehend the bravery of no combatant needs do more than challenge 'his adversary, and await him in the 'field; and if the enemy won't meet 'him, the imputation of cowardice lies 'with him, and the crown of victory 'devolves upon the other.'—'You say 'true,' said Don Quixote; 'shut the 'door, my friend, and let me have, 'under your hand, in the best manner 'you are able to draw it, a certificate 'of what you have now seen; for I 'think it is highly fitting mankind 'should know that you opened the lion's 'cage; that I waited for him, and he 'came not out; and that I waited for him 'again, and he came not out, and that 'again he laid himself down. I am not 'bound to do any more; so inchantments avaunt, and God prosper truth, 'justice, and noble chivalry! shut the 'door therefore, and I will wave a 'signal for those who have run off to 'return, and have an account of this 'action from your own mouth.'

The keeper obeyed; and Don Quix-

ote clapping upon the point of his lance the cloth Sancho had given him to wipe off the curds, called out to them who were ſtill purſuing their flight, and at every ſtep, all in a body, turning about their heads, and Don Diego leading them on; but Sancho chancing to eſpy the ſignal of the linen cloth, 'I'll be 'bound to be crucified,' ſaid he, 'if my 'maſter has not got the better of the 'lions; for he now calls to us.' They all ſtopped, and perceived it was Don Quixote who made the ſign; upon which the violence of their terrors ſomewhat abated, and they approached nearer and nearer by degrees, till they could diſtinctly hear the voice of Don Quixote calling to them; at laſt they came back to the cart, and Don Quixote ſaid to the carter, 'Harneſs your mules again, 'my friend, and go on in your jour-'ney; and, Sancho, give him and the 'keeper two crowns of gold, as a re-'compence for the time I have detained 'them.'—'That I will moſt willingly 'do; but where are the lions, dead or 'alive?' Then the keeper very circum-ſtantially, and dividing his diſcourſe with great propriety, gave an account of the iſſue of this adventure, exaggerating with all his might, and all the power of rhetorick he could muſter up, the courage of Don Quixote: 'At ſight 'of whom,' ſaid he, 'the lion, over-'awed, would not, or rather durſt not, 'venture out of the cage, though I 'held the door open a conſiderable 'time; and that, upon remonſtrating 'to the great knight, that it was tempt-'ing of God to provoke the lion ſo far 'as to oblige him to come out by force, 'as he wanted him to have done, and 'was going to make him do whether 'he would or not, his honour had ſuf-'fered the cage-door to be ſhut.'—'Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'what 'doſt thou think now; can inchant-'ments avail aught againſt true cou-'rage? they may, indeed, and with 'eaſe, ſtand in the way of my good 'fortune; but of valour and reſolu-'tion they never can deprive me.' Sancho gave the crowns to the people; the carter harneſſed his mules, and the keeper kiſſed Don Quixote's hand for his liberality, and promiſed, when he arrived at court, he would give an account of this heroick atchievement to his majeſty himſelf. 'Should the king,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'perchance enquire 'who performed it, tell him it was 'the Knight of the Lions; for I am de-'termined, that, from this time for-'ward, the title I have been hitherto 'diſtinguiſhed by, of Knight of the 'Rueful Countenance, ſhall be chang-'ed, bartered, and ſunk, into that of 'Knight of the Lions; and in this 'alteration I imitate the example of 'knights-errant of old, who, as they 'pleaſed, altered their deſignations as 'it beſt ſuited their purpoſes.'

The carriage went forward, Don Quixote, Sancho, and the traveller in green, purſued their journey; and during all this time, Don Diego de Miranda was ſo attentive to remark and obſerve the actions of Don Quixote, that he had not opened his mouth; but looked upon him as a man whoſe good ſenſe was blended with a ſtrange ſort of madneſs: the reaſon was, he knew as yet nothing of the firſt part of his hiſtory; had he read that, his amazement at the knight's words and actions would have vaniſhed, as it would have cleared up to him the nature of his frenzy; but as he knew not that, he was at times divided in his opinion, ſometimes believing him in his ſenſes, and at other times thinking him frantick; becauſe what he ſpoke was ſenſible, conſiſtent, and genteelly expreſſed; but his actions diſcovered all the ſymptoms of wildneſs, folly, and temerity. 'For 'what greater ſign of diſorder,' ſaid he to himſelf, 'can there be, than for a 'man to clap on a helmet full of curds, 'and then take it into his head that 'ſome magician had liquified his ſkull; 'and what more certain proof of fool-'hardineſs and wild frenzy, than for a 'perſon, in ſpite of all that can be 'ſaid to him, to reſolve to engage lions?'

Don Quixote interrupted theſe reflections and ſoliloquy of his fellow-traveller, by ſaying, 'Signior Don Diego 'de Miranda, I don't doubt but that 'in your judgment I muſt paſs for an 'extravagant madman; and, indeed, no 'wonder; for, to be ſure, my actions 'would ſeem to declare me ſuch: but, 'at the ſame time, I muſt beg leave to 'ſay to you, that I am not ſo diſor-'dered, or ſo bereft of underſtanding, 'as to you I may have ſeemed. The 'gay cavalier, who in burniſhed ar-'mour, before the ladies, prances over 'the liſts, makes a gallant appearance! 'the adventurous knight too ſhews off

'to

'to great advantage, when in the midſt of the ſpacious ſquare, in view of his prince, he transfixes the furious bull. And a noble appearance make thoſe knights, who, in military exerciſes, or ſuch like, are the life, ſpirit, and even honour of their prince's court. But a much more noble figure than all theſe makes the knight-errant, who, in the ſolitudes of the deſart, through the almoſt impervious paſſages of the foreſt, and over the craggy mountains, goes in queſt of perilous adventures, to bring them to a ſucceſsful iſſue, and that only to obtain glory, honour, and an immortal name. A knight-errant, I ſay, makes a more glorious appearance, when he aſſiſts the widow in ſome ſolitary plain, than the courtier knight, when he laviſhes his gallantry on a town-lady. All cavaliers have their different ſpheres, in which they act; let the courtier pay his attendance to the ladies, adorn the court of his prince with the ſplendor of his equipage, entertain gentlemen of inferior fortunes with the hoſpitality of his ſumptuous table; let him propoſe matches of different exerciſe, and direct the juſts and tournaments; let him ſhew himſelf ſplendid, liberal, and munificent; and, above all, approve himſelf a good Chriſtian: in acting thus, he will diſcharge the duties that belong to him. But for the knight-errant, let him explore the moſt hidden receſſes of the univerſe, plunge into the perplexities of the labyrinths; let him, at all times, not be afraid of even impoſſibilities; in the barren, waſteful wilderneſs, let him defy the ſcorching rays of the ſolſtitial ſun, and the piercing chillings of the nipping froſt. Lions muſt not frighten him, phantoms muſt not terrify him, nor dragons diſmay him; for, in ſearching after ſuch, engaging with and getting the better of all difficulties, conſiſts his true and proper occupation. It being my fortune, then, to be of this laſt order, I cannot, conſiſtent with that, avoid engaging in whatever I deem to be part of the duty of my calling; and for theſe reaſons, though I knew, that encountering the lions was in itſelf an act of the greateſt temerity, yet it immediately belonged to my profeſſion: I am very ſenſible that true fortitude is placed between the two extremes of cowardice and fool-hardineſs; but then, it is better valour ſhould mount even to an over-daring hardineſs, than be debaſed to puſillanimity; for, as the prodigal is more likely to become truly generous than the miſer, ſo will the over-courageous ſooner be brought to true valour, than the coward to be courageous at all; and in undertaking adventures, I aſſure you, Don Diego, it is much better to overdo than underdo, and much better does it ſound in the ear of him to whom it is related, that a knight is daring and preſumptuous, than that he is puſillanimous and faint-hearted.'

'Signior Don Quixote,' anſwered Diego, 'I think all you have ſaid is conſonant to the rule of right reaſon; and I am of opinion, that if the laws and ſtatutes of true chivalry were loſt, they would be found depoſited and faithfully recorded in your breaſt: but if you pleaſe, we will put on, for it grows late; let us get towards my houſe and village, that you may have ſome reſt, and taſte of ſome refreſhment after your late fatigue, which, if it does not weary the body, muſt be heavy upon the mind, the labours of which often affect the body likewiſe.'—'I accept of your invitation, Don Diego,' ſaid the other, 'as a favour and mark of politeneſs.' And haſtening forward a little quicker than they had done before, they arrived about two in the afternoon at the habitation of Diego, on whom Don Quixote beſtowed the appellation of the Knight of the Green Surtout.

END OF BOOK I. PART II.

THE

ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT

DON QUIXOTE,

DE LA MANCHA.

PART II. BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

OF WHAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE AT THE CASTLE OR HOUSE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE GREEN SURTOUT—WITH OTHER OUT-OF-THE-WAY MATTERS.

DON Quixote found that Diego's houſe, like the houſes of moſt country gentlemen, was large and roomy, with the arms of the family over the great gates, cut out in rough ſtone; the buttery was in the yard, the cellar was under the porch, and around were placed divers jars, which jars being of the manufactory of Toboſo, recalled the memory of the metamorphoſed and inchanted Dulcinea; upon which, without reflecting what he ſaid, or before whom he poured out his ſighs and tears: 'O deareſt pledges,' ſaid he, 'which now I find in bitterneſs of ſorrow, but ſweet and raviſhing when 'Heaven's high will ordained it ſo. 'O jars of Toboſo, which have recalled into my mind the dear idea of my 'greateſt ſorrow!' This exclamation was overheard by the young poet, Diego's ſon; who, along with his mother, had come down to receive Don Quixote. Both mother and ſon were ſtruck with his uncouth figure, and he, alighting from Rozinante, with great good breeding, begged leave to kiſs the lady's hand. To which intreaty Don Diego added, 'Madam, receive with your 'uſual politeneſs, Signior Don Quixote 'de La Mancha, knight-errant, whom 'I here introduce to you as a gentle-'man of the brighteſt parts and moſt 'intrepid courage of any in the world.' Donna Chriſtina (for that was the lady's name) received him with all the marks of reſpect and eſteem, and Don Quixote overpaid them in polite and mannerly acknowledgments; the ſame kind of intercourſe paſſed between him and the young ſcholar, whom he took by his converſation to be a gentleman of vivacity and acuteneſs.

The author here minutely deſcribes Don Diego's houſe, gives an inventory of the furniture uſually contained in the houſe of a rich country gentleman: but the tranſlators of this hiſtory have thought it adviſeable not to mention theſe and ſuch other particular matters, as being rather foreign from the main ſcope of this hiſtory, in which truth has more energy than needleſs and languid digreſſions.

Don Quixote was conducted into a hall, where Sancho diſarmed him; after which, he remained in his other accoutrements, a pair of wide walloon breeches, and

and a shamoy-leather doublet, stained with the rust of his armour; his band was collegian, neither starched nor laced; his buskins of the colour of dates, and his shoes of waxed leather; he girded upon his thigh his trusty sword, which hung at a belt of seal's skin, for it is believed he had been for some years troubled with an imbecillity in his loins; and over all these was a long cloak of good grey cloth; but, before he stirred any farther, he applied to his face five or six pitchers (the precise number not being exactly ascertained) of fair water, which, nevertheless, still ran off exhibiting a whey colour; and it was undoubtedly owing to the irregular appetite of Sancho, and his having made the bargain for these nasty curds, that his master was now scoured so white and so clean. In this equipment, as here described, and with a gallant air and address, Don Quixote walked into another hall, where the young gentleman of the house was waiting to receive and entertain him, till dinner should be got ready; for as to the Lady Donna Christina, she was busy in ordering matters so, upon the arrival of this noble guest, as to let it be seen she knew what reception to give those who came to visit under her roof.

While Don Quixote was unarming, Don Lorenzo (that was the name of Diego's son) took the opportunity of that leisure time to ask his father, who that knight was he had brought home to them; 'For,' said he, 'his name 'and his uncouth figure, and your 'telling us, at the same time, that he is 'a knight-errant, puzzle both my mo-'ther and me prodigiously.'—'I know 'not,' said Don Diego, 'what answer 'to make you; all I can say is, I ne-'ver saw a madman act more frantick-'ly, and have heard him talk so very 'sensibly, as gave the lye to all his ac-'tions: but I would have you enter 'into conversation with him, and sound 'the depth of his understanding; you 'have sense enough, and therefore 'I would have you form a judg-'ment of him according to your own 'observation; to say the truth, I my-'self am more inclined to believe him 'distracted than otherwise.'

Upon this intimation, Don Lorenzo went to entertain Don Quixote, as we have mentioned; who, among other discourse, said to Lorenzo, 'Signior Don 'Diego de Miranda, your father has 'been pleased to inform me a little of 'your great genius and good judgment, 'and particularly that you are a great 'poet.'—'A poet, in some sense, I 'may be,' said Lorenzo; 'but a great 'one did I never so much as dare even 'in my own imagination to think myself. 'True it is, I am a little fond of poet-'ry, and of reading the good poets; 'but don't at all for that reason merit 'the title my father is pleased to bestow 'upon me.'—'I love your reserve,' said Don Quixote: 'for poets are usually 'far removed from modesty, each think-'ing himself the greatest in the world.' —'No rule holds universally,' answered Lorenzo, 'and there may be one who is 'really a great poet, and yet does not 'think himself so.'—'There must be ve-'ry few such,' answered the other; 'but 'pray, Sir,' continued he, 'what verses 'are those you are about, which your 'father says make you so anxious and 'studious? for, if it be commenting 'upon some theme, I know somewhat 'of the art of paraphrasing, and should 'be glad to see what your performance 'is; and if they are designed as a po-'etical prize, let me advise you to ob-'tain the second, for the first is decreed 'in view of interest, or in favour of the 'great quality of some person; but me-'rit carries the second: so that, accord-'ing to the general practice of our uni-'versities, the third becomes the second, 'and the first the third; but, notwith-'standing this acceptation, the name of 'the first makes a great shew.'—'So 'far, surely,' said Lorenzo to himself, 'this gentleman shews no signs of a 'disturbed understanding; but we'll go 'on.—Your worship, I presume, has 'been long at the schools; pray, Sir, 'what sciences have you addicted your-'self to?'—'That of knight-errantry,' replied Don Quixote; 'a science equally 'sublime as your poetry; and, in my 'humble opinion, even mounted a few 'steps above it.'—'That science,' an-swered Lorenzo, 'I am hitherto a stran-'ger to; it has not yet come within 'the extent of my knowledge.'—'It is 'a science,' answered the other, 'that 'includes in itself virtually, most, 'if not all the other sciences in the 'world; for he who professes it must be 'a civilian, and know the laws both 'of distributive and communicative jus-'tice, to determine, with equity and 'propriety,

'propriety, what lawfully and properly 'belongs to every individual: he must 'be a good divine and casuist, that he 'may, with clearness and precision, 'defend the principles of the Christian 'faith, which he professes, as often as 'he shall be required so to do: he ought 'to be a physician, and particularly a 'botanist, that, in the midst of deserts 'and wildernesses, he may know those 'herbs that are of efficacy in curing 'wounds; for a knight-errant can not 'at every turn have recourse to a sur-'geon. He ought to be an astronomer, 'to distinguish by the stars the time of 'the night, together with the climate 'and part of the globe on which he 'chances to be: he must be learned in 'the mathematicks, for which he will 'frequently have occasion; and besides 'being adorned with all the theological 'and cardinal virtues, he ought to de-'scend to other minute branches of 'science. I say, for example, he must 'know how to swim like an herring, to 'shoe an horse, to mend a saddle and 'bridle; and, returning to what we 'have observed above, he must preserve 'his fealty to God and his mistress; he 'must be chaste in thought, decent in 'speech, liberal in action, valiant in ex-'ploits, patient in toil, charitable with 'the needy; and finally, an asserter of 'truth, even though the defence of it 'should cost him his life. Of all these 'great and small qualities is a good 'knight-errant composed; so that 'Signior Don Lorenzo may judge, 'whether it be a snivelling science which 'is learned and professed by a knight-'errant: and whether it may not be 'compared with the sublimest which 'are taught in colleges and schools.'— 'If that be the case,' replied Don Lo-renzo, 'I affirm, that it has the advan-'tage over all others.'—'How!' cried Don Quixote, 'if that be the case!'— 'What I would say,' resumed Lorenzo, 'is, that I doubt whether there ever 'were or are knights-errants adorned 'with so many virtues.'—'I have often 'said what I am now going to repeat,' answered Don Quixote, 'that the great-'est part of the world believes there 'never were knights-errant; and, in 'my opinion, if Heaven does not work 'a miracle to prove that they both did 'and do exist, whatever trouble may be 'taken will fail of success, as I know 'by repeated experience. I will not, 'therefore, spend time at present, in re-'futing and rectifying the error in 'which you and many others are in-'volved; but my intention is to pray 'that Heaven will extricate you from 'your mistake, and give you to under-'stand how advantageous and necessary 'knights-errant have been to the world 'in past ages, and how useful they 'might be to the present, were it the 'custom to solicit their assistance: but, 'now, for the sins of mankind, idle-'ness, sloth, gluttony, and extrava-'gance, prevail and triumph.' Here Don Lorenzo said within himself, 'Now 'hath our guest given us the slip; but, 'nevertheless, he is a whimsical mad-'man, and I should be an idle fool, if I 'thought otherwise.'

In this place their discourse was interrupted by a call to table; and Don Diego asked his son, what he had fairly extracted from the genius of his guest. To this question he replied, 'All the 'best physicians and writers that the 'world contains, will not extract him 'fairly from the blotted sheet of his 'madness; but he is a party-colour-'ed maniack, full of lucid intervals.' They sat down to eat, and their repast was such as Don Diego had said upon the road he was wont to bestow upon his friends whom he invited, neat, plentiful, and savoury; but what yielded more sa-tisfaction to Don Quixote, was the won-derful silence that prevailed over the whole house, which in this particular re-sembled a monastery of Carthusians.

The cloth being removed, grace said, and hands washed, Don Quixote earnest-ly desired that Don Lorenzo would re-peat the verses designed for the literary contest; and the young gentleman an-swered, 'Rather than appear one of those 'authors, who when they are requested 'to rehearse their works, refuse to grant 'the favour, and on the other hand, 'disgorge them upon those who have no 'inclination to hear them; I will repeat 'my gloss, from which I expect no re-'ward, as I composed it solely with a 'view to exercise my genius.'—'It was 'the opinion of an ingenious friend of 'mine,' said Don Quixote, 'that no man 'ought to fatigue himself in glossing 'upon verses; because, as he observed, 'the gloss could never come up to the 'text; and very often, or indeed almost 'always, the gloss was foreign to the 'original proposition; besides, the laws 'of

'of the gloſs were extremely narrow, 'reſtricting the paraphraſer from the 'uſe of interrogations; and, "Said 'he," or, "I will ſay;" as well as 'from changing verbs into nouns, and 'altering the ſentiment; with other ties 'and ſhackles incurred by thoſe who 'try their fortune in this way, as you 'yourſelf undoubtedly know.'—'Verily, Signior Don Quixote,' cried Don Lorenzo, 'I am very deſirous of intrapping your worſhip in falſe Latin; but 'it is not in my power, for you ſlip 'through my fingers like an eel.'—'I 'do not know,' anſwered the knight, 'what you mean by ſaying I ſlip through 'your fingers.'—'I will explain myſelf ſome other time,' replied Don Lorenzo; 'mean-while, your worſhip 'will be pleaſed to hear the paraphraſe 'and the text, which run thus—

'THE TEXT.

'COULD I the moments paſt renew,
'Though fate ſhould other joys deny;
'Or bring the future ſcenes to view
'In time's dark womb that rip'ning lie.

'THE GLOSS.

'AS all things periſh and decay;
'So did that happineſs I mourn,
'On ſilent pinion fleet away;
'Ah! never—never to return.
'At Fortune's feet forlorn I lie:
'Would ſhe again propitious ſtrew
'Her favours, who more bleſt than I,
'*Could I the moments paſt renew!*

'No pleaſure, palm, or wreathe I claim,
'No wealth or triumph ſeek to find;
'For all my wiſh, and all my aim,
'Is to retrieve my peace of mind.
'Ah, Fortune! thy returning ſmile
'Would change to bliſs my deſtiny,
'And ev'ry gloomy thought beguile,
'*Though fate ſhould other joys deny.*

'Fond wiſh! impoſſible and vain;
'No pow'r on this terreſtrial ball
'Can Time's unwearied foot detain,
'Or his accompliſh'd flight recall.
'He forward flies, nor looks behind;
'And thoſe miſcarriage will purſue,
'Who hope this fugitive to bind,
'*Or bring the future ſcenes to view.*

'Perplex'd with hopes and fears I live,
'Tho' death at once would eaſe my pain;
'What folly, then, for me to grieve,
'Who can that eaſy cure obtain?
'No! yet a wiſer courſe I'll ſteer,
'Reſolv'd my fortune ſtill to try,
'Until thoſe happier days appear,
'*In time's dark womb that rip'ning lie.*'

Don Lorenzo no ſooner concluded his paraphraſe, than Don Quixote ſtarting up, took the young gentleman by the right-hand, and raiſing his voice even almoſt to a halloo, pronounced, 'Now, by the Heaven of heavens! noble youth, you are the beſt poet in the 'world, and deſerve to be crowned 'with laurel, not by Cyprus or Gaeta, 'as an author ſaid, whom God pardon, 'but by the academy of Athens, did it now ſubſiſt, and by thoſe of Paris, 'Bologna, and Salamanca, which are 'ſtill in being. Heaven grant, that 'thoſe judges who deny you the firſt 'prize, may be tranſfixed by the arrows of Apollo, and that the Muſes 'may never deign to croſs the threſholds of their doors. Signior, let me 'hear, if you pleaſe, ſome of your more 'majeſtick verſes, that I may be thoroughly acquainted with the pulſe of 'your admirable genius.' Is it not diverting to obſerve, that Don Lorenzo was pleaſed with the applauſe of Don Quixote, although he conſidered him as a madman? O influence of flattery, how far doſt thou extend! and how unlimited are the limits of thy agreeable juriſdiction! This truth is verified in the behaviour of Lorenzo; who, in compliance with the deſire and intreaty of the knight, repeated this ſonnet, on the fable or ſtory of Pyramus and Thiſbe.

SONNET.

FAIR Thiſbe's charms what bulwarks could withſtand!
They pierc'd e'en to her gallant lover's ſoul;
And Cupid haſten'd from the Cyprian ſtrand,
To view the narrow paths by which they ſtole.
Here ſilence ſpoke; and through that narrow breach,
Which e'en the timid voice durſt not eſſay,
Th' intrepid ſouls to perfect union ſtretch:
Inſpir'd, impower'd, by love's almighty ſway.
Th' ill-fated pair to death untimely came,
With flow'ry pleaſure's tempting bait intic'd:
By the ſame poignard, monument, and fame,
At once deſtroy'd, enclos'd, immortaliz'd.

'Bleſſed be God!' cried Don Quixote, when he had heard the ſonnet of Don Lorenzo, 'that amidſt the infinite 'number of conſumptive poets that now 'exiſt, I have found one conſummate, 'as your worſhip has plainly evinced 'yourſelf, by the art and execution of 'thoſe ſtanzas.'

The knight was ſumptuouſly regaled in the houſe of Don Diego, for the ſpace of four days; at the expiration of which he thanked his entertainer for the noble treatment he had received from his hoſpitality, and begged leave to depart; for as it did not become knights-errant to devote much time to eaſe and banqueting, he was deſirous of fulfilling the duty of his profeſſion in ſeeking adventures, with which he underſtood that country abounded, and in which he hoped to employ the time till the day of the tournament of Saragoſſa, whither he was bound; but, firſt of all, he was reſolved to enter the cave of Monteſinos, about which ſo many ſtrange ſtories were recounted all over that neighbourhood, that he might inveſtigate and diſcover the origin and real ſprings of the ſeven lakes of Ruydera. Don Diego and his ſon applauded the glorious deſign, and deſired he would ſupply himſelf with whatever their houſe or fortune could afford; for they would, with the utmoſt good-will, perform that ſervice, which they equally owed to his perſonal valour and honourable profeſſion. At length arrived the day of his departure, as joyful to the knight as diſmal and unfortunate to Sancho Panza, who had lived ſo much at his eaſe amidſt the plenty of Don Diego's houſe, that he could not without reluctance return to the hunger that prevails in dreary foreſts, and to the poverty of his ill provided bags, which, however, he now took care to fill and ſtuff with what he thought moſt neceſſary for his occaſions.

At parting, Don Quixote addreſſing himſelf to Don Lorenzo, 'I know not,' ſaid he, whether I have already told 'your worſhip, but if I have, let me 'now repeat the intimation, that when 'you are inclined to take the ſhorteſt 'and eaſieſt road to the inacceſſible ſummit of the temple of fame, you have 'no more to do, but to leave on one 'ſide the path of poetry, which is pretty narrow, and follow that of knight-'errantry, which, though the narroweſt 'of all others, will conduct you to the 'throne of empire, in the turning of a 'ſtraw.' With this advice did the knight, as it were, ſum up the proceſs of his madneſs; which, however, was ſtill more manifeſt in this addition: 'Heaven knows what pleaſure I ſhould 'feel in the company and aſſociation of 'Don Lorenzo, whom I would teach, 'by my own example, to ſpare the fallen, 'and trample the haughty under foot; 'virtues annexed to the order I profeſs: 'but as his tender years do not require 'ſuch tutorage, nor would his laudable exerciſes permit him to purſue 'my ſteps, I ſhall content myſelf with 'aſſuring his worſhip, that being a poet, 'he may certainly acquire renown, if 'he will conduct himſelf rather by the 'opinion of others, than his own; for 'no parent ever thought his own offſpring ugly, and this prejudice is ſtill 'more ſtrong towards the children of 'the underſtanding.'

Both father and ſon admired anew the ſtrange medley of Don Quixote's diſcourſe, in which ſo much diſcretion and madneſs were jumbled together; and were aſtoniſhed at the wilfulneſs and obſtinacy with which he was ſo wholly bent upon the ſearch of his miſadventrous adventures, that conſtituted the very aim of all his deſires. Nevertheleſs, they repeated their offers of ſervice and civility, and with the good leave of the lady of the caſtle, Don Quixote and Sancho ſet out on Rozinante and Dapple.

CHAP. II.

IN WHICH IS RECOUNTED THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENAMOURED SHEPHERD—WITH OTHER TRULY DIVERTING INCIDENTS.

A Little way Don Quixote had travelled from the habitation of Don Diego, when he was joined by two perſons dreſſed like eccleſiaſticks, or ſtudents, and a couple of labouring men mounted upon aſſes; behind one of the ſtudents was a bundle wrapped up in green buckram, ſeemingly conſiſting of ſome linen and two pair of coarſe thread ſtockings; while the other was encumbered with nothing but a couple of new black fencing-foils, with their buttons. The countrymen carried other things,

things, which discovered and gave notice, that they were on their return from some great town, were they had made a purchase, and were bringing it home to their own village; and they, as well as the students, were seized with that admiration which was incident to all those who for the first time beheld Don Quixote; indeed, they burned with curiosity to know what sort of a creature he was, so different in appearance from other men.

The knight saluted them courteously, and understanding their road was the same route that he designed to follow, made a proffer of his company, at the same time begging they would slacken their pace, as the beasts travelled faster than his horse. In order to facilitate their compliance with his request, he briefly told them who he was, made them acquainted with his office and profession, which was chivalry, and observed that he was going in quest of adventures, through all parts of the world; giving them to understand, that his proper name was Don Quixote de La Mancha, and his appellative the Knight of the Lions.

All this information was Greek or gibberish to the countrymen, but not to the students, who immediately discovered the weakness of Don Quixote's brain; nevertheless, they beheld him with admiration, and one of them, in a respectful manner accosted him thus: 'If your worship, Sir Knight, follows 'no determined road, as those who go 'in quest of adventures seldom do, be 'so good as to accompany us, and you 'will be an eye-witness of one of the 'most splendid and opulent weddings 'that ever was celebrated in La Mancha, or in many leagues around.'

When Don Quixote asked if it was the marriage of any prince, which he so highly extolled, the other replied, 'It 'is no other than the bridal of a farmer and a country maid; he the richest of all this neighbourhood, and she 'the comeliest that ever man beheld. 'The preparations are new and extraordinary; for the marriage is to be 'celebrated in a meadow adjoining to 'the village of the bride who, by way 'of excellency, is called Quiteria the 'Beautiful, and the bridegroom is 'known by the appellation of Camacho the Rich; she is but eighteen, and 'he turned of twenty, so that they are 'extremely well matched; though some 'curious persons, who remember all 'the pedigrees in the world, are pleased to say, that her family has in that 'respect the advantage of Camacho's: 'but now-a-days these circumstances 'are altogether overlooked; for wealth 'is able to repair a number of flaws. 'In a word, Camacho is liberal, and 'has taken it in his head to overshadow 'and cover the whole meadow in such 'a manner, that the sun will find some 'difficulty in penetrating, so as to visit 'the verdant plants with which the 'ground is adorned. He has likewise 'bespoke choice dancers, both with 'swords and morrice-bells; for there 'are people in the village who can jingle 'and snap to perfection; not to mention your shoe-flappers, a power of 'whom are summoned to the nuptials: 'but none of those things I have mentioned, or of a great many circumstances I have left untold, are likely 'to render the marriage so memorable 'as the behaviour which is on this occasion expected from the rejected Basilius.

'This Basilius is a neighbouring 'swain, and townsman of Quiteria, and 'there is nothing but a partition wall 'between his house and that of her parents, whence Cupid took occasion to 'renew the long forgotten loves of Pyramus and Thisbe, for Basilius became enamoured of Quiteria, even 'from his tender years, and she smiled 'upon his passion with all manner 'of honourable indulgence; insomuch 'that the love of the two children, Basilius and Quiteria, furnished entertainment and discourse for the whole 'village. As their age increased, Quiteria's father resolved to forbid Basilius the usual access he had to his 'house; and, to free himself from all 'sorts of jealousy and suspicion, proposed a match between his daughter 'and the rich Camacho, thinking it 'would not be so well to give her away 'to Basilius, to whom fortune had not 'been so kind as nature; though, to tell 'the truth, without envy or affection, 'he is the most active young man we 'know, an expert pitcher of the bar, 'an excellent wrestler, and great judge 'of hand-ball: he runs like a deer, 'leaps nimbler than a goat, plays at

'nine-pins as if he uſed inchantment, 'ſings like a ſky lark, touches the guit-'tar ſo as to make it perfectly ſpeak, 'and handles a foil like the beſt fencer 'in the world.'—'For that ſole ac-'compliſhment,' cried Don Quixote, 'the young man deſerves not only to 'be married to the beautiful Quiteria, 'but even to Queen Ginebra herſelf, 'were ſhe now alive, in ſpite of Sir 'Lancelot, and all thoſe who ſhould en-'deavour to oppoſe the match.'—'Let 'my wife alone for that,' ſaid Sancho Panza, who had hitherto travelled in ſilent attention; 'ſhe, good woman, 'would have every body match 'with his equal, ſticking to the old 'proverb, that ſays, Let every gooſe a 'gander chuſe. What I would wil-'lingly ſee is the marriage of this wor-'thy Baſilius; for he has already got 'my good-will, with that ſame lady 'Quiteria; and God grant them peace 'and plenty, and reſt their ſouls in hea-'ven—[his meaning was quite the re-'verſe]—who prevent lovers from mar-'rying according to their inclinations.' —'If that was always the caſe,' replied Don Quixote, 'parents would be de-'prived of that election and juriſdic-'tion they poſſeſs, to marry their chil-'dren when and how they ſhall think 'proper; and if every daughter was at 'liberty to indulge her own inclination 'in the choice of an huſband, one would 'perhaps chuſe her father's ſervant, 'and another place her affection upon 'ſome gaudy coxcomb, whom ſhe 'might chance to ſee paſſing along the 'ſtreet, even though he ſhould be a diſ-'orderly ruffian: for love and affec-'tion eaſily blind the eyes of the under-'ſtanding, which are ſo neceſſary to-'wards the ſettlement of one's condi-'tion in life; and as we are apt to com-'mit very important miſtakes in the 'article of matrimony, it requires great 'caution, as well as the particular fa-'vour of Heaven, to ſucceed in the 'choice of a wife. A prudent man, 'who is reſolved to undertake a long 'journey, will, before he ſets out, en-'deavour to find a ſafe, quiet, and a-'greeable fellow-traveller. Then why 'ſhould not the ſame pains be taken by 'the man who is going to travel through 'the whole journey of life? eſpecially 'in the choice of a companion for bed, 'board, and every other purpoſe for 'which the wife is ſubſervient to the 'huſband: a man's own wedded wife 'is not like a commodity which being 'once bought may be bartered, ex-'changed, or returned, but is an in-'ſeparable appendage that laſts for 'life.

'Marriage is a nooſe, into which if 'the neck ſhould happen to ſlip, it be-'comes inexplicable as the Gordian 'knot, and cannot be undone till cut 'aſunder by the ſcythe of death. Much 'more could I add upon this ſubject, 'if I were not prevented by the deſire 'I have to know whether Mr. Licen-'tiate has any thing farther to enter-'tain us with, relative to the hiſtory of 'Baſilius.' To this hint the other (call him ſcholar, batchelor, or licentiate) replied, 'I have not any thing material 'to add, but that from the time he un-'derſtood Quiteria was to be married 'to Camacho the Rich, he was never 'ſeen to ſmile, or heard to ſpeak con-'ſiſtently: he is thoughtful and melan-'choly, talks to himſelf; all which are 'undoubtedly ſymptoms of a diſordered 'mind. He ſcarce either eats or ſleeps; 'and what little he does eat is fruit; 'when he ſleeps at all it is upon the 'bare ground, and in the open air, like 'the beaſts of the field. He every now 'and then looks up to heaven; at other 'times, like one ſtupid, fixes his eyes 'on the ground, and ſeems as if he was a 'cloathed ſtatue, with the drapery flow-'ing to the gales of the wind: in a 'word, he gives ſuch indications of a 'fatal paſſion, that we believe for cer-'tain, when Quiteria to-morrow pro-'nounces the word "Yes," ſhe will 'in that ſeal the ſentence of his death.'

'God will order things better,' ſaid Sancho, 'for he inflicts the wound, and 'will alſo perform the cure. No one 'knows what may happen; there are a 'great many hours between this and 'to-morrow, and in one hour, even in 'a moment, down comes the houſe: I 'have myſelf ſeen ſun-ſhine and rain at 'the ſame time; a man goes to bed 'well at night, but cannot beſtir him-'ſelf next morning. Let me know, 'the beſt of ye, if any man can brag 'of having put a ſpoke in fortune's 'wheel? No one, to be ſure; and be-'tween the Yes and No of a woman, I 'would not venture to thruſt the point 'of a pin, and that for a weighty rea-'ſon, becauſe there would not be room 'for it: if you will only allow me one thing,

'thing, that Quiteria loves Basilius, 'I'll yet engage to give him a wallet-'full of good-luck; for I have been 'told, that love wears a pair of spec-'tacles, which spectacles make copper 'look like gold, and poverty appear to 'be riches, and specks in the eyes to 'seem pearls.'—'A curse on thee!' cried Don Quixote, 'what is it thou 'wouldst be at! once thou art set in 'to stringing thy proverbs, none but 'Judas, with whom wish thou wert, 'can have patience to hear thee out! 'Say, animal, what knowest thou about 'spokes or wheels, or any other thing 'whatsoever?'—'O! since you do not 'understand me,' answered the squire, 'no wonder you think it nonsense what 'I say; but that signifies nothing: I un-'derstand myself, nor have I said many 'nonsensical things yet, only your wor-'ship always plays the cricket upon 'my words and actions'—'God con-'found thee, thou confounder of all 'language!' said Don Quixote. 'Cric-'et! I suppose thou meanest critick.'—'As to that matter, Sir,' said Sancho, 'be not too severe upon me; you know 'I was neither bred at court, nor stu-'died at Salamanca, to know when I 'am right in the letter of a word; and 'as I hope for mercy from God, I think 'it unreasonable to expect that the 'Sayagues * should speak in the same 'manner as the Toledans; though, for 'that matter, there are Toledans who 'are not more nice than other folks at 'the work of speaking properly.'—'Very true,' said the licentiate, 'for 'how should a man, whose business is 'in the tan-yards, and in the Zocodo-'ver†, speak so good language as they 'who do nothing but walk from morn-'ing to night in the cloysters of the 'cathedral? and yet they are all Tole-'dans; on the other hand, purity, pro-'priety, elegance, and perspicuity, are 'to be found among polite people of 'sense; though they be natives of Ma-'jalahonda; I say people of sense, be-'cause so great a number of people are 'not so, and sense is the foundation of 'good language, assisted by custom and 'use. I must tell you, gentlemen, it 'has pleased God, for my sins, that 'I have studied the canon-law at Sala-'manca, and I pique myself a little 'on being able to converse in clear, 'easy, and expressive language.'—'If 'you had not piqued yourself more up-'on your dexterity at these good-for-'nothing foils you carry about with 'you, than upon your knowledge in 'languages, instead of lagging the hind-'most, you might have been at the head 'of your class,' said the other student. 'I tell you, Mr. Batchelor, that you 'are the most prejudiced man in the 'world, in that respect, for treating 'dexterity at the sword as a matter of 'no signification.'—'It is no pre-'judice with me, it is a confirmed 'opinion and truth,' replied Cor-chuelo; 'and if you please to make 'the experiment, I will convince you. 'You carry foils now along with you, 'and an opportunity offers; I'll shew 'you that I have nerves and strength, 'backed with such courage as will 'prove sufficient to demonstrate to you 'that my opinion is not the effect of 'prejudice; get off your ass, and try 'your measured distances, your wheel-'ings, your longes, and art of defence; 'and I'll engage, with only the plain 'rustick skill I have, to make you see 'the stars at noon-day; for I trust un-'der God, the man is yet unborn who 'can make me turn my back; nor have 'I met with any man whom I will not 'oblige to give ground.'—'As to turn-'ing your back, or not turning your 'back, that is none of my business,' re-plied the master of the science; 'though 'it is not impossible but that the first 'spot you fix your foot on may prove 'your burying-ground: I mean, it is 'possible you may be left dead there, 'for slighting the noble science of de-'fence.'—'That we shall see present-'ly,' replied Corchuelo, jumping hast-ily upon the ground, and snatching with great fury one of the foils, which the other carried upon his ass.

Here Don Quixote cried out, 'Not 'so, by heavens! I will be umpire of 'this fencing-match, and judge of this 'long-controverted dispute.' So say-ing, he alighted from Rozinante, and grasping his lance, planted himself in the very middle of the road, just as master licentiate, in a masterly posture and regular advances, was making towards Corchuelo, who ran at him with

* Poor people that live about Zamora.

† Zocodover, a square in Toledo, like Smithfield, where cattle are sold.

fire,

fire, as the saying is, flashing from his eyes; while the two country fellows, without dismounting, sat still as spectators of this most deadly tragedy. Corchuelo assailed him every way with high strokes, low strokes, back-strokes, cuts, thrusts, slashes out of number, and as thick as hail; in short, he fell upon the licentiate like an enraged lion, but was checked a little in the career of his fury by a smart push in the mouth from the licentiate's foil, who made him kiss the button, though with less devotion than if it had been a relick. In a word, the licentiate, by skilful and well-planted thrusts, counted the buttons of his cassock, and went through it so often, that it hung in rags like the tails of the polypus: twice was Corchuelo's hat struck off; and so spent was he, that in rage and spite, and furious choler, he flung the foil into the air with so much force, that one of the countrymen, who went to fetch it, being a kind of scrivener, declared upon oath, that it went near three quarters of a league; which affidavit being preserved, has been, and is, a testimony to demonstrate that art prevails over strength.

Corchuelo, quite tired out, sat down; and Sancho going up to him, 'Mr. 'Batchelor,' said he, if you will be 'ruled by me, from henceforth challenge no one to fence, but dare them 'to wrestle and pitch the bar, since now 'you are of a proper age and strength 'for that exercise; for I have heard say 'of these fencers, that they can thrust 'you the point of a sword through the 'eye of a needle.'—'I am now convinced,' answered Corchuelo, 'and 'am taught by experience a truth I 'could not otherwise have believed.'

So getting up, he went and embraced his adversary, and they were now better friends than ever. The company not being willing to wait for the scrivener, who was gone after the foil, imagining he might be too long absent, resolved to put forward as fast as they could, that they might arrive early at Quiteria's village, whither they were all going. As they travelled on their way, the licentiate demonstrated to them the excellencies of the noble science of defence, by such convincing arguments, drawn from the nature of truth and mathematical certainty, that every one was convinced of the usefulness of the science; and Corchuelo particularly was made a convert, and entirely cured of his obstinacy.

The night was just fallen, and before they came to the village, it seemed as if something like a heaven full of an infinite number of bright stars was between them and it; they likewise heard an harmonious but mixed sound of flutes, tambourines, psalters, cymbals, drums, and bells. As they came nearer, they perceived the boughs of an arbour, which was made on one side of the entrance into the village; and this all flaming with lights, which were not in the least disturbed by the wind; for the evening was so calm, that there was not a breath of air, so much as to move a leaf upon a tree. But the life and spirit of the wedding consisted in the musicians, who in bands ranged up and down that delightful place, some singing, some dancing, and others playing upon the different instruments. In a word, it looked as if joy and delight were sporting and playing through this meadow: a great many were employed in raising scaffolds, that they might view from them more commodiously the plays and dances which were to be in that place, to solemnize the nuptials of Camacho the Rich, and the obsequies of Basilius. Don Quixote refused to enter the village though both the batchelor and the co man invited him: but he pleaded what he thought a sufficient excuse, the custom of knights-errant to sleep in fields and forests, rather than in towns, though under gilded roofs; and therefore he turned a little aside, grievously against the will of Sancho, who had not yet forgotten the good lodgings he had enjoyed in the house of Don Diego.

CHAP. III.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE WEDDING OF CAMACHO THE RICH, AND WHAT HAPPENED TO BASILIUS THE POOR.

THE fair Aurora had hardly allowed Phœbus time to dry up the liquid pearls that hung upon his golden locks, when Don Quixote shaking from his limbs the drowsy fetters of sloth, got upon his legs, and called to Sancho Panza, who lay stretched along, and snoring; which situation his master seeing,

ing, before he awaked him, broke out into this ſoliloquy: 'Happy thou, and 'bleſſed beyond the fate of other mortals, who, neither envying nor envied, ſleepeſt ſound, with unconcern of 'ſoul! Inchanters neither perſecute, 'nor inchantments terrify thee: ſleep 'on, I ſay again, and a hundred times 'more I ſay, ſleep on; no jealouſies on 'account of a miſtreſs torture thee with 'perpetual watchings, no anxious cares 'of paying debts awake thee, no ſolicitude how thou muſt to-morrow provide for thyſelf and little ones breaks 'in upon thy ſlumbers. Ambitious 'views create thee no diſquiet, nor the 'vain pomp of this empty world occaſions thee any diſturbance; thy concern is centered within the bounds of 'taking care of thy aſs; for, as to taking care of thy perſon, that is laid 'upon my ſhoulders, a charge and burden that both nature and cuſtom have 'laid upon maſters; the ſervant ſleeps, 'while the maſter is awake, and thinking how he ſhall maintain him, advance him in life, or do him ſome ſervice. The uneaſineſs that ariſes from 'ſeeing the heavens as it were hard as 'braſs, locked up, and refuſing rain 'to cheriſh the earth, brings no anxiety upon the ſervant, but upon the 'maſter; who, in the days of dearth 'and famine, is bound to provide for 'him who ſerved him in the time of 'abundant and plentiful harveſt.'

To all this effuſion Sancho anſwered not one word, for he was faſt aſleep, nor would have waked when he did, but that his maſter jogged him with the butt-end of his lance. He waked yawning and drowſy; and turning his face every way, 'Umph!' ſaid he, 'from 'yonder ſhady bower, if my noſtrils 'deceive me not, proceeds rather the 'ſteam and ſavour of broiled raſhers of 'bacon, than the fragrance of thyme 'and jeſſamine. O' my conſcience! 'weddings that begin in this ſavoury 'manner, muſt needs, in truth, be magnificent and abundant.'—'Thou epicure,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'have done, 'and let us go ſee this wedding, and 'what will be the fate of the ſlighted 'Baſilius.'—'Let his fate be as it 'pleaſes,' quoth Sancho; 'what, he 'poor and marry Quiteria! A pretty 'fancy truly, for one not worth a groat 'to think of matching ſo high; 'tis my 'opinion, a man who is poor ought to 'bleſs God for what he finds, and not 'be diving to find truffles at the bottom of the ſea. I'll lay a limb that 'Camacho can cover this ſame Baſilius from head to foot with ſixpenny 'pieces; and if this be ſo, as it certainly is, Quiteria would be a pretty lady 'of a bride, indeed, to refuſe all the 'fine cloaths and fine things that, I 'warrant you, Camacho has given her 'already, and can give her ſtill more; 'and to prefer, inſtead of them, a pitch 'at the bar truly, and a paſs at the foils, 'which, it ſeems, make up Baſilius's 'riches. Go into a tavern for a pint 'of wine, and ſee if they will take a 'pitch of the bar, or a clever puſh of 'the foils, in lieu of the reckoning; as 'for your abilities, and your refinements, and graces, that will bring in 'none of the ready; Count Dirlos may 'have them for me: but when they 'happen to take their reſting-place on 'a man who has wherewithal, O then, 'I wiſh no better than that my life may 'ſhew off as well as they do. Upon 'a good foundation a good houſe may 'be raiſed, and the very beſt bottom and 'beſt foundation of any is wealth.'—'Oh!' cried Don Quixote, 'have done; 'have done with this harangue: I do 'from my ſoul believe, if one would 'but ſuffer thee to go on, thou wouldſt 'loſe both thy eating and ſleeping in 'talking.'—'Was your worſhip poſſeſſed of a good memory,' replied Sancho, 'you would remember certain articles ſtipulated between us, before we 'ſallied forth upon this expedition; one 'of which was, that I was to talk as 'much as I pleaſed, provided it was not 'ſcandal againſt my neighbour, or derogating from your worſhip's authority; and I imagine that nothing I 'have hitherto ſaid is a breach of this 'agreement.'—'I remember no ſuch 'agreement,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'but, 'allowing it to be ſo, it is my pleaſure 'you ſhould give over, and come attend me; for now the inſtruments we 'heard laſt evening ſend their chearing ſounds through the vallies; and 'beyond all doubt the nuptials will 'not be put off to the ſultry heat of the 'noon-day, but be ſolemnized in the 'freſh cool of the morning.'

Sancho did as he was commanded, and putting on Rozinante's ſaddle and Dapple's pannel, they both mounted, and gently walked their beaſts into the artificial

artificial shade. The first object that presented itself to the eyes of Sancho, was an entire bullock spitted whole, upon an elm, roasting by a fire of wood of the size of a middling mountain, and round it six pots, but not such pots as are cast in common moulds, for they were half jars, and each of them contained a whole shamble of meat; whole sheep found room in them, and were stowed as commodiously as if they had been so many pigeons. There was an innumerable quantity of cased hares; and ready-plucked fowls that hung about the branches of the trees, ready to be swallowed up in these receivers; and an infinite number of wild-fowl, with vast quantities of venison, were likewise hanging about the trees, for the air to cool them. Sancho himself told above threescore skins, which, as it was afterwards discovered, were full of rich wines, every skin containing above twenty-four quarts. Loaves of the whitest bread were piled up like heaps of wheat on a threshing-floor; and such a quantity of cheese ranged in the form of bricks, as seemed a wall; two cauldrons of oil, larger than a dyer's vat, were ready for frying their fritters and pancakes; and when fried, they took them out with strong peels, and dipped them in another pot that stood by full of prepared honey. The cooks, men and women, amounted to above fifty, clean, good-humoured, and all busy; in the belly of the roasting bullock were sewed a dozen sucking pigs, to make it tender and savoury. Spices of all sorts, which seemed to have been bought by wholesale and not by retail, stood in a vast chest. In short, the preparations for the wedding were indeed in a rustick taste, but in such plenty and profusion as might have feasted an army.

Sancho looked at every thing, attentively considered each particular, and was in raptures with the whole. But his whole heart and affections were chiefly captivated by the flesh pots; out of them he would have been glad, with all his heart, to have filled about a moderate barrel. Then the wine-skins made his bowels yearn; and after these the contents of the frying-pans, if vessels of such immoderate size may be so called. He could hold out no longer; it was not in the power of his nature to contain himself; therefore up he went to one of the cooks, who was busy, and addressing himself to him with a humble and hungry air, begged that he might be permitted to sop a luncheon of bread in one of the pots. To which request the cook replied, 'Hunger does not 'preside over this day, thanks be to 'Camacho the Rich; e'en alight, and 'see if thou canst find any where a ladle, 'and skim out a fowl or two, and much 'good may it do thy good heart.'—'I 'see no ladle,' said Sancho. 'God 'forgive me all my sins!' cried the cook, 'what a poor helpless thing thou 'art! stay.' So saying, he laid hold of a kettle, and dipping it at once into one of the half-jar pots, brought up three pullets, and a couple of geese. 'Here,' said he, 'eat; make a breakfast 'of this scum, and see if you can stay 'your stomach with it till dinner-time.' —'I have nothing to put it in,' said Sancho. 'Then take ladle and all,' replied the cook; 'for Camacho's riches 'and good fortune are sufficient to sup-'ply every thing.'

While Sancho Panza passed his time in this manner, Don Quixote was attentive in observing about a dozen of countrymen, who entered in at one side of this spacious arbour, mounted upon beautiful mares, each of them accoutred with rich and gay caparisons, and hung round with little bells. They were clad in holiday apparel, and coursed round the meadow in a body, and, in regular careers, several times, with a joyous Moorish shout, flourishing, and crying out, 'Long live Camacho and Quiteria, 'he as rich as she is fair, and she the 'fairest of the universe.' Which exclamation, Don Quixote hearing, said within himself, 'It is evident they ne-'ver have beheld the beauty of my 'Dulcinea del-Toboso; had they ever 'been blessed with a sight of her tran-'scendant charms, they would be more 'sparing in their praises of this their 'Quiteria.'

Some time after there entered, at different parts of the arbour, different sets of dancers; one of whom consisted of twenty-four sword dancers, all of them clean, well-made, jolly swains, clad in fine white linen, and white handkerchiefs embroidered with silk of various colours. One of those who were mounted upon the mares asked a youth, who led the band of the sword-dancers, whether any of his companions had received any hurt? 'As yet,' replied the other,

other, 'we are all safe and sound, 'thanks be to God, no one is wounded!' and immediately upon that mixed among his companions with so many twistings and windings, and with such dexterity, that though Don Quixote had been used to behold such dances, he never saw any he approved so much. Another dance likewise pleased him prodigiously; that was another chorus of twelve most beautiful damsels, of such an age, that none appeared under fourteen, nor did any seem to be quite eighteen; they were all clad in green stuff of Cuenca, their locks were, some plaited, some flowing loose, and all so fine and flaxen, as to rival those of Phœbus himself, and crowned with garlands of roses, of jessamine, and of woodbine. This beautiful bevy was led up to the dance by a venerable old man and an ancient matron, both more airy and agile than could be expected from their years. A bagpipe of Zamora was their musick, and with modesty in their looks and countenances, and lightness of foot, they danced and tripped it away the prettiest in the world. After these, entered an emblematick dance of eight nymphs divided into two bodies: the God of Love led one, and Interest the other; Cupid with his wings, his bow, his quiver, and arrows; Interest clad in gold, and silk of rich and various colours. The nymphs, attendants on Cupid, had their names displayed in white parchment, and capital letters on their backs: the first was named Poetry, the second Discretion, the third Pedigree, the fourth Bravery. The attendants on Interest were likewise characterised: the first was Liberality, the second Bounty, the third Treasure, the fourth Quiet possession. The whole masque was preceded by a wooden castle, drawn by savages, clad in ivy and hemp dyed green, and so savage they looked, that they had almost frightened Sancho. On the front and on each of the four sides of this machine were inscribed these words, 'The Castle of 'Discretion.' Four able musicians played on the tabor and the pipe. Cupid, who began the dance, after he had made two movements, lifted up his eyes, and bent his bow against a damsel that stood upon the battlements of the castle, to whom he pronounced this address—

'I am the God whose pow'r extends
'Thro' the wide ocean, earth, and sky;
'To my soft sway all nature bends,
'Compell'd by beauty to comply.
'Fearless, I rule, in calm and storm,
'Indulge my pleasure to the full,
'Things deem'd impossible perform,
'Bestow, resume, ordain, annul.'

Having repeated these stanzas, he shot an arrow to the top of the castle, and retired to his station. Then Interest advanced, and performed other two movements; after which the tabors were silent, and the power rehearsed these lines—

'My pow'r exceeds the might of Love;
'For Cupid bows to me alone,
'Of all things fram'd by Heav'n above,
'The most respected, sought, and known.
'My name is Interest, mine aid
'But few obtain, though all desire;
'Yet shall thy virtue, beauteous maid,
'My constant services acquire.'

Interest retiring, was succeeded by Poetry; who, after having performed his motions like the rest, fixed his eyes upon the lady of the castle, and said—

'Let Poetry, whose strain divine
'The wond'rous pow'r of song displays,
'His heart to thee, fair nymph, consign,
'Transported, in melodious lays:
'If haply, thou wilt not refuse
'To grant my supplicated boon,
'Thy fame shall, wafted by the muse,
'Surmount the circle of the moon.'

Poetry disappearing, Liberality advanced from the side of Interest, and, after several movements, repeated these lines—

'My name is Liberality,
'Alike beneficent and wife,
'To shun wild prodigality,
'And sordid avarice despise:
'Yet, for thy favour lavish grown,
'A prodigal I mean to prove;
'An honourable vice, I own,
'But giving is the test of love.'

In this manner, all the figures of the two squadrons advanced and retired, every one performing his movements, and repeating his verses, some of which were elegant, and others foolish enough; but those we have inserted were all that Don Quixote could retain, although his memory was very tenacious: then mix-

ing all together in the dance, they winded and turned with great eaſe, grace, and agility. Cupid, in paſſing, ſhot arrows at the caſtle, while Intereſt battered it with round gilded earthen pots: at length, after the dance had continued a good while, this laſt pulled out a large purſe made of Roman cat ſkin, to all appearance full of money, and throwing it at the caſtle, the boards ſeemed to be disjointed by the blow, and immediately fell aſunder, leaving the damſel quite diſcovered and defenceleſs; then Intereſt, with the figures of his train, advancing, and throwing a great gold chain about her neck, ſeemed bent upon taking and dragging her into captivity. This deſign being perceived by Cupid and his partiſans, they made an effort to releaſe her, and all their motions were performed by the ſound of the tabors, to which they danced and capered in concert. Then the ſavages interpoſing, and effecting an accommodation, refitted and rejoined the boards of the caſtle with admirable diſpatch, the damſel encloſed herſelf anew; and thus the dance was finiſhed, to the infinite ſatisfaction of the ſpectators.

Don Quixote aſked one of the nymphs, what author had contrived and compoſed this entertainment; and being told it was the production of the parſon, who had a rare noddle for ſuch conceits, 'I'll lay a wager,' ſaid he, 'that 'this ſame batchelor or curate is more 'a friend of Camacho than of Baſilius; 'and that he is better acquainted with 'ſatire than prayer; for he has very 'artfully interwoven in this maſk the 'talents of Baſilius, and the wealth 'of his rival.' Sancho Panza overhearing this obſervation, 'My cock is 'the king,' ſaid he; 'and I hold faſt by 'Camacho.'—'Then am I convinced,' replied the knight, 'that Sancho is 'one of thoſe low-born peaſants, who 'cry, "Long life to the conqueror."' —'I know not,' reſumed the ſquire, 'what ſect I am of; but this I know 'perfectly well, that I ſhall never ſkim 'from the fleſh pots of Baſilius, ſuch 'a delicate ſcum as this that I have 'taken from the boilers of Camacho.' With theſe words, he produced the kettle full of geeſe and pullets, and ſeizing a bird, began to eat with great glee and ſatisfaction; ſaying, in defiance of the talents poſſeſſed by Baſilius, 'Thou art worth juſt as much as 'thou haſt, and haſt juſt as much as thou 'art worth. There are only two families in the world, as my grannum 'was wont to obſerve, the Have-ſome-'things and the Have-nothings: though 'ſhe always ſtuck to the former; and 'now-a-days, my good maſter, we are 'more apt to feel the pulſe of property 'than of wiſdom. An aſs with golden 'trappings, makes a better appearance 'than a horſe with a pack ſaddle. 'Therefore, I ſay again, I hold faſt 'by Camacho, the plentiful ſcum of 'whoſe pots contains geeſe, hares, and 'conies; while that of Baſilius, if it 'comes to hand, or even if it ſhould 'only come to the feet, is no better 'than diſh-waſhings.'

'Sancho,' cried Don Quixote, 'haſt 'thou finiſhed thy harangue?'—'It 'ſhall be finiſhed,' replied the ſquire, 'as I ſee your worſhip is diſpleaſed 'with it; though, if your diſguſt had 'not fallen in the way, I had cut out 'work enough for three days.'—'Grant 'Heaven,' ſaid the knight, 'that I may 'ſee thee dumb before I die!'—'At 'the rate we follow,' anſwered Panza, 'before your worſhip dies, my mouth 'will be crammed with clay, and then 'I may chance to be ſo dumb, that I 'ſhall not ſpeak another word to the 'end of the world, or at leaſt till the 'day of judgment.'—'Even ſhould 'that be the caſe,' replied Don Quixote, 'I ſay unto thee, O Sancho! thy 'ſilence will never counterbalance what 'thou didſt, doſt, and wilt ſay, during the courſe of thy life; moreover, 'according to the nature of things, the 'day of my death will happen before 'thine; ſo that I have no hope of ever 'ſeeing thee ſilent, even while thou art 'drinking or ſleeping, and that is the 'greateſt favour I could expect.'

'In good ſooth, Signior, ſaid the ſquire, 'there is no truſting to Mrs. 'Ghoſtly, (I mean, death) who gobbles 'up the goſlin as well as the gooſe*; 'and as I have heard our curate obſerve, tramples down the lofty turrets 'of the prince, as well as the lowly

* In the original there is a play upon the words Deſcarnado, Cordero, and Carnero, which I have endeavoured to imitate, by ſubſtituting goose in the room of mutton, which is the literal meaning of the text.

'cottage

'cottage of the swain. That same lady who is more powerful than coy, 'knows not what it is to be dainty and 'squeamish; but eats of every thing, 'and crams her wallet with people of 'all nations, degrees, and conditions; 'she is none of your labourers that 'take this afternoon's nap, but mows 'at all hours, cutting down the dry 'stubble as well as the green grass; nor 'does she seem to chew, but rather 'swallows and devours every thing 'that falls in her way; for she is gnawed by a dog's hunger that is never satisfied; and though she has no belly, 'plainly shews herself dropsical, and 'so thirsty as to drink up the lives of 'all the people upon earth, just as one 'would swallow a draught of cool water.'—'Enough, friend Sancho,' cried the knight, interrupting him in this place; 'keep thyself well, now thou 'art in order, and beware of stumbling 'again; for, really, a good preacher 'could not speak more to the purpose 'than thou hast spoken upon death, in 'thy rustick manner of expression; I 'say unto thee, Sancho, if thy discretion was equal to thy natural parts, 'thou mightest ascend the pulpit, and 'go about teaching and preaching to 'admiration.'—'He is a good preacher 'who is a good liver,' answered Panza; 'and that is all the divinity I know.' —'And that is sufficient,' said the knight; 'yet I shall never understand 'or comprehend, as the fear of God is 'the beginning of wisdom, how thou, 'who art more afraid of a lizard than 'of thy Maker, should be so wise?'— 'Signior,' replied Sancho, 'I desire 'your worship would determine in your 'own affairs of chivalry, without taking the trouble to judge of other people's valour or fears; for my own 'part, I am as pretty a fearer of God as 'one would desire to see in any neighbour's child; wherefore, I beseech 'your worship, let me discuss this 'same scum; for every thing else is 'idle chat, of which we shall be able 'to give a bad account in the other 'world.' So saying, he renewed his attack upon his kettle, with such keen appetite as awakened that of his master, who would certainly have joined in the assault, had not he been prevented by that which we must now relate.

CHAP. IV.

WHICH CONTINUES TO TREAT OF CAMACHO'S WEDDING, AND OTHER INCIDENTS.

WHILE Don Quixote and Sancho were engaged in the conversation related in the preceding chapter, they heard a great noise and shouting, raised by a company mounted on mares, galloping in full cry, to meet the young couple; who came surrounded by a thousand kinds of instruments, and accompanied by the curate, the relations, and all the creditable people of the neighbouring villages, in their holiday cloaths. Sancho, seeing the bride, exclaimed with marks of admiration, 'I 'faith! she looks more like one of 'your gay court-dames, than a plain 'country-maid. Now, by the biggest 'beads of my rosary! instead of a tin 'brooch*, her breast is bedizened with 'rich coral, and her hoyden-grey is 'turned into thirty-piled velvet; and, 'body o'me! the trimming is not of 'white linen, but of silk and sattin: 'then handle me her hands, set off with 'what? jewels of jet? No! let me 'never thrive, if they an't decked with 'rings of gold! aye, and of massy 'gold, paved with pearls as white as 'a curd, every one of which is worth 'a Jew's eye. O the whoreson baggage! and such hair! if it is not 'false, I never saw any so long, and 'so fair in my born-days. Do but 'mind how buxom, straight, and tall 'she is, and see whether she may not 'be compared to a moving palm-tree, 'loaded with clusters of dates; for nothing can be more like the gewgaws 'and toys that hang from her hair and 'neck. By my salvation! the damsel 'is well covered, and might pass 'through all the banks of Flanders.' Don Quixote, though he smiled at the rustick praises of his squire, owned that, exclusive of his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, she was the most beautiful female he had ever seen.

* The patina was a small consecrated plate which the Spanish women, especially those of an inferior rank, wore upon their breasts.

Nevertheleſs, the fair Quiteria was paler than uſual; and this change of complexion muſt have been owing to the bad night which brides always paſs in adorning themſelves for the approaching day of their nuptials. The company repaired to a theatre erected at one ſide of the meadow, and ornamented with carpets and boughs, where the ceremony was to be performed, and from whence they were to ſee the maſques and other diverſions; and they had juſt arrived at the place when their ears were ſaluted with a noiſe behind them, and a voice that pronounced, 'Stay a little, haſty and inconſiderate people.'—In conſequence of this addreſs, they turned about, and perceived it was uttered by a man cloathed in a looſe black coat, interſperſed with crimſon flames, crowned, as they ſoon perceived, with a chaplet of funeral cypreſs, and holding in his hand a truncheon of uncommon ſize. As he approached, he was known to be the gallant Baſilius; at ſight of whom they were ſurprized, and waited in ſuſpence to ſee the iſſue of his exclamation, dreading ſome miſchance from ſuch an unſeaſonable viſit. At length, wearied and breathleſs, he came up to the bride and bridegroom, and thruſting in the ground his ſtaff that was pointed with ſteel, he fixed his eyes upon Quiteria, and with a pale aſpect and hoarſe quavering voice, pronounced theſe words: 'Thou well knoweſt, ungrateful Quiteria, that, according to the holy faith we profeſs, thou canſt not eſpouſe another huſband while I am alive; nor art thou ignorant, that while I waited until time and diligence ſhould meliorate my fortune, I never ſought to deviate from that decorum which thy honour required I ſhould preſerve; yet thou, diſburdening thyſelf of all the obligations which thou oweſt to my honeſt paſſion, haſt made another perſon maſter of what is juſtly mine; a man whoſe wealth is not only ſubſervient to his good fortune, but even renders him ſuperlatively happy; which happineſs, that he may enjoy to the full (not that I think he deſerves it, but becauſe it is the will of Heaven to beſtow it) I will, with my own hands, remove the impoſſibility or inconvenience that may obſtruct it, by taking myſelf out of the way. Long live, long live Camacho the Rich, with Quiteria the Ungrateful, to enjoy many quiet and happy years; and death be the portion of the poor Baſilius, whoſe poverty clipped the wings of his fortune, and rid him to an untimely grave.'

So ſaying, he laid hold of the ſtaff which he had ſtuck in the earth, and drew from it a middling tuck, which was concealed in it as in a ſcabbard; then fixing that which may be called the hilt on the ground, he threw himſelf, with great activity and reſolution, upon the point, which in an inſtant came out bloody at his ſhoulder, leaving the unhappy youth weltering in gore, and ſtretched upon the ground, tranſfixed with his own weapon. His friends immediately ran to his aſſiſtance, pierced with affliction at his miſery and lamentable fate; and Don Quixote, diſmounting, flew to his relief, held him in his arms, and found that he had not as yet expired. They were inclined to withdraw the tuck; but the curate, who was preſent, gave his opinion that it ſhould not be withdrawn before he had confeſſed himſelf, becauſe his death would be the immediate conſequence of pulling out the weapon. Meanwhile, Baſilius recovering a little, ſaid, in a faint and piteous tone, 'Ah, cruel Quiteria! wouldſt thou, in this laſt and fatal agony, beſtow upon me thy hand in marriage, I ſhould deem my raſhneſs exculpated, ſeeing by that I ſhould acquire the happineſs of calling thee my own.' The curate, hearing this addreſs, exhorted him to employ his attention upon the health of his ſoul, rather than upon ſuch carnal pleaſures, and earneſtly pray to God to pardon his ſins, and in particular this laſt deſperate determination. To this remonſtrance Baſilius replied, that he would by no means confeſs, until Quiteria ſhould firſt grant him her hand, a favour which would ſet his heart at reſt, and give him ſpirits to undergo his confeſſion.

Don Quixote hearing the petition of the wounded man, declared, in an audible voice, that Baſilius requeſted nothing but what was juſt and reaſonable, and beſides very practicable; and that Signior Camacho's honour would ſuffer no more in wedding Signora Quiteria as the widow of Baſilius, than in receiving her from her father's own hands; for here nothing was required but the monoſyllable of aſſent, which could have no other effect than the

trouble

trouble of pronouncing it, as the bridal bed must also be the tomb of such a marriage. Camacho heard the whole, which kept him in such confusion and suspence, that he knew not what to say or do: but the friends of Basilius were so clamorous in soliciting him to consent to Quiteria's giving her hand in marriage to the hapless youth, whose soul would otherwise perish in despair, that he was persuaded, and as it were compelled to say, that if his bride would grant that favour, he should be satisfied, as it would only for a moment delay the accomplishment of his desires. Immediately they surrounded Quiteria, whom with tears, intreaties, and other pathetic remonstrances, they prefsed to give her hand to poor Basilius; but she, more obdurate than marble, and more inflexible than a statue, neither could, would, or desired to answer one word; nor would she have made the least reply, had not the curate desired her to come to a speedy determination, for the soul of Basilius being already between his teeth, would not afford long time for hesitation.

Then the beautiful Quiteria, without speaking one syllable, but seemingly disordered, sad, and sorrowful, advanced to the place where Basilius lay, with his eyes already fixed, breathing short and thick, murmuring the name of Quiteria, and, to all appearance, dying rather like an heathen than a Christian. The bride at length approaching, and kneeling before him, desired by signs he would hold out his hand: then Basilius unfixing his eyes, and stedfastly gazing upon her, 'O Quiteria!' said he, 'thou art become kind at a time 'when thy kindness must serve as a 'sword to finish my unfortunate life; 'seeing I have not strength enough left 'to obtain that glory which thou 'wouldst confer in calling me thine, or 'to suspend the grief that comes so 'fast to cover mine eyes with the dis- 'mal shades of death. What I re- 'quest, O fatal star of my destiny! is, 'that thy consent to this exchange of 'vows may not be a mere compliment 'to deceive me anew; but that thou 'wilt confess and declare there is no 'restraint upon thy inclination, while 'thy hand is given and delivered to 'me as thy lawful husband, for it 'would be cruel to use deceit and dissi- 'mulation with one in such extremity, 'who has always behaved to thee with 'such sincerity and truth.' Having pronounced these words, he fainted away, so that all the bye-standers thought his soul would forsake his body in that swoon: but when he retrieved the use of his faculties, Quiteria, all-blushing with modesty, took hold of his right hand, saying, 'No force upon earth 'would be sufficient to bias my will; 'and therefore, with all the freedom of 'inclination, I give thee my hand as 'thy lawful wife, and receive thine 'on the same terms, if thou bestowest 'it with the same good will, undisturb- 'ed and unconfounded by the calamity 'into which thou hast been hurried by 'thy own precipitate conduct.'—'I 'do,' answered Basilius, 'without either 'disorder or confusion; but, on the 'contrary, with all the clearness of un- 'derstanding with which Heaven hath 'thought proper to endow me, I give 'and deliver myself for thy true and 'faithful husband.'—'And I take 'thee for such,' replied Quiteria, 'whe- 'ther thou mayest live many years, or 'now be hurried from mine arms to 'the grave.'—'Considering how de- 'sperately this spark is wounded,' said Sancho Panza, 'methinks he talks 'woundily: make him lay aside his 'courtship, and mind his soul, which 'seems to be in his tongue rather than 'between his teeth.'

The hands of Basilius and Quiteria being joined, the tender-hearted curate, with tears in his eyes, pronounced the nuptial benediction, and fervently prayed, that God would grant forgiveness and repose to the soul of the bridegroom; who no sooner perceived the ceremony was performed, than he nimbly sprung upon his legs with incredible activity, withdrew the tuck which was sheathed in his body, to the admiration of the by-standers; some of whom, being more simple than curious, began to cry aloud, 'A miracle! a miracle!' But Basilius replied, 'No miracle! no 'miracle! but sheer industry! nothing 'but industry!' The curate, confounded and astonished, ran up to feel the wound with both his hands, and found that the blade, instead of passing through the body of Basilius, had run through an iron tube fitted to the part, and full of blood, which, as they afterwards understood, was prepared so as to retain it's fluidity: in a word, the curate and Camacho, with almost all the company,

ny, found themſelves fairly out-witted. The bride, however, expreſſed no mortification at the deceit: on the contrary, hearing ſomebody obſerve that ſuch a marriage, obtained by fraud, could not be valid, ſhe ſaid ſhe confirmed it anew. From which circumſtance every one concluded that the ſtratagem had been contrived and executed with her privity and conſent. This ſuppoſition enraged Camacho and his adherents to ſuch a degree, that they referred their revenge to the proweſs of their hands, and, unſheathing a great many ſwords, aſſaulted Baſilius, in whoſe favour almoſt an equal number were inſtantly produced. Don Quixote taking the lead on horſeback, well armed with his lance and ſhield, made the whole company give ground; while Sancho, who had no delight or comfort in ſuch exploits, retired to the jars from which he had extracted his agreeable ſcum, looking upon that place as a ſacred ſanctuary and reſpected retreat. The knight exclaimed, in an audible voice, 'Forbear, gentlemen, forbear: it is unjuſt to revenge the grievances of love; for, in this particular, love and war are the ſame; and, as in the laſt, it is lawful and cuſtomary to uſe feints and ſtratagems againſt the enemy; ſo likewiſe in amorous conteſts and competitions, all ſorts of tricks and contrivances are allowed in attaining the accompliſhment of the lover's deſire, provided they do not tend to the diſparagement or diſhonour of the beloved object. Quiteria was fated to Baſilius, and Baſilius to Quiteria, by the juſt and favourable determination of Heaven. Camacho is rich, and may purchaſe his pleaſure when, where, and how his inclination ſhall require: whereas Baſilius has but this one poor ſheep, of which he ought not to be deprived by any perſon how powerful ſoever he may be; for thoſe whom God hath joined, no man ſhall put aſunder; and he who attempts it muſt firſt paſs through the point of this lance.' So ſaying, he brandiſhed it with ſuch ſtrength and dexterity, as filled the hearts of thoſe who did not know him with fear and conſternation; and the diſdain of Quiteria made ſuch a deep impreſſion upon the imagination of Camacho, that he ſhook her from his heart in an inſtant; ſo that the perſuaſions of the curate, who was a prudent and well-meaning prieſt, pacified and quieted him and his partizans, who, in token of peace, ſheathed their weapons, blaming the inconſtancy of Quiteria more than the contrivance of Baſilius; and Camacho himſelf obſerved, that if ſhe loved Baſilius before marriage, the ſame love would have continued after it; and that he had more reaſon to thank Heaven for having loſt, than he ſhould have had for obtaining ſuch an help-mate.

Camacho, and thoſe of his train, being thus conſoled and appeaſed, the friends of Baſilius took no ſtep to diſturb their peace; and Camacho the Rich, in order to ſhew how little he reſented or thought of the trick which had been played him, deſired that the entertainments might proceed as if he was really to be married: but Baſilius with his bride and followers refuſing to partake of them, ſet out in a body for the place of his habitation; for the poor, who are virtuous and diſcreet, will always find people to honour, attend, and ſupport them, as well as the rich with all their paraſites and companions. In conſequence of their earneſt intreaty, they were accompanied by Don Quixote, whom they eſteemed as a prodigy of valour and integrity; and nothing was cloudy but the ſoul of Sancho, when he found it impoſſible to enjoy the ſplendid banquets and diverſions of Camacho, that laſted till night: he therefore, in a fretful and melancholy mood, followed his maſter, who joined the troop of Baſilius; leaving behind the fleſh-pots of Egypt, although he ſtill retained them in his fancy; and the half-finiſhed ſcum of his kettle inhanced the glory and abundance of the benefit he had loſt; ſo that, penſive, ſullen, and ſad, yet without hunger or diſmounting from Dapple, he ſilently trudged after the heels of Rozinante.

CHAP. V.

IN WHICH IS RECOUNTED THE VAST ADVENTURE OF THE CAVE OF MONTESINOS, IN THE HEART OF LA MANCHA, WHICH WAS HAPPILY ATCHIEVED BY THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE.

GREAT and manifold were the treats and particulars of reſpect paid to Don Quixote by the new-married couple, who thought themſelves greatly

greatly obliged by the readineſs he had ſhewn to defend their cauſe, and looked upon his diſcretion to be equal to his valour; indeed, they eſteemed him a perfect Cid in arms, and a Cicero in elocution. Honeſt Sancho regaled himſelf three days at their expence, during which it was known that the contrivance of the fictitious wound had not been communicated to Quiteria, but was hatched by the ingenuity of Baſilius himſelf, in hope of meeting with that ſucceſs which, as we have ſeen, he actually attained; true it is, he confeſſed he had imparted his deſign to ſome of his friends, that they might, in caſe of neceſſity, favour his intention, and facilitate the execution of his deceit.

'Whatſoever hath virtue for it's ultimate aim,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'neither 'can or ought to be called deceit; and 'ſurely no aim can be more excellent 'than the union of two lovers in the 'holy bands of marriage.' He obſerved, that the greateſt enemy of love is hunger and neceſſity; for love is altogether ſprightly, joyous, and ſatisfied, eſpecially when the object of deſire is in poſſeſſion of the lover, whoſe fierce and declared adverſaries are want and inconvenience. He made theſe obſervations with a view to perſuade Signior Baſilius to quit the exerciſe of thoſe talents he poſſeſſed, which, though they acquired reputation, would not earn a farthing of money, and to employ his attention in augmenting his eſtate by legal and induſtrious means, that never fail the prudent and the careful. The poor man of honour (if a poor man can deſerve that title) poſſeſſes, in a beautiful wife, a jewel; and when that is taken away, he is deprived of his honour, which is murdered: a beautiful and chaſte woman, whoſe huſband is poor, deſerves to be crowned with laurel and palms of triumph; for beauty alone attracts the inclinations of thoſe who behold it, juſt as the royal eagle and ſoaring hawk ſtoop to the ſavoury lure; but if that beauty is incumbered by poverty and want, it is likewiſe attacked by ravens, kites, and other birds of prey; and if ſhe who poſſeſſes it firmly withſtands all theſe aſſaults, ſhe well deſerves to be called the crown of her huſband. 'Take 'notice, deareſt Baſilius,' added the knight, 'it was the opinion of a certain 'ſage, that there was but one good 'wife in the whole world; and he adviſed every huſband to believe ſhe had 'fallen to his ſhare, and accordingly 'be ſatisfied with his lot. I myſelf am 'not married, nor hitherto have I entertained the leaſt thought of changing my condition; nevertheleſs, I will 'venture to adviſe him who aſks my 'advice, in ſuch a manner, that he 'may find a woman to his wiſh: in the 'firſt place, I would exhort him to pay 'more regard to reputation than to fortune; for a virtuous woman does not 'acquire a good name, merely by being 'virtuous, ſhe muſt likewiſe maintain 'the exteriors of deportment, for the 'honour of the ſex ſuffers much more 'from levity and freedom of behaviour 'in publick, than from any private 'miſdeeds. If thou bringeſt a good 'woman to thy houſe, it will be an 'eaſy taſk to preſerve and even improve 'her virtue; but, ſhouldſt thou chuſe 'a wife of a different character, it will 'coſt thee abundance of pains to mend 'her; for it is not very practicable to 'paſs from one extreme to another: I 'do not ſay it is altogether impoſſible, 'though I hold it for a matter of much 'difficulty.'

Sancho hearing theſe remarks, ſaid to himſelf, 'This maſter of mine, when'ever I chance to utter any thing pithy 'or ſubſtantial, will ſay I might take 'a pulpit in hand, and travel through 'the world, teaching and preaching to 'admiration; now, I will ſay for him, 'that when he begins to ſtring ſentences, and give advice, he might not 'only take one pulpit in hand, but even 'a couple on each finger, and ſtroll 'about the market-towns. Wit, whither wouldſt thou? May the devil 'fetch him for a knight-errant! he 'knows but every thing. I thought 'for certain, he could be acquainted 'with nothing but what relates to his 'chivalries; but he pecks at every 'thing, and throws his ſpoonful in 'every man's diſh.'

His maſter overheard him murmuring in this manner, and aſking what he grumbled at, 'I don't grumble,' anſwered Sancho, 'I was only ſaying to 'myſelf, I wiſhed I had heard thoſe 'remarks of your worſhip before I 'married; in which caſe I might now, 'perhaps, remark in my turn, "The

"looſened

'loosened ox is well licked."—'What, 'is Teresa such a bad wife?' said the knight. 'Not very bad,' answered the 'squire, 'but then she is not very good; 'at least, not so good as I could wish.' —'You are in the wrong, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'to disparage your 'wife, who in effect is the mother of 'your children.'—'As to that matter,' replied Sancho, 'we are not at all in 'one another's debt; for she can dis-'parage me fast enough, especially 'when she takes it in her head to be 'jealous, and then Satan himself could 'not endure her.'

In a word, they stayed three days with the new-married couple, during which they were treated and served like the king's own person; and here Don Quixote desired the nimble-witted licentiate to provide him with a guide to direct his steps to the cave of Montesinos, which he had a longing desire to explore, that he might investigate with his own eyes the truth of those wonderful stories that were reported of it through the whole neighbourhood. The licentiate promised to accommodate him with a first cousin of his own, a famous student deeply read in books of chivalry, who would willingly conduct him to the very mouth of the cave, and point out the lakes of Ruydera, so famous not only in the province of La Mancha, but also through the whole kingdom of Spain: and he likewise observed, that he would find his conversation very entertaining; for he was a lad who knew how to compose books for the press, and even dedicate them to princes. At length this cousin arrived upon an ass big with foal, whose pannel was covered with a piece of tawdry tapestry or carpet: Sancho saddled Rozinante, put Dapple in order, stowed his wallet, which was reinforced by the cousin's, likewise very well stored; then recommending themselves to God, and taking leave of the company, they set out, chusing the shortest road to the famous cave of Montesinos.

While they travelled along, Don Quixote addressing himself to the student, asked what was the nature and quality of his exercises, studies, and profession? To this question the other answered, that his profession was humanity; and that his exercise and study consisted in composing books for the press, of great emolument, and no less entertainment to the publick; that one of them was intitled, The Book of Liveries, in which he had described seven hundred and three liveries, with their colours, mottos, and cyphers: 'From these,' said he, 'your courtiers may extract 'and assume such devices as will suit 'their fancies, in times of festivity and 'rejoicing, without going about beg-'ging from any person whatever, or 'cudgelling their brains, as the saying is, 'in order to invent what will suit their 'several desires and dispositions; for I 'insert those that will fit the jealous, the 'disdained, the forgotten, and absent, so 'exactly, that the just will far exceed the 'number of the Gentiles. I have like-'wise finished another book, which I 'propose to call, The Metamorphoses; 'or, The Spanish Ovid; of an inven-'tion equally new and agreeable; for 'there, in imitation of Naso, I give a 'burlesque description and history of 'the Giralda of Seville, the Angel of La 'Madalina, the Conduit of Vecingu-'erra at Cordova, the bulls of Guisanda, 'the Sierra Morena, the Fountains of 'Leganitos, and the Levapies of Ma-'drid, not forgetting those of the Piojo, 'the Golden Pipe, and the Priora, with 'their allegories, metaphors, and trans-'formations, which at once surprize, 'instruct, and entertain. I have a 'third performance, which I denomi-'nate, The Supplement to Polydore's 'Virgil, which treats of the invention 'of things, and is a work of great study 'and erudition; for many things of 'great importance, which Polydore has 'omitted, I examine and explain in a 'most elegant style: he, for example, 'has forgot to let us know who was 'the first person troubled with a de-'fluxion or rheum, and who was first 'anointed for the cure of the French 'distemper: now these two questions 'I resolve in the most accurate manner, 'upon the authority of above five and 'twenty authors; so your worship will 'perceive whether I have laboured to 'good purpose, and composed a book 'that will be useful to the world in ge-'neral.'

Sancho having listened very attentively to this narration, 'Tell me, 'Signior,' said he, 'so may God lend 'an helping hand to the printing of 'your books; tell me, if you know, 'and surely you know every thing, 'who was the first man that scratched 'his

'his own head? for my own part, I 'firmly believe it must have been our 'father Adam.'—'Certainly,' answered the student; 'for Adam without 'doubt had a head, and hair upon it; 'now that being the case, and he being 'the first man in the world, he must 'have scratched it sometimes.'—'I am 'of the same opinion,' resumed Sancho; 'but now, pray tell me who was the 'first tumbler!'—'Verily, brother,' resumed the scholar, 'I cannot determine 'that point until I shall have studied it, 'and study it I will, upon my return 'to the place where I keep my books; 'so that I shall satisfy you the next 'time we meet, for I hope this will not 'be the last time of our meeting.'—'Then I desire you will give yourself 'no trouble about the matter,' said Sancho; 'for I have already found out the 'solution of my question: know, Signior, that the first tumbler must have 'been Lucifer, who, when he was 'thrown and rejected from heaven, came 'tumbling down to the bottomless pit.'—'Friend,' cried the student, 'you 'are certainly in the right.'—'That 'question and answer,' said Don Quixote, 'is none of thy own; thou must have 'learned them from some other person, 'Sancho.'—'Hold your tongue, Signior,' replied the squire: 'for, in good 'faith! if I begin to question and answer, I shall not have done till morning: yes, as to the matter of asking 'like a fool, and answering like a simpleton, I have no occasion to crave the 'assistance of my neighbours.'—'Thou 'hast said more than thou art aware of,' answered Don Quixote; 'for some people there are who fatigue themselves 'in learning, and investigating that 'which, when learned and investigated, 'is not worth a farthing either to the 'memory or understanding.'

In this and other such relishing discourse they passed that day, and at night took up their lodging in a small village, from whence, as the scholar told the knight, the distance to the cave of Montesinos did not exceed a couple of leagues; and he observed, that if Don Quixote was really determined to explore the cavern, it would be necessary to provide ropes, by which he might be lowered down to it's bottom. The knight said, that although he should descend to the abyss, he would see the bottom, for which purpose he purchased about a hundred fathoms of rope. Next day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, they arrived at the cave, and found the mouth broad and spacious, though overgrown with thorns, weeds, brambles, and brakes, so thick and intricate, that it was almost quite covered and concealed; at sight of the place all three alighted; the student and Sancho immediately began to fasten the rope strongly about the knight, and while they were thus employed in cording and girding him, Sancho addressing himself to the adventurer, 'Dear master,' said he, 'consider 'what your worship is about; seek not 'to bury yourself alive, and to be used 'like a bottle of wine, let down to cool 'in some well; for it neither concerns 'nor belongs to your worship to be the 'surveyor of that pit, which must be 'worse than a dungeon.'—'Tie the 'knot, and hold thy tone, friend Sancho,' answered Don Quixote, 'for 'such an enterprize as this was reserved for me alone.' Then the guide interposing, 'I intreat your worship, 'Signior Don Quixote,' said he, 'to 'consider attentively and examine, as 'it were, with a hundred eyes, every 'circumstance within this cave, where, 'perhaps, there may be things which I 'shall insert among my transformations.'—'The cymbal,' answered Sancho, 'is in the hands that can play 'it to the utmost nicety.'

This discourse having passed, and the ligature being made, not over the knight's armour but his doublet, 'We 'have been guilty of an inadvertency,' said Don Quixote, 'in coming hither 'unprovided with a small bell, which, 'had it been tied to me with the same 'cord, would, with it's sound, have 'given you notice, as I descended, of 'my being alive; but, as it is now impossible to be accommodated, I commit myself to the hands of God, who 'will conduct me.' Then falling upon his knees, he in a low voice preferred a prayer to Heaven, beseeching God to assist and crown him with success, in this seemingly perilous and new adventure. His ejaculation being finished, he pronounced, in a loud voice, 'O! 'thou mistress of my deeds and motions, 'the most resplendent and peerless Dulcinea del Toboso! if the prayer and 'petition of this thy adventurous lover

'can possibly reach thine ears, I con-
'jure thee, by thy unheard-of beauty,
'to grant my request, which is no other
'than that thou wouldst not now deny
'me thy favour and protection, when I
'stand so much in need of both; for I
'am just upon the brink of darting,
'plunging, and ingulphing myself into
'the profound abyss that opens wide
'before me, on purpose that the world
'may know there is nothing so impos-
'sible that I will not attempt and exe-
'cute, under the wings of thy favour.'

'So saying, he approached the pit, where he found it would be impracticable to slip down, or make way for entering, without the strength of arms and back-strokes: he therefore, unsheathing his sword, began to lay about him, and mow down the bushes that grew around the mouth of the cave, out of which an infinite number of huge crows and daws, affrighted at the noise and disturbance, sallied forth with such force and velocity, as laid the knight upon his back; and had he been as superstitious as he was a good catholick, he would have looked upon this irruption as a bad omen, and excused himself from visiting the bowels of such a dreary place: at length he rose, and seeing that the flight of crows, and other birds of night, was now over, (for a number of bats had likewise come forth) he put the rope into the hands of Sancho and the scholar, desiring them to lower him down to the bottom of that dreadful cavern, which when he entered, Sancho gave him his benediction, and making a thousand crosses over him, exclaimed, 'God and the Rock of 'France, together with the Trinity of 'Gaeta, be thy guides, thou flower, and 'cream, and scum of knights-errant: 'there thou goest, bully of the globe, 'heart of steel, and arm of brass! I say 'again, God be thy guide, and bring 'thee back safe, sound, and without 'deceit, to the light of this life, which 'thou art now forsaking to bury thy-'self in that obscurity.' Almost the same prayer and deprecation was uttered by the scholar; while Don Quixote called aloud for rope, and afterwards for more rope, which they gave him by little and little. By that time the voice, which ascended through the windings and turnings of the cave, ceased to vibrate on their ears, they had already uncoiled the hundred fathoms, and were inclined to hoist him up again, as they had no more cord to spare: they stayed, however, about half an hour, at the expiration of which they began to pull up the rope, which seemed to have no weight attached to it, and came up with such ease, that they imagined the knight was left below; a supposition, in consequence of which the squire wept most bitterly, while he pulled with great eagerness in order to discover the truth; but when they had coiled up about fourscore fathoms they felt the weight again, and were exceedingly rejoiced: finally, at the distance of ten fathoms, they distinctly perceived Don Quixote; to whom Sancho addressed himself, saying, 'Dear 'master, I wish your worship an happy 'return; we began to think you had 'tarried below to breed.'

To this welcome the knight answered not a word. When they had pulled him up, they perceived his eyes were shut, and that, to all appearance, he was fast asleep; then he was laid upon the ground, and untied, but still he did not awake: however, by dint of turning, jogging, shaking, and moving, they, after some time, brought him to himself, when yawning hideously as if he had awoke from a profound and heavy sleep, he looked around with amazement, and pronounced, 'God forgive 'you, friends, for having withdrawn 'me from the most delightful prospect and agreeable life that ever mortal saw or enjoyed: in effect, I am 'now fully convinced, that all the 'pleasures of this life fleet away like 'a shadow or dream, or fade like the 'flowers of the field. O unfortunate 'Montesinos! O deeply wounded Durandarte! O hapless Belerma! O weeping Guadiana! and you forlorn daughters of Ruydera, who by your waters 'shew the copious floods of tears that 'fall from your beauteous eyes!'

The scholar and Sancho hearing these words, which Don Quixote seemed to heave with immense pain from his very entrails, begged he would explain the meaning of what he had said, and inform them of what he had seen in that infernal gulph. 'Infernal, call 'you it?' said the knight; 'pray give 'it a better epithet, for that it surely 'does deserve, as you will presently

'per-

'perceive.' Then he desired they would give him something to eat, for he was excessively hungry; and they, spreading the carpet upon the grass, produced the buttery of their bags, when all three sitting around them, in love and good fellowship, made one meal serve for supper and afternoon's luncheon, which being finished, and the cloth taken away, 'My sons,' said Don Quixote, 'let no man stir, but listen 'with your whole attention to that 'which I am going to rehearse.'

CHAP. VI.

OF THE WONDERFUL INCIDENTS RECOUNTED BY THE EXTRAVAGANT DON QUIXOTE, WHO PRETENDED TO HAVE SEEN THEM IN THE PROFOUND CAVE OF MONTESINOS; FROM THE GREATNESS AND IMPOSSIBILITY OF WHICH THIS ADVENTURE HAS BEEN DEEMED APOCRYPHAL.

IT might be about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun retiring behind a cloud, so as to emit a scanty light and temperate rays, gave Don Quixote an opportunity of relating coolly and comfortably to his two illustrious hearers the particulars he had seen in the cave of Montesinos; and he accordingly began to recite what follows.

'About twelve or fourteen fathoms 'below the mouth of this dungeon, 'there is a concavity on the right 'hand, wide enough to contain a large 'waggon with it's cattle, and illuminated by a small stream of light that descends through corresponding cracks 'and crannies, which open at a distance on the surface of the earth: 'this spacious cavity I perceived, 'when I was tired and out of humour 'at finding myself hanging and descending by a rope, through that 'dark and dreary dungeon, without 'knowing any certain and determined 'way; I therefore resolved to enter it, 'and repose myself a little, and called 'to you to leave off lowering the rope, 'until I should give you farther notice; but I suppose you did no hear 'me, so that I gathered up the cord you let down, and making it into an heap or coil, sat down upon it in 'a very pensive mood, to consider how 'I should descend to the bottom, 'having no person to support my 'weight. While I sat musing on this 'misfortune, I was all of a sudden 'overpowered by a most profound 'sleep, and, without dreaming of the 'matter, or knowing how, or wherefore, I awoke, and found myself in 'the midst of the most beautiful, 'charming and delightful meadow that 'nature could create, or the most fertile 'imagination conceive. I rubbed and 'wiped my eyes, so as to see that far 'from sleeping I was broad awake: 'nevertheless, I felt my head, and 'fumbled in my bosom, in order to 'be assured whether it was really my 'identical self or some unsubstantial 'phantom and counterfeit; but the 'touch, the reflection, and connected 'discourse I held with myself, con'curred to convince me, that I was 'the same at that time as I find my'self at present. Then was my view 'regaled with a sumptuous palace or 'castle, with walls and battlements of 'clear, transparent chrystal, and two 'large folding gates, which, opening, 'there came forth, advancing towards 'me, a venerable old man, clad in a 'long cloak of purple baize, that trailed 'upon the ground: his shoulders and 'breast were girded with a collegiate 'scarf of green satin; his head was 'covered with a black Milan cap; and 'his beard, white as the drifted snow, 'descended to his middle. He wore 'no arms, but held in his hand a ro'sary of beads as large as walnuts; 'though the tens were as big as ostrich 'eggs; and his deportment, air, gra'vity, and dignified presence, filled 'me with surprize and veneration. 'Coming up to me, the first thing he 'did was to hug me closely in his arms; 'then he said, "Long, very long, "most valiant knight Don Quixote de "L. Mancha, have we, who are in"chanted in these solitudes, expected "thy arrival, that thou mayest inform "the world of what is contained and "concealed in this profound cavern, "which is called the cave of Monte"sinos; an adventure hitherto reserv"ed on purpose to be atchieved by "thy invincible heart and most stu"pendous courage. Follow me, il"lustrious Signior, and I will shew "thee the wonders that lie hid in this

" transparent caſtle, of which I am " governor and perpetual warder, as " being that identical Monteſinos, " from whom the cavern takes it's " name." No ſooner had he told ' me who he was, than I aſked if it ' was true, what the world above re- ' lated of him, namely, that he had, ' with a ſmall dagger, cut out the ' heart of his great friend Durandarte, ' and carried it to the Lady Belerma, ' according to his own deſire, while ' he was in the agonies of death. He ' anſwered, every circumſtance was ' true, except that of the dagger; for ' it was neither a dagger, nor ſmall ' in it's dimenſions, but a poliſhed ' poignard as ſharp as an awl.'

Here Sancho interpoſing, obſerved, that ſuch a poignard muſt have been made by Raymond de Hozes of Seville. ' I do not know who was the maker, ſaid the knight, ' but it could not be ' that ſword-cutler; for Raymond de ' Hozes was living t'other day; where- ' as many years are elapſed ſince the ' battle of Roncefvalles, where that ' misfortune happened; but this en- ' quiry is of no importance; nor does ' it diſturb or alter the truth and evi- ' dence of the ſtory.'—' No, ſurely,' cried the ſcholar, ' pray good your ' worſhip Don Quixote proceed; for I ' liſten to your narration with infinite ' pleaſure.'—' And I feel no leſs in ' recounting it,' anſwered the knight.

' Well, then, the venerable Mon- ' teſinos led me into the chryſtalline ' palace, where, in a low hall, cool ' beyond conception, and lined with ' alabaſter, ſtood a monument of ' marble of exquiſite workmanſhip, ' upon which I perceived a knight ly- ' ing at full length, I do not mean a ' ſtatue of bronze, marble, or jaſper, ' ſuch as we commonly ſee on other ' tombs, but a man of real fleſh and ' bones; he held his right-hand, which ' being muſcular and hairy, denoted ' the great ſtrength of the owner, over ' the region of the heart; and before ' I had time to aſk any queſtions, ' Monteſinos ſeeing me aſtoniſhed, and ' gazing attentively at the ſepulchre, " This is my friend Durandarte," ſaid ' he, " the flower and mirrour of all " the valiant and enamoured knights " of his time: here he is kept inchanted " as well as myſelf, and many others " of both ſexes, by Merlin, that French " inchanter, who is ſaid to have been " begotten by the devil; though, for " my own part, I believe he is not real- " ly the devil's ſon, but that, accord- " ing to the proverb, He knows one point " more than the devil. How, or for " what reaſon he inchanted us, nobody " knows, but time will diſcover the my- " ſtery; and, in my opinion, that time is " not far off: what ſurprizes me is, " I know as certainly as the ſun ſhines, " that Durandarte breathed his laſt in " my arms, and after he was dead, I " with my own individual hands took " out his heart, which muſt certainly " have weighed a couple of pounds; " for, according to the obſervation of " naturaliſts, the man who has a large " heart is endowed with more valour " than he whoſe heart is of ſmaller " dimenſions: this being the caſe, and " the knight certainly dead, how comes " he, even at this day, to ſigh and " complain, from time to time, as if " he was actually alive?"

' He had no ſooner pronounced theſe ' words, than the wretched Durandarte ' cried, in a loud voice, " O couſin " Monteſinos! the laſt favour I re- " queſted of you, was, that when my " ſoul ſhould quit my body, you would " extract my heart either with poingnard " or dagger, and carry it to Belerma." ' The venerable Monteſinos, hearing ' this apoſtrophe, kneeled before the ' piteous knight, and with tears in his ' eyes, replied, " Already, Signior " Durandarte, my deareſt couſin! al- " ready have I executed what you " commanded me to perform, on that " unlucky day of our defeat: I ex- " tracted your heart as well as I could, " without leaving the ſmalleſt particle " of it in your breaſt; I wiped it with " a laced handkerchief, and ſet out " with it full gallop for France, after " having firſt committed you to the " boſom of the earth with ſuch a flood " of tears as was ſufficient to bathe " and waſh my hands of the blood " they had contracted by raking in " your bowels; and as a ſurer token, " dear couſin of my ſoul! at the firſt " place I reached, in my way from " Roncefvalles, I ſprinkled your heart " with a little ſalt, that it might not " acquire a bad ſmell, and continue, " if not quite freſh, at leaſt tolerably " ſweet, until it could be preſented to " the Lady Belerma, who, together

" with

" with you and me, and your squire
" Guadiana, the duenna Ruydera, her
" seven daughters, and two neices,
" and many others of your friends and
" acquaintance, have been long in-
" chanted in this place by the sage
" Merlin; and although five hundred
" years are elapsed, not one of us is
" dead; though we have lost Ruydera
" with her daughters and neices, who,
" by weeping, are, through the com-
" passion of Merlin, converted into so
" many lakes, which, in the world a-
" bove, and in the province of La Man-
" cha, are called the Lakes of Ruydera;
" the Seven Sisters belong to the king
" of Spain, and the Two Nieces to the
" knights of a very holy order, called
" St. John. Your squire Guadiana
" bewailing likewise your misfortune,
" was changed into a river of the
" same name, which, when it reached
" the surface of the earth, and saw
" the sun of the other sky, was so
" grieved at the thoughts of leaving
" you, that he sunk down into the
" bowels of the globe; but, as it was
" not possible for him to resist his na-
" tural current, he from time to time
" rises up, shewing himself to the sun,
" and to the nations: he receives a re-
" inforcement from the waters of the
" forementioned lakes, with which,
" and many others that join his stream,
" he enters Portugal in majesty and
" pomp. Nevertheless, wheresoever he
" runs, he discovers a sullen melan-
" choly, and does not pipue himself
" upon breeding within his channel
" fish of dainty relish and esteem; but
" only such as are coarse and unsa-
" voury, and widely different from
" those of the golden Tagus. What
" I now say, my dear cousin, I have
" often expressed, and as you make
" no reply, I conclude you either do
" not hear or do not give credit to my
" words: a circumstance which, as
" Heaven doth know, overwhelms me
" with affliction. I will at present
" make you acquainted with one piece
" of news, which, if it does not alle-
" viate your sorrow, can surely, in
" no shape, tend to it's augmentation.
" Know then, here stands in your pre-
" sence (open your eyes and behold
" him) that great knight of whom so
" many things have been prophesied
" by the sage Merlin; that Don Quix-
" ote de La Mancha, I say, who has
" renewed, and, with greater advan-
" tages than in times past, raised again
" from oblivion the long forgotten
" chivalry, by the means and favour
" of whom, perhaps, we ourselves may
" be disenchanted; for great men such
" great atchievements are reserved."—
" And if that should not be the case,"
' replied the afflicted Durandarte, in a
' faint and languid tone; " and if that
" should not be the case, cousin, I say,
" patience, and shuffle the cards."
' Then turning himself upon one side,
' he relapsed into his usual silence,
' without speaking another word.

' At that instant, hearing a great noise
' of shrieks and lamentations, accom-
' panied by doleful sighing and dis-
' mal sobbing, I turned about, and saw
' through the chrystal walls into another
' apartment, through which a proces-
' sion passed, consisting of two files of
' most beautiful damsels in mourning,
' with white turbans on their heads, in
' the Turkish manner; in the rear of
' these came a lady, for such, by her
' stately demeanour, she seemed to be,
' cloathed like the rest in black, with a
' veil so full and long that it kissed the
' ground: her turban was twice as
' large as the largest of the others, her
' eye-brows met above her nose, which
' was flattish; her mouth was large,
' but her lips retained the colour of ver-
' million; her teeth, which she some-
' times discloseth, were thin and ill-set,
' though white as blanched almonds;
' and in her hand she held a fine linen
' cloth, in which, as near as I could
' guess, was an heart so dried and
' shrivelled, that it seemed to be of per-
' fect mummy. Montesinos gave me
' to understand, that all those of the
' procession were domesticks of Duran-
' darte and Belarma, inchanted in that
' place, together with their lord and
' lady; and that the last who carried
' the heart in the napkin, was Belerma
' herself, who, with her damsels, never
' failed to appear in that procession four
' days in the week, and sung, or rather
' howl, dirges over the body, and the
' woeful heart of his cousin: and that,
' if she now seemed a little homely, or
' not quite so beautiful as fame report-
' ed her, the change proceeded from
' the bad nights and worse days
' she passed in that state of inchant-
' ment, as I might perceive in her large
' wrinkles and wan complexion; nor

' did

' did that yellowneſs and thoſe furrows ' proceed from any irregularity in the ' monthly diſorder incident to wo- ' men; for many months and even ' years had paſſed ſince ſhe had the ' leaſt ſhew of any ſuch evacuation; ' but ſolely from the anguiſh of her ' heart, occaſioned by that which ſhe ' holds inceſſantly in her hand, and ' which renews and recalls to her me- ' mory the misfortune of her ill-fated ' lover: had it not been for that miſ- ' chance, ſcarce would ſhe have been ' equalled in beauty, ſprightlineſs, and ' grace, even by the fair Dulcinea del ' Toboſo, celebrated as ſhe is not ' only in this country, but alſo through ' the whole univerſe.

" Softly, Signior Don Monteſinos," " ſaid I, interrupting him at the period, " be ſo good as to tell your ſtory as it " ought to be told; for you know all " compariſons are odious, and there- " fore there is no occaſion to compare " any perſon with another; the peer- " leſs Dulcinea del Toboſo is what " ſhe is, and the Lady Donna Belerma " is likewiſe what ſhe is and has been, " and there let the matter reſt." To ' this remonſtrance he replied, " Par- " don me, Signior Don Quixote; I " confeſs I have been to blame, and " egregiouſly erred, in ſaying, the " Lady Dulcinea would ſcarce equal " the Lady Belerma; ſeeing, my hav- " ing known by certain gueſſes that " your worſhip is the knight of Dul- " cinea, was ſufficient to have induced " me to bite off my tongue, rather " than compare her with any thing but " Heaven itſelf." Such ſatisfaction from ' the great Monteſinos allayed the diſguſt ' that my heart received in hearing ' Belerma compared with my miſtreſs.'

' I marvel much,' ſaid Sancho, ' that ' your worſhip did not fall upon the ' old hunks, and break every bone in ' his ſkin; aye, and pull his beard in ' ſuch a manner as not to leave one ' ſingle hair.'—' By no means, friend ' Sancho,' anſwered the knight, ' it ' would not have become me to behave ' in that manner; for we are all obliged ' to reſpect our ſeniors, although they ' are not knights; but more eſpecially ' thoſe who are really of that quality, ' and beſides in a ſtate of inchantment. ' This I know full well, that there ' was nothing left unpaid on either ſide, ' in the courſe of the queſtions and an- ' ſwers that paſſed between us.'

Here the ſcholar interpoſing, ' I ' cannot conceive,' ſaid he, ' Signior ' Don Quixote, how your worſhip, in ' ſuch a ſhort time as that you have ' ſpent below, could ſee ſo many things, ' and aſk and anſwer ſuch a number of ' queſtions.'—' How long is it ſince I ' deſcended?' ſaid the knight. ' Lit- ' tle more than an hour,' replied the ſquire. ' That's impoſſible,' reſum- ed Don Quixote; ' for night fell, and ' morning dawned, and darkneſs and ' light ſucceeded each other three times; ' ſo that, by my reckoning, I muſt ' have remained three days in thoſe ſe- ' queſtered ſhades, which are hidden ' from our view.'—' My maſter muſt ' be in the right,' ſaid Sancho, ' for as ' all thoſe things have happened by in- ' chantment, perhaps what appeared ' but one hour to us, might ſeem three ' days and nights to your worſhip.'— ' It may be ſo,' anſwered the knight. Then the ſtudent aſking if his wor- ſhip had eaten any thing in all that time, ' I have not taſted one mouthful,' ſaid he, ' nor had I the leaſt ſenſation ' of hunger.'—' And do thoſe who are ' inchanted, eat?' reſumed the ſcholar. ' They do not eat,' anſwered Don Quix- ote, ' nor do they void the larger ex- ' crements, though, it is ſuppoſed, that ' their nails, beards, and hair, are al- ' ways growing.'

Here Sancho deſired to know, if ever thoſe inchanted gentry enjoyed the bene- fit of ſleep. To which interrogation his maſter replied, ' No, ſurely; at leaſt, in ' thoſe three days that I paſſed among ' them, neither they nor myſelf once ' cloſed an eye.'—' Here then,' ſaid the ſquire, ' we may conveniently truſt in ' the proverb, Tell me your company, ' and I'll tell you your manners. ' While your worſhip keeps company ' with inchanted people, who are al- ' ways faſting and watching, it is no ' great wonder if you neither eat nor ' ſleep while you are among them; but ' really, Signior, your worſhip muſt ' forgive me, if I ſay, that of all you ' have told us, God take me, I was ' going to ſay the devil, if I believe ' one circumſtance.'—" How!" cried the ſcholar, ' then Signior Don Quixote ' muſt have lyed: who even if we could ' entertain ſuch a ſuppoſition, has not

' had

'had time to compose and contrive such 'a number of fables.'—'I do not believe that my master tells lies,' answered Sancho. 'What, then, is thy 'conception?' said the knight.' I conceive,' replied Sancho, 'that Merlin, 'or those magicians who have inchanted the whole rabble which your worship hath seen and discoursed with below, have likewise stuffed your noddle or memory with all that nonsense 'which you have already recounted, as 'well as what you have left untold.'— 'That might be the case,' said Don Quixote, 'but I assure you it is not so 'at present; for what I have recounted 'I saw with my own eyes, and touched 'with my own hands. But, what wilt 'thou say, when I now tell thee, that 'among an infinite number of other 'wonderful things, which I shall relate hereafter in the course of our 'travels, as they do not all belong to 'this place, Montesinos shewed me 'three country-wenches, leaping and 'skipping like so many goats through 'those delightful plains; and scarce 'had I set eyes on them, when I recognized them to be the peerless Dulcinea, and those two individual young 'women, with whom we spoke in the 'neighbourhood of Toboso. When 'I asked Montesinos if he knew them, 'he answered in the negative, but said 'he took them to be some inchanted 'ladies of quality; for they had appeared but a few days in that meadow; 'nor ought I to wonder at that circumstance, forasmuch as in the same place 'there were many ladies of the past 'and present age, inchanted in different 'and strange forms; among whom he 'recollected Queen Ginebra and her 'duenna Quintanona, who was skinker 'to Lancelot, when he came from 'Britain.' Sancho, hearing his master talk in this manner, was ready to run distracted, or burst with laughing; for, knowing the truth of the feigned inchantment of Dulcinea, of which indeed he himself had been the author and evidence, he was convinced beyond all doubt, that his master was stark-staring mad; and in that persuasion exclaimed, 'In evil hour, 'accursed season, and unlucky day, my 'dear master, did your worship go 'down to the other world; and in a 'mischievous moment did you meet 'with Signior Montesinos, who has 'sent you back in such a woeful 'condition. Well was your worship 'here above, in your sound judgment, 'such as God had bestowed upon you, 'saying sentences, and giving counsel 'at every turn, and not as at present, 'venting a heap of the greatest nonsense, that was ever conceived.'— 'I know thee too well, Sancho,' answered Don Quixote, 'to mind what 'thou sayest.'—'And I, in like manner,' replied the squire, 'know you 'too well to regard what you say: 'wound me, or confound me, or kill 'me if you will, for what I have said, 'and what I mean to say, if your worship does not mend and correct your 'own speeches; but, now we are at 'peace, pray tell me how or by what 'token you came to know our lady mistress, and if you spoke to her, what 'answer she made?'

'I knew her again,' replied the knight, 'by the same cloaths she wore 'when thou thyself didst shew her to 'my astonished eyes; I likewise addressed myself to her, but she answered 'not a syllable; on the contrary, she 'turned about, and fled so swiftly, 'that an arrow would not have overtaken her: nevertheless, I wished to 'follow, and would certainly have pursued her, had not Montesinos advised 'me not to fatigue myself; for it would 'be to no purpose, and besides, it was 'time for me to return to the light 'above. He likewise told me, that, 'in process of time, he would give me 'notice in what manner he, Durandarte, Belerma, and all the rest, in 'those sequestered shades, were to be 'disenchanted. But what of all I saw 'and observed gave me the greatest 'pain was this; while I was engaged 'in this conversation with Montesinos, 'one of the hapless Dulcinea's companions came up to me, unperceived, 'and with tears in her eyes, thus accosted me, in a low and whimpering 'voice: "My Lady Dulcina Del To-"boso kisses your worship's hands, "and begs your worship will be pleased "to let her know how your worship "does; moreover, being in great ne-"cessity, she supplicates your worship, "in the most earnest manner, to be "pleased to lend her, upon this her new "cotton under petticoat, half a dozen

"rials,

" rials, or any ſmall matter your wor-
" ſhip can ſpare, which upon her ho-
" neſt word, ſhall be reſtored in a very
" ſhort time." This meſſage filled
' me with ſurprize and concern; and
' turning to the ſage, " Is it poſſible,
" Signior Monteſinos," ſaid I, " that
" people of condition are expoſed to
" neceſſity, in a ſtate of inchentment?"
' To this queſtion he replied, " Take
" my word for it, Signior Don Quix-
" ote de La Mancha, that which we
" call neceſſity is known in all ſtates,
" extending to all conditions, prevail-
" ing among every claſs of people,
" and not even ſparing thoſe who are
" inchanted; and ſince Signora Dul-
" cinea Del Toboſo ſends to beg theſe
" ſix rials, and the pledge ſeems to
" be well worth the money, you
" had better let her have them; for
" ſhe muſt certainly be in great trou-
" ble."— " The pledge I will not
" touch," ſaid I, " nor indeed can I
" comply with her requeſt; for I have
" not above four rials!" which I gave
' her; and theſe were the very indivi-
' dual pieces which I received from thee,
' Sancho, t'other day, in order to give
' away in charity to the poor I might
' meet with on the road. " Sweet-
" heart," ſaid I, " tell your lady that
" her diſtreſs affects me to the very
" ſoul, and I wiſh I were as rich as
" Fouckar* to remove it; let her
" know, that I neither can, nor will
" enjoy health while deprived of her
" agreeable preſence and improving
" converſation; and that I fervently
" and earneſtly beg her goodneſs will
" be pleaſed to indulge with her com-
" pany, this her captive ſervant and
" afflicted knight. Tell her alſo, that,
" when leaſt ſhe dreams of any ſuch
" matter, ſhe ſhall hear that I have
" made a vow, like that which was
" ſworn by the Marquis of Mantua,
" to revenge his couſin Valdovinos;
" when he found him at the laſt gaſp,
" in the middle of the mountain;
" namely, that he would not eat from
" off a table-cloth, together with ſome
" whimſical additions, until he ſhould
" have revenged his death; and, in like
" manner, I will ſwear never to be
" quiet, but traverſe the ſeven diviſions
" of the globe, more punctually than
" did the infant Don Pedro of Por-
" tugal †, until ſhe be reſtored to the
" upper world."— " All that and
" much more you owe to my lady,"
' ſaid the damſel; who, taking the rials
' inſtead of curtſeying, cut a caper in
' the air two yards high.'

' O holy God!' cried Sancho, with a loud voice, ' is it poſſible that thoſe ' inchanters and enchantments ſhould ' have ſuch power to change the good ' ſenſe of my maſter into ſuch nonſen- ' ſical madneſs! O Signior, Signior! ' for the love of God, look to yourſelf, ' have ſome reſpect for your own ho- ' nour, and give no credit to thoſe va- ' nities, which have diminiſhed and ' diſturbed your ſenſes.'—' Thy re- ' gard for me, Sancho, makes thee ' talk in that manner,' anſwered the knight: ' and as thou art not expe- ' rienced in the events of this world, ' every thing that is uncommon, to ' thee ſeems impoſſible; but the time ' will come, as I have already ob- ' ſerved, when I ſhall recount ſome ' circumſtances which I ſaw below, ' that will compel thee to believe what ' I have now related, the truth of which ' neither admits of diſpute or reply.'

CHAP. VII.

IN WHICH ARE RECOUNTED A THOUSAND FOOLERIES, EQUALLY IMPERTINENT, AND NECESSARY TO THE TRUE UNDERSTANDING OF THIS SUBLIME HISTORY.

HE who tranſlated this ſublime hiſtory from the original, compoſed by it's firſt author Cid Hamet

* Fouckar was a very rich merchant of Augſburg, and a great favourite of Charles V. who owed him a very conſiderable ſum. It is reported of him, that when the emperor lodged at his houſe, in his return from Tunis, the fire in his chamber was of cinnamon, and his landlord lighted it with his imperial majeſty's own obligation, thereby cancelling an immenſe debt. The wealth of theſe traders, for theſe were two brothers, became proverbial, and it was uſual to ſay of any very opulent perſon, ' He is as rich as ' a Fouckar.'

† This was the great patron of the Portugueſe diſcoveries along the coaſt of Africa to the Cape of Good Hope.

Benengeli,

Benengeli, says, that coming to the chapter which treats of the adventure of the cave, he found this observation written on the margin in the hand-writing of the said Hamet.

'I cannot conceive or persuade myself that the valiant Don Quixote literally saw and heard all that is recounted in the foregoing chapter, for this reason: all the adventures in which he has hitherto been engaged, are feasible and likely to have happened; but this of the cave I can by no means believe true, in any circumstance, because it is so wide of all reason and probability; then to suppose that Don Quixote would tell lyes, he that was the truest gentleman and most noble knight of his time! it is not possible! He certainly would have suffered himself to be shot to death, rather than deviate one tittle from the truth; besides, I consider that he explained and recounted the adventure so circumstantially, that he could not be supposed to have contrived extempore such a large concatenation of extravagances; but, after all, should the adventure seem apocryphal, the blame cannot be laid to my door, and therefore I give it to the publick without affirming it either to be true or false. Reader, if thou hast discernment, thou mayest judge for thyself; for it is neither my duty, nor is it in my power to do more: though it is held for certain, that the knight, on his death-bed, retracted the whole, saying he had invented the story because it seemed to agree and quadrate with those adventures he had read in his books.'

Then the Arabian proceeds in his history to this effect.

The scholar was equally astonished at the presumption of Sancho Panza and the forbearance of his master, and concluded that the satisfaction he derived from having seen his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, even though inchanted, had produced that milkiness of temper, which was now so remarkable; had not this been the case, Sancho's freedom and remarks were such as would have brought a wooden shower upon his shoulders; for he was downright impertinent to his master, to whom the student thus addressed himself: 'For my own part, Signior Don Quixote de La Mancha, I look upon this as the happiest journey I ever performed; for, in the course of it, I have made four valuable acquisitions. In the first place, I have gained the acquaintance of your worship, which I deem a piece of singular felicity. Secondly, I have been made acquainted with what is locked up and contained in the cave of Montesinos, together with the Metamorphoses of Guadiana, and the Lakes of Ruydera; transmutations that will aptly fill a place in the Spanish Ovid which I have in hand. Thirdly, I have discovered the antiquity of card-playing, which, at least, must be as old as the time of Charlemagne, as may be gathered from the words which your worship heard Durandarte pronounce, when, at the end of that long harangue of Montesinos, he awoke and said, "Patience, and shuffle the cards." For that phrase and manner of speaking he could not have learned during his inchantment; but certainly, when he was alive and well in France, during the reign of the said Charlemagne: and this investigation comes pat to the purpose, for the other book which I am composing; I mean, the Supplement to Polydore Virgil, on the invention of antiquities; for I take it for granted, he has forgot to insert in his book the discovery of card-playing, which I will now explain, and doubtless it will be a very material circumstance, especially when confirmed by such a grave and authentick evidence as Signior Durandarte. Fourthly and lastly, I have now ascertained the source of the Guadiana, hitherto unknown among the nations.'

'You have indeed good reason to be satisfied,' replied the knight; 'but I should be glad to know, if, by God's assistance, you should obtain a licence for printing those books, (which is a matter of doubt with me) to what patron you intend they should be dedicated?'—'There are plenty of lords and grandees in Spain,' answered the scholar, 'to whom they may be dedicated.'—'But a very few,' said Don Quixote; 'not but that a great many deserve dedications, but because few will receive them, that they may not lay themselves under the obligation of making such a recompence as may seem due to the labour and courtesy of authors: one prince, indeed, I

'know, who supplies the defect of the 'rest with such advantages, that if I 'durst presume to describe them, I 'might perhaps excite envy in many 'noble hearts. But let that circum-'stance rest till a more convenient sea-'son; and, in the mean time, let us en-'deavour to find some place where we 'may procure a night's lodging.'— 'Not far from hence,' replied the stu-dent, 'is an hermitage where lives an 'anchorite, who is said to have been a 'soldier, and bears the character of 'being a good Christian, and moreover 'a very discreet and charitable man: 'adjoining to the hermitage is a little 'house, built by the labour of his own 'hands, which, though narrow, is 'large enough to receive travellers.'— 'Can that same hermitage produce any 'poultry?' said Sancho. 'There are 'few hermitages destitute of that pro-'vision,' answered the knight; 'for the 'anchorites of these days are not like 'those who dwelt in the deserts of 'Egypt, clothing themselves with 'palm-leaves, and subsisting on the 'roots of the earth. And here I would 'not be understood to extol one sort, 'in order to depreciate another; for the 'penance now in use does not come up 'to the rigour and austerity of those 'times. Nevertheless, they are all, 'good, at least, so I suppose them to be; and even should the stream run 'foul, the hypocrite, who cloaks his 'knavery, is less dangerous to the 'commonwealth than he who trans-'gresses in the face of day.'

This conversation was interrupted by the appearance of a man coming towards them on foot, walking fast, and switching a mule loaded with lances and halberts: when he came up he saluted them, and passed on at a good pace, and Don Quixote perceiving his hurry, 'Honest friend,' said he, 'pray 'stop a little, for you seem to go faster 'than your mule could wish.'—'Sig-'nior,' answered the man, 'I cannot 'tarry at present, because these arms 'of which I have the charge, are to 'be used to-morrow morning, so that 'I cannot possibly stay, therefore adieu: 'but if you desire to know for what 'purpose they were procured, at the 'inn which is beyond the hermitage I 'have some thoughts of taking my 'night's lodging, and if you are tra-'velling the same road, there you will 'find me, and there you shall hear 'strange tidings; so, once more I bid 'you farewel.' So saying, he whipped up the mule in such a manner, that Don Quixote had not time to ask another question concerning those strange tidings which he promised to relate; but, being extremely curious, and continually fatigued with the desire of learning novelties, he ordered his company to set off that instant, and proceed to the inn, without touching at the hermitage, where the scholar wished to pass the evening. In compliance with the knight's desire, all three mounted their beasts, and followed the direct road to the inn, which they reached a little before the twilight. The student, however, proposed that they should call and take a draught at the hermitage. Sancho Panza, hearing this proposal, immediately turned Dapple's head towards it being followed by Don Quixote and the scholar: but his ill luck seemed to have ordained, that the hermit should not be at home, as they were told by an under-hermit, whom they found in the place. When the squire demanded a flask of his best and dearest, he answered, that his master had no wine, but if he chose a pitcher of his cheapest water, he should have it with all his heart. 'If I had chosen water,' said Sancho, 'there is plenty of wells upon 'the road, from which I might have 'quenched my thirst. O the wedding 'of Camacho! and the abundance of 'Don Diego's house! how often shall 'I lament the loss of you?'

When he had uttered this ejaculation, they quitted the hermitage, and pushed on towards the inn; and having rode forwards a little way, they overtook a lad who travelled the same road at his own leisure: he carried a sword over his shoulder, that supported a bundle of cloaths, which seemed to consist of trousers, a cloak, and shirt; for he wore a velvet jacket with some slips of sattin, and the shirt hanging out; he had silk stockings, and square-toed shoes in the court fashion; his age seemed to be about eighteen or nineteen; he had a sprightly countenance, and an agility in his person; he amused himself in singing couplets to beguile the fatigue of travelling, and when they overtook him, had just finished one, which the student remembered to have run in this strain.

'To

'To the wars my neceſſity drags me away,
'But if I had money at home I would ſtay.'

The firſt who accoſted him was Don Quixote, ſaying, 'You travel very light, 'young gentleman; pray, good now, 'whither may you be going?' To this interrogation the youth replied, 'I tra-'vel ſo light on account of poverty, and 'the heat of the weather; and I am 'going to the wars.'—'The heat may 'be a very good reaſon,' reſumed the knight; 'but how ſhould poverty be the 'cauſe of your travelling in that man-'ner?'—'Signior,' anſwered the youth, 'I carry in this bundle a pair of velvet 'trunk-breeches, fellows to this jacket, 'which if I wear out in the country, 'they will do me no credit in town, 'and I have not wherewithal to pur-'chaſe a reinforcement; for this reaſon, 'therefore, and the benefit of the free 'air, I travel as you ſee me, until I 'get up with ſome companies of foot, 'which are quartered at a town about 'twelve leagues from hence; there I 'ſhall inliſt among them, and there will 'not be wanting ſome baggage-wag-'gon, in which I may proceed to the 'place of embarkation, which they ſay 'is to be Carthagena; and I would 'much rather have the king for my lord 'and maſter, and ſerve him in his wars, 'than be the lacquey of ſome ſcoundrel 'at court.'—'And have you obtained 'any poſt?' ſaid the ſcholar. 'Had I 'ſerved a grandee of Spain, or ſome 'perſon of quality,' replied the youth, 'I ſhould certainly have got ſomething 'of that kind; for this is the advan-'tage of being in good ſervice, that a 'man is frequently preferred from the 'back of his maſter's chair to a pair 'of colours, a company, or ſome hand-'ſome proviſion: but it was my un-'happy fate to be always in the ſervice 'of poor idle raſcals, or foreigners, 'who give ſuch a miſerable and con-'ſumptive allowance of board-wages, 'that one half was expended in the 'ſtarching of a ruff; and it would be 'looked upon as a miracle, if any ſuch 'page adventurer ſhould obtain a to-'lerable proviſion.'—'And pray, 'friend,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'is it poſ-'ſible, that during all the years you 'have been in ſervice, you never had a 'livery?'—'Yes,' anſwered the page, 'I have had two; but, as he who quits 'a convent before he profeſs, is ſtrip-'ped of his habit, and obliged to re-'ſume his own cloaths, ſo was I ſerved 'by my maſters, who, after having 'tranſacted the buſineſs that brought 'them to court, returned to their own 'homes, and took back the liveries, 'which they had given me out of mere 'oſtentation.'

'A very ſcandalous eſpilocheria*, 'indeed, as the Italians call it,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'but, notwithſtanding, 'you may think yourſelf very happy 'in having left the court with ſuch a 'laudable intention; for there is no-'thing upon earth more productive of 'honour and profit, next to the ſervice 'of God, than the ſervice of the king, 'our natural lord and maſter; eſpe-'cially in the exerciſe of arms, by 'which more honour, if not more 'wealth, is acquired than by learning 'itſelf; for, as I have divers and ſundry 'times obſerved, although a greater 'number of families has been raiſed by 'learning than by arms, yet thoſe found-'ed upon arms riſe, I don't know how, 'above their fellows, with a kind of 'natural ſplendor, by which all others 'are outſhone; and what I am now go-'ing to ſay, I deſire you will lay up in 'your remembrance, for it will be of 'much comfort and utility to you, in 'the midſt of all your ſufferings: never 'entertain a thought of what adverſity 'may happen, for the worſt is death; 'and provided it comes with honour, it 'is the greateſt happineſs to die. Julius 'Cæſar, that valiant emperor of Rome, 'being aſked which was the moſt agree-'able death, anſwered, "That which "is ſudden, unexpected, and unfore-"ſeen:" and though this reply favour-'ed of the pagan, ignorant of the know-'ledge of the true God, nevertheleſs, 'with regard to his being freed from 'the pangs of human infirmity, he ſaid 'well; for ſuppoſing you ſhould be 'ſlain in the firſt action or ſkirmiſh, 'either by a cannon ball, or the explo-'ſion of a mine, what does it ſignify? 'we muſt all die, and there is an end 'to the whole; and, according to Te-'rence, a dead ſoldier, who falls in bat-'tle, makes a much nobler appearance 'than one who lives by running away: 'the good ſoldier acquires reputation

* A knaviſh trick.

'in proportion to the obedience he pays 'to his captain, or thoſe who have a 'right to command him; and pray, 'take notice, child, a ſoldier had much 'better ſmell of gunpowder than of 'civet; and if old age overtake you in 'that noble employment, though you 'ſhould be covered over with wounds, 'paralytick, or lame, it can never over-'take you without ſuch honour as po-'verty cannot diminiſh; eſpecially now, 'that proviſion is to be made for the 'maintenance and relief of old diſabled 'ſoldiers; for it is not reaſonable that 'they ſhould be treated like negro 'ſlaves, to whom, when they are old 'and incapable of ſervice, their maſters 'often give their freedom, driving them 'from their houſes, and under the title 'of liberty, leaving them ſtill ſlaves to 'hunger, which nothing but death can 'diſpel. This is all I have to ſay at 'preſent; therefore get up and ride be-'hind me to the inn, where I ſhall treat 'you with a ſupper, and in the morn-'ing you may purſue your journey, 'which I pray God may be as fortu-'nate as your intention is good.'

The page excuſed himſelf from riding behind the knight, though he embraced his invitation to ſupper at the inn; and Sancho ſaid within himſelf, 'Lord 'comfort thee for a maſter! Is it poſ-'ſible that a man who can utter ſo ma-'ny good things, ſhould affirm that he 'has ſeen all that impoſſible nonſenſe 'which he has told of the cave of 'Monteſinos! But, time is the trier of 'all things.'

In ſuch diſcourſe they arrived at the inn, juſt as it grew dark, and Sancho was not a little rejoiced to find that his maſter took it to be a real inn, and not a caſtle, according to his uſual whims. They had ſcarcely entered, when Don Quixote enquired of the landlord about the man with the lances and halberts, and underſtood he was in the ſtable, providing for the accommodation of his beaſt; an example which was followed by the ſtudent and Sancho, who preferred Rozinante to the beſt manger and ſtall of the whole ſtable.

CHAP. VIII.

IN WHICH IS SET FORTH THE BRAYING AEVENTURE, AND THE DIVERTING ATCHIEVEMENT OF THE PUPPETS, WITH THE MEMORABLE RESPONSES OF THE DIVINING APE.

DON Quixote would not ſtay till his bread was baked, as the ſaying is, ſo impatient was he to hear and know the ſtrange tidings that were promiſed by the arms-carrier, in queſt of whom he forthwith went to the place where the landlord ſaid he was; and having found him, deſired he would by all means gratify him with a circumſtantial account of thoſe things he had mentioned on the road. 'The account 'of my ſtrange tidings,' anſwered the man, 'I ſhall give when I am more at 'leiſure, and not at work as I am at 'preſent: if your worſhip will give me 'time to take care of my beaſt, I will 'tell you ſuch things as you will be 'ſurprized to hear.'—'They ſhall not 'be delayed on that account,' ſaid the knight, 'for I myſelf will lend you an 'helping hand.' He accordingly winnowed the corn and cleaned the manger; ſo that the man, induced by his humility, could do no leſs than grant his requeſt, with good will: ſitting down, therefore, in a hollow of the wall, cloſe by Don Quixote, who, with the ſcholar, page, Sancho Panza, and the inn-keeper, compoſed his council and audience, he began to relate what follows.

'You muſt know, gentlemen, that 'in a village at the diſtance of four 'leagues and a half from this inn, it 'came to paſs, that a certain alder-'man, through the craft and malice 'of a ſervant wench, which I have 'not time to explain, loſt an aſs; and 'though the ſaid alderman uſed all 'poſſible means to find him, he found 'it impoſſible to ſucceed: fifteen days 'had the aſs been miſſing, according 'to publick fame and report, when 'the owner was, in the market-place, 'accoſted by another alderman of the 'ſame town, who ſaid, "Hanſel me "for my good news, neighbour; your "beaſt has appeared."—"That I will, "neighbour, and heartily," anſwered 'the other; "but let us know where "he has appeared."—"Upon the "mountain," replied the finder: "I "ſaw him this morning, without "pack-ſaddle or any ſort of furniture; "and ſo lean, that it was piteous to "behold him. I would have driven "him before me, and brought him "home

"home; but he is so wild and shy, "that when I went near him, he took "to his heels, and ran into the most "concealed part of the mountain: if "you chuse it, we two will go in quest "of him; stay till I house my own "beast, and I'll return presently."—"I shall be much obliged to you," 'said he of the strayed ass; "and I "shall endeavour to repay you in the "same coin." With these very circumstances, and in the self-same manner that I relate the affair to you, 'it is told and related by all those who 'have entered into the true spirit of 'the case.

'In conclusion, the two aldermen 'walked hand in hand to the mountain, and coming to the place and 'spot where they expected to find the 'ass, they found him not: nor could 'they get one glimpse of him, although 'they searched all about, over and over. 'Perceiving that he was not likely to 'appear, "Hark ye, neighbour," 'said the alderman who had seen him, "there is a contrivance come into my "head, by which we shall certainly "discover this animal, even though "he should be concealed in the bowels of the earth, much more if he is "in this mountain; and that is this, "I have a marvellous knack at braying, and if you have any turn "that way, you may conclude the "business is done."—"Any turn, "neighbour!" cried the other: "by "the Lord! I will not yield in point "of braying to the best man alive, "not even to an identical ass."—"We shall see presently," answered 'the second alderman; "for my "intention is that you should go "to one side of the mountain, and "I to the other, so as to walk round "it quite, and every now and then "you shall bray, and I will bray; "and it cannot be but that the ass "will hear, and answer, if he is on "this mountain." To this proposal 'the owner replied, "Neighbour, it is "an excellent scheme, and worthy "your great genius." So parting, 'according to agreement, it came to 'pass that both brayed almost at the 'same time, and each being deceived 'by the other's braying, ran forward 'in hopes of finding the ass; when 'perceiving their mistake, "Neighbour," said the loser, "is it possible that was not my ass which "brayed just now?"—"No: it was "I," answered the other. "Agad, "then," cried the owner, "there is "not the least difference, in point of "braying, between you and an ass! "for in my life did I never hear or "see such a resemblance."—"That "compliment and approbation," answered the contriver, "would be "much better bestowed upon yourself than upon me, neighbour; for "by the God that made me, you would "give two heats of advantage to the "biggest and best brayer in Christendom; for the sound you produce is "deep, sonorous, within proper time "and compass, and the falls frequent "and sharp; in a word, I own myself "overcome, and yield you the palm "and banner of that rare talent."—"By the mass!" said the owner, "I "will from henceforward have a higher "opinion of my own ability, and believe I know something, since I really possess such a gift; for although "I always thought I brayed tolerably "well, I never imagined I excelled so "much as you say I do."—"I therefore tell you," replied the other, "that many rare talents are lost in this "world; and that they are ill-bestowed on those who cannot turn "them to advantage."—"Ours," 'said the owner, "except in such "cases as this, that we have now in "hand, can be but of little service, "and even in this God grant it may "turn to account."

'After these mutual compliments 'they parted a second time, and began 'to bray again; but still they were 'deceived, and met as before, until, 'by way of counter-signal, from 'which they might know one another, 'they agreed to bray twice in a breath: 'accordingly they doubled their brayings, and encompassed the whole 'mountain, without being favoured 'with the least answer or sign from 'the strayed ass; and, indeed, no wonder, the poor unfortunate animal did 'not answer; for they found him in 'the remotest part of the wood, almost 'devoured by the wolves. The owner 'seeing him in this plight, "I marvelled much," said he, "that he did "not answer, for had he been alive "and heard you, he must have brayed "again, else he had been no ass; but

"as

" as I have had the pleasure of hearing " you bray so melodiously, neighbour, " I think my trouble well bestowed, " even although I have found him " dead."—" 'Tis in good hands, neigh- " bour," replied the other; " for in " chanting the clerk is not a whit infe- " rior to the curate."

' Having made these mutual remarks, ' they returned to the village, equally ' hoarse and disconsolate, and recount- ' ed to their friends, neighbours, and ' acquaintance, what had happened to ' them, in their searching for the ass, ' extolling one another to the skies for ' the talent of braying; so that every ' circumstance of the story was related ' among the neighbouring villages; ' and the devil, who is never at rest, ' but always glad of an opportunity ' to sow discord and scatter quarrels, ' raising lyes in the wind, and huge ' chimeras from little or no founda- ' tion, so ordered matters, that the ' people of the other villages, when ' they saw any person belonging to our ' town, began to bray, as if to hit ' him in the teeth with the braying of ' our aldermen. The story was taken ' up by the boys, which was all one ' as if he had fallen into the hands and ' mouths of all the devils in hell, and ' the braying was circulated from one ' town to another in such a manner, ' that the natives of the village of ' Braywick are as well known and dis- ' tinguished as a Blackmore from a ' Spaniard; and this joke has become ' so serious, that our townsmen have ' frequently gone forth in arms and re- ' gular order to give battle to the jokers, ' without any regard to king or rook, ' or fear or shame; I believe that to- ' morrow or next day, the men of ' Braywick will take the field once ' more against the people of another ' village within two leagues of us, who ' are our chief persecutors; and that ' we may be well provided for the oc- ' casion, I have purchased the lances ' and halberts, you have seen. Now ' these are the strange tidings which I ' said I would relate; and if you do ' not think them so, I have no other ' worth your hearing.'

The honest man concluded his story; and at that instant came into the house, a man clothed in a doub- let, breeches, and hose of shamoy- leather, who said with a loud voice, ' So ho, Mr. Landlord! have you got ' any lodging for the fortune-telling ' ape, and the puppet-shew of the de- ' liverance of Melisendra?'—' Odd's ' bodikins!' cried the inn-keeper, 'Ma- ' ster Peter here! we shall have rare do- ' ings i'faith.' We forgot to observe that the left eye, and half of the cheek of this Master Peter was covered with a patch of green silk, from whence it was supposed all that side of the face laboured under some infirmity. Be that as it will, the inn-keeper proceeded, saying, ' Welcome, good Master Pe- ' ter; but where is the ape and the ' puppet-shew? for I see neither.'— ' They are at hand,' answered the owner of the shamoy-suit; ' but I came before ' to know whether or not we could have ' lodging.'—' The Duke D'Alva him- ' self should be turned out to make ' room for Master Peter,' said the land- ' lord; bring hither your ape and your ' shew, for there is company in the ' house that will pay for a sight of ' them.'—' In good time, then,' re- ' plied the wearer of the patch. ' I will ' lower the price, and think myself well ' paid, if they defray the expence of ' my lodging; meanwhile, I'll go and ' lead hither the cart that contains my ' puppets and my ape.'

So saying, he went out; and Don Quixote enquiring who this Master Peter was, with the puppet-shew and ape, the landlord replied, ' This is a famous ' puppet-shew man, who had long tra- ' velled through La Mancha and Arra- ' gon, representing the story of Meli- ' sendra, who was delivered by the ' famous Don Gayferos, one of the ' most entertaining and best represented ' histories which have been for many ' years seen in this kingdom; he like- ' wise carries along with him an ape of ' the rarest talent that ever was known ' among apes, or conceived among men: ' for if you ask any question, it listens ' attentively to what you say, then leap- ' ing upon his master's shoulders, and ' clapping its mouth to his ear, it gives ' an answer, which Master Peter im- ' mediately explains. ' Of things that ' are past it says much more than of ' those that are to come, and though ' it does not hit the truth exactly in ' every thing, it errs but seldom; so ' that we are inclined to believe it is in- ' spired by the devil. ' Every question ' costs a couple of rials, provided the ' ape

'ape answers; I mean, supposing the 'master answers for the ape, after it 'has whispered in his ear; wherefore, 'Master Peter is thought to be woundy 'rich: indeed, he is a gallant man, as 'they say in Italy, an excellent com-'panion, and lives the pleasantest life 'in the world; he talks as much as any 'six, and drinks more than a dozen, 'and all at the expence of his tongue, 'his ape, and his puppet-shew.'

Just as he spoke these words, Master Peter returned with the cart that contained the puppets and the ape, which was a very large animal, without a tail; his buttocks were like felt, but not ugly withal; and Don Quixote no sooner beheld him than he asked, 'Pray, Mr. 'Fortune-teller, what have we got in 'the net? what fortune awaits us? Be-'hold, here are my two rials' So saying, he ordered Sancho to give them to Mr. Peter; who answered in the name of the ape, 'Signior, this animal 'gives no response or intelligence con-'cerning what is to come; he is only 'acquainted with the past, and knows 'something of the present.'—'Rabbit 'it!' cried Sancho, 'I would not give 'a doit to be told of the past; for who 'knows that better than myself; and to 'pay for being informed of what I know, 'would be downright folly; but since 'he knows the present, here are my two 'rials; and tell me, good your apeship, 'how my wife Teresa Panza is at pre-'sent employed?' Master Peter refused to take the money; saying, 'I will not 'receive a premium per advance, until 'it is preceded by service.' Then clap-ing his hand twice upon his left shoul-der, the ape with one skip, leaped upon it, and laying it's mouth to his ear, began to mow and chatter with great eagerness; having made this motion, which continued as long time as one would take in repeating the creed, with another skip he leaped upon the ground. Immediately Master Peter, with infi-nite hurry, threw himself on his knees before Don Quixote, and hugging his shins, exclaimed, 'These legs I em-'brace, as I would embrace the pillars 'of Hercules, O thou celebrated re-'viver of the already forgotten order 'of knight-errantry! thou never enough 'to be applauded cavalier Don Quixote 'de La Mancha; the soul of the de-'jected, the prop of the falling, the 'shield of those that are fallen, the staff 'and comfort of all the unhappy!' Don Quixote was alarmed, Sancho thunderstruck; the scholar surprized, the page confounded, the Braywick carrier amazed, the landlord astonished, and, in a word, admiration prevailed among all those who heard the words of the shewman; while he proceeded, saying, 'And thou, worthy Sancho 'Panza, the best squire of the bravest 'knight in the universe, be merry and 'rejoice; for thine agreeable helpmate 'Teresa is in good health, and this 'very moment employed in dressing a 'pound of flax; by the same token, 'there stands at her right-hand a broken 'mouthed pitcher, containing a good 'sup of wine, with which she comforts 'herself while she is at work.'—'That 'I can easily believe,' answered San-cho; 'for she is a rare one, and if she 'was not a little given to jealousy, I 'would not exchange her for the giant-ess Andandona, who, as my master 'says, was a very proper and compleat 'housewife; and truly my Teresa is 'one of those who will live to their 'heart's content, even though their 'heirs pay for it.'

'I am now convinced,' said Don 'Quixote, that he who reads and tra-'vels much, will see and learn a great 'deal. This observation I make, be-'cause no arguments would have been 'sufficient to persuade me, that there 'are apes in the world endowed with 'the gift of divination, as I have this 'day seen with my own eyes; for I am 'the very Don Quixote named by that 'good animal, which, however, has ex-'patiated rather too much in my praise; 'but be that as it may, I give thanks 'to God, who bestowed upon me a mild 'and compassionate disposition, ever in-'clined to do good to all mankind, and 'harm to no person whatever.'—'If I 'had money,' said the page, 'I would 'ask Signior Ape, what will be the 'success of my present perigrination?' To this hint, Master Peter, who had rose from his prostration, replied, 'I 'have already told you, that this crea-'ture does not answer for what is to 'come; if he did, your want of money 'would be no objection; for, in order to 'to serve Don Quixote here present, I 'would willingly forfeit all the interest-'ed views in the world; and now, as in 'duty bound, I will, for his amuse-'ment, set up my shew, and divert all 'the

'the people in the houſe, without fee or 'reward.' The landlord, hearing this declaration, was rejoiced beyond meaſure, and pointed out a proper place for the exhibition of his entertainment, which was prepared in a twinkling.

Don Quixote was not very well ſatisfied with the divinations of the ape, as he did not think it natural for ſuch an animal to divine, in things either paſt, preſent, or to come; and, therefore, while Maſter Peter was buſy in ſetting up his ſhew, he retired, with his ſquire, to a corner of the ſtable, where they could confer together without being overheard, and ſpoke to this effect: 'Hark 'ye, Sancho, I have conſidered this 'wonderful talent of the ape; and, ac'cording to my notion, this ſame Ma'ſter Peter, it's owner, muſt certainly 'have made a ſecret or expreſs pact 'with the devil.'—'Nay, if it be the 'devil's pack,' anſwered Sancho, 'it 'muſt be a very dirty pack; but what 'ſignifies ſuch a pack to Maſter Peter?' —'Sancho,' replied the knight, 'you 'do not underſtand my meaning; what 'I would ſay is, that he muſt certainly 'have made ſome concert with the de'vil who hath infuſed this talent into 'the ape, by which he gains his live'lihood; and when he becomes rich, 'he muſt yield him his ſoul, which is 'the aim of that univerſal enemy of 'mankind; and what confirms me in 'this opinion, is, that the ape anſwers 'no queſtions but ſuch as regard the 'paſt and preſent time: now, the de'vil's underſtanding reaches no far'ther; what is to come he knows only 'by conjecture, and that not always; 'for it is the attribute of God alone to 'know times and ſeaſons; to him there 'is neither paſt nor future, but all things 'are ever preſent to his eyes. This be'ing the caſe, as doubtleſs it is, the ape 'certainly ſpeaks from the inſpiration 'of the devil; and I am ſurprprized it 'hath not been accuſed and examined 'by the holy office, which would ſoon 'diſcover by virtue of whom it pre'ſumes to divine; for ſurely this ape 'is no aſtrologer, nor did he or his 'maſter ever raiſe, or were capable of 'raiſing, thoſe figures called judicial, 'which are now ſo common in Spain, 'that every pitiful little huſſy, page, 'and even cooler, has the impudence 'to raiſe an horoſcope, as readily as a 'knave of trumps, from the ground, 'ruining and diſgracing, by their ig'norance and falſities, the wonderful 'truth of that noble ſcience. One lady 'I myſelf know, who having enquired 'of one of thoſe pretenders, whether 'a little bitch ſhe had would have pup'pies, how many, and of what colour 'they would be; Mr. Aſtrologer, af'ter having raiſed his figure, replied, 'that the bitch would bring forth three 'puppies, one of a green, another of 'carnation, and a third of a mixed 'colour, provided the bitch would take 'the dog between the hours of eleven 'and twelve at noon or night, on Sa'turday or Monday. Notwithſtanding 'this prediction, the bitch died in three 'days of a ſurfeit; and yet Mr. Fi'gure-caſter was ſtill eſteemed in the 'place a moſt infallible aſtrologer, as 'almoſt all thoſe fellows are.'—'Ne'verthleſs,' anſwered Sancho, 'I wiſh 'your worſhip would deſire Maſter 'Peter to aſk his ape, if what happened 'to your worſhip in the cave of Mon'teſinos is really true; as for my own 'part, begging your worſhip's pardon, 'I cannot for the blood of me help 'thinking it was all a flam and a lye, 'or at leaſt no better than a dream.'— 'It may be ſo,' replied Don Quixote: 'But I will take thy advice; for truly, 'I myſelf have ſome ſort of ſcruples 'about the matter.'

Here he was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Peter, who came to tell him that the ſhew was ready, and invite him to come and ſee it; for it would be well worth his trouble. Then the knight imparted his ſentiments, deſiring he would aſk the ape whether or not certain incidents that happened in the cave of Monteſinos, were dreams or realities, for to him the whole ſeemed to be a mixture of both. Maſter Peter, without anſwering one word, went and brought the ape into the preſence of Don Quixote and Sancho, and thus accoſted it: 'Look ye, Mr. Ape, this knight 'wants to know, whether certain things 'that happened to him in a place called 'the cave of Monteſinos be true or 'falſe.' Then making the uſual ſignal, the creature leaped upon his left-ſhoulder, and ſeemingly whiſpered ſomething in his ear. In conſequence of this communication, 'The ape,' ſaid Maſter Peter, 'declares, that part of what your 'worſhip ſaw and underwent in that 'ſame cave is falſe, and part is likely to

'be

'be true; and this, and nothing else, is all he knows touching that interrogation: but if your worship desires to be farther informed he will next Friday answer all the questions you can ask; at present his virtue has left him, and will not return till Friday, as I have already observed.'—'Signior,' said Sancho to his master, 'did not I always affirm your worship should never make me believe that all, or even the half of those accidents you pretended to have met with in the cave was true?'—'The event will shew,' answered Don Quixote; 'for there is nothing that time, the discoverer of all things, will not bring to light, even though it should be hidden in the bowels of the earth. Let that suffice for the present; and now we will go and see the puppet-shew of honest Master Peter, which I really believe will be productive of some novelty.—'Of some!' cried master Peter: 'my shew is productive of sixty thousand. Why, I tell your worship, Signior Don Quixote, there is nothing equal to it in the whole world; but, *Operibus credite & non verbis*: let us begin presently; for it grows late, and we have a great deal to do, to say, and to shew.'

In consequence of this request, Don Quixote and Sancho repaired to the place where the puppet-shew was set up, and set forth with a great number of little wax-lights, which made a most resplendent appearance. Master Peter withdrew within the curtain, in order to play the figures of the piece; and on the outside sat a boy, who was his servant, to interpret and explain the mysteries of the shew, holding a wand, with which he pointed out the puppets as they entered. All the people of the inn being seated, some fronting the stage, and Don Quixote with Sancho, the page and the scholar, accommodated with the best places, the drugoman began to pronounce that which will be heard and seen by those who will take the trouble to read or peruse the following chapter.

CHAP. IX.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE DIVERTING ADVENTURE OF THE PUPPET-SHEW; WITH OTHER MATTERS REALLY ENTERTAINING ENOUGH.

UNIVERSAL silence prevailed among Tyrians as well as Trojans; that is, all the spectators of the shew sat in silent expectation, suspended as it were on the mouth of him who was appointed to expound the wonders of the piece; when their ears were saluted with the sound of attabals, trumpets, and artillery, that issued from behind the scene; and this noise being soon over, the boy thus began in an audible voice: 'This true history, 'which will now be represented before 'the honourable company, is literally 'extracted from the French chronicles 'and Spanish ballads, which may be 'heard every day repeated in the streets 'by man, woman, and child. It exhibits 'the manner in which Signior Don 'Gayferos accomplished the deliverance 'of his spouse Melisendra, who was a 'captive in Spain, detained by the 'Moors in the city of Santuenna, 'which was formerly the name given 'to what we now call Saragossa; and 'pray, gentlemen, take notice, Don 'Gayferos is playing at tables, accord'ing to the old song:

"Now Gayferos, at tables playing,
"Of Melisendra thinks no more."

'And that personage who next appears, with a crown on his head and 'a sceptre in his hand, is the emperor 'Charlemagne, the supposed father of 'Melisendra, who, vexed at the indo'lence and carelessness of his son-in-'law, comes forth to chide him; and 'observe with what vehemence and 'keenness he seems to scold; one would 'imagine he intended to give him half 'a dozen raps on the pate with his 'sceptre; nay, some authors say that he 'actually did bestow them, aye, and 'that with very good-will: after hav'ing said abundance of things con'cerning the risk his honour would run, 'if he did not effect the deliverance of 'his spouse, he is reported to have add'ed these words, "I have said enough, "look to it." Behold, gentlemen, how 'the emperor turns about and walks 'off, leaving Don Gayferos in a fume, 'who, in the impatience of his anger, 'throws away the tablet and pieces, and

'calls haſtily for his armour, deſiring 'his couſin Orlando to lend him his 'ſword Durindana. Don Orlando will 'not comply with his requeſt; but 'offers to attend him in his difficult 'enterprize: however, the provoked 'hero will not accept of his offer; on 'the contrary, he ſays his own ſingle arm 'is ſufficient to deliver his wife, even 'though ſhe were concealed in the pro-'foundeſt centre of the earth. So ſay-'ing, he goes in to arm, that he may 'be able to ſet out with all expedition. 'Gentlemen, turn your eyes to the 'tower that appears yonder, and ſup-'poſe it one of the towers belonging 'to the caſtle of Saragoſſa, now called 'Aljaferia. That lady who ſtands in 'the balcony in the Mooriſh dreſs is 'the peerleſs Meliſendra, who from 'thence hath often caſt her longing 'eyes towards the road to France, and 'conſoled herſelf in her captivity, by 'thinking on the city of Paris and her 'valiant lord. Obſerve likewiſe a new 'incident, the like of which perhaps 'you have never ſeen before: don't you 'ſee that Moor ſtealing along ſilently 'and ſoftly, ſtep by ſtep, with his fin-'ger on his mouth, behind Meliſen-'dra? Now mind how he prints a kiſs 'in the very middle of her lips, and 'with what eagerneſs ſhe ſpits, and 'wipes them with the ſleeves of her 'ſhift, lamenting aloud, and tearing, 'for anger, her beautiful hair, as if it 'had been guilty of the tranſgreſſion. 'Behold, now, that venerable Moor in 'yon gallery; he is Marſilius, the king 'of Sanſuenna, who, having perceived 'the inſolence of the Moor, although 'he was his own relation, and a great 'favourite, orders him to be appre-'hended, and carried through the prin-'cipal ſtreets of the city, with the 'criers before, and the rods behind, 'with which he is to receive two hun-'dred ſtripes; and here you ſhall ſee 'the ſentence executed, almoſt as ſoon 'as the crime is committed; for among 'the Moors there is no copy of a 'writ, trial, or delay, as in our courts 'of juſtice.'

Here Don Quixote interpoſing, ſaid, with a loud voice, 'Boy, boy, follow your 'ſtory in a right line, without falling in-'to curves and croſſes; for there is not ſo 'much proof and counter-proof required 'to bring truth to light.'—'Sirrah,' cried Mr. Peter, from behind the curtain, 'none of your vagaries, but follow 'that gentleman's counſel, which is 'good and wholeſome; ſing your plain 'ſong, without counterpoints; for you 'may ſpin your thread ſo fine as to 'break it.'—'I ſhall obey your orders,' anſwered the boy, who proceeded, ſay-ing—

'That there figure a horſeback, 'wrapped up in a cloak of Gaſcony, 'is the very individual Don Gayferos, 'to whom his only lady, by this time 'revenged of the preſumptuous and 'enamoured Moor, talks with more 'ſeeming compoſure from the battle-'ments of the tower, ſuppoſing him to 'be ſome traveller, and between the 'two paſſeth the whole diſcourſe and 'converſation, recorded in the ballad, 'which ſays,

"Sir knight, if you to France do go,
"For Gayferos enquire:"

'together with what follows, which I 'ſhall not at preſent repeat, becauſe 'prolixity engenders diſguſt. Let it 'ſuffice that you ſee how Gayferos diſ-'covers himſelf, and that we learn from 'the joyful geſtures of Meliſendra, that 'ſhe recognizes her huſband; eſpecially 'as we now ſee her let herſelf down 'from the balcony, in order to get a-'horſeback behind her loving ſpouſe; 'but as ill luck would have it, the 'border of her under petticoat has 'caught hold of one of the iron ſpikes 'of the balcony, and there ſhe hangs 'dangling, without being able to reach 'the ground: but you ſee how com-'paſſionate Heaven brings relief in the 'moſt preſſing emergencies; for Don 'Gayferos comes to her aſſiſtance, and 'without minding whether or not the 'rich petticoat may be torn, ſeizes 'his lady, and by main force brings 'her to the ground; then with one 'jerk, ſets her upon the crupper of his 'horſe, aſtride like a man, bidding her 'hold faſt, and throw her arms around 'his neck, ſo as to croſs them on his 'breaſt, that ſhe may be in no danger 'of falling; for my Lady Meliſendra 'was not uſed to ride in that manner: 'you likewiſe perceive how the horſe, 'by his neighing, expreſſes the ſatis-'faction he feels in carrying the vali-'ant and beautiful burden of his lord 'and miſtreſs. You ſee how they turn 'about, and quitting the city, take the

'road

'road to Paris, with equal eagerneſs
'and joy. Go in peace, ye peerleſs
'pair of faithful lovers; may you ar-
'rive in ſafety at your deſired country,
'without fortune's raiſing any obſtruc-
'tion to your happy journey; and may
'the eyes of your friends and kindred
'behold you enjoy in peace all the
'days of your life, which I hope will
'exceed the age of Neſtor!' Here Mr. Peter interpoſing again, called aloud, 'None of your flouriſhes, ſirrah; ſeek 'not to entangle yourſelf, for all af-'fectation is naught.' The interpreter, without anſwering a ſyllable, went on in this manner. 'There were not 'wanting ſome idle eyes which nothing 'can eſcape, and they, perceiving the 'deſcent and flight of Meliſendra, 'gave notice of it to king Marſilio, who 'ſtraight gave orders for ſounding to 'arms: and behold the hurry and com-'motion of the city, occaſioned by the 'ſound of bells that ring in every mi-'naret.'

'It cannot be,' cried Don Quixote. 'In what regards the bells, Mr. Peter 'is guilty of an impropriety; for the 'Moors uſe no bells, but attabals or 'kettle-drums, and a kind of dulci-'mers, like thoſe belonging to our 'waits; ſo that the circumſtance of 'ringing bells in Sanſuenna is a down-'right abſurdity.' Mr. Peter hearing this obſevation, left off ringing, and anſwered, 'Signior Don Quixote, 'your worſhip muſt not mind ſuch 'trifles, nor ſeek for that perfection 'which is not to be found. How 'many plays do you ſee every day re-'preſented, full of impropriety and 'abſurdities? yet they happily run 'their career, and are heard, not ſimply 'with applauſe, but even with uni-'verſal admiration. Proceed, boy, and 'let people talk; for, provided I fill 'my pocket, I don't care if there 'ſhould be more improprieties than 'there are atoms in the ſun.'—'You 'are in the right,' replied the knight; and thus the boy went on:

'Behold what a number of reſplen-'dent cavalry marches out of the city 'in purſuit of the two catholick lo-'vers: what a ſound of trumpets, 'tinkling of dulcimers, and rattling 'of drums and kettle-drums! I am 'afraid they will overtake and bring 'them back tied to their horſe's tail, 'and that would be a moſt diſmal ſpec-'tacle.'

Don Quixote ſeeing ſuch a number of Moors, and hearing this uproar, thought it was incumbent upon him to aſſiſt the fugitives; and therefore ſtarting up, he pronounced with a loud voice, 'Never, while I breathe, will I 'conſent that ſuch an injury ſhould be 'done in my preſence to a knight ſo 'famous, daring, and enamoured, as is 'Don Gayferos: deſiſt, ye baſe-born 'plebeians; ſeek not to follow and 'puniſh him, but face me in battle, 'if you dare.' With theſe words and actions he unſheathed his ſword, and ſpringing up to the puppet ſhew, began with incredible agility and fury to lay about him among the Mooriſh puppets, demoliſhing ſome, beheading others, maiming this, and hacking that; and in the courſe of this exer-ciſe, he fetched ſuch a back-ſtroke, that had not Mr. Peter ſtooped and ſquatted down with great expedition, he would have ſliced off his head as eaſily as if it had been made of ginger-bread. This unfortunate ſhew-man exalting his voice, 'Hold, for the love of God! 'Signior Don Quixote,' ſaid he, 'and 'take notice, that thoſe whom you 'overthrow, kill and deſtroy, are not 'real Moors, but poor, harmleſs, little 'figures of paſte; conſider, ſinner that 'I am! you are ruining me, by de-'priving me of my livelihood.' Notwithſtanding this remonſtrance, the knight continued to play away in a per-fect ſhower of back-ſtrokes, fore ſtrokes, outſide and inſide, that fell as thick as hail; ſo that in leſs than a couple of credos, he brought the whole ſhew to the ground, all the tackle and figures being hewed down and diſmembered: king Marſilio himſelf ſorely wounded, and the crown, together with the head of the emperor, cleft in twain. The whole au-dience was involved in confuſion; the ape fled to the roof of the houſe, the ſcholar trembled, the page was ſeized with conſternation, and Sancho Panza himſelf overwhelmed with terror and diſmay; for, as he ſwore after the hurri-cane ſubſided, he had never before ſeen his maſter in ſuch a frantick rage.

The puppet-ſhew being thus entirely demoliſhed, Don Quixote became a little more compoſed, ſaying, 'I wiſh 'I had before me, at this very mo-

'ment, those who either do not, or 'will not believe that knights-errant 'are of any benefit or service to mankind, that they might see what would 'have become of the worthy Don Gayferos, and the beautiful Melisendra, had not I been present on this 'occasion; certainly, by this time, they 'would have been overtaken by these 'dogs, who would have done them 'some grievous injury: let knight-errantry, therefore, live and flourish 'above all things upon the face of the 'earth.'—'In a happy hour let it live,' cried Mr. Peter in a languid tone, 'and 'let me die, who am so unfortunate, 'that I may say with king Rodrigo, "Yesterday I was lord of Spain, and "now there is not one battlement I "can call my own." Half an hour, 'yea not half a minute is elapsed, since 'I saw myself in possession of kings 'and emperors; my stables, coffers, 'and bags, were filled with an infinite number of horses and other 'gay particulars, and now I find myself quite desolate and abased, poor 'and beggarly, and, which is worst of 'all, deprived of my ape, who in good 'faith will make my teeth sweat, before 'he returns to me his lawful master; 'and all this misfortune I have suffered from this here Sir Knight, who 'is said to protect orphans, rectify 'wrongs, and perform other charitable 'actions; but, in me alone, his generous intention has failed; blessed and 'praised be the highest Heavens above! 'In a word, the Knight of the Rueful 'Figure is he by whom I and mine are 'disfigured and undone.'

Sancho Panza melted at this piteous lamentation: 'Do not weep, Mr. Peter,' said he, 'do not whine so piteously, or thou'lt break my heart, for 'I'd have thee know, my master Don 'Quixote is such a catholick and scrupulous Christian, that provided he be 'convinced of having done thee wrong, 'he knows how to make amends, and 'will satisfy and repay thee with double interest.'—'If Signior Don Quixote,' replied the shew-man, 'will 'make some atonement for the deeds 'by which he has undone me, I shall 'rest satisfied, and his worship's conscience will be at peace; for that man 'cannot expect salvation who withholds the effects of his neighbour 'against his will, and refuses to make 'restitution.'—'You are in the right,' said Don Quixote; 'but as yet I do 'not know that I withhold any of 'your effects, Mr. Peter.'—'How!' 'none of mine?' cried the shew-man, 'and these unfortunate remains that 'lie extended on the hard and barren 'pavement, were they not thus scattered and annihilated by the invincible force of that redoubted arm?' 'to whom but me did their unhappy' 'bodies belong? and with what but' 'them did I procure a comfortable subsistence?'—'Now,' cried Don Quixote, 'I am fully convinced of what I have 'on divers occasions believed; namely, 'that those inchanters, by whom I am 'persecuted, take pleasure in presenting 'realities to my view, and then changing and metamorphosing them into 'such figures and forms as they chuse 'to bestow: believe me, gentlemen, to 'me every thing that has passed appeared a true and literal concurrence of 'real facts; and the figures represented seemed to be really and truly the 'very individual persons of Melisendra, Don Gayferos, Marsilio, and 'Charlemagne: in consequence of that 'belief, my wrath was provoked; and, 'in order to fulfil the function of a 'knight-errant, I resolved to favour 'and assist the fair fugitive; in the 'execution of which resolve, I have 'done what you see. If the exploit 'has turned out contrary to my expectation, the blame ought not to 'lie with me, but with those miscreants, by whom I am persecuted; 'nevertheless, as I have committed an 'error, although it did not proceed 'from malice aforethought, I stand by' 'my own award condemned in costs;' 'let Mr Peter make out his own bill' 'of the figures that are demolished,' 'and I promise it shall be paid on the' 'spot, in good and lawful current coin' 'of this kingdom.' The shew-man fearing this declaration, made a profound bow, saying, 'I expected no less 'from the unheard-of Christianity of' 'the valiant Don Quixote de La Mancha, the unflinching auxiliary and 'support of the whole tribe of needy' 'and forlorn vagabonds: Mr. Landlord and the great Sancho shall act as 'moderators and appraisers between 'your worship and me, with regard to 'what the injured figures are or might 'be worth.'

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The innkeeper and squire having undertaken this office, Mr. Peter lifted up the headless Marsilio king of Saragossa, saying, 'You see how impossible it is 'to reinstate the king in his former 'situation; and, therefore, with submission to better judgments, I think 'I must be allowed four rials and an 'half, on account of his death and final perdition.' The knight desiring him to proceed, 'There,' said he, 'for 'the thwarting gash from top to bot-'tom, bring up the cloven emperor 'Charlemagne; for I cannot be thought 'covetous, if I demand five rials and 'a quarter.'—'That's no small mat-'ter,' said Sancho. 'Nor a great deal 'more or less,' replied the landlord. 'Come, the difference, and set him down 'five rials.—'Let him have the 'whole five and a quarter,' said Don Quixote; 'for in such a notable misfor-'tune as a quarter more or less is a mere 'trifle. And I pray, dispatch, Mr. Pe-'ter, for it is now supper-time, and I 'begin to feel some symptoms of a keen 'appetite.'—'For that figure without 'a nose, and deprived of the eye, which 'is the beautiful Melisendra,' proceeded Peter, 'I demand two rials and 'twelve maravedis.'—'The devil's 'in't,' cried the knight, 'if Melisen-'dra is not by this time, with her 'husband, at least upon the frontiers 'of France; for the horse on which they 'were mounted, seemed to fly rather 'than tread the ground; so that there 'is no reason for your selling me a cat 'instead of a coney; that is, in present-'ing me with a noseless Melisendra, 'when, in all probability, that lady is 'now enjoying herself at leisure with 'her husband in France. God give 'every man joy of his own, Mr. Peter, 'and let us all endeavour to walk 'tightly and rightly! and now you may 'proceed.' Mr. Peter perceiving Don Quixote beginning to warp and return to his old bias, resolved to be even with him, and with that view said, 'This 'cannot be Melisendra, but must be 'one of her waiting-women, for whom 'I shall think myself very well paid, 'and rest satisfied with threescore ma-'ravedis.' In the same manner did he set prices on many other maimed figures, so that, after they were moderated by the two arbitrators to the satisfaction of both parties, the whole sum amounted to forty rials and three quarters, which being disbursed by Sancho, Mr. Peter demanded another brace of rials for the trouble he should have in catching the ape. 'Let him have them, 'Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'not for 'catching the ape but the juice of the 'grape*; and I would now give two 'hundred as a reward to any person 'who would certify that the Lady Don-'na Melisendra, and her lord Don 'Gayferos, are now safe among their 'friends in France.'—'No person upon 'earth can resolve that question sooner 'or better than my ape,' replied Mr. Peter; 'but the devil himself cannot 'catch him at present, though I ima-'gine hunger and affection will com-'pel him to return to me some time to-'night; and if God will send us a new 'day, we shall see what can be done.' In fine, the hurricane of the puppet-shew being quite blown over, the whole company supped together in peace and good fellowship, at the expence of Don Quixote, who was liberal to excess.

Before day-break, the lance and halbert carrier set out for his village, and early in the morning the scholar and the page came to take their leave of Don Quixote, the first intending to return to his own home, and the other to pursue his journey, for the comfort of which the knight made him a present of a dozen rials. Mr. Peter, having no inclination to re-involve himself in any sort of dispute with Don Quixote, to whose disposition he was no stranger, arose before the sun, and packing up the remains of his puppets, together with his ape, sallied forth also in quest of farther adventures. The innkeeper, who knew not Don Quixote, was equally astonished at his madness and liberality. Finally, Sancho paid him handsomely, by his master's order, and the two bidding him farewel about eight o'clock in the morning, left the inn, and betook themselves to the road, in which we will leave them, having now a proper opportunity to recount other incidents appertaining and necessary to the illustration of this famous history.

* In the original there is a miserable pun upon the words Mono and Mona, the first of which signifies an ape, and the other drunkenness.

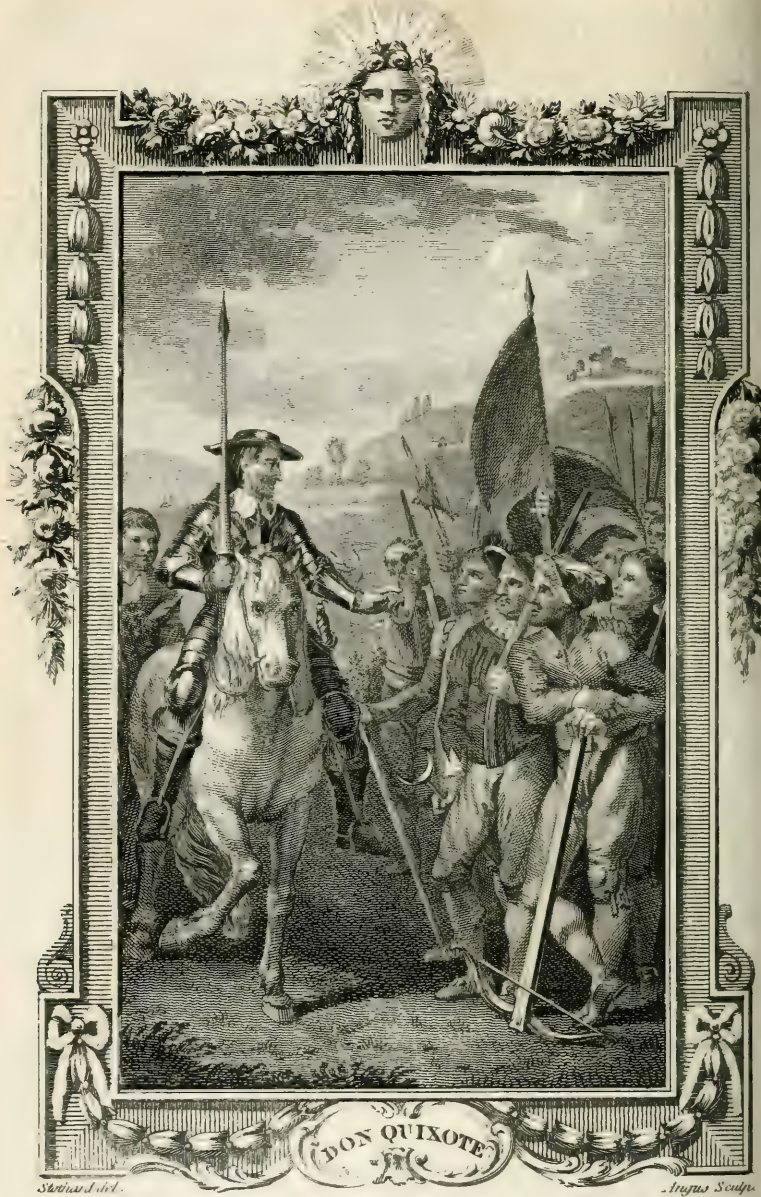
CHAP.

CHAP. X.

IN WHICH THE READER WILL DISCOVER WHO MR. PETER AND HIS APE WERE—TOGETHER WITH DON QUIXOTE'S BAD SUCCESS IN THE BRAYING ADVENTURE, WHICH DID NOT AT ALL TURN OUT ACCORDING TO HIS WISH AND EXPECTATION.

CID Hamet, author of this ſublime hiſtory, begins this chapter with theſe words: 'I ſwear, as a Catholick 'Chriſtian:' and upon this occaſion, the tranſlator obſerves, that Cid Hamet being a Moor, as he certainly was, in ſwearing as a Catholick Chriſtian, means no more than that, as a Catholick Chriſtian, when he makes oath, ſwears he will ſpeak the truth, and nothing but the truth, in like manner he would adhere to it, as a Catholick Chriſtian adheres to his oath, in what he intended to write concerning Don Quixote, eſpecially in diſcloſing the myſtery of Mr. Peter and the fortune-telling ape, whoſe talent attracted the admiration of all that country. He then proceeds to obſerve, that he who has read the firſt part of this hiſtory, cannot but remember that ſame Gines de Paſſamonte, whom, together with his fellow-ſlaves, Don Quixote ſet at liberty near the Brown Mountain; a benefit for which he was ill thanked, and worſe requited, by that miſchievous and immoral crew. This Gines de Paſſamonte, whom Don Quixote called Ginesillo de Parapilla, was the very thief who ſtole Sancho's Dapple; and as, through the fault of the printers, neither the time nor the manner of that conveyance is deſcribed, in the firſt part of the book, many people aſcribed this error of the preſs to want of memory in the author: but, in ſhort, ſtolen he was, by Gines, even while Sancho was ſitting ſleeping on his back, by means of the ſame contrivance and expedient that was uſed by Brunelo, who, while Sacripante lay at Albraça, withdrew his horſe from between his legs; and Sancho afterwards retrieved him, as we have already related. Gines, then, afraid of being overtaken by juſtice, that was in queſt of him, to chaſtiſe him for his numberleſs tricks and tranſgreſſions, which were ſo manifold and remarkable as to fill a large volume of his own compoſing, reſolved to remove himſelf into the kingdom of Arragon, to cover his left eye with a patch, and profeſs the occupation of playing puppets, and performing tricks of legerdemain, which he underſtood to great perfection; he afterwards happened to fall in company with ſome Chriſtians juſt delivered from bondage in Barbary, of whom he purchaſed that ape, which he taught to leap upon his ſhoulder, at a certain ſignal, and whiſper, or ſeem to whiſper in his ear. Having ſo far ſucceeded, before he entered any place with his puppet-ſhew and ape, he took care to inform himſelf at the next village, or of any perſon whom he could conveniently pump, of the particular accidents that had happened at that place, with all their circumſtances, which he retained by dint of a tenacious memory. The firſt thing he did, was to repreſent his puppet-ſhew, the ſubject of which he extracted ſometimes from one ſtory, and ſometimes from another; but it was always full of mirth and entertainment, and well known; and this being ended, he propounded the talents of his ape; telling the audience that he could diſcloſe the paſt and preſent; but with regard to the future, he pretended to no knowledge: for every reſponſe he demanded two rials, though ſometimes he afforded them cheaper, juſt as he felt the pulſe of his conſulters; and as he ſometimes came to families, the anecdotes of which he knew, even though they would ſpend no money upon queſtions, he would make the ſignal to the ape, and then ſay he had communicated this and that circumſtance, which tallied exactly with what had really happened. By theſe means he acquired the credit of infallibility, and drew the whole country after him; at other times, as he had abundance of cunning and penetration, he would anſwer in ſuch a manner, that the reſponſes agreed perfectly well with the queſtions; and there being nobody to hamper him, by enquiring and ſifting into the bottom of this pretended divination of the monkey, he found means to make monkeys of all his followers, and fill his bags at the ſame time. As ſoon as he entered the inn, he knew Don Quixote and Sancho, and this recognition enabled him to excite the admiration of the knight, ſquire, and all

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the by-ſtanders: but his art would have coſt him dear, had Don Quixote lowered his hand a little, when he decapitated king Marſilio, and deſtroyed his whole cavalry, as we have related that adventure in the preceding chapter.

So much for Mr. Peter and his ape; and now returning to Don Quixote de La Mancha, we muſt obſerve, that after having departed from the inn, he reſolved, in the firſt place, to viſit the banks of the river Ebro, and all the circumjacent country, before he ſhould enter the city of Saragoſſa, as the length of time between this period and the tournaments permitted him to make ſuch an excurſion. With this reſolution he proceeded in the road, through which he travelled two days, without encountering any thing worth relating, until on the third, as he aſcended a riſing ground, his ears were ſaluted with a mighty noiſe of kettle-drums, trumpets, and muſkets, which he at firſt imagined might proceed from ſome company of ſoldiers marching that way; in order, therefore, to view them, he ſpurred up Rozinante, and when he reached the top of the riſing ground, ſaw below, as near as he could gueſs, above two hundred men, equipped with different kinds of arms, ſuch as lances, croſs-bows, partiſans, halberts, pikes, a few muſkets, and a great number of targets. He rode down the hill, and drew ſo near this ſquadron, that he could diſtinguiſh their colours, and obſerve their devices, particularly a banner or pendant of white ſattin, on which was painted to the life, an aſs of the ſmall Sardinian breed, with his head raiſed, his mouth open, and his tongue lolling out as if in the very act and attitude of braying, and ſurrounded by this motto, in capital letters—

'It is no children's play,
'When brother bailiffs bray.'

From this ſymbol Don Quixote gathered, that thoſe people belonged to the village of Braywick; and this diſcovery he communicated to Sancho, whom he likewiſe made acquainted with the motto of the ſtandard; obſerving, at the ſame time, that he, by whom they were informed of the adventure, had committed a miſtake, in ſaying the brayers were aldermen; for, according to this couplet, they muſt have been bailiffs. To this obſervation, Sancho replied, 'Signior, in that circumſtance, there 'is nothing to be mended; for thoſe 'who were aldermen when they bray-'ed, might very well in time come to 'be bailiffs of the corporation, conſe-'quently they may be mentioned with 'both titles; eſpecially as it is of ſmall 'ſignification to the truth of the ſtory, 'whether the brayers were aldermen or 'bailiffs, provided they really conjunct-'ly and ſeverally did bray, for a bailiff 'is as likely to bray as an alderman.'

Finally, conjecturing and underſtanding that the people who were ridiculed had come forth to fight thoſe who had ridiculed them, and carried the joke beyond the bounds of reaſon and good neighbourhood, Don Quixote approached their line of battle, to the no ſmall ſhagrin of Sancho, who was never fond of interpoſing on ſuch occaſions; and they were immediately received by the whole ſquadron, who believed the knight was come to eſpouſe their quarrel. Then Don Quixote lifting up his viſor, with graceful eaſe and courteous demeanour, advanced to the ſtandard of the aſs, where he was environed by the chiefs of the army, who gazed at him with that admiration incident to all thoſe who beheld him for the firſt time. The knight perceiving them looking at him ſo attentively, without ſpeaking or aſking any queſtion, reſolved to take advantage of their ſilence, and breaking his own, began in this manner, with an audible voice, 'Worthy gen-'tlemen, I beg, in the moſt earneſt 'manner, that you will not interrupt 'a diſcourſe I intend to make until 'you perceive it becomes inſipid and 'diſguſting; in which caſe, I will, upon 'the leaſt ſign, put a ſeal upon my lips, 'and a gag upon my tongue.'

All the ſpectators aſſured him, he might ſay what he pleaſed, and they would willingly give him the hearing; ſo that, thus licenſed, he proceeded to this effect: 'I, gentlemen, am a 'knight-errant, whoſe exerciſe is that 'of arms, and whoſe profeſſion is to 'aſſiſt the needy, and favour thoſe who 'want favour and protection. Some 'days ago I was informed of your 'diſgrace, and the motives which 'have induced you to arm at every 'turn, in order to take vengeance on 'your enemies: and having once and

'again

'again revolved your affairs in my 'mind, I find that, according to the 'laws of duel, you are in the wrong 'to suppose yourselves affronted: for 'no individual can affront a whole 'community, unless they are accused 'of treason by the lump, because the 'person guilty of the said treason is 'not known, consequently cannot be 'challenged by himself. Of this prac'tice, we have an instance in Don 'Diego Ordonnez de Lara, who chal'lenged the whole town of Zamorano, 'because he did not know that Velido 'Dolfos alone was the traitor who had 'slain his king; he therefore defied 'the whole body of inhabitants, and 'to the whole body of them did the 'answer and revenge belong: though, 'indeed, Signior Don Diego bordered 'upon extravagance, and exceeded the 'bounds of defiance; for he had not 'sufficient reason to challenge the dead, 'the water and the bread, or those 'who were yet unborn, as well as 'other minute matters therein set forth: 'but let that pass. When choler once 'is born, the tongue all curb doth 'scorn*; I mean, a bridle to restrain it. 'This being the case, then, that one 'single person cannot affront an entire 'kingdom, province, city, society, or 'corporation, it plainly appears, that 'you have no just cause to come forth, 'in order to take vengeance for that 'which was not really an affront: for 'it would be a good joke, indeed, if 'the inhabitants of a town called 'Clockwell, should take it in their 'heads, at every turn, to slay every 'person that might ask, "What is't 'o'clock †?" Or if the cheesemongers, 'fruiterers, whalebone-sellers, soap'boilers, and those of other names and 'appellations that are in the mouth 'of every boy, and hackned among 'the vulgar; I say, it would surely be 'a good joke, if all those people, 'who are distinguished by their dif'ferent callings, should be ashamed 'and incensed at such simple pro'vocations, and be always making 'sacbuts of their swords, in every tri'fling quarrel: no, no; God neither 'likes, nor will suffer such unjusti'fiable revenge. Prudent men, and 'well-ordered commonwealths, ought 'to take up arms, unsheathe their 'swords, and risque their persons, 'lives, and fortunes, for four causes 'only: Firstly, to defend the Catholick 'faith; secondly, in self-defence, which 'is justified by the laws of God and 'nature; thirdly, in behalf of one's 'honour, family, and fortune; and 'fourthly, in the service of his majesty, 'when he is engaged in a just war: and 'if we should add a fifth cause (which, 'indeed, ought to be ranked as a se'cond) it is the defence of one's coun'try. To these principle causes may 'be annexed some others, both just 'and reasonable, which may oblige 'us to have recourse to arms; but to 'take them up for childish trifles, and 'things that are rather subjects of 'laughter and diversion than of serious 'revenge, seems to denote a total defect 'of reason and discretion; especially as 'unjust vengeance (and surely no ven'geance can be just) is diametrically 'opposite to that holy law we profess, 'by which we are enjoined to do good 'to our enemies, and love those by 'whom we are abhorred: a command 'which, though seemingly difficult, is 'not really hard to be observed, except 'by those who have less of God than 'of this world, and more of the flesh 'than of the Spirit; for Jesus Christ, 'the true God and true man, who ne'ver lyed, who neither was nor is ca'pable of falsehood, as being our eter'nal Lawgiver, tells us, that his yoke 'is easy, and his burden is light: 'therefore, he would not impose a com'mand which we could not possibly 'fulfil; and consequently, good gen'tlemen, you are obliged by laws di'vine and human, to be appeased.'

At this period, Sancho said within himself, 'The devil run away with me, 'if this master of mine is not a down'right theologister! at least, if he is not, 'no two eggs were ever more alike.' Don Quixote having taken breath a little, and finding the audience still attentive, was inclined to prosecute his harangue, and would certainly have pursued the subject, had not he been

* Literally, 'When choler quits the mother, the tongue has then no father.'

† I have ventured to deviate a little from the precise meaning of the original, which the reader will own to be very insipid when he reads the literal translation: 'For it would 'be good, if the inhabitants of the town of Reloxa,' (signifying a watch, or clock) 'should, at every turn, slay those that call them so.'

prevented

prevented by the archneſs of Sancho, who, during his maſter's pauſe, took it in hand, ſaying, 'My maſter, Don 'Quixote de La Mancha, who, at one 'time, went by the name of the Knight 'of the Rueful Countenance, but is at 'preſent called the Knight of the Lions, 'is a very learned gentleman, that un-'derſtands Latin and Caſtilian like a 'perfect batchelor of arts. In all his 'ſermons and exhortations, he pro-'ceeds like a very able ſoldier, as hav-'ing all the laws and ordinances of 'what you call duel, at his finger's 'end; therefore, you have no more to 'do but let yourſelves be guided by his 'counſel; and if you go wrong, the 'blame ſhall lie upon my ſhoulders; 'eſpecially, as he hath already told you 'that it is mere madneſs to be angry 'without any cauſe but that of a man's 'braying. I remember, when I was a 'boy, I brayed whenſoever and where-'ſoever I pleaſed, without lett or mo-'leſtation; aye, and ſo prettily and na-'turally, that I was always anſwered 'by all the aſſes of the common; yet, 'for all that, I did not ceaſe to be the 'ſon of my parents, who were moſt 'worthy people; and though, for this 'talent, I was envied by more than 'enow of the graveſt folks in the pa-'riſh, I valued not their envy two far-'things: and, that you may ſee I ſpeak 'nothing but the truth, wait a little, 'and give me the hearing; for the art 'of braying is like that of ſwimming, 'which, when once learned, is never 'forgot.'

So ſaying, he clapped his fingers to his noſtrils, and began to bray ſo ſtoutly, that all the neighbouring vallies re-echoed the ſound. But one of thoſe who ſtood next him, ſuppoſing the ſquire made himſelf merry at their expence, lifted up a pole that was in his hand, and beſtowed it upon him with ſuch good will, that Sancho, in ſpite of his efforts, came to the ground.

Don Quixote, ſeeing his ſquire ſo roughly handled, attacked the aggreſſor lance in hand; but ſuch a number of people interpoſed, that he found it impoſſible to take vengeance: on the contrary, perceiving a cloud of ſtones ready to pour upon him, and being threatened by a vaſt number of preſented croſs-bows and muſkets, he wheeled Rozinante about, and galloped off as faſt as the ſteed could carry him; recommending himſelf heartily to the protection of God, that he might be delivered from that danger; and in the apprehenſion that ſome ball would enter at his ſhoulder, and make it's exit through his breaſt, he held in his breath at every ſtep, in order to know whether or not he was wounded. But thoſe who compoſed the ſquadron, being ſatisfied with his flight, did not ſhoot after him; and as for Sancho, they laid him acroſs upon his beaſt, as ſoon as he recovered the uſe of his ſenſes, and allowed him to follow his maſter; not that he was able to manage the aſs; but Dapple followed the footſteps of Rozinante, from whom he could not bear to be parted, though but for a moment. The knight having rode a good way, turned his horſe's head, and ſeeing Sancho following, waited for his coming up, as he perceived nobody attempted to purſue him.

The warriors of Braywick kept their ground till night, and as their adverſaries did not think proper to give them battle, returned to their own town with joy and ſatisfaction; and had they known the ancient cuſtom of the Greeks, they would have erected a trophy on the ſpot.

CHAP. XI.

OF THINGS RELATED BY BENENGELI, WHICH HE WHO READS THEM ATTENTIVELY, WILL KNOW.

WHEN a brave man flies, he muſt have diſcovered ſome odds or foul play; and it is the buſineſs of prudent captains, to reſerve themſelves for better occaſions. This maxim was verified in Don Quixote, who, by giving way to popular fury, and the evil intention of that incenſed ſquadron, took to his heels, and without paying the leaſt regard to Sancho, or the danger in which he left him, moved off to ſuch a diſtance as he judged ſufficient for his own ſecurity. He was followed by Sancho lying acroſs the aſs, as we have already obſerved, who, by that time he was brought up to his maſter, had juſt recovered the uſe of his ſenſes, and fell from Dapple at the feet of Rozinante, all battered and bruiſed, and in an agony of pain.

The knight dismounting to search his wounds, no sooner perceived he was sound from head to foot, than he thus accosted him in an angry tone: 'In evil 'hour, you must understand braying, sirrah! Where did you learn it was convenient to talk of halters in the house of 'a man that was hanged? To the tenor 'of braying what bass could you expect but the basting of a cudgel? You 'have reason to thank God that, instead 'of receiving a benediction with a pole, 'you have not been crossed with a scymitar.'—'I am at present in no condition to answer,' said Sancho; 'for 'methinks I talk through my shoulders: let us mount and depart from 'this place, and I shall make an end 'of my braying; though I shall never 'be weary of telling as how knights-'errant run away, and leave their honest squires, beaten to chaff and 'pounded to cinders, in the power of 'their enemies.'—'There is a wide 'difference between flying and retreating,' answered Don Quixote; 'for 'you must know, Sancho, that valour 'which is not founded on the base of 'discretion, is termed temerity or rashness; and the atchievements of a rash 'person ought to be ascribed rather to 'good fortune than courage. I own, 'therefore, I have retreated, but not 'fled; and in so doing have imitated 'a great number of valiant chiefs, who 'reserved themselves for more dignified 'occasions: and of these instances histories are full; but I omit rehearsing 'them at present, because the recital 'would be of no advantage to thee, or 'entertainment to myself.'

By this time, Sancho being set upon his ass again by Don Quixote, who likewise mounted Rozinante, they jogged along softly, in order to shelter themselves in a grove that appeared at the distance of a quarter of a league; and the squire, every now and then heaving up a most profound 'Ah!' accompanied with piteous groans, his master desired to know the cause of such bitter ejaculations. To which question the squire replied, that from the extremity of his rump to the nape of his neck, he felt such intolerable pain as was like to deprive him of his senses. 'The cause of that pain,' said Don Quixote, 'must doubtless be this; as 'the pole or staff by which you have 'suffered was long and large, it extended over the whole back, comprehending all those parts that now 'give you pain; and if it had reached 'still farther, the pain would have been 'more extensive.'—'Fore God,' cried Sancho, 'your worship has taken me 'out of a huge uncertainty, and resolved the doubt in delicate terms. Body 'o'me! was the cause of my pain so 'mysterious, that there was a necessity 'for telling me, I feel pain in those 'parts that were cudgelled? Had my 'shins ached, there might have been 'some reason for guessing at the cause 'of their aching; but, surely, there is 'no great witchcraft required to tell me 'that my back aches, because it was 'crossed with a quarter staff! In good 'faith, Sir Master of mine, Our neighbour's care hangs by a hair. Every 'day I see more and more how the land 'lies, and how little I have to expect 'from keeping your worship's company; for if you left me to be cudgelled 'at this time, we shall, upon a hundred different occasions, return to our 'late blankettings and other such toys; 'and though this misfortune has fallen 'upon my shoulders, they next may 'light upon my eyes. Abundantly 'better should I have done, but I am 'such a barbarian, that in all the days 'of my life, I never did well; I say 'again, abundantly better should I have 'done, had I returned to my house, 'my wife, and my children, and maintained and brought them up with 'what Providence should please to 'bestow, rather than fag after your 'worship in this manner, through 'roadless roads, and pathless paths, 'drinking bad liquor and eating worse 'food; then, when I come to sleep—"Brother Squire, measure out seven "feet of ground; and if you chuse to be "more at your ease, take as much more, "for the ladle is in your own hand, "and lay yourself out to your heart's "desire." Would to God I could 'see the first man who meddled with 'knight-errantry burnt to a cinder; at 'least the first booby who chose to be 'squire to such wiseacres as all former 'knights-errant must have been! Of 'the present, I say nothing; as your 'worship is one of the number, I hold 'them in respect, because I am sensible, 'that in speeching and understanding,

'you

'you know a point more than the devil himself.'

'I would venture to lay a good wager, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'that now, while you are permitted to speak without the leaſt hindrance, you feel no pain in any part of your body. Proceed, child, and out with every thing that comes into your head, or tarries at your tongue's end; for, provided you are free from pain, I ſhall convert into pleaſure that diſguſt which proceeds from your folly and impertinence; and if you are ſo much bent upon returning to your houſe, your wife and your family, God forbid that I ſhould oppoſe your reſolution. You have ſome of my money in your hands; recollect how long it is ſince we ſet out on this my third ſally; then reckon what you might and ſhould have earned monthly, and be your own paymaſter.'—'When I worked for Thomas Carraſco, father of Batchelor Sampſon, who is your worſhip's acquaintance,' anſwered Sancho, 'I earned two ducats a month, beſides my victuals: with your worſhip I know not what I can earn; though well I know that the ſquire of a knight-errant has a much more troubleſome office than that of a farmer's ſervant; for, in fact, we who ſerve huſbandmen, let us work never ſo hard through the day, and happen what will, have a hot ſupper out of the pot at night, and lie in a good bed, which I have never enjoyed ſince I have been in your worſhip's ſervice, except for that ſhort ſpace of time that we ſtayed in the houſe of Don Diego de Miranda; and bating the good cheer I found among the ſcum of Camacho's kettle, and my eating, drinking, and ſleeping, at the habitation of Baſilius; all the reſt of the time I have ſlept on the hard ground, under the cope of heaven, expoſed to what you call the inclemencies of the weather, living upon cheeſe-pairings and cruſts of bread, and drinking cold water, ſometimes from the brooks and ſometimes from the ſprings we met with in the publick roads through which we travelled.'

'Allowing,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'that all you have mentioned is true, how much more do you think I ought to give you than that which you received from Thomas Carraſco?'—'With the addition of two rials a month,' replied Sancho, 'I ſhall think myſelf well paid, that is, with regard to my wages; but, as to ſome ſatisfaction for your worſhip's word and promiſe of making me a governor of an iſland, methinks it would be but fair and honeſt to add ſix rials more; and then, altogether will come to thirty.'—'Very well reckoned,' anſwered the knight; 'now, according to the tale of wages you have mentioned, calculate fairly and exactly what I am indebted to you, for the five and twenty days that are elapſed ſince our departure from our own village, and, as I ſaid before, be your own paymaſter.'—'Body o'me! cried Sancho, 'your worſhip is quite out in your reckoning; for in regard to the promiſe of the iſland, we muſt compute from the day in which your honour made the ſaid promiſe to this bleſſed hour.'—'How long, then, has that ſame promiſe been made?' ſaid Don Quixote. 'If my memory does not fail me,' anſwered the ſquire, 'it muſt be above twenty years, a few days over or under.' Here, the knight ſlapping his forehead with his hand, began to laugh heartily, ſaying, 'Why, my ſtay in the Sierra Morena, with the whole courſe of our peregrinations, has ſcarce employed two months: and wilt thou ſay I have promiſed thee that iſland theſe twenty years? Now I perceive thy intention is to keep, in lieu of wages, all my money that is in thy hands; and if that be the caſe, and thou really lookeſt upon it with an eye of deſire, I give thee the whole ſum from this moment, and much good may it do thee; for, provided I find myſelf rid of ſuch a wretched ſquire, I ſhall think myſelf happy, though poor and penny leſs. But, tell me, thou prevaricator of all the ſquirely ordinances of chivalry! where haſt thou ſeen or read that any ſquire of a knight-errant ever preſumed to bargain with his maſter touching a certain monthly ſalary for his ſervice? Launch out, launch out! you ruffian, vagabond, and hobgoblin! for ſuch you are; launch out, I ſay, into the *mare magnum* of chivalry; and if you find that any ſquire ever attempted to ſay, or even to think, what thou haſt here uttered, I will give thee leave to

'nail the paſſage on my forehead, and 'pinch the ſign of the four nipples on 'my face, by way of additional mortifi'cation. Turn immediately the reins 'of the halter of your aſs, and return 'to your houſe, your wife, and your 'family; for one ſtep farther thou ſhalt 'not travel with me. O bread ill-be'ſtowed! O promiſe miſapplied! O 'wretch that favoureſt more of the 'beaſt than of the man! At this junc'ture, when I was on the eve of raiſing 'thee to ſuch a ſtation as would have 'ennobled thee, even in ſpite of thy 'wife, thou ſeekeſt to leave me! Now 'thou art going away, when I had 'firmly and unalterably reſolved to 'make thee lord of the beſt iſland in 'the univerſe! In a word, as thou thy'ſelf haſt obſerved upon other occa'ſions, An aſs's mouth was not made 'for honey, &c. An aſs thou art, an 'aſs wilt thou be; aye, and thou wilt 'die like an aſs, when the courſe of 'thy life is finiſhed; for I am convinc'ed that thy days will reach their ut'moſt period, before thou ſhalt learn 'and know what a beaſt thou art!'

Sancho looked woefully at his maſter, while he poured forth theſe reproaches, from which the ſquire felt ſuch compunction, that the tears ſtarted in his eyes; and he replied in a faint, whimpering tone, 'My good maſter, 'I confeſs that, in order to be really 'and truly an aſs, I want nothing but 'a tail, which, if your worſhip will 'furniſh me with, I ſhall think it well 'beſtowed, and ſerve you as a beaſt of 'burden all the days of my life. 'Good your worſhip, forgive and look 'upon my green years with compaſſion, 'and conſider that I know very little; 'and if I ſpeak a great deal of non'ſenſe, it does not proceed from malice 'but infirmity; and Thoſe who ſin and 'kiſs the rod, find favour in the ſight 'of God.'—'I ſhould have been ſur'prized, Sancho,' ſaid the knight, 'if 'thou hadſt not ſeaſoned thy diſcourſe 'with ſome proverbial expreſſion. Well, 'then, for the preſent, I forgive thee, 'in hope of thy amendment, and on 'condition that thou wilt not hence'forward betray ſuch a ſordid and ſel'fiſh diſpoſition, but endeavour to en'large thy heart, fortify and encourage 'thy mind, to wait the accompliſhment 'of my promiſes; which, though it 'may not ſpeedily happen, is nevertheleſs far from being impoſſible.' Sancho ſaid he would do his endeavour, and follow his advice, even though he ſhould gather ſtrength from feebleneſs.

Then they betook themſelves to the covert of the grove, where the knight accommodated himſelf at the root of an elm, and the ſquire retreated to the foot of a beech; for theſe and other ſuch trees never want feet, though they are always deſtitute of hands. Sancho paſſed the night in great trouble; for the cold air augmented the pain of his bruiſes; whereas, Don Quixote amuſed himſelf with his inceſſant meditations. Nevertheleſs, both maſter and man gave way to the operations of ſleep, and at the approach of morn, proſecuted their way to the banks of the renowned Ebro, where they were involved in an adventure that will be recounted in the ſucceeding chapter.

CHAP. XII.

OF THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF THE INCHANTED BARK.

BY dint of travelling at a very deliberate pace for the ſpace of two days after they quitted the grove, Don Quixote and Sancho arrived at the river Ebro, the ſight of which afforded infinite pleaſure to the knight, who eagerly contemplated the amenity of it's banks, the tranſparency of it's water, the tranquillity of it's courſe, and the abundance of it's chryſtal ſtream, the joyous proſpect of which renewed in his remembrance a thouſand amorous thoughts, that chiefly turned upon what he had ſeen in the cave of Monteſinos; for, although Maſter Peter's ape had declared, that part of thoſe circumſtances was true, and part of them falſe, he inclined more to the belief that they were altogether real; while Sancho, on the contrary, looked upon the whole detail as one continued lye.

As they jogged on in this manner, their view was ſaluted by a ſmall boat, without oars, or any other tackle, cloſe to the river-ſide, and made faſt to a tree that grew on the bank. Don Quixote looking around him, without perceiving any living ſoul, alighted immediately from Rozinante, commanding Sancho to quit the back of Dapple, and

and tie both beasts securely to the trunk of a poplar or willow that grew upon the spot. When the squire desired to know the cause of this sudden descent and ligation, 'You must know, Sancho,' said the knight, 'that this vessel is here on purpose, without a possibility of any other design, to call and invite me to embark, that I may be conveyed to the succour of some knight, or other necessitous personage of high degree, who must certainly be involved in some dire disaster; for this is the very spirit of books of chivalry, and the practice of those inchanters concerning whom they treat, who, when any knight in distress cannot be delivered by their art, but solely by the prowess of another errant, though perhaps at the distance of two or three thousand leagues or more, they snatch him up in a cloud, or provide him with a vessel, in which he embarks, and in the twinkling of an eye he is transported either through the air, or by sea, to the place where his assistance is required: this bark, therefore, O Sancho, is brought hither for the like purpose, as sure as it is now day; and before the day be spent, take and secure Dapple and Rozinante together, and let us commit ourselves to the direction of God; for even the barefooted Carmelites shall not dissuade me from embarking.'—'Since that is the case,' answered Sancho, 'and your worship is resolved at every turn to plunge into these (I know not whether I should call them mad) vagaries, I have nothing to do but bow and obey; according to the proverb, If you obey the commands of your lord, you may sit as a guest at his board. Nevertheless, in order to disburden my conscience, I must give your worship notice, that in my opinion this same bark has nothing to do with inchanted people, but belongs to some fishermen of this river, in which they catch the best shads in the world.'

This remonstrance was made while he tied the cattle, which he could not leave to the protection of inchanters, without being grieved to the very soul. But the knight exhorted him to banish his anxiety on account of the animals, which would be carefully maintained and protected by the same sage destined to transport their riders through roads and regions of such longitude. 'I do not understand what you mean by logickhood,' said the squire; 'for I never heard such a word before in the whole course of my life.'—'By longitude I mean, length,' answered the knight, 'but I do not at all wonder that thou shouldst not understand the word; for thou art not obliged to be acquainted with the Latin tongue, like some arrogant people who pretend to knowledge of which they are entirely ignorant.'—'The beasts are now secured,' said Sancho, 'what is next to be done?'—'What!' replied Don Quixote, 'but to cross ourselves and weigh anchor; I mean to embark, and cut the rope by which the vessel is made fast.'

So saying, he leaped on board, whither he was followed by Sancho, and the fastening being cut, the boat edged gently off from the bank. The squire seeing himself about two fathoms from the shore, began to tremble, in the apprehension of perishing; but nothing gave him more pain than hearing Dapple raise his voice, and seeing Rozinante struggle for his freedom. 'Now, Dapple,' said he to his master, 'brays for grief at our departure; and Rozinante strives to get loose, that he may throw himself into the water and swim after us!—Farewel, my dearly beloved friends, peace be with you, and may the madness that parts us be converted and undeceived, that we may be restored to your agreeable company.'

Then he began to weep so bitterly, that the knight exclaimed, in a tone of rage and vexation, 'Of what art thou afraid, cowardly miscreant! wherefore dost thou weep, thou heart of butter! who persecutes, who molests thee, thou soul of a garret-mouse! or what wants dost thou suffer, beggarly wretch, rolling as thou art in the very bowels of abundance! aft thou, peradventure, travelling, barefoot over the Riphean mountains! No: seated like an archduke upon a convenient bench, thou art softly conveyed by the gentle current of this delicious river, from which in a little time we shall launch into the wide and extended ocean: but, indeed, we must have already entered the open sea; aye, and sailed at least seven or eight hundred leagues; and, if I had here an astrolabe to take the elevation

elevation of the pole, I would tell thee exactly what way we have made; though either I have little skill, or we have already passed, or will pass in a very little time, the equinoctial line, that divides the globe into two equal parts.—'And how far shall we have gone when we come to that same line your worship mentions?' said Sancho. 'A great way,' replied the knight; 'for, of three hundred and sixty degrees, comprehending the whole terraqueous globe, according to the computation of Ptolemy who was the greatest cosmographer ever known, we shall have traversed one half when we reach the equinoctial line.'—'Fore God!' cried Sancho, your worship has brought a set of rare witnesses to prove the truth of what you say, Copulation and Kiss-me-gaffer, with the addition of Tool-i'me, or some such name*.' Don Quixote laughed at Sancho's blunders, upon the computation of the cosmographer Ptolemy; adding, 'You must know, Sancho, that one of the signs by which those who embark at Cadiz for the East Indies, know they have passed the equinoctial, is the total destruction of vermin among the passengers and seamen: so that not one louse remains alive, or can be had in the whole ship, even though you should give it's weight in gold; thou mayest therefore slip thy hand along thy thigh, Sancho, and if thou canst catch any thing alive, our doubt will be resolved; but if there is nothing to be found, we must certainly have passed the line.'—'I can hardly believe it,' answered the squire; 'but, however, I will do as your worship desires; though there is no necessity for trying those experiments; for I can see with my own eyes, that we have not moved five yards from the bank, no, nor have we driven two yards below the cattle; for there stand Rozinante and Dapple, in the very spot where they were left; and taking aim as I do now, I vow to God, we do not move or go at the pace of a pismire.'—'Sancho,' said the knight, perform the investigation I have mentioned, and give thyself no trouble about any other circumstance; for thou dost not know the meaning of colours, lines, parellels, zodiacks, ecliptics, poles, solstices, equinoxes, planets, constellations, points, and measures, that compose the spheres celestial and terrestrial. Wert thou acquainted with these, or even a part of them, thou wouldst distinctly perceive what parallels we have crossed, what signs we have seen, and what constellations we have left, and are now leaving behind us. I therefore repeat my request, that thou wouldst examine and go afishing upon thyself; for I am persuaded thou art clean and smooth as a sheet of white paper.'

Sancho, in compliance with his desire, slipped down his hand softly, and felt about his left ham; then raising his head, and looking at his master, 'Either the experiment is false,' said he; 'or we have not reached the place your worship mentioned, by many leagues.'—'What!' said the knight, 'hast thou found something!'—'Aye, more than one something,' answered the squire; who snapped his fingers, and afterwards washed them in the river, along the current of which the boat glided softly, without the assistance of any secret power, or concealed inchanter, being conveyed by nothing but the stream, which then ran with a smooth and gentle course.

In this manner they proceeded, when they discovered some large mills, built in the middle of the river, which Don Quixote no sooner perceived, than he addressed himself to Sancho, in an exalted voice: 'Behold, my friend, yonder appears the city, castle, or fortress, that contains some oppressed knight-errant, queen, infanta, or princess in distress, for whose relief I am brought hither.'—'What the devil does your worship mean by a city, fortress, or castle!' cried the squire; 'don't you see these are mills, built in the river, for

* As it is altogether impossible, in a translation, literally to preserve the low humour arising from blunders upon words or sounds, I have been obliged to substitute an equivalent jingle, in the room of *puta, gafo*, and *meon*, which are Spanish words, signifying, a *whore*, a *catamite*, and a *piss a-bed*: so that Sancho, deceived by the affinity of these sounds to *computo, cosmographo*, and *Ptolemeo*, thought he had reason to say his master had produced a fair set of evidences.

grinding

'grinding wheat?'—'Peace, Sancho,' replied the knight, 'although they appear to be mills, they are in reality 'ed fices of a very different nature: I 'have already told thee, that all things 'are transformed and changed by the 'power of inchantment; I do not mean 'that they are really changed in any 'circumstance but appearance, as we 'have been taught by woeful experience 'in the transformation of Dulcinea, 'the sole refuge of my hope.'

By this time, the boat being sucked into the middle of the stream, so as to move considerably faster than at first, was perceived by the millers, who seeing it advancing to the indraught of the wheels, came suddenly out in a body, with long poles, to stop it's motion; and as their faces and cloaths were bepowdered with meal, they made a frightful figure, while they exclaimed, with great vociferation, 'You devils 'of men! where are you going: are 'you mad; to come and drown your'selves, or be ground to pieces by the 'wheels?'

Don Quixote, hearing this address, 'Did not I tell thee, Sancho,' said he, 'that we had arrived at the scene in 'which I must exert the prowess of 'mine arm? Behold, what felons and 'assassins come forth to try my valour; 'behold what a number of hobgoblins 'range themselves against me; behold, 'I say, what horrid physiognomies ap'pear to scare and overawe us; but you 'shall presently see what will happen. 'Ye ruffians!' Then, starting up, he began to threaten and revile them, exclaiming aloud, 'Ye scum, ye scoun'drels, ill-intentioned and worse-ad'vised! release, I charge you, and re'store to the full fruition of freedom, 'the person whom ye keep confined 'and oppressed in that fortress or gaol, 'let him be high or low, or of what 'rank and quality soever he may be; 'for I am Don Quixote de La Mancha, 'otherwise intitled the Knight of the 'Lions, destined by the appointment of 'Heaven above, to bring this adven'ture to an happy issue.'

So saying, he unsheathed his sword, and brandished it in the air, in defiance of the millers, who hearing this rhapsody without understanding it, began to employ their poles, in order to turn aside the boat, which by this time had entered the current and canal of the wheels. As for Sancho, he fell upon his knees, and prayed devoutly that Heaven would deliver him from such imminent danger; and his deliverance was accordingly effected by the alertness and dexterity of the millers, who pushed back the boat with their poles; yet not without oversetting the vessel; so as that the knight and his squire were soused over head and ears in the water. It was well for Don Quixote that he could swim like a goose; nevertheless, the weight of his armour sunk him twice to the bottom, and had not the millers thrown themselves into the river, and weighed them up by main strength, it might have been said, 'Here 'Troy once stood*.'

They were no sooner dragged ashore, rather drenched than dead of drought, than the squire, humbling himself upon his knees, again clasping his hands and lifting up his eyes to Heaven, uttered a very fervent petition to God, that he might be from thenceforward delivered from the frantick projects and mad attempts of his master. This ejaculation was scarce finished, when they were joined by the fishermen who were owners of the boat, which was crushed to pieces by the mill-wheels; and they perceiving the wreck, began to strip Sancho, and demand indemnification of his master, who, with great tranquillity, as if nothing at all had happened told the millers and fishermen that he would pay for the bark with the utmost chearfulness, on condition that they would release, without ransom or security, the person or persons whom they detained in durance and oppression within the castle.

'What does the madman mean by 'persons and castles?' answered one of the millers; 'wouldst thou carry off the 'customers that bring grist to our mills, 'forsooth?'—'Enough,' said Don Quixote within himself, 'I might as

* In allusion to the speech that Virgil puts in the mouth of Panthus Othryades, who says to Æneas,

——— *fuit Ilium, et ingens*
Gloria Teucrorum!

'well

'well preach to the deſart, as attempt, 'by intreaties, to prevail upon ſuch 'miſcreants to do any virtuous action. 'In this adventure there muſt certainly 'be two powerful inchanters engaged 'on oppoſite ſides, one of whom baffles 'the deſigns of the other; by one I was 'provided with a bark, and his anta-'goniſt overturned me in the water. 'Lord mend us! the world is nothing 'but a continual warfare of oppoſite 'machinations and deceit; for my own 'part, I can do no more.' Then raiſ-ing his voice, and fixing his eyes upon the mills, 'Friends,' cried he, 'who-'ſoever you are who lie confined within 'that priſon, forgive me, that for my 'misfortune, as well as yours, it is not 'in my power to extricate you from 'your diſtreſs; for ſome other knight 'the adventure muſt be reſerved.' Having pronounced this apoſtrophe, he compounded with the fiſhermen, for whoſe boat he paid fifty rials, which Sancho diſburſed with great reluctance, ſaying, 'Two ſuch boatfuls will ſink 'our whole ſtock to the bottom.'

The fiſhermen and millers gazed with admiration at thoſe two figures, ſo different in appearance from other men; and as they could by no means underſtand the meaning and tendency of Don Quixote's diſcourſe, and the queſtions he aſked, they looked upon them as madmen, and went away. The millers retreated to their mills; the fiſhermen betook themſelves to their cottage; the knight and ſquire, like beaſts, returned to their beaſts; and thus ended the adventure of the enchanted bark.

CHAP. XIII.

OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND A FAIR HUNTRESS.

IN a melancholy plight did the knight and ſquire reach the place where their cattle ſtood; indeed, they were both ſufficiently out of humour, eſpecially Sancho, who was cut to the ſoul by the incroachment upon their capital, which to him was as precious as the apple of his eye. At length, they mounted, in the moſt profound ſilence, and departed from the banks of that famous river; Don Quixote buried as it were amidſt the meditations of his love, and Sancho immerſed in thoſe of his preferment, which at that time ſeemed to be at a weary diſtance; for maugre all his ſimplicity and folly, he could eaſily perceive that all, or the greateſt part of his maſter's actions, proceeded from frenzy and diſtraction; he therefore reſolved to take an opportunity of retreating abruptly to his own houſe, without expoſtulation, or the ceremony of taking leave. But fortune ordained that things ſhould fall out quite contrary to his apprehenſions.

Next day, at ſun-ſet, as they came out of a wood, Don Quixote extending his view over a delightful green meadow, perceived ſome people at the farther end of it; and as he proceeded, ſaw they were hawkers: approaching ſtill nearer, he obſerved among them a gay lady, mounted upon a palfrey or beautiful pad as white as the driven ſnow, adorned with green furniture and a ſaddle of ſilver; the lady was likewiſe dreſſed in a rich habit of the ſame colour, as fine as finery itſelf. On her left-hand ſhe carried a hawk, a circumſtance from which the knight concluded ſhe was ſome lady of high rank, and miſtreſs of all the reſt; nor was he miſtaken. On this ſuppoſition, therefore, he ſaid to his ſquire, 'Make 'haſte, ſon Sancho, go and tell that 'lady of the palfrey and hawk, that I, 'the Knight of the Lions, ſend my 'reſpects to her exceeding beauty; and 'that, with her good leave, I will go 'and pay my compliments in perſon, 'and make her a tender of my ſervice 'to the utmoſt of my power, in what-'ever ſhe ſhall pleaſe to command; but 'keep a guard upon your tongue, San-'cho, and beware of thruſting in ſome 'of your proverbs, while you deliver 'my embaſſy.'—'To be ſure, you have 'found me a deadly thruſter,' anſwered the ſquire, 'that you give me ſuch 'warning! as if this were the firſt time 'in my life, that I have carried em-'baſſies to ladies of high rank and aug-'mentation.'—'Except that which you 'carried to the Lady Dulcinea,' ſaid the knight, 'I do not know that ever 'you carried another; at leaſt while in 'my ſervice.'—'That's true,' replied Sancho, 'but a good paymaſter never 'wants bail; and a dinner is eaſily got, 'where there is plenty of meat for the 'pot: what I mean is, that there is no 'occaſion to tell me or advertiſe me of 'any thing; for I am never out, and 'have a ſort of a ſmack of every thing.'

—'I be-

—'I believe it, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'go in peace, and God be 'your guide.'

The squire setting out accordingly, at a good rate, and spurring Dapple beyond his natural pace, came up with the fair huntress; then alighting and kneeling before her, 'Beautiful lady,' said he, 'yonder knight, called the 'Knight of the Lions, is my master, 'and I am his squire, known at my 'own home by the name of Sancho 'Panza; and that same Knight of the 'Lions, though formerly of the Rue-'ful Countenance, sends me to beg your 'grandeur would be pleased to allow 'him purposely, courteously, and con-'sentingly, to come and gratify his de-'sire, which is no other, as he says, 'and I believe, than to serve your ex-'alted beauty and hawkingship; and 'in so doing, your excellency will do a 'thing that will redound to your own 'advantage, and from which he will 'receive the most notorious honour and 'satisfaction.'

'Worthy squire,' replied the lady, 'assuredly you have delivered your em-'bassy with all the circumstances that 'such embassies require; pray rise, for 'it is not reasonable, that the squire of 'such a great knight-errant as he of 'the Rueful Countenance, whose cha-'racter is well known in these parts, 'should remain in that posture; rise, 'friend, and go tell your master, that 'he shall be extremely welcome to 'command the services of me and the 'duke my husband, at our country-'house in the neighbourhood.' Sancho arose, equally astonished at the beauty, good-breeding, and affability, of this worthy lady: but he was still more surprized at what she said concerning the well-known character of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance; for if she did not give him the appellation of the Lions, it was because he had but lately assumed that epithet. 'Pray, 'tell me, brother squire,' said the duchess, whose title is not known, 'is 'not your master the person whose his-'tory is printed under the name of the 'sage Hidalgo Don Quixote de La 'Mancha, who professes himself the 'admirer of one Dulcinea del Toboso?' —'The very same, my lady,' answered Sancho, 'and I myself am that very 'squire of his who is mentioned, or 'ought to be mentioned, in that histo-'ry, by the name of Sancho Panza, 'unless they have changed me in the 'cradle, I mean, in the press.'—'I am 'extremely glad to hear it,' replied the duchess; 'go, brother Sancho, and 'tell your master, that he is well met, 'and welcome to my estate; and that 'nothing could give me more pleasure 'than his arrival.'

Sancho, in an excess of joy, occasioned by this agreeable answer, returned, and recounted to his master all that this lady of rank had said, extolling to the skies, in his rustick phrase, her exceeding beauty, good-humour, and politeness. The knight chose one of his genteelest attitudes, fixed himself well in his stirrups, adjusted his vizor, quickened Rozinante, and with an agreeable air, advanced to pay his respects to the duchess; who, while he approached, ordered her husband to be called, and communicated the curious embassy. As they had read the first part of the history, from which they learned the extravagant humour of Don Quixote, they waited with infinite pleasure, and the most eager desire of being acquainted with the original, fully determined to gratify his humour in every thing, and treat him all the time he should stay with them, as a real knight-errant; that is, with all the ceremonies described in those books of chivalry they had read, and to which, indeed, they were greatly attached. Meanwhile, Don Quixote approaching with his beaver up, made a motion to alight, and Sancho made haste to hold the stirrup; but he was so unfortunate, that in dismounting from Dapple, he slipped his foot through the noose of the stirrup rope, in such a manner, that he could not possibly disentangle himself, but continued hanging with his face and part of his body on the ground. The knight, who never alighted without his assistance, imagining that Sancho, as usual, held the stirrup, threw himself off with a swing, and the saddle, which must have been very ill girted, and he, came to the ground together; not without great disgrace, and a thousand curses which he muttered between his teeth against the unfortunate Sancho, whose leg was still in the stocks.

The duke, seeing their distress, ordered his huntsman to assist the knight and squire; and they lifted up Don Quixote, who was very much bruised

by the fall; nevertheleleſs, he advanced as well as he could, with a limping pace, and kneeled before this noble pair: but the duke would by no means allow him to remain in that poſture; on the contrary, alighting from his horſe, he ran to embrace the knight, ſaying, 'I am heartily ſorry, Sir Knight 'of the Rueful Countenance, that the 'firſt time you touch my ground, you 'ſhould be ſo unlucky; but the care-'leſſneſs of ſquires is often the cauſe 'of greater misfortunes.'—'This ac-'cident, valiant prince,' replied Don Quixote, 'cannot poſſibly be deemed 'a misfortune, though I had been 'plunged into the profound abyſs; 'for even from thence ſhould I have 'been raiſed and extricated by the 'glory of ſeeing your grace. My 'ſquire, whom God confound! is more 'ready at untying his tongue, in order 'to utter malicious inſinuations, than 'at tying and ſecuring the girth of a 'ſaddle; but whether fallen or exalt-'ed, afoot or on horſeback, I ſhall al-'ways be devoted to your ſervice, and 'that of my Lady Ducheſs, your grace's 'worthy conſort, the dignified queen 'of beauty and univerſal princeſs of 'politeneſs.'—'Softly, my good Sig-'nior Don Quixote de La Mancha,' ſaid the duke, 'where my Lady Dul-'cinea del Toboſo reigns, no other 'beauty deſerves applauſe.'

By this time Sancho Panza had diſ-entangled himſelf and come up, and interpoſing in the diſcourſe, before his maſter could make any reply, 'It can-'not be denied,' ſaid he, 'but muſt al-'ways be affirmed, that my Lady Dul-'cinea del Toboſo is extremely beau-'tiful: but the hare ſtarts where ſhe is 'leaſt expected; for I have heard it 'ſaid, that the power called Nature is 'like a potter, who, if he can make 'one beautiful veſſel, can in like man-'ner make two, three, aye, and a 'hundred; this, I obſerve, becauſe, in 'good faith, my Lady Ducheſs comes 'not a whit behind my Lady Miſtreſs 'Donna Dulcinea del Toboſo.' Don Quixote turning to the ducheſs, 'Your 'grace muſt know,' ſaid he, 'that no 'knight-errant upon earth has ſuch a 'prattling and free-ſpoken ſquire as 'mine; and he will certainly verify 'my words, if your highneſs ſhall be 'pleaſed to make uſe of my ſervice for 'a few days.'—'I have the better opi-'nion of honeſt Sancho, for his being 'free-ſpoken,' anſwered the ducheſs; 'that is a ſign of his diſcretion; for 'pleaſantry and wit, Signior Don 'Quixote, as your worſhip very well 'knows, do not love to dwell in a re-'ſerved diſpoſition; and therefore, ſince 'honeſt Sancho is frank and free-ſpoken, 'I from henceforth ſet him down as a 'man of diſcretion.'—'And loqua-'city,' added the knight. 'So much 'the better,' ſaid the duke; 'for a great 'deal of wit cannot be expreſſed in a 'few words; and that we may not 'ſpend more time in them, come, re-'nowned Knight of the Rueful Coun-'tenance——' 'Of the Lions, your 'highneſs muſt call him,' cried San-cho; 'the Rueful Countenance is no 'more.'—'Of the Lions let it be then,' continued the duke; 'I ſay, come, Sir 'Knight of the Lions, to a caſtle I 'have in this neighbourhood, where 'you ſhall meet with that reception 'which is due to a perſon of your 'fame and character, and that reſpect 'which I and the ducheſs always pay 'to the knights-errant who favour us 'with their company.'

By this time Sancho having replaced and ſecured Rozinante's ſaddle, Don Quixote beſtrode that famous ſteed; and the duke mounting a beautiful courſer, they rode towards the caſtle, on each ſide of the ducheſs, who deſired San-cho to keep cloſe to her; for ſhe took infinite pleaſure in hearing his con-ceits. Indeed, the ſquire did not need intreaty, but mingling among the three, made a fourth in the converſation, to the unſpeakable ſatisfaction of their graces, who thought themſelves ex-tremely fortunate in having an oppor-tunity of entertaining, at their caſtle, ſuch a knight-errant, and ſuch an err-ing ſquire.

CHAP. XIV.

WHICH TREATS OF MANIFOLD IM-PORTANT SUBJECTS.

SANCHO rejoiced exceedingly at ſeeing himſelf, as he thought, a fa-vourite with the ducheſs; for being a ſtaunch well-wiſher to good cheer, he imagined he ſhould find the ſame abun-dance in the caſtle, which prevailed in the houſes of Don Diego and Baſilius, and

and always took by the forelock every occasion of living at his ease. The history then relates, that before they reached the castle or pleasure-house, the duke riding on before, directed his servants how to behave to Don Quixote; who no sooner arrived at the gate with the duchess, than two lacquies or grooms came forth, clad in long trailing morning-gowns of fine crimson sattin, and lifting him off, said, without being heard or perceived, 'Your highness must go 'and help my Lady Duchess to dis-'mount.' The knight took the hint, and a dispute of compliments passed between them on the subject; but, at length, the obstinacy of the duchess prevailed; for she would not quit her palfrey, or alight, except in the arms of the duke, saying, she was not worthy to load such an excellent knight with such an useless burden; at last, the duke came out to perform the office, and when they entered the court-yard, they were met by two beautiful damsels, who threw a mantle of the finest scarlet over Don Quixote's shoulders, and the corridores were instantly crouded with servants of both sexes, who exclaimed aloud, 'Welcome, thou flower 'and cream of knights-errant!' while all, or the greatest part of them, emptied bottles of sweet water upon him and their graces, to the admiration of Don Quixote, who now, for the first time, was sure and satisfied of his being a real, and not a fantastick knight-errant, because he saw himself treated as the knights of former ages whose histories he had read.

Sancho quitted Dapple, and betaking himself to the duchess, entered the castle; where, however, his conscience upbraiding him for having left his beast alone, he made up to a reverend duenna, who with others had come out to receive the duchess, and accosting her in a soft voice, 'Signora Gonça-'lez,' said he, 'or what's your name, 'Madam?'—'My name is Duenna 'Rodrigues de Grijalva,' answered the gentlewoman; 'what are your com-'mands, brother?'—'I wish you would 'do me the favour, good Madam,' replied the squire, 'to go to the castle-'gate, where you will find a dapple ass 'of mine, and be so good as either 'to send or lead him to the stable; 'for the poor creature is a little timo-'rous, and cannot bear to be alone, 'by any manner of means.'—'If the 'master be as wise as the man,' cried the duenna, 'we have brought our pigs 'to a fine market; get you gone, bro-'ther, with a vengeance to you, and 'those who brought you hither, and 'take care of your ass with your own 'hands; the duennas of this house are 'not used to such employment.'—'But, 'for all that,' said Sancho, 'I have 'heard my master, who is a perfect 'mine of history, tell us how, when 'Lancelot came from Britain, ladies 'tended his own person, and duennas 'took care of his horse; now, with 'respect to my ass, I declare I would 'not exchange him for Signior Lance-'lot's courser.'—'Hark ye, friend,' replied the duenna, 'if you are a jack-'pudding, keep your jokes for a pro-'per place, where they may turn to ac-'count; from me you'll get nothing 'but a fig for them.'—'Very well,' said the squire, 'I'll answer for it's 'ripeness; your worship won't lose 'your game by a short reckoning.'—'You whoreson,' cried the duenna, in a violent rage, 'whether I am old or 'not, I must render an account to God, 'and not to such a garlick-eating ras-'cal as you.'

This address she pronounced in such an audible voice, that she was overheard by the duchess; who, turning about, and seeing her woman in such wrath and trepidation, asked, with whom she was in such passion. 'With this 'honest fellow, here,' answered the duenna; 'who has earnestly desired me to 'go and house an ass of his, that stands 'at the castle-gate, telling me, for-'sooth, as an example, that the same 'employment was undertaken by some 'ladies, who took care of one Lance-'lot, while the duennas looked after 'his horse; and to crown the compli-'ment, he tells me I am old.'—'I, 'myself,' said the duchess, 'would 'construe that into the greatest affront 'that could be given.—Take notice, 'friend Sancho, that Donna Rodriguez 'is in the prime of her youth; and 'that the veil she wears is more for au-'thority and custom, than on account 'of her years.'—'Accursed be those I 'have to live,' cried the squire, 'if 'I spoke to her for that reason; but, 'only for the great affection I bear to 'my ass, whom I thought I could not 'recommend to a more charitable per-

'ſon than Signora Donna Rodriguez.' Don Quixote overhearing all that paſſed, 'Is that proper diſcourſe for this place, 'Sancho?' ſaid he. 'Signior,' replied the ſquire, 'every man muſt ſpeak of 'his wants where he finds them; here 'I thought of Dapple, and here I talk-'ed of him; and if he had come into 'my head in the ſtable, there too he 'ſhould have been honourably men-'tioned.' Here the duke interpoſing, 'Sancho is very much in the right,' ſaid he, 'and muſt not be blamed for what 'he has ſaid; Dapple ſhall have no 'more to do but aſk and have as much 'provender as he can eat; ſo that San-'cho may be quite eaſy in that reſpect, 'for his beaſt ſhall be treated like his 'own perſon.'

This converſation, which was extremely agreeable to all, except Don Quixote, brought them to the top of the ſtair-caſe: and the knight being conducted into an apartment, hung with the richeſt tiſſue and brocade, was unarmed, and attended by ſix ſprightly damſels, well inſtructed by the duke and ducheſs in the particulars of behaviour which they were to obſerve towards Don Quixote, in order to convince him that he was treated in all reſpects like a knight-errant. Thus diſarmed, he remained in his ſtrait breeches and ſhamoy doublet, ſo long, ſo lank, ſo lean, with his lanthorn jaws kiſſing each other, that if the damſels had not been very careful in preſerving their gravity, according to the preciſe orders they had received, they muſt certainly have burſt with laughing at ſight of ſuch an uncouth figure. They deſired he would allow them to undreſs and ſhift him; but he would not aſſent to this propoſal, ſaying that knights-errant ought to be as remarkable for decency as for valour: he therefore bade them deliver the ſhirt to Sancho, with whom ſhutting himſelf up in a chamber, furniſhed with a magnificent bed, he was immediately undreſſed and ſhifted. Then being alone with his ſquire, 'Tell me,' ſaid he, 'thou 'modern buffoon and ancient block-'head! was it thy province to diſ-'honour and affront a venerable duen-'na, ſo worthy of reverence and re-'ſpect! Was that a time to think of 'Dapple? or couldſt thou imagine 'thoſe noble perſons would neglect 'the cattle belonging to thoſe 'whom they treated with ſuch ele-'gance? For the love of God, Sancho, 'ſet a guard upon thy tongue, and be-'have ſo as that people may not diſco-'ver, by the thread, the coarſe coun-'try web of which thou art woven: 'conſider, ſinner as thou art, that the 'maſter is reſpected in proportion to 'the diſcretion and good-breeding of 'his ſervants; and this is one of the 'great advantages which noblemen 'have over people of inferior rank: 'doſt thou not conſider, thou plague 'to thyſelf, and vexation to me! that if 'they perceive thee to be a baſe-bred 'clown or blundering fool, they will 'take me for ſome cheating impoſtor 'or knight of the poſt! No, no, San-'cho, ſhun and avoid thoſe inconveni-'ences; for he who ſets up for a mer-'ry-andrew, falls at the firſt ſtumble 'into a diſgraced buffoon: bridle thy 'tongue, therefore, conſider and ru-'minate well, before the words iſſue 'from thy mouth; and remember that 'we are now arrived at a place from 'whence by the favour of God, and 'the valour of mine arm, we ſhall de-'part, bettered three, nay, five-fold, 'both in fortune and in fame.' Sancho promiſed, with repeated aſſurances, that he would rather ſtitch up his mouth, or bite off his tongue, than utter one word that ſhould not be pat to the purpoſe, and well conſidered, according to his command; and that he might make himſelf perfectly eaſy on that ſcore, for by him it ſhould never be diſcovered who they were.

Don Quixote having dreſſed himſelf, girded on his ſword, thrown the ſcarlet mantle over his ſhoulders, and covered his head with a cap of green velvet, which he received from the damſels, came forth thus equipped, into the great hall, where he found the maidens placed in two equal rows, furniſhed with the implements for hands-waſhing, which they adminiſtered with profound reſpect and abundance of ceremony: then came the major-domo, attended by twelve pages, to conduct him to the table where their graces waited for him; he was accordingly ſurrounded by theſe domeſticks, and led with great pomp and majeſty into another hall, in which appeared a table, nobly decorated, with four covers. The duke and ducheſs

came

came to the door to receive him, attended by one of those grave ecclesiasticks who govern the families of noblemen; who being of no birth themselves, know not how to direct those who are; who seek to measure the grandeur of the great by the narrowness of their own souls; and, in attempting to make their pupils œconomists, convert them into downright misers: such, I say, was the grave clergyman who came out to receive Don Quixote, with the duke and duchess. After a thousand courteous compliments, they walked on each side of him to the table, where the duke complimented him with the upper end; and though he refused that honour, they importuned him so much, that he was obliged to comply; the clergyman sitting opposite to him, and the duke and duchess taking their places at the sides.

Sancho, who was present at all this ceremony, being confounded and astonished at the honours which were paid to his master, and perceiving the formality and entreaties that passed between his grace and Don Quixote, about sitting at the head of the table, intruded himself, as usual, into the discourse, saying, 'With your honour's 'leave, I'll tell you a story of what 'happened in our village, with respect 'to the upper-hand in sitting.'

Scarce had he pronounced these words, when the knight began to tremble with apprehensions that he was going to utter some absurdity; but the squire seeing and understanding the cause of his master's trepidation, 'Signior,' said he, 'Your worship needs not be 'afraid that I shall misbehave, or say, 'something that is not to the matter 'in hand; for I have not forgot the 'advice I just now received from your 'worship, about speaking a little or a 'great deal, to the purpose, and not 'to the purpose.'—'I know nothing 'at all of the matter,' answered the knight; 'say what thou wilt, so thou 'sayest it quickly.'—'Well then,' replied Sancho, 'what I am going to say, 'is true, for my master Don Quixote, 'here present, would not suffer me to 'tell a lye.'—'As for me,' said Don Quixote, 'you may lye as much as you 'please, without let or molestation: 'but I advise you to consider well what 'you are about to say.'—'I have it so 'well considered and reconsidered, that I 'am as safe as he that has the repique in 'hand, as will appear in the performance.'—'Your graces will do well,' said Don Quixote, 'to order the servants to 'turn out this madman, who will commit a thousand blunders.'—'By the 'life of the duke!' cried the duchess, 'I will not part with my good friend 'Sancho, for whom I have a very great 'respect, because I know him to be 'a person of wit and pleasantry.'—'Pleasant may all the days of your 'holiness be, for your good opinion 'of my deserts,' said the squire; 'though 'God knows, they are but slender 'enough: however, my story is this.

'There was an invitation given by a 'gentleman of our town, who was 'both rich and well born, as being 'come of the Alamos of Medina del 'Campo, and married to Donna Mencia de Quinones, daughter of Don 'Alonzo de Maranon, Knight of the 'Order of St. Jago, who was drowned 'in the Herradura, and occasioned a 'quarrel some years ago in our village, 'in which, if I am not mistaken, my 'master Don Quixote was concerned; 'but this I know, mad Tom, the son 'of old Balvastro the blacksmith, was 'hurt on that occasion.—Now, Sir 'Master of mine, is not this God's 'truth; speak upon your worship's 'honour, that these noble persons may 'not look upon me as a chattering 'lyar?'—'Hitherto,' said the clergyman, 'I take you to be a chatterer 'rather than a lyar; but I know not 'what I shall take you for in the sequel.'—'Thou hast produced so 'many witnesses and tokens,' replied the knight, 'that I cannot but say thy 'story looks like truth: proceed, however, and shorten thy tale, for thou 'art in the way of lengthening it out 'for the space of two whole days.'—'He shall not shorten it,' said the duchess, 'if he consults my entertainment; but, on the contrary, tell 'it in his own way, though it should 'not be finished in six days; for should 'it hold out so long, they will be some 'of the pleasantest I ever passed.'

'Well, then, my masters,' proceeded Sancho, 'that same gentleman, whom 'I know as well as I know these two 'hands, for it is not above a bow-shot 'from his house to mine, invited a 'farmer,

'farmer, who, though not rich, was a 'very honeſt man.'—'Diſpatch, bro- 'ther,' cried the prieſt, interpoſing, 'for at this rate, your ſtory will reach 'to the other world.'—'It will hardly 'go half ſo far, an it pleaſe God,' anſwered the ſquire; who thus pro- ceeded: 'So, as I was ſaying, the 'farmer going to the houſe of the 'gentleman inviter, who is now dead, 'God reſt his ſoul! by the ſame token 'they ſay he died like an angel; for 'my own part, I was not preſent at his 'death, having gone a reaping to Tem- 'bleque.'—'As you hope to live, 'ſon,' cried the eccleſiaſtick, 'return 'quickly from Tembleque, and finiſh 'your ſtory, without ſtaying to inter 'the gentleman, unleſs you have a 'mind to bury us all?'—'Well, to 'come to the point,' replied Sancho; 'when the two came to be ſeated at 'table. Methinks I ſee them now 'more than ever.' The duke and ducheſs were infinitely pleaſed with the diſguſt which the reverend eccleſiaſtick expreſſed at the tedious and circumſtan- tial manner in which the ſquire related his ſtory, while Don Quixote was al- moſt conſumed by ſhame and indig- nation. 'I ſay, moreover,' reſumed Sancho, 'that the two, as I have already 'obſerved, coming to ſit down at the ta- 'ble, the farmer obſtinately refuſed to 'take the upper-end, according to the 'deſire of the entertainer; while the gen- 'tleman on the other hand as obſtinately 'inſiſted upon his compliance, alledg- 'ing that he ought to be maſter in his 'own houſe; but the farmer, who 'piqued himſelf upon his politeneſs 'and good-breeding, ſtill perſiſted in 'his refuſal, until the gentleman, 'growing angry, took him by the 'ſhoulders, and thruſt him into the 'ſeat, ſaying, "Know, Mr. Chaff- "threſher, that wherefoever I ſit, I "ſhall always be at the head of the "table." Now this is my tale, and 'I really believe it was brought in 'pretty pat to the purpoſe.'

Don Quixote's brown face was ſpeckled with a thouſand different co- lours at this recital: and their graces reſtrained their laughter, that he might not be quite abaſhed at the ſarcaſtick inſinuation of his ſquire. To change the diſcourſe, therefore, and prevent Sancho from uttering any other ſuch dangerous contents, the ducheſs ad- dreſſing herſelf to the knight, aſked, when he had heard from the Lady Dulcinea; and if he had lately ſent her any preſents from the great number of giants and robbers whom he muſt have vanquiſhed. To this interrogation the knight replied, 'My misfortunes, 'Madam, though they had a beginning, 'will never have an end. Giants I 'have vanquiſhed; felons and robbers 'I have ſent; but where muſt they 'find her, inchanted and transformed 'as ſhe is, into the moſt homely country 'wench that can be imagined!'—'This I know,' ſaid Sancho Panza: 'to me ſhe ſeemed the moſt beautiful 'creature in the whole world; at 'leaſt, in point of nimbleneſs and leap- 'ing, ſhe would get the better of a 'profeſſed rope-dancer.—In good faith, 'my Lady Ducheſs, ſhe ſkipped from 'the ground upon her aſs, like a perfect 'cat.'—'What! have you ſeen her 'inchanted, Sancho?' ſaid the duke. 'How! I ſeen her?' replied the ſquire: 'who the devil but I was the firſt that 'fell upon the plot of the inchantment: 'to be ſure ſhe was as much inchanted 'as my father.'

The eccleſiaſtick hearing them talk of giants, felons, and inchantments, began to imagine that this muſt be the Don Quixote de La Mancha, whoſe hiſtory the duke took ſuch delight in reading, that he had often reprehended his grace for being ſo mad as to read ſuch nonſenſe; and being now confirm- ed in his ſuſpicion, he ſaid to the duke, in a very cholerick tone, 'Signior, your 'excellency is accountable to Heaven 'for the actions of that poor man. 'That Don Quixote, or Don Driveller, 'or what's his name, would not, I 'imagine, be ſuch a fool, if your ex- 'cellency did not adminiſter fuel and 'encouragement to his madneſs and 'folly.' Then addreſſing himſelf to the knight, 'And pray, Mr. Wiſeacre,' ſaid he, 'who has ſtuffed your brain 'with the ridiculous conceit of your 'being a knight-errant, conquering 'giants, and apprehending robbers? 'Return, in good hour, (for in good 'hour I adviſe you) return to your own 'houſe, educate your children, if you 'have any, take care of your own 'concerns, and leave off ſtrolling about 'the country, ſucking the wind, and 'expoſing yourſelf to the laughter of 'thoſe who do, and thoſe who do not,

'know

'know your infirmity. Where, in 'evil hour, did you find that there are, 'or ever were, knights-errant? Where 'did you ever see gian s in Spain, caitiffs 'in La Mancha, or inchanted Dulci-'neas, with all that tribe of abſurdi-'ties that are recounted as your adven-'tures?'

Don Quixote, who liſtened attentively to the diſcourſe of this venerable perſon, no ſooner perceived he had left off ſpeaking, than forgetting the reſpect he owed the duke and ducheſs, he ſtarted up, and with ireful aſpect and glowing viſage, replied——— But the reply deſerves a chapter for itſelf.

CHAP. XV.

CONTAINING DON QUIXOTE'S REPLY TO HIS REPROVER; WITH OTHER SERIOUS AND DIVERTING INCIDENTS.

DON Quixote ſtarting up, and trembling from head to foot, like quickſilver, thus accoſted the eccleſiaſtick, with an eager, yet faultering tongue: 'The place and preſence in 'which I am, and the reſpect which I 'always had and ſtill have for the func-'tion you profeſs, withold and tie up 'the hands of my juſt reſentment; for 'theſe reaſons, as well as becauſe I 'know what all the world knows, that 'gownmen and women make uſe of no 'weapons but their tongues, I will, 'with mine, fairly engage your reve-'rence, of whom I might have expect-'ed good advice, rather than infamous 'reproach; as wholeſome and well-'meant reproof requires far other cir-'cumſtances, and ought to be conveyd 'in gentler terms: at leaſt, a rebuke in 'publick, delivered with ſuch aſperity, 'has exceeded all the bounds of Chriſ-'tian reprehenſion, the beginning of 'which ought to be mild rather than 'ſevere; nor is it juſt to call the de-'linquent in plain terms, a wiſeacre and 'a fool, without knowing the nature 'of the fault for which he is reprehen-'ſible. But, pray tell me, reverend 'Signior, for which of the abſurdities 'you have noted in my behaviour, do 'you condemn and reproach me, bid-'ding me return to my own houſe, to 'take care of my family, my wife and 'children, without knowing whether 'I have either wife or children? What 'then! is there nothing required but 'to enter a houſe at random, in order 'to lead the maſter by the noſe; and 'ſhall a narrow-minded pedant, on the 'ſtrength of having taught a few pu-'pils to read Latin, though he has 'ſeen no more of the world than what 'may be contained in twenty or thirty 'leagues of diſtrict, preſume abruptly, 'without permiſſion, to give laws to 'chivalry, and judge of knights-er-'rant? Is it a vain undertaking then, 'or is the time miſpent, which we em-'ploy in traveiling about the world, 'not in queſt of it's delights, but it's 'adverſities, by which good men aſcend 'the throne of immortality? Had I been 'counted a fool by knights, or people 'of faſhion, birth, or generoſity, I 'ſhould have deemed myſelf irreparably 'affronted; but my being regarded as 'a madman by book-worms who never 'entered or trod the paths of chivalry, 'I value not a farthing; a knight I 'am, and a knight I ſhall die accord-'ing to the pleaſure of the Almighty. 'Some chuſe the ſpacious field of proud 'ambition; others take that of baſe and 'ſervile adulation; a third ſet follow 'the paths of deceitful hypocriſy; and 'a fourth proceed in that of true reli-'gion; but I, by the influence of my 'ſtars, purſue the narrow track of 'knight-errantry, for the exerciſe of 'which, I undervalue fortune in the 'chace of honour. I have aſſiſted the 'aggrieved, redreſſed wrongs, chaſtiſed 'the inſolent, overcome giants, and 'overthrown hobgoblins. I am ena-'moured, for no other reaſon but be-'cauſe it is neceſſary that knights-er-'rant ſhould be in love; and this being 'the caſe, I am not a vicious libertine, 'but a chaſte platonick admirer. My 'intention I always direct to a worthy 'aim, namely, to do good unto all men, 'and harm to no creature.—Whether 'or not he who thinks, acts, and ſpeaks 'in this manner, deſerves to be called 'a fool, let your graces determine?'

'Well argued, maſter!' cried San-cho: 'Fore God! your worſhip needs 'ſay no more in behalf of your 'own character; for there is no 'more to be ſaid, thought, or inſiſted 'upon; eſpecially as that gentleman 'denies, and he certainly has denied, 'that

'that there either are, or ever were, 'knights-errant in this world; ſo that 'he knows nothing at all of the mat-'ter!'—'Brother,' replied the prieſt, belike you are that Sancho Panza, to 'whom they ſay your maſter has pro-'miſed an iſland?'—'Yes, I am,' ſaid the ſquire, 'and I hope I deſerve it as 'well as another. I am one of whom 'you may ſay, Keep good company, 'and you'll learn good manners; and, 'I aſk not where you was hatched, but 'where you was watched. And again, 'Well ſheltered ſhall he be, who leans 'againſt a ſturdy tree. Now I have 'leaned againſt a good maſter, and ac-'companied him many months, and 'will learn to be juſt ſuch another as 'himſelf; and if God pleaſes, and he 'live and I live, he will not want go-'vernments to give, nor I iſlands to 'govern.'—'No, ſurely, friend San-'cho,' ſaid the duke, 'for I myſelf, 'in the name of Signior Don Quixote, 'will confer upon you the government 'of an odd iſland, and that not incon-'ſiderable, which is in my poſſeſſion.' —'Fall upon your knees, Sancho,' cried Don Quixote, 'and kiſs his ex-'cellency's feet, for the honour he has 'done you.' Sancho did as he was deſired: and the eccleſiaſtick no ſooner ſaw the ceremony performed, than he roſe from table in a violent paſſion, ſaying, 'By the habit which I wear, 'I affirm, that your excellency is as 'mad as theſe poor ſinners: what 'wonder that they ſhould be frantick, 'when people who are in their ſenſes 'canonize their phrenzy! Your excel-'lency may enjoy their company by 'yourſelf; for while they remain in 'this houſe, I ſhall ſtay in my own, 'and excuſe myſelf from reproving 'what I cannot remedy.' Without farther ſpeech, or eating another mouth-ful, he went away abruptly, in ſpite of all their graces could ſay to detain him. Indeed the duke ſaid not much; for he was hindered by the laughter which the prieſt's impertinent indigna-tion had produced; however, as ſoon as he could reſume his gravity, he ad-dreſſed himſelf to Don Quixote in theſe words.

'Sir Knight of the Lions, your 'worſhip has made ſuch an ample re-'ply, that nothing farther remains to 'be done, by way of ſatisfaction for 'that, which though it may ſeem an 'affront, falls by no means under that 'denomination; for neither the female 'ſex nor the clergy, can give affronts, 'as your worſhip ſo very well knows.' —'Undoubtedly,' anſwered the knight; 'and the reaſon is, becauſe thoſe per-'ſons who cannot receive, are not capa-'ble of giving an affront. Women, 'children, and eccleſiaſticks, as they 'cannot defend themſelves when attack-'ed, ſo neither can they be affronted: 'for there is this difference between 'an injury and affront, as your ex-'cellency well knows; an affront 'comes from a perſon who is capable 'of giving an affront, and when it is 'given, maintains it; whereas, an in-'jury may come from any quarter, un-'attended by an affront. For example, 'a man walking careleſsly in the ſtreet, 'is aſſaulted and cudgelled by ten 'armed perſons, againſt whom he draws 'his ſword, and behaves like a man of 'honour; but he is overpowered by 'the number of his antagoniſts, 'and prevented from executing his 'intention, which is to revenge the 'wrong; this man is injured, not 'affronted. A truth which we will 'confirm by another example: A man 'comes and ſtrikes another, whoſe 'back is turned, and then betakes 'himſelf to his heels; and the other 'purſues, though he cannot overtake 'the fugitive. The man ſo ſtruck 'received an injury, but no affront, 'becauſe an affront ought to be main-'tained. If he who gave the blow, 'though it was done by ſtealth, in a 'cowardly manner, had drawn his 'ſword, and ſtood facing the enemy, 'he who received the blow would have 'been both injured and affronted: 'injured, becauſe he was ſurprized; and 'affronted, becauſe he who gave the 'blow maintained it by keeping his 'ground. And therefore, according 'to the punctilios of honour, I may 'be injured but not affronted; for wo-'men and children do not feel thoſe 'things; they can neither fly nor ſtand 'their ground: and the ſame rule holds 'good with thoſe who are conſecrated 'to the ſervice of religion. Now theſe 'three claſſes of mankind are deſtitute 'of offenſive and defenſive weapons; 'and though nature obliges them to 'ſtand in their own defence, yet they 'can offend nobody: and albeit I 'juſt now ſaid I might be injured, I

'now

'now affirm it cannot be in any ſhape; 'for he who cannot receive, much leſs 'can he give an affront. For which 'reaſons I ought not to reſent, nor do 'I reſent, the reproaches of that honeſt 'man; I only wiſh he had ſtaid a 'little, until I ſhould have convinced 'him of his error, in thinking and 'ſaying, there never were, nor are, 'knights-errant upon the face of the 'earth; an aſſeveration which might 'have turned to his prejudice, had it 'been overheard by Amadis, or any 'one of his infinite progeny.'—'I'll 'take my corporal oath,' cried Sancho, 'that they would have given a back-'ſtroke that would have laid him open 'from top to toe, like a pomegranate 'or ripe melon: they were a rare ſet 'to endure ſuch tickling. By my 'holy-dame! I am well aſſured, that if 'Reynaldos of Montalvan had heard 'this manikin's diſcourſe, he would 'have given him ſuch a ſlap in the 'mouth, that he ſhould not have ſpoke 'another word in three long years. 'No, no! let him meddle with them, 'and he'll ſee how well he'll eſcape out 'of their clutches.' The ducheſs had well-nigh died with laughing at this ſpeech of Sancho; who, in her ſentiment, was a more diverting madman than his maſter, and a great many people at that time were of the ſame way of thinking.

Finally, Don Quixote was appeaſed, dinner ended, and the cloth being taken away, in came four damſels, one of them with a ſilver ewer, another with a flaſk of the ſame metal, a third with a couple of very fine white towels over her arm, and a fourth with her arms bare up to the elbow, and in her white hands, for doubtleſs they were white, a waſh ball of Neapolitan ſoap. She who carried the ewer, approaching with a genteel carriage, and modeſt aſſurance, thrust it under the beard of Don Quixote, who, without ſpeaking one word, wondered at this ceremony; from which he concluded, that it was the cuſtom of the country to waſh beards, inſtead of hands: he therefore ſtretched out his chin as far as he could, and immediately the flaſk began to rain; the damſel with the ſoap-ball lathered him with great expedition, raiſing flakes of ſnow, (for the ſuds were as white) not only upon the beard, but alſo over the whole face of the obedient knight, inſomuch that he was obliged to ſhut his eyes in their defence; while the duke and ducheſs, who were not in the ſecret, ſat impatiently waiting to ſee the iſſue of this ablution. The young ſhe-barber having raiſed the lather as high as her hand, pretended the water was ſpent, and bade the damſel of the flaſk go for a freſh ſupply, and Signior Don Quixote would have patience till her return. He accordingly waited with patience, exhibiting the ſtrangeſt and moſt ludicrous figure that ever was conceived, to the view of numerous ſpectators, who ſeeing half a yard of neck more than moderately brown, two eyes ſhut, and his beard covered with lather, had need of great diſcretion to reſtrain their laughter, and it was a wonder they could ſmother it at any rate. As for the damſels concerned in the joke, they kept their eyes fixed on the ground, without daring to look at the duke and ducheſs, who were at once agitated by mirth and indignation; and did not know, whether they ſhould reſolve upon chaſtiſing their preſumption, or rewarding them for the pleaſure they received in ſeeing the knight in ſuch an attitude. At length the damſel returning with more water, they finiſhed the ablution of Don Quixote; then ſhe who carried the towels having wiped and dried him with great compoſure, all four at once made a moſt profound curtſey, and were going away. But the duke, fearing the knight would ſmell the joke, called to the damſel of the ewer, ſaying—'Come hither, and waſh 'me too, and be ſure you have water 'enough.' The girl being very handy and acute, obeyed without heſitation, placed the ewer under his grace's chin, and when he was well waſhed, lathered, wiped, and dried, they dropped their curtſies and retired. It was afterwards known, the duke had ſworn within himſelf, that if they ſhould have refuſed to ſerve him in that manner, he would have chaſtiſed them for their aſſurance; but they prudently eſcaped a ſcouring, by ſcouring his grace.

Sancho having attentively conſidered this ceremony of cleanſing—'God's 'mercy!' ſaid he within himſelf, 'is 'it the cuſtom in this country to waſh 'the ſquire's beard as well as the 'knight's? For God and my own con-'ſcience knows, I have need of ſuch 'purification; and if they would give

'me the touch of a razor, the benefit 'would ſtill be the greater.'—'What 'is that you mutter, Sancho?' ſaid the ducheſs. 'I ſay, my lady,' anſwered the ſquire, 'I have always heard it ſaid, 'that in the courts of other princes, 'when the cloth is taken away, water 'for the hands is brought in, but not 'ſuds for the beard; ſo that the longer 'we live, the more we learn: yet it is 'alſo obſerved, that he who lives much 'time will bear much misfortune; 'though to undergo ſuch a purification 'as this may paſs for a pleaſure rather 'than a toil.'—'Give yourſelf no con-'cern, friend Sancho,' ſaid the ducheſs, 'for I will order my maids not only to 'waſh, but alſo to lay you a-bucking, 'ſhould it be neceſſary.'—'I ſhall be 'ſatisfied with the lathering of my 'beard,' replied the ſquire; 'at leaſt 'for the preſent, and God will ordain 'what is to happen in the ſequel.' The ducheſs turning to the major-domo—'Remember,' ſaid ſhe, 'what honeſt 'Sancho deſires, and gratify his incli-'nation with the utmoſt punctuality.' This domeſtick promiſed that Signior Sancho ſhould be obeyed in all things; and returning to dinner with the ſquire, left their graces and Don Quixote ſitting at the table, diſcourſing on many and various ſubjects, though all of them related to chivalry and the exerciſe of arms.

The ducheſs entreated the knight, who ſeemed to poſſeſs ſuch a tenacious memory, to delineate and deſcribe the beauty and deportment of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, who, ſhe concluded, from what fame had proclaimed of her charms, muſt be the faireſt creature, not only in the whole world, but even in La Mancha. Don Quixote ſighing, at her grace's requeſt—'If,' ſaid he, 'I could take out my heart, 'and lay it before your highneſs in a 'plate, upon this table, I ſhould ſave 'my tongue the trouble of ſaying what 'is almoſt inconceivable, for in it your 'excellency would ſee her picture at 'full length: but why ſhould I now 'attempt to delineate and deſcribe cir-'cumſtantially the particular charms of 'the peerleſs Dulcinea? A burden 'worthy of other ſhoulders than mine, 'and a taſk which ought to employ the 'pencils of Parrhaſius, Timanthes, 'and Apelles, together with the chiſſel 'of Lyſippus, to exhibit her image on 'canvas, braſs, and marble, as well as 'the Ciceronian and Demoſthenian 'eloquence to ſound her praiſe.'—'What does Signior Don Quixote 'mean by Demoſthenian,' ſaid the ducheſs, 'which is a word I never heard 'before in the whole courſe of my life.'—'Demoſthenian eloquence,' anſwered the knight, 'has the ſame ſignification 'as the eloquence of Demoſthenes, and 'Ciceronian means that of Cicero; for 'theſe two were the greateſt orators in 'the whole world.'—'Certainly,' ſaid the duke, 'and you expoſed yourſelf by 'ſuch an interrogation: nevertheleſs, 'Signior Don Quixote would give us 'infinite pleaſure, could he be prevailed 'upon to deſcribe that beauty which, 'even in a ſketch or rough draught, 'would certainly appear ſuch as might 'excite envy in the moſt beautiful wo-'men of the creation.'—'I would aſ-'ſuredly comply with your grace's de-'ſire,' replied the knight, 'were not 'her idea blotted from my remem-'brance, by the misfortune which hath 'lately befallen her; a misfortune 'which induces me to bewail rather 'than deſcribe her; for your highneſs 'muſt obſerve, that when I went ſome 'time ago to kiſs her hands and re-'ceive her benediction, conſent, and 'licence, for this my third ſally, I 'found her quite otherwiſe than I ex-'pected; I found her enchanted and 'transformed from a princeſs into a 'country wench, from beauty into 'deformity, from an angel into a dæ-'mon, from a delicious perfume into 'a peſtilential vapour, from the pink of 'compliment into the moſt clowniſh 'dialect, from light into darkneſs, 'from a ſedate young lady into a ruſtick 'romp, and finally, from Dulcinea del 'Toboſo into a Sayago* drab.'—'God 'protect us!' cried the duke with a loud voice, 'who can have done ſuch 'miſchief to the world, in robbing it 'of that beauty by which it was de-'lighted, that good humour by which 'it was entertained, and that modeſty 'which did it honour?'—'Who?' an-ſwered the knight; 'who could it be, 'but one of the malignant and evious

* Sayago is a diſtrict in the kingdom of Leon, the inhabitants of which were extremely poor, and very meanly cloathed.

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'tribe of enchanters, by whom I am 'perſecuted? That accurſed race, 'brought into the world on purpoſe to 'obſcure and annihilate the exploits of 'the good, and to illuſtrate and extol 'the deeds of the wicked. Perſecuted 'I have been by enchanters, perſecuted 'I am by enchanters, and enchanters 'will perſecute me, until I and all my 'lofty feats of chivalry are plunged in-'to the abyſs of oblivion: nay, they 'injure and wound me in that part 'where they know my feeling is moſt 'acute; for to deprive a knight-er-'rant of his miſtreſs, is to rob him of 'the eyes with which he ſees, the ſun 'by which he is enlightened, and the 'ſupport by which he is maintained. 'I have many times ſaid, and now I 'repeat the obſervation, that a knight-'errant without a miſtreſs, is like a tree 'without leaves, a building without 'cement, and a ſhadow without the 'ſubſtance by which it is produced.'

'There is no more to be ſaid,' replied the ducheſs; 'nevertheleſs, if we 'are to believe the hiſtory of Signior 'Don Quixote, which has lately been 'uſhered into the world, with the ge-'neral applauſe of the different nations 'that compoſe it, we muſt conclude (if 'I right remember) that your worſhip 'never ſaw the Lady Dulcinea, and 'that there is no ſuch perſon in being; 'but that it is only a fantaſtical miſ-'treſs, begot and born in your imagi-'nation, which hath decked her with 'all the graces and perfection that fan-'cy could conceive.'—'Much may be 'ſaid on that ſubject,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'God knows whether or 'not there is ſuch a perſon as Dulcinea 'in the world, whether ſhe is fantaſtical 'or not fantaſtical; for theſe things are 'not to be too nicely inveſtigated: for 'my own part, I neither begat nor bore 'my miſtreſs, although I contemplate 'her with that admiration which is due 'to a lady, in whom are concentered 'thoſe qualities that ought to render 'her renowned throughout the whole 'world, ſuch as beauty without blemiſh, 'gravity without pride, tenderneſs with 'chaſtity, affability from courteſy, 'courteſy from good-breeding; and, 'finally, dignity from birth, becauſe 'nobleneſs of blood reflects an addi-'tional ſplendor upon beauty, and 'ſhews it to greater perfection than that 'which we find among the faireſt of 'thoſe who are meanly born.'—'Your 'obſervation is extremely juſt,' ſaid the duke; 'but Signior Don Quixote 'muſt give me leave to mention what 'the hiſtory of his adventures, which I 'have read, obliges me to declare; 'namely, that though we grant there 'may be a Dulcinea, either in or out 'of Toboſo, and that ſhe may be 'beautiful to exceſs, as your worſhip 'has deſcribed her, yet, in reſpect to 'pedigree, ſhe is by no means on a 'footing with the Orianas, the Alaſ-'trajareas, Madaſimas, together with 'the reſt of that claſs, which occurs ſo 'often in thoſe hiſtories that are ſo fa-'miliar to your worſhip.'

'To that obſervation I can anſwer,' ſaid the knight, 'that Dulcinea is the 'daughter of her own works; that 'good qualities ennoble the blood, and 'that a virtuous perſon of low deſcent 'ought to be more eſteemed than a vi-'cious man of high degree; eſpecially 'as Dulcinea poſſeſſes qualifications 'which may raiſe her to the throne of 'a crowned and ſceptered queen; for 'the merit of a virtuous and beautiful 'woman is ſufficient to work ſtill 'greater miracles, and virtually, though 'not formally, contains within itſelf 'ſtill greater advantages.'—'Signior 'Don Quixote,' ſaid the ducheſs, 'every 'thing you ſay is ſpoken with delibe-'ration, and, according to the proverb, 'you proceed with the plummet in your 'hand: henceforth I ſhall firmly be-'lieve, and make my whole family, 'even the duke himſelf, ſhould there be 'occaſion, believe, that Dulcinea is 'living at this day in Toboſo; that ſhe 'is beautiful, high born, and in all re-'ſpects worthy to be ſerved and ad-'mired by ſuch a knight as Signior 'Don Quixote; and that is the higheſt 'compliment that can be beſtowed. 'But I cannot help forming a ſcruple, 'and entertaining a kind of grudge 'againſt Sancho Panza: the ſcruple 'ariſes from a particular of the hiſtory, 'importing, that the ſaid Sancho found 'the Lady Dulcinea winnowing a ſack 'of wheat, when he carried a letter to 'her from your worſhip, by the ſame 'token it is ſaid to have been red 'wheat; a circumſtance that makes 'me doubt the nobleneſs of her pedi-'gree.'

To this remark Don Quixote replied—'Madam, your highneſs muſt know

'that all or the greateſt part of the incidents that happen to me, deviate from the ordinary limits of thoſe adventures which occur to other knights-errant, either conducted by the inſcrutable will of deſtiny, or effected by the malice of ſome envious enchanter; and it is a circumſtance well known of all or the greateſt part of renowned knights-errant, that one poſſeſſed the virtue of being proof againſt enchantment, another of being invulnerable, which was the caſe of the famous Orlando, one of the Twelve Peers of France, who, as it is recorded, could not be wounded in any other place but the ſole of his left foot, and even there, with no other weapon than the point of a large pin; ſo that Bernardo del Carpio, who ſlew him at the battle of Ronſcevalles, perceiving that he could make no impreſſion upon him with ſteel, lifted him off the ground, and ſtrangled him between his arms, in imitation of the manner in which Hercules deſtroyed Anteus, that ferocious giant ſaid to be the ſon of Earth. What I would infer from what I have ſaid, is, that I too may have ſome of theſe virtues centered in my perſon, though not that of being invulnerable, for I have been frequently convinced by experience, that my fleſh is very tender, and by no means impenetrable; nor that of being proof againſt enchantment, for I once found myſelf cooped up in a cage, in which the whole world would not have had ſtrength enough to incloſe me, without the additional power of enchantment; but ſince I freed myſelf from that confinement, I am apt to believe that no other will ever interrupt the courſe of my adventures; and, therefore, thoſe enchanters, ſeeing that their wicked arts will not take effect upon my own perſon, revenge themſelves on thoſe things to which my affection is chiefly attached, and endeavour to deprive me of life, by perſecuting that of Dulcinea, for whom alone I live. I therefore am perſuaded, that when my ſquire delivered my meſſage, they had converted her into a coarſe country wench, employed in ſuch a mean exerciſe as that of winnowing wheat: but I have already ſaid, that it could not be ſed wheat, nor indeed any ſort of wheat, but oriental pearls; and as a proof of this aſſeveration, I muſt tell your highneſſes, that when I lately went to Toboſo, I could by no means find Dulcinea's palace; and the day following, while my ſquire Sancho beheld her in her own figure, which is the faireſt in the whole world, to me ſhe ſeemed a ruſtick and homely country wench, without any thing ſenſible in her converſation; whereas ſhe is in fact the very pink of diſcretion and good ſenſe. Now, ſince I myſelf neither am, nor, in all probability, can be enchanted, ſhe is the perſon enchanted, offended, changed, perverted, and tranſformed, and in her my enemies have taken vengeance upon me; ſo that, for her, I ſhall live in perpetual affliction, until I ſee her reſtored to her former ſtate; all this I have obſerved, that nobody may ſcruple about what Sancho ſaid of her ſifting and winnowing; for, ſince they have transformed her in my view, no wonder they ſhould change her form in his. Dulcinea is a perſon of birth and faſhion, one of the genteel families of Toboſo, which are very numerous, ancient and noble; and certainly no ſmall part of theſe qualifications falls to the ſhare of the peerleſs Dulcinea, on whoſe account the place of her nativity will become famous and renowned in future ages, as Troy is become famous by Helen, and Spain by Cava, though with a better title and nobler fame. On the other hand, I muſt inform your graces, that Sancho Panza is one of the moſt pleaſant ſquires that ever ſerved a knight-errant: ſometimes his ſimplicity is ſo arch, that to conſider whether he is more fool or wag, yields abundance of pleaſure; he hath roguery enough to paſs for a knave, and abſurdities ſufficient to confirm him a fool; he doubts every thing, and believes every thing; and often, when I think he is going to diſcharge nonſenſe, he will utter apophthegms that will raiſe him to the ſkies; in a word, I would not exchange him for any other ſquire, even with a city to boot; and therefore I am in doubt whether or not it will be expedient to ſend him to that government which your grace has been ſo good as to beſtow upon him; although I can perceive in him a certain aptitude for ſuch an office;

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'so that, when his understanding is a 'very little polished, he will agree with 'any government, like the king with 'his customs; for we know by repeated experience, that great talents and 'learning are not necessary in a governor, as there are a hundred at least, 'who govern like *jerfaulcons*, though 'they can hardly read their mother 'tongue; provided their intention is 'righteous, and their desire to do justice, they will never want counsellors 'to direct them in every transaction, 'like your military governors, who 'being illiterate themselves, never decide without the advice of an assessor. 'I shall advise him corruption to eschew, 'but never quit his due: and inculcate 'some other small matters that are in my 'head, which, in process of time, may 'redound to his own interest, as well as 'to the advantage of the island under 'his command.'

Thus far the conversation had proceeded between their graces and Don Quixote, when they heard a number of people talking, and a great noise in the palace, and presently Sancho entered the hall in a fright, tucked with a dish-clout by way of bib, and followed by several boys, or rather scullions and other small gentry, one of whom brought a tray full of water, which, by it's colour and filth, appeared to be dish-washings, pursuing and persecuting the poor squire, and struggling to thrust it under his chin; while another, with the same earnestness, endeavoured to lather his beard. 'What is the matter, fellows?' cried the duchess, 'what is the matter? 'What designs have you upon that 'worthy gentleman? Hah! don't you 'consider he is governor elect?' To this apostrophe, the barber scullion replied—'The gentleman won't suffer 'himself to be washed according to the 'custom and manner practised upon my 'Lord Duke and his own master.'—'Yes, I will,' cried Sancho in a violent passion, 'but it must be with whiter 'towels, clearer suds, and cleaner 'hands; for surely there is not such a 'difference between me and my master, 'as that he should be washed with 'angel water, and I drenched with 'devil's lye. The customs of different 'countries, and the fashions of princely 'courts, are no farther good than as 'they are agreeable; but this here 'custom of lathering is worse than the 'exercise of disciplinants*. My beard 'is clean enough, and needs no such 'scrubbing; and if any man pretends 'to lather me, or touch a hair of my 'head, (my beard I mean) saving this 'honourable presence, I'll drive my 'fist in his scull; for these ceremonies 'of soap scouring look rather like 'making game than making welcome.' The duchess was ready to burst with laughing at the rage and remonstrance of Sancho: but Don Quixote was not extremely well pleased, to see his squire tucked up with such a dirty cloth, and surrounded with so many sons of the kitchen; he therefore, making a low bow to the duke and duchess, by way of asking their permission to speak, thus addressed himself to the scullions, in a solemn tone—'So 'ho, you gentlemen cavaliers! I desire 'your worships will let the young man 'alone, and return to the place from 'whence you came, or go whithersoever you please; my squire is as 'cleanly as another, and those trays 'are as unfit for him as a narrow-necked bottle: take my advice, therefore, 'and let him alone; for neither he nor 'I understand such impertinent jokes.' Here Sancho, taking the word out of his master's mouth, proceeded, saying—'No, no, let them perform their clumsy joke, which I shall bear as sure as 'it is now night! let them fetch a 'comb, or what they will, to curry this 'beard, and if they catch any thing that 'should give offence to cleanliness, 'they shall shear me against the hair.' At this period, the duchess still laugh-

* In Spain and Italy there is, upon every Holy Thursday, a procession of disciplinants, or people who do penance in sackcloth, carrying a flambeau in one hand, and in the other a scourge, with which they belabour their own shoulders, in such a manner, that the very street is sometimes coloured with their blood: some of these disciplinants, however, are mere hypocrites, who under their sackcloth wear women's stay's, buff jackets, and even plates of tin; so that they are often detected from the sound of the stroke: and at Rome nothing is more common than to hear the people who accompany these devotees, call out, according to the report of the application, 'Guippone di Buffalo!—Busti di Donna! and Corrazini di Latta!'

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ing—'Sancho Panza,' said she, 'is 'certainly in the right in all that he 'has said, and will be in the right in 'all that he shall say; he is already 'clean enough, and as he observes, has 'no occasion to be washed; and if he 'does not like the custom of the place, 'he shall follow his own inclination*; 'besides, you ministers of cleanliness 'have been extremely remiss and neg-'ligent, not to say presumptuous, in 'bringing to such a personage and 'such a beard, trays, wooden troughs, 'and dishclouts, instead of ewers and 'golden basons, and towels of the 'finest holland: but the case is, you are 'base-born miscreants, and like caitiffs 'as you are, cannot forbear shewing 'the grudge you bear to the squires of 'knights errant.' The whole scul-lion ministry, as well as the major-domo, who came in with them, believed her grace was actually in earnest, and sneaked away in great shame and con-fusion, after having untied the dishclout from the neck of Sancho, who seeing himself delivered from that imminent danger, went and fell upon his knees before the duchess, saying—'From great 'ladies great benefits are expected; and 'this that I have now received from 'your grace, I can in no other shape 'repay, than in wishing I were dub-'bed a knight-errant, that I might 'spend all the days of my life in the 'service of such a noble and exalted 'lady; a peasant I am, and Sancho 'Panza by name, with a wife and fa-'mily, and serve in quality of a squire; 'and if in any of these respects I can 'serve your highness, I shall be mo-'speedy in obeying than your grace in 'laying your commands.'—'Sancho,' replied the duchess, 'it plainly ap-'pears that you have learned politeness 'in the school of courtesy itself; I say, 'it plainly appears, that you have been 'bred up at the feet of Don Quixote, 'who is the cream of compliment, and 'flower of ceremony, or, as you term 'it, Sarah-money: long life and pro-'sperity to such a master and such a 'pupil; one the north-pole of knight-'errantry, and the other the very star 'of squirish fidelity. Rise, friend San-'cho, and I will remunerate your po-'liteness, by prevailing upon my Lord 'Duke to perform his promise of the 'government with all possible dis-'patch.'

Here the conversation being broke off, the knight retired to take his afternoon's nap†, and the duchess desired Sancho, if he was not very much disposed to sleep, to go and pass the evening with her and her women, in a very cool and pleasant apartment. Sancho told her, that although it was really his custom to sleep for four or five hours every af-ternoon in the heat of summer, yet, for the satisfaction of her grace's good-ness, he would that day strive, with all his might, to keep himself awake, and obey her commands in all things: he ac-cordingly attended her steps; while the duke gave fresh directions for treating Don Quixote as a real knight-errant, without deviating one tittle from the style in which the ancient knights are said to have been entertained.

* *Su alma en su palma.*' The original expression literally signifies, 'His soul is in 'his hand,' i. e. 'He is at his own discretion.'

† In Spain the people always retire after dinner, and sleep till six o'clock, whence the afternoon's nap is called *siesta*.

END OF BOOK II. PART II.



Plate VII.

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THE ATCHIEVEMENTS OF THE SAGE HIDALGO DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART II. BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

OF THE PLEASANT CONVERSATION THAT PASSED BETWEEN THE DUCHESS, HER WOMEN, AND SANCHO PANZA; WORTHY TO BE READ AND REMEMBERED.

THE history then relates, that Sancho did not sleep but, according to his promise, went, eating all the way, into the apartment of the duchess, who took great delight in hearing his conversation, and desired him to sit close by her on a joint-stool, though the squire, out of pure good-breeding, begged to be excused; but her grace told him, he should sit as governor, and speak as squire, for in both capacities he deserved the individual seat of the champion Cid Ruy Dias.

Sancho, shrugging up his shoulders, obeyed and took his place, surrounded by all the damsels and duennas, who listened with profound silence and attention. Nevertheless, the duchess was the first who began the discourse, saying—'Now that we are by ourselves, 'unheard by any body, I must entreat 'Mr. Governor, to resolve certain 'doubts of mine, produced by the 'printed history of the great Don Quixote; one of which doubts is this: 'as honest Sancho never saw Dulcinea, 'I mean, the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, nor conveyed to her the letter 'of Signior Don Quixote, which remained with the memorandum-book 'in Sierra Morena, how durst he feign 'an answer, and pretend that he found 'her winnowing wheat, a circumstance 'altogether ridiculous and untrue, so 'much to the prejudice of the peerless 'Dulcinea's reputation, and so ill becoming the station and fidelity of a 'trusty squire?'

Without making any immediate answer to this interrogation, Sancho rose from his seat, and moving softly on his tiptoes, with his body bent, and a finger on his lips, examined the whole apartment, lifting up and looking behind the tapestry; and this scrutiny being made, returned to his stool, and replied—'Now, my Lady Duchess, that I 'am assured there is no skulker listening, and that we are not overheard 'by any but this good company, I will, 'without fear or trembling, answer all 'the questions of your grace; and first 'and foremost, I will own, I look upon 'my master Don Quixote as an incurable madman; although sometimes 'he says things, which, to my thinking, and in the opinion of all who 'hear them, are so sensible and well-directed, that even Satan himself could

'not

'not mend them: nevertheleſs, I am 'really and truly, and without any 'ſcruple, fully perſuaded within my- 'ſelf, that he is downright diſtracted. 'Now as I am poſſeſſed with this no- 'tion, I venture to make him believe 'any ſtory, without either head or tail, 'like that of the anſwer to his letter, 'and another trick that I played him 'ſix or eight days ago, which is not 'yet recorded in the hiſtory; I mean, 'the enchantment of Donna Dulcinea, 'which I palmed upon him, though it 'was a tale as wild and uncertain as 'the hills of Ubeda*.'

The ducheſs deſired he would recount that enchantment or deception; and he accordingly related it exactly as it happened, to the no ſmall entertainment of the hearers; but when he was about to proceed in his diſcourſe, her grace interpoſing, ſaid—'From this recital of ho- 'neſt Sancho, a ſcruple has ſtarted in 'my mind, and whiſpers me in the ear, 'ſince Don Quixote de La Mancha is ſo 'lunatick, crazy, and mad, and his 'ſquire Sancho Panza, who knows his 'infirmity, nevertheleſs ſerves and fol- 'lows him, and even depends upon his 'vain promiſes; the ſaid ſquire muſt, 'without all doubt, be more crazy and 'mad than his maſter: and if this be 'the caſe, as it certainly is, it would 'be no great ſign of wiſdom in you, 'my Lady Ducheſs, to beſtow an iſland 'on ſuch a governor; for how will 'he be able to govern other people, 'who cannot govern himſelf?'

'Fore God, my lady,' cried the ſquire, 'your ſcruple ſtarts in the right 'place; and I beg your ladyſhip will 'let it ſpeak out in it's own way, for 'I know it ſpeaks truth. Had I been 'wiſe, I ſhould have left my maſter 'long ago; but this was my fate and 'my miſventure: I cannot do other- 'wiſe, but follow him I muſt. We 'are of the ſame town; I have eaten 'of his bread; I have an affection for 'him; he returns me his love, and has 'given me his colts; but, above all, 'I am conſtant and faithful, and there- 'fore nothing can poſſibly part us but 'the ſexton's ſhovel. If your high- 'neſs does not chuſe to perform your 'promiſe of the iſland, God made me 'of a leſs matter, and perhaps your 'refuſal may turn out to the eaſe of my 'conſcience; for maugre all my mad- 'neſs, I underſtand the proverb that 'ſays, The piſmire found wings to her 'ſorrow: and perhaps Sancho the 'Squire may get ſooner to heaven than 'Governor Sancho; There's as good 'bread baked here as in France; and 'By night all cats are grey; and 'ſure, The man his lot may rue, who 'has not broke his faſt by two; Be- 'tween man and man the maw cannot 'differ a ſpan; and, as the ſaying is, 'With hay or with ſtraw we'll fill up 'the craw; The little birds of the field 'have God for their ſteward and ſhield; 'Four yards of coarſe Cuença ſtuff are 'warmer than as much of fine Segovia 'ſerge; When we leave this world and 'are laid in the ground, the Lord goes 'in as narrow a path as his labourer; 'and, The pope's body takes up no more 'room than the ſexton's; for though 'the one be higher than the other, 'When we go to the pit, we muſt lie 'ſnug, and make it fit; or, We ſhall be 'obliged to find room, though ſcanty 'is the tomb: and ſo good night. 'Wherefore, I ſay again, if your 'grace will not give me the iſland, 'becauſe I'm a fool, I ſhall be ſo wiſe 'as not to break my heart at the diſap- 'pointment; and I have often heard, 'that the devil ſkulks behind the croſs; 'It is not all gold that glitters; and 'that, From his oxen, his yokes, and 'his ploughs, Bamba the huſbandman 'was raiſed to the throne of Spain; and 'that from his riches, paſtime, and 'embroidery, Rodorigo was taken to 'be devoured by ſerpents, if the rhimes 'of old ballads do not lye.'

Here Donna Rodriguez the duenna, who was one of the hearers, interpoſing, 'Wherefore ſhould they lye?' ſaid ſhe, 'for the ballad ſays as how they thruſt 'King Rodorigo all alive into a tomb 'full of toads, lizards, and ſnakes; 'and two days after, he was heard to 'cry with a weak and doleful voice, "Now they eat me! now they gnaw "the part in which I ſinned ſo hei- "nouſly!" And therefore the gen-

* This is an expreſſion proverbially applied to any ſtory that is vague, inconſiſtent, or of dubious authority; for the hills of Ubeda make an extenſive chain, the different parts of which are differently denominated, from the different countries or diſtricts through which it extends; ſo that the whole is not eaſily aſcertained.

'tleman

'tleman is in the right to say he would 'rather be a husbandman than a king, 'to be devoured by vermin.'

The duchess could neither help laughing at the simplicity of her duenna, nor admiring the discourse and proverbs of Sancho, to whom she replied—'Honest Sancho very well knows 'whatsoever a knight promises must be 'fulfilled, even though it should cost 'him his life; now, my lord and husband the duke, though no errant, is, 'nevertheless, a knight; and therefore 'will perform his promise of the island, 'in spite of all the envy and malice of 'the world; let Sancho, then, be of 'good cheer; for when he least thinks 'of the matter, he will see himself 'seated in the saddle of his island and 'dominion, and grasp his government, 'which he would not exchange for one 'of superfine brocade; but I charge 'him to mind how he governs his 'vassals, who, I give him notice, are 'all people of honest parents and approved loyalty.'

'With respect to their being happy 'under my government,' said the squire, 'you need not give me any thing in 'charge; for I am naturally charitable 'and compassionate towards the poor; 'and, From him who can knead and 'bake, 'it is not easy to steal a cake. 'By my salvation, they shall not pass 'false dice upon me! I am an old dog, 'not to be taken in with, "Come hither, "poor Tray*." I know how to snuff 'my peepers upon proper occasions; 'nor will I consent to walk with cobwebs in my eyes; for I know where 'the shoe pinches. This I observe, 'because the righteous shall always 'have the benefit of my heart and 'hand, but the wicked shall have neither foot nor footing. In my opinion, 'every governor must have a beginning 'in the art and mystery of government, 'and perhaps, in a fortnight's administration, I shall lick my fingers after the office, and know as much of 'the matter as I do of day-labour, to 'which I was bred.'

'Sancho,' said the duchess, 'you are 'certainly in the right; for no man 'was ever a scholar at his birth; and 'bishops are made of men, and not of 'blocks. but to return to our former 'discourse about the inchantment of 'the Lady Dulcinea; I take it for an 'absolute certainty, and not a bare asseveration, that Sancho's scheme of 'deceiving his master, and making him 'believe that the country wench was 'Dulcinea, whom the knight could 'not know, because she was inchanted; I say, this scheme was altogether 'the invention of one of those inchanters 'who persecute Don Quixote; for I 'know, from very good authority, that 'the village maiden who skipped upon 'the ass, was really and truly the individual Dulcinea del Toboso; and 'that Sancho, in thinking himself the 'deceiver, was, in fact, the person deceived: a truth of which we ought 'no more to doubt, than of things we 'never saw; for Signior Sancho Panza 'must know, that here also we have 'friendly inchanters, who, out of real 'regard, impart to us every thing that 'passes, truly and distinctly, without 'circumlocution or deceit; and therefore, Sancho may believe me, when 'I affirm, that the jumping wench 'was, and is, Dulcinea del Toboso, 'who is as much inchanted as the mother that bore her; and when we 'dream of no such thing, we shall see 'her in her own shape, and then Sancho will be undeceived.'

'There is nothing more likely,' cried the squire; 'and now I am apt to believe my master's account of the cave 'of Montesinos, where he saw my 'Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, dressed in 'the same manner that I described, 'when I inchanted her for my own 'amusement. Now, the whole affair 'must have been quite the reverse, as 'your ladyship observes; for it cannot 'be supposed that my ignorant pate 'could contrive, in an instant, such an 'ingenious stratagem; nor can I think 'my master such a fool, as upon my 'weak and meagre persuasion, to believe such an improbable device; but 'for all that, my lady, your goodness 'ought not to take me for an evil-minded person, seeing a blockhead, 'like me, is not obliged to bore into 'the designs and knavery of abominable 'inchanters. I contrived the scheme, 'in order to escape the displeasure of 'my master Don Quixote, and not

* In the original, 'And thoroughly understand "*Tus, tus*;' 'which is an expression in Spain, to wheedle a cur.'

'with any design to do him hurt; and 'if it has turned out otherwise, there's 'a Judge in heaven who knows the 'heart.'—'Very true, answered the 'duchess; but tell me now, Sancho, 'the story of the cave of Montesinos, 'which I shall be extremely glad to 'hear.'

Then Sancho Panza recounted every circumstance of that adventure, as it hath been already related; and her grace having heard the whole—'From 'this incident,' said she, 'we may in-'fer, that since the great Don Quixote 'says he beheld in that place the same 'country wench whom Sancho saw in 'the neighbourhood of Toboso, it 'could be no other than Dulcinea, 'and that the inchanters of this coun-'try are very officious, and extremely 'curious.'—'This I will venture to 'say,' replied Panza, 'that if my Lady 'Dulcinea del Toboso is really in-'chanted, 'tis her own loss, and that it 'is no business of mine to enter the 'lists with my master's enemies, who 'are certainly both wicked and nu-'merous. True it is, she I saw was a 'country-wench, for such I took her, 'and such I judged her to be. If that 'was Dulcinea, it ought not to be laid 'to my charge, nor am I to be black-'ened for that reason; yet I must be 'lugged in, at every bawdy-house 'bench, with "Sancho said this; San-"cho did that; Sancho went, and "Sancho came!" as if Sancho were 'just such as they would please to make 'him, and not the very same Sancho 'Panza who has already travelled all 'the world over in books, as I have 'been informed by Samson Carrasco, 'who is, at least, a batcheleering per-'son of Salamanca; and such peo-'ple cannot tell an untruth, except 'when it comes into their heads, or 'will turn to their account; wherefore, 'nobody has any right to meddle with 'me; and seeing I live in good repute, 'and I have heard my master say, A 'good name is better than tons of 'wealth, even shove me into this go-'vernment, and they shall see marvel-'lous things; for he who has been a 'good squire, will never become a bad 'governor.'

'All that honest Sancho has uttered,' said the duchess, 'is Catonian wisdom 'or at least the very essence of Michael 'Verino*, *Florentibus occidit annis*. In 'a word, to speak in his own stile, A 'good drinker is often found under a 'rusty cloak.'—'In sober truth, my 'Lady,' answered Sancho, 'I never in 'my life drank out of malice; from 'thirst I might, for I have not the least 'spice of hypocrisy in my belly; I 'drink when I chuse it, and even when 'I would rather be excused, because I 'am desired so to do, that I may not 'seem shy or ill-bred; for sure he must 'have an heart of marble who can re-'fuse to pledge a friend; for though I 'put on my shoes, I will not defile 'them; especially, as the squires of 'knights-errant usually drink water, 'as they are always strolling through 'forests, woods, and meadows, and over 'rocks and mountains, without finding 'the smallest charity of wine, even 'though one should offer to purchase it 'with an eye.'—'I believe what you 'say,' answered the duchess: 'at pre-'sent Sancho may go to rest; and we 'shall afterwards talk more at large 'upon these subjects, and take order 'that with all convenient dispatch he 'may be, to use his own words, shoved 'into that same government.'

Sancho kissed his hands again, and begged her grace would be so good as to give directions about the entertain-ment of Dapple, who was the light of his eyes. When she asked, what he meant by Dapple—'My ass,' replied the squire, 'whom, rather than use the 'vulgar term, I call Dapple: when I 'first came to the castle, I desired Ma-'dam Duenna here to take care of 'him; and truly she was as much 'affronted as if I had called her ugly 'and old; though I think it would 'be more natural and proper for du-'ennas to look after cattle, than to 'regulate rooms of state. God's my 'life! what a spite a gentleman of 'our town had to these waiting-gentle-'women.'—'He must be some ill-'bred clown,' said Donna Rodriguez the duenna; 'for had he been a gentle-'man of birth, he would have exalted 'them above the horns of the moon.'—'Enough, for the present,' resumed the duchess: 'hold your tongue, Donna

* A young Florentine, of great genius, who died in the seventeenth year of his age, and was lamented by all the poets of his time.

'Rodriguez,

'Rodriguez, and let Signior Panza 'make himself perfectly easy, and leave 'me to take special care of Dapple, 'whom, as being a moveable appertaining to Sancho, I will place him 'above the apple of mine eye.'—'The 'stable is a place good enough for him,' answered the squire; 'for neither he 'nor I are worthy of being placed for 'one moment above the apple of your highness's eye; and I will as soon 'consent to his being disposed of in 'that manner, as I would to drive a 'dagger in my breast; for although, 'as my master says, in point of courtesy, one ought to lose the game by a 'card too much, rather than by a card 'too little; in respect to asses, and the 'apple of an eye, one ought to proceed 'cautiously with the compass in his 'hand, and measure as he goes.'

'Sancho may conduct him to his government,' said the duchess, 'and there 'entertain him to his heart's content; 'nay, even infranchise him from all 'labour.'—'Your grace, my Lady 'Duchess, needs not think much of 'that,' replied the squire; 'for I have 'seen more than one or two asses go to 'governments; and therefore it will 'be no new practice if I carry Dapple 'to mine.'

This remark renewed the laughter and satisfaction of the duchess, who having dismissed him to his repose, went to communicate the conversation to the duke; and this noble couple contrived and gave directions about the execution of a pleasant joke upon Don Quixote, which should turn out a famous incident, and be conformable in all respects to the stile of chivalry; in which they invented a number, with such propriety and discretion, that they are counted the best adventures contained in this important history.

CHAP. II.

WHICH GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF THE INFORMATION RECEIVED, TOUCHING THE MEANS FOR DISINCHANTING THE PEERLESS DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO: ONE OF THE MOST RENOWNED ADVENTURES OF THIS BOOK.

GREAT was the satisfaction which the duke and duchess received from the conversation of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; and being confirmed in their design of practising some jokes, which should bear a faint shadow and appearance of adventures, they took the hint for a very extraordinary contrivance, from the knight's account of what had happened to him in the cave of Montesinos: but what mostly excited the admiration of the duchess, was the amazing simplicity of Sancho, who was by this time brought to believe, as an infallible truth, the inchantment of Dulcinea, though he himself was the only inchanter and projector of that whole stratagem. Their graces having given directions to the servants, touching the execution of the scheme they had laid, at the end of six days they went forth to hunt the wild boar, with as great an apparatus of hunters and spearmen as used to attend the king in person. Don Quixote was presented with a hunting suit, and Sancho received another of superfine green cloth; but the knight excused himself from accepting the present, observing that, in a few days, he should be obliged to resume the rugged exercise of arms, and therefore could not encumber himself with baggage and wardrobes; as for the squire, he took that which was offered to him, without scruple, intending to sell it with the first opportunity.

On the morning of the appointed day, Don Quixote armed himself at all points, Sancho put on his green suit, and mounting Dapple, which he would not exchange for the best steed in the stable, mingled among the troop of hunters: the duchess came forth very gaily caparisoned, and the knight, out of pure courtesy and good breeding, would have held the reins of her palfrey; but the duke would not consent to his performing such an office. At length they arrived at a wood, between two very high mountains, where the disposition being made, the toils set, and the people distributed in their different posts, the hunt began with a vast noise of hallooing and crying, and nothing could be distinctly heard for the barking of the dogs and the sound of the horns. The duchess alighted, and with a pointed boar-spear in her hand, took post in a place through which she knew the wild beasts were used to come; the duke and Don Quixote likewise dis-

mounting, poſted themſelves on each ſide of her grace, while Sancho ſtayed in the rear, without parting from Dapple, whom he durſt not quit, leſt ſome misfortune ſhould happen to that darling beaſt.

Scarce had they ſet foot on ground, and taken their ſtations, ſupported by a number of ſervants, when they beheld a monſtrous boar baited by the dogs and purſued by the hunters, running towards them, gnaſhing his teeth and tuſks, and foaming at the mouth. The knight no ſooner perceived this ſavage, than bracing his ſhield and unſheathing his ſword, he advanced to receive him; while the duke did the ſame with his boar-ſpear; but the ducheſs would have been the foremoſt of the three, had ſhe not been reſtrained by her lord. Sancho alone ſeeing this furious animal, forſook his friend Dapple, and running full ſpeed, in order to climb a lofty oak, found his endeavours altogether ineffectual; for having ſurmounted one half of the aſcent, the branch on which he ſtood ſtruggling to gain the top, unfortunately gave way, and in falling, he was caught by another ſtump of the tree, ſo that he hung dangling in the air, without being able to reach the ground. Perceiving himſelf thus ſuſpended, that his green ſuit was torn, and ſuppoſing that if the wild boar ſhould come up, he would be able to ſeize him as he hung, he began to utter ſuch doleful cries, and roar ſo hideouſly for aſſiſtance, that all thoſe who heard his clamour, without ſeeing his ſituation, actually believed he was in the jaws of ſome ſavage beaſt. At length the tuſky boar being pierced and killed by the number of ſpears that oppoſed him, Don Quixote turned about his head, in conſequence of Sancho's cries, by which he recognized his faithful ſquire, whom he ſaw hanging from the oak, with his head downwards, and hard by he perceived Dapple, who did not forſake him in his calamity: and Cid Hamet obſerves, that he very ſeldom ſaw Sancho without Dapple, or Dapple without Sancho, ſuch was the friendſhip and fidelity ſubſiſting between them. Don Quixote immediately advanced and unhooked Sancho; who finding himſelf delivered, and fairly placed upon firm ground, examined the rent in his hunting-ſuit, which grieved him to the ſoul; for in that dreſs he thought he had obtained an invaluable inheritance.

About this time they laid the mighty boar acroſs a ſumpter mule, and covering him with ſprigs of myrtle and roſemary, carried him in triumph, as the ſpoils of victory, to a large field-tent, pitched in the middle of the wood, where they found the cloth ready laid, and the table furniſhed with ſuch a grand and ſumptuous entertainment as well beſpoke the wealth and magnificence of the founder. Sancho preſenting to the ducheſs the ſkirts of his torn ſuit—'If,' ſaid he, 'this had been 'hare or ſparrow-hunting, my coat 'would have been ſecure from this un-'lucky accident; for my own part, 'I do not know what pleaſure there 'is in attacking an animal, which, if 'he can once faſten his tuſks on you, 'will deprive you of life. I remember 'to have heard people ſing an old bal-'lad, that ſays—

"May bears upon thy carcaſe feed,
"As erſt on Fabila they oid."

'That was a Gothick king,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'who in going to the 'chace, was devoured by a bear.'—'That is the very thing I ſay,' replied the ſquire, 'I would not have kings 'and noblemen run themſelves into 'ſuch dangers, for the enjoyment of 'a diverſion which, in my opinion, 'hardly deſerves the name, as it conſiſts in murdering a poor beaſt that 'never committed any crime.'—'There, Sancho, you are miſtaken,' ſaid the duke, 'for the exerciſe of 'hunting wild-beaſts is of all others 'the moſt neceſſary and ſuitable to 'kings and noblemen. The chace is 'a picture of war, comprehending 'ſchemes, feints, and ſtratagems, for 'taking advantage of the enemy; by 'this we are enabled to endure extreme 'cold and exceſſive heat, to contemn 'eaſe and undervalue ſleep; our bodies 'acquire ſtrength, and our limbs 'agility; in a word, it is an exerciſe 'that affords pleaſure to numbers, and 'does prejudice to none; and what 'renders it ſuperior to all others is, 'that it cannot be enjoyed by every 'body, like all the other kinds of 'ſport, except hawking, which is alſo 'peculiar to ſovereigns and perſons 'of rank: you muſt therefore alter 'your

'your opinion, Sancho, and when you 'are governor, employ yourself in the 'chace, which you will find of incredible service*.'—'Surely, that cannot be,' answered the squire; 'a 'good governor will stay at home, as 'if he had a broken bone. It would 'look rarely indeed, if, when people 'fatigued with a journey, come to visit 'him upon business, he should be 'taking his diversion upon the hills; 'in that case the government would go 'to wreck. In good faith, my lord, 'such pastime is more proper for idle 'folks than for governors: I intend, 'God willing, to amuse myself with a 'game at cards at Easter, and with 'nine pins on Sundays and holidays; 'for as to these chaces or cases, they 'neither suit my condition, nor agree 'with my conscience.'—'God grant 'Sancho may behave as he says he 'will,' replied the duke; 'but there is 'a wide difference between saying and 'doing.'—'Let it be as wide as it 'pleases,' cried Sancho. 'A good pay-'master needs no pawn; God's bless-'ing is better than early rising; and, 'The belly is carried by the feet, and 'not the feet by the belly; I mean, 'that with God's assistance, and a 'righteous intention, I shall certainly 'be able to govern like any goshawk; 'aye, aye, let them thrust their fingers 'in my mouth, and they shall see 'whether or no I can bite.'

'The curse of God, and all his 'saints, light on thee, accursed bab-'bler!' cried Don Quixote: 'will that 'day never come, as I have often said, 'when I shall hear thee speak sensibly 'and distinctly, without lugging in old 'saws?—My Lord and Lady Duchess, I 'entreat your graces to let that madman 'alone; otherwise he will grind your 'souls, not between two but two thou-'sand proverbs, dragged in as much 'to the purpose, and as seasonably as I 'wish God may give him health, or 'me protection, if I desire to hear 'them.'—'The proverbs of Sancho 'Panza,' said the duchess, 'though 'more in number than those of the 'Greek commentator, are not the less 'to be esteemed for the conciseness of 'the apophthegms. I can safely say 'for myself, that they give me much 'more pleasure than I should receive 'from others, though better culled and 'more suitable to the occasion.'

In the midst of this and other such savoury conversation, they quitted the tent, to examine some snares they had laid; in which amusement the day was soon elapsed, and was succeeded by the night, which did not appear so serene and composed as it might have been expected at the season of the year, which was midsummer, but along with it came a certain *darkness visible*, which greatly assisted the design of the duke and duchess. When the night, therefore, began to fall, a little after the twilight, all of a sudden the four quarters of the wood seemed to be on fire, and here and there, and every where, they heard an infinite number of cornets and other warlike instruments, as if a great number of cavalry had been marching through the wood; so that the light of the flames, and the sound of those warlike instruments, dazzled and astonished the eyes and ears of the bye-standers, and indeed of all the people in the wood. This noise was succeeded by innumerable *lelilles*, or cries used by the Moors in battle; the trumpets and clarions exalted their brazen throats, the drums rattled, and the fires resounded all together, in such a continued and alarming concert, that the man must have been utterly devoid of all sense who did not lose it in consequence of such confusion and uproar. The duke was confounded, the duchess amazed, Don Quixote astonished, Sancho Panza affrighted; and, finally, even those who were let into the secret, seemed to be seized with consternation, which produced among them a most dreary silence.

During this pause, came a postillion dressed, like a devil, and instead of a cornet, blew an unmeasurable horn, which yielded an hoarse and dreadful sound. 'Holla! brother courier,' cried the duke, 'who are you? where are you 'going? and what troops are those that 'seem to march across the wood?' To these interrogations the courier replied, in a dismal, hollow tone—'I am the 'devil, going in quest of Don Quixote 'de La Mancha; those who follow are 'six troops of inchanters, who bring 'upon a triumphant car the peerless 'Dulcinea del Toboso inchanted, ac-

* Literally, 'And you shall see it will be worth a loaf that will serve a hundred.'

'companied

'companied by the gallant Frenchman 'Monteſinos, to inſtruct Don Quixote 'in a certain method for diſenchanting 'the ſaid Lady Dulcinea.'—'If you 'were the devil,' anſwered the duke, 'as you ſay you are, and your figure 'ſeems to declare, you would have 'diſtinguiſhed that ſame knight Don 'Quixote de La Mancha, who now 'ſtands before you.'—'Fore God! 'and upon my conſcience,' cried the devil, 'I did not ſee him; for my 'thoughts are ſo much diſtracted by 'different avocations, that I had forgot 'the principal aim of my coming.'—'Without doubt,' ſaid Sancho, 'that 'devil muſt be an honeſt man, and a 'good Chriſtian, otherwiſe he would not 'ſwear, 'Fore God, and on my con-'ſcience! Now I am fully convinced 'that there muſt be ſome worthy people 'even in hell.'

Then the courier, without alighting, fixed his eyes upon Don Quixote, and pronounced—'To thee, the Knight of 'the Lions (and would I might ſee 'thee in their clutches) am I ſent by 'the unfortunate though valiant knight 'Monteſinos, who commanded me to 'deſire, in his name, that thou wouldſt 'wait on the very ſpot where I ſhould 'find thee, becauſe he brings along 'with him one Dulcinea del Toboſo, 'in order to communicate what will be 'neceſſary towards her diſenchantment; 'and as this meſſage was the ſole cauſe 'of my coming, there is no cauſe that 'requires my longer ſtay. Devils like 'me be with thee, and good angels 'guard that noble pair!' So ſaying, he ſounded his dreadful horn, and rode off, without waiting for the leaſt reply.

This addreſs renewed the aſtoniſhment of all preſent, eſpecially of Sancho and Don Quixote; of Sancho, becauſe, in deſpite of truth, he ſaw they were reſolved that Dulcinea ſhould be inchanted; and of Don Quixote, becauſe he could not be certain of the truth of what had happened to him in the cave of Monteſinos. While he was wrapped in theſe meditations, the duke accoſted him, ſaying—'Signior Don Quixote, do 'you intend to wait?'—'Wherefore 'not?' replied the knight; 'here will I 'wait, courageous and intrepid, though 'all hell ſhould come to aſſault me.' —'Then, for my part,' cried Sancho, 'if I ſee another devil, and hear ano-'ther horn like that which paſſed, I 'ſhould as ſoon wait here as in Flan-'ders.'

About this time the night being more advanced, a number of lights began to gleam through the wood, like the dry exhalations of the earth that glide through the air, and are miſtaken by ignorant people for ſhooting ſtars: their fears were likewiſe invaded by a frightful ſound, like that occaſioned by the maſſy wheels of waggons drawn by oxen; an harſh and grating noiſe, from which the very bears and wolves (if any chance to be in the way) are ſaid to fly with terror. This uproar was ſucceeded by another more terrible than all the reſt; for all at once, at the four corners of the wood, there really ſeemed to be four encounters or battles: in one place was heard the horrid din of cannon; in another a vaſt number of muſkets were fired; here reſounded the cries of the combatants; there the Mooriſh *lelilies* were repeated with vaſt vociferation. In a word, the cornets, horns, bugles, clarions, trumpets, drums, artillery, and muſketry, but, above all, the diſmal noiſe of the cars, formed all together ſuch a confuſed and horrible concert, that Don Quixote was obliged to recollect his whole courage, in order to bear it without emotion; but Sancho's heart died within him, and down he came in a ſwoon upon the train of the ducheſs, who received him as he fell, and with marks of great concern, ordered her ſervants to throw water in his face: in conſequence of this application, he recovered, juſt as one of the waggons with the creaking wheels came up to the place where they ſtood. It was drawn by four lazy oxen, wholly covered with black trappings, with a large lighted taper tied to each horn, and in the waggon was raiſed a lofty ſeat, on which ſat a venerable old man, with a beard as white as ſnow itſelf, that flowed down below his middle, and a large looſe garment of black buckram; for the waggon being ſtuck full of lights, it was eaſy to obſerve and diſtinguiſh every thing that it contained. It was conducted by two ugly devils clad alſo in buckram, with ſuch hideous features, that Sancho no ſooner ſaw them than he ſhut his eyes, that they might not encounter ſuch frightful objects. This carriage being come up, the venerable ſenior roſe up from his lofty ſeat, and pronounced aloud—'I am the ſage Lir-'gandeo.'

'gandeo.' He said no more; and the waggon proceeded. Another carriage followed in the same manner, with another old man inthroned, who ordering the waggon to stop, said with a voice as solemn as the first—'I am the sage Al-'quife, the great friend of Urganda 'the unknown.' And so the carriage proceeded. Then a third approached in the same style: but he who possessed this throne, instead of being old like the others, was a robust man of a very disagreeable aspect, who rising from his seat, like the other two, exclaimed in a more hoarse and diabolical tone—'I am 'the inchanter Arcalaus, the mortal 'enemy of Amadis de Gaul, and his 'whole race.' And so the carriage passed on; but when they had proceeded a little way, the three waggons halted, then ceased the dismal creaking of the wheels, and no other sound was heard but that of an agreeable musical concert, which rejoiced the heart of Sancho, who took it as a good omen, and in that persuasion said to the duchess, from whom he had not budged an hair's breadth—'My Lady Duchess, where 'there is musick there can be no harm.' —'As little should we expect any 'harm where there is light and illumi-'nation,' answered the duchess. 'And 'yet,' replied the squire, 'we may be 'easily burnt by such torches and bon-'fires as these, notwithstanding all the 'light and illuminations they produced; 'but musick is always a sign of joy and 'feasting.'—'Time will shew,' said Don Quixote, who overheard the conversation; and he said well, as will appear in the following chapter.

CHAP. III.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF WHAT WAS IMPARTED TO DON QUIXOTE, TOUCHING THE MEANS FOR DISINCHANTING DULCINEA —WITH AN ACCOUNT OF OTHER SURPRIZING INCIDENTS.

MOVING to the sound of this agreeable musick, came one of those carriages, called triumphal cars, drawn by six grey mules, covered with white linen, and upon each was mounted a penitent of light*, clad also in white, with a large lighted wax taper in his hand. The car was twice, nay thrice as large as the carriages which had passed, and the tops and sides were occupied by twelve other penitents as white as snow, with their lighted tapers: a sight that excited equal terror and surprise. Seated on a lofty throne appeared a nymph, habited in robes of silver tissue, bespangled with innumerable leaves of gold brocade; so that her dress, if not rich, was extremely gaudy; her face was covered with a delicate and transparent veil of fine tiffany, the plaits of which could not conceal the beauteous features of a young lady; and the number of lights enabled the spectators to distinguish her charms and her age, which seemed to be turned of seventeen, but under twenty. Close by her appeared a figure clad in what is called a robe of state, that reached to his feet; and his head was muffled in a black veil. The cart had no sooner come opposite to the duke and duchess and Don Quixote, than the musick of the waits, the harps, and lutes, ceased all at once; then this figure rising, threw aside his robe, and taking off the veil, discloséd to view the horrible and incarnate form of death; at sight of which Don Quixote was startled, Sancho overwhelmed with fear, and the duke and duchess exhibited some affected marks of consternation.

This living death standing upright, began, with a languid voice and tongue, but half awake, to repeat the following address—

'I Merlin am, by histories bely'd,
'That represent the devil as my sire:
'A falshood sanction'd by the lapse of time.
'I am the prince of magick, in whose breast
'The Zoroastrick science lies intomb'd:
'The rival of invidious Time, whose wings
'Still seek to shade and darken all exploits
'Atchiev'd by the illustrious errant knights,
'For whom my friendship glows, and ever
'glow'd.

'Tho' all my fellows of th' inchanting tribe,
'The magi and magicians, ever nurs'd
'A disposition barbarous and harsh,
'Mine still was tender, gentle, and humane,
'A friend to all the various race of man.
'In the profoundest cave of gloomy Dis,
'Where my industrious spirit was employ'd

* *Disciplinante de luz*, is a cant phrase, applied to those who are exposed to publick shame.

'In

'In forming myſtick characters and ſpells,
'Mine ears were wounded with the wailing
'cries
'Of fam'd Dulcinea, that matchleſs fair.

'I learn'd her ſtrange inchantment, and
'condol'd
'Her transformation from a gentle nymph
'To the vile figure of a ruſtick wench.
'And hundred thouſand volumes I perus'd,
'Fraught with the dark and diabolick art;
'Then in the horrible and ghaſtly trunk
'Of this dry ſkeleton my ſoul enclos'd:
'And now I come on purpoſe to impart
'An eaſy remedy for her miſhap.

'O thou! the glory of all knights who
'wear
'Impervious coats of mail and adamant;
'Thou light and lanthorn, path, and north,
'and guide
'Of all who quit the drowſy joys of ſloth,
'And ſtarting from the lazy down, embrace
'Th' intolerable uſe and exerciſe
'Of rude, unwieldy, ſanguinary arms:
'To thee I ſpeak, great chief, whoſe va-
'liant deeds
'So far tranſcend the loudeſt blaſt of fame.

'Quixote, for courage and diſcretion fam'd,
'La Mancha's mirrour, and the ſtar of
'Spain,
'In order to recover and reſtore
'Thy peerleſs miſtreſs to her former ſtate,
'Sancho, thy faithful ſquire, muſt undergo
'Three thouſand and three hundred ſtripes,
'apply'd
'To his poſteriors, paſſively expos'd;
'And he himſelf muſt wield the pliant
'ſcourge,
'And ſtart, and ſmart, and tingle with the
'pain.
'Thus ſtands th' irrevocable doom pro-
'nounc'd
'By the fell authors of her dire miſchance;
'And on this errand, gentles, am I come.'

'I vow to God!' cried Sancho at this period, 'not to mention three 'thouſand, I will as ſoon give myſelf 'three ſtabs with a dagger as three ſin-'gle ſtripes with a ſcourge. Now, de-'vil take ſuch ways of diſinchanting! 'I cannot conceive what my buttocks 'have to do with inchantments. Be-'fore God! if Signior Merlin can find 'no other method for diſinchanting my 'Lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, ſhe may 'e'en go enchanted to her grave.'—'Hark ye, Don Garlick-eating ruſ-'tick,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'I ſhall 'take and tie you to a tree, naked as 'your mother bore you, and not to 'mention three thouſand three hundred, 'give you ſix thouſand ſix hundred 'laſhes, ſo well laid on, that three thou-'ſand three hundred twitches ſhall not 'pull them off; and anſwer me not a 'ſyllable, or I will tear thy ſoul from 'thy body.'

Merlin hearing this declaration—'Not ſo, neither,' ſaid he; 'the laſhes 'to be received by honeſt Sancho muſt 'be voluntary, not upon compulſion, 'and at his own leiſure, for there is 'no time fixed for the final execution; 'nevertheleſs, he is ſo far indulged, 'that he may be quit for one half of 'the ſtripes, provided he will allow 'the other half to be inflicted by ano-'ther hand, though it may chance to 'be a little weighty.'—'No man's 'hand ſhall touch my fleſh! neither 'another's, nor my own, nor weighty 'nor unweighed. What a plague! did 'I, forſooth, bring my Lady Dulci-'nea into the world, that my backſide 'muſt ſuffer for the tranſgreſſion of her 'eyes? My maſter, indeed, who is a 'part of her, and is continually call-'ing her his life, his ſoul, his ſuſte-'nance and ſupport, may, and ought 'to laſh himſelf for her ſake, and take 'with all diſpatch the neceſſary ſteps 'for her diſenchantment; but for me 'to ſcourge my own body, I denounce 'it!'

Scarce had Sancho uttered this re-monſtrance, when the embroidered nymph who ſat by Merlin's ſpirit, riſ-ing up, took off her tranſparent veil, and diſcloſing a face, which to all the ſpectators ſeemed more than exceedingly beautiful, addreſſed herſelf in theſe words directly to Sancho Panza, with a maſculine aſſurance, and a voice that was not extremely melodious—'O ill-'conditioned ſquire! thou ſoul of a 'pitcher, heart of cork, and bowels 'of flinty pebbles! hadſt thou been 'commanded, thou noſe-flaying caitiff, 'to throw thyſelf down from a lofty 'tower; hadſt thou been deſired, thou 'enemy of human ſpecies, to ſwallow a 'dozen of toads, twice the number of 'lizards, and three dozen of ſnakes; 'hadſt thou been urged to murder thy 'wife and children with ſome ſharp 'and ruthleſs ſcymitar, it would not 'have been ſtrange to ſee thee ſhy and 'fearful; but to make ſuch objections 'to three thouſand three hundred ſtripes, 'which there is ſcarce a naughty boy 'that does not receive every month, 'aſtounds, aſtoniſhes, and affrights the 'compaſ-

'compassionate bowels of all this audience, as well as of all those who shall hear it in the future course of time. Turn, O miserable, hard-hearted animal! turn, I say, thy mulish goggle eyes upon these balls of mine that emulate the glittering stars, and see how they weep, thread by thread, and skein by skein, creating trenches, paths, and furrows, through the delightful meadows of my cheeks! Wilt thou not relent, thou crafty and malicious monster, at seeing me, in the flower of my age, (for I am still in my teens, being no more than nineteen, which is one year short of twenty) consume and pine within the bark of a homely rustick wench? in which form if I do not now appear, it is owing to the particular favour of Signior Merlin, who has indulged me so far, that my beauty might melt thy savage heart; for the tears of afflicted beauty soften rocks to cotton, and transform tygers into gentle lambs. Chastise, chastise, obdurate beast, that brawny beef of thine; arouze that slothful spirit which inclines thee to nothing but to gorge and regorge thy voracious maw, and set at liberty the beauty of my face; and if, for my sake, thou wilt not mollify thyself, and listen to any reasonable terms, at least relent in favour of that poor knight who stands forlorn at thy elbow; I mean, thy master, whose soul I now can see traversed in his throat, not above ten fingers breadth from his lips, waiting for nothing but thy kind or rigorous reply, in consequence of which it will either leap out of his mouth, or retire to his stomach.'

Don Quixote hearing these words, felt his throat, and turning to the duke, 'By Heaven! my lord,' said he, 'Dulcinea has spoke truth; for here do I feel my soul traversed in my throat, like the nut of a cross-bow.' When the duchess asked what Sancho said to that circumstance, 'I say,' replied the squire, 'what I have said already.' 'that the whipping I denounce.' —'You must call it renounce,' said the duke, 'and not denounce.'—'I would your grace would let me alone,' answered Sancho; 'this is no time for me to mind niceties and letters, more or less; for I am so confounded at those stripes which I am to receive, or execute upon myself, that I neither know what I am saying or doing: yet I should be glad to know where my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso learned that manner of asking favours. She comes to desire me to tear open my flesh with a horse-whip, and calls me soul of a pitcher, obdurate beast, and a whole rigmarole of villainous names, which the devil may suffer for me! What a plague, is my flesh made of brass; or is it any thing to me, whether she is disinchanted or no? What baskets of white linen, shirts, caps, and socks, (though I wear none) does she bring to soften me? Nothing but abuse upon abuse; without remembering the proverb, that says, An ass loaded with gold will skip over a mountain. A generous gift the rock will rift. We must fervently pray, and hammer away. I will give thee, is good; but, Here, take it, is better. Then, my master, who ought to lead me fair and softly by the hand, and persuade me with gentle words to whip myself into wool and carded cotton, declares, forsooth, that if he should once take me in hand, he will tie me naked to a tree, and double the allowance of stripes. These angry gentlemen ought to consider it is not only a squire, but a governor whom they desire to flog himself, as if it was no more than drinking after cherries. Let them learn, let them learn, with a vengeance, how to entreat and beg with good-breeding; for all seasons are not the same; and a man is not always in good-humour: here am I ready to burst with vexation to see the rent in my green coat, and they must needs come and desire me to whip myself with good will, when, God knows, I am as far from doing it with good will, as I am from turning Turk*.'

'Nevertheless, friend Sancho,' said the duke, 'if your heart does not become softer than a ripe fig, you shall finger no government of mine. It would be a fine scheme, indeed, if I should send to my islanders a cruel, flinty-hearted governor, who would not melt at the tears of damsels in affliction; nor at the entreaties of wise, imperious, ancient sages and inchant-

* Literally, *catique*, which was the appellation given to Indian princes.

'ers! In a word, Sancho, you must 'either consent to whip yourself, or be 'whipped, or lay aside all thoughts of 'being a governor.'—'My good lord,' replied the squire, 'will not they give 'me two days to consider and deter-'mine what will be for the best?'—'By no means,' cried Merlin: 'on 'this very spot, and this very instant, 'the business must be discussed; other-'wise Dulcinea will return to the cave 'of Montesinos, and the appearance of 'a country-wench; whereas, if you 'comply, she will, in her present form, 'be transported to the Elysian fields, 'where she must reside until the num-'ber of the stripes be accomplished.'

'Go to, honest Sancho,' said the duchess, 'pluck up your spirits, and 'behave like a grateful squire that has 'eaten the bread of Signior Don Quix-'ote, who is intitled to the service and 'acknowledgments of us all, by his 'amiable disposition and sublime chi-'valry. Say Aye, my son, to this same 'flagellation, and let the devil fetch 'the devil; leave fear to the coward; 'for a stout heart quails misfortune, as 'you very well know.'

To these exhortations Sancho made no reply; but addressing himself to Merlin, with his usual extravagance, 'Good, your worship, pray tell me, 'Signior Merlin, the meaning of one 'thing: a certain courier devil came 'here with a message to my master, 'from Signior Montesinos, desiring 'him to stay in this place until he 'should come up; for he would teach 'him a way to disinchant my Lady 'Dulcinea del Toboso; and hitherto 'we have seen no such person?' To this interrogation Merlin replied, 'That 'devil, friend Sancho, is an ignorant 'blockhead, and a very great knave. 'I sent him hither in quest of your 'master; not with a message from 'Montesinos, but from myself; for 'Montesinos is still in his cave, plan-'ning, or rather expecting his disin-'chantment, the worst of which is still 'to come; but if he owes you any-'thing, or you have any business to 'transact with him, I will bring you 'face to face wherever you shall ap-'point. In the mean time, dispatch, 'and give your consent to this disci-'pline; which, I assure you, will 'greatly redound to the advantage both 'of your soul and body: to your soul, 'from the charity of the undertaking; 'and to your body, as I know you are 'of a florid complexion, and will be 'the better for losing a little blood.'

'What a number of leeches have we 'got in this world!' said Sancho; 'the 'very inchanters are physicians; but 'since every body says so, although I 'cannot perceive it myself, I am con-'tent to give myself three thousand 'three hundred lashes, on condition 'that I may give them when and where 'I shall think proper, without being 'confined to any certain time, or rate 'of allowance; and I will endeavour 'to discharge the debt as soon as pos-'sible, that the world may enjoy the 'beauty of the Lady Dulcinea del To-'boso, since, contrary to my former 'belief, she appears to be really beauti-'ful. I likewise covenant that I shall 'not be obliged to fetch blood with the 'scourge, and that in case I should 'chance to be whipped by the officers 'of justice*, every lash so received shall 'enter into the tale: Item, lest I should 'commit a mistake in the number, Sig-'nior Merlin, who knows every thing, 'shall take care to reckon them, and 'give me to understand how far I have 'fallen short, or exceeded the appointed 'score.'—'There will be no occasion 'to apprize you of the overplus,' said Merlin; 'for as soon as the number shall 'be compleated, the Lady Dulcinea will 'be disinchanted, and come, out of pure 'gratitude, to return thanks, and even 'a recompence to the charitable San-'cho for his good work. You need 'not, therefore, make any scruple about 'the superplus or the deficiency; nor 'will Heaven allow me to defraud any 'person, even of a single hair.'—'A God's name, then,' cried Sancho, 'I consent in my tribulation; I say, I 'accept of the penance on the condi-'tions aforesaid.'

Scarce had Sancho pronounced these last words, when the musick of the waits began to play again, and an infi-

* The other translators have interpreted *mosqueo* into a fly-flap, which is undoubtedly one of his meanings; but as it likewise signifies flagellation at the cart's tail, I have taken it in this last acceptation, which, I think, heightens the humour of the passage.

nite

nite number of muskets were discharged, while Don Quixote, hanging about Sancho's neck, imprinted a world of kisses on his cheeks and forehead; the duke and duchess, and all the by-standers, expressed the utmost pleasure, the car began to move, and the beauteous Dulcinea, in passing, bowed to their graces, and made a profound curtsy to Sancho.

About this time the chearful smiling morn advanced; the flowerets of the field, with heads erect, diffused their fragrance; and the liquid chrystal of the rills, murmuring among the variegated pebbles, went sliding on to pay it's tribute to the rivers, that waited to receive their customary dues: the joyous earth, the splendid firmament, the buxom air, and light unclouded; each singly, and all together joined, prognosticated plainly, that the day, which trod upon Aurora's skirts, would be serene and fair. The duke and duchess, extremely well satisfied with the chace, as well as with the ingenious and fortunate execution of their design, returned to the castle, with full intention to perform the sequel of their jest, than which no real adventure could have given them more delight.

CHAP. IV.

WHICH GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF THE PERILOUS AND INCONCEIVABLE ADVENTURE OF THE AFFLICTED DUENNA, ALIAS THE COUNTESS TRIFALDI — TOGETHER WITH A LETTER WHICH SANCHO PANZA WROTE TO HIS WIFE TERESA PANZA.

THE duke's steward was a man of humour and ingenuity, who acted the part of Merlin, and adjusted all the apparatus of the foregoing adventure; for he composed the verses, and directed a page to represent Dulcinea: finally, under the auspices of his lord and lady, he projected another of the most agreeable and strange fancy that could possibly be conceived.

Next day the duchess asking Sancho if he had begun the task of the penance, which he was to undergo for the disinchantment of Dulcinea, he answered in the affirmative, and said, he had that same night given himself five lashes: but when she enquired about the instrument with which they were inflicted, he owned they were applied with his hand. 'That is rather clapping than lashing,' replied her grace; 'and I take it for 'granted, the sage Merlin will not be 'content with such delicacy; it will be 'absolutely necessary that honest Sancho should make a scourge of briars, 'or use a switch that will make him 'feel it; for learning is not acquired 'without pain, and the liberty of such 'an high-born lady as Dulcinea is not 'to be purchased for a trifle.' To this remonstrance Sancho replied, 'I 'wish your grace would lend me some 'convenient whip, or ragged rope's 'end, which would do the business 'without giving me a great deal of 'pain; for I would have your grace to 'know, that although I am a labouring man, my flesh has more of the 'cotton than the mat weed in it; and 'there is no reason that I should destroy 'myself for another's advantage.'— 'In good time be it,' answered the duchess; 'to-morrow morning I will give 'you a scourge that will fit you to an 'hair, and agree as well with the tenderness of your flesh, as if it was it's 'own brother.'

This affair being adjusted, 'My lady,' said Sancho Panza, 'your highness must know I have writ a letter to 'my wife Teresa Panza, giving an account of all that hath befallen me 'since we parted: here it is in my bosom, and wants nothing but a superscription. I wish your grace, in your 'great understanding, would read it; 'for, in my mind, it smacks of the 'governor; I mean, of the manner in 'which governors ought to write.'— 'And who was the inditer?' said the duchess. 'Who should indite it, sin'ner that I am, but myself!' answered the squire. 'Did you likewise write it 'yourself?' replied her grace. 'I did 'not so much as think of any such 'matter,' said Sancho; 'for the truth is, 'I can neither read nor write, though 'I know very well how to set my 'mark.'—'Let us see this epistle,' quoth the duchess, 'in which, I dare 'say, you have displayed the quality and 'extent of your understanding.'

Then Sancho pulling an open letter from his bosom, the duchess took and read it to this effect.

SANCHO'S LETTER TO HIS WIFE TERESA PANZA.

'IF I have been finely laſhed, I have 'been well mounted; If I have 'obtained a good government, it has 'coſt me a good whipping. This, 'Tereſa, thou wilt not now underſtand, 'but ſhalt learn ſome other opportuni-'ty. Know, Tereſa, I am determined 'thou ſhalt ride in a coach, which is a 'reſolution pat to the purpoſe; for any 'other way of travelling is fit for none 'but cats. A governor's lady you 'ſhall be, and I would fain ſee the 'beſt of them tread upon thy heels. 'I have ſent thee a green hunting ſuit, 'which was a preſent from my Lady 'Ducheſs. Make it up into a petticoat 'and jacket for our daughter. My 'maſter Don Quixote, as I have heard 'in this country, is a ſenſible mad-'man, and a diverting fool, and I my-'ſelf am nothing ſhort of him in theſe 'reſpects. We have been in the cave 'of Monteſinos, and the ſage Merlin 'has pitched upon me to diſinchant the 'Lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, who in 'your parts is called Aldonza Lorenzo; 'with three thouſand three hundred 'ſtripes, lacking five, which I am to 'give myſelf, ſhe will be as much diſ-'inchanted as the mother that bore her. 'Thou ſhalt not mention a ſyllable of 'this to any perſon whatſoever; for if 'you go to ſeek advice about your own 'concerns, one will ſay it is white, 'and another ſwear 'tis black.'

'A few days hence I ſhall ſet out for 'my government, whither I go with a 'moſt outrageous deſire of getting mo-'ney; and I am told, this is the caſe 'with all new governors. I will feel 'the pulſe of it, and give thee notice 'whether or no thou ſhalt come and 'live with me.

'Dapple is in good health, and ſends 'his moſt hearty commendations: I 'believe I ſhall not forſake him even if 'they ſhould make me the Grand Turk. 'My Lady Ducheſs kiſſes thy hand a 'thouſand times: return the compli-'ment with two thouſand; for, as my 'maſter ſays, Nothing is ſo reaſonable 'and cheap as good manners. It has 'not pleaſed God that I ſhould ſtumble 'upon another portmanteau with a hun-'dred crowns, as heretofore; but let 'that give thee no uneaſineſs, my dear 'Tereſa, for he is ſafe who has good 'cards to play; and what is amiſs will 'come out in the waſhing of this ſame 'government. One thing, I own, gives 'me great concern: I am told, that if 'once I taſte it, I ſhall be apt to eat my 'fingers; and ſhould that be the caſe, 'it will be no cheap bargain; though 'the lame and the paralytick enjoy a 'ſort of canonry in the alms they re-'ceive. Wherefore, one way or ano-'ther, thou wilt certainly be rich and 'fortunate. The Lord make thee ſo, 'as he very well may, and preſerve for 'thy ſervice thy huſband the governor.

'SANCHO PANZA.

'From the Duke's
'Caſtle, July 20, 1614.'

The Ducheſs having read the letter to an end, 'In two circumſtances,' ſaid ſhe, 'the honeſt governor is a little out 'of the way. Firſt, in ſaying or in-'ſinuating, that the government was 'beſtowed upon him, in return for the 'ſtripes he muſt undergo; whereas he 'knows, and cannot deny, that when my 'Lord Duke promiſed him the iſland, 'nobody thought of any ſuch thing as 'ſtripes in the world: Secondly, he 'diſcovers an avaricious diſpoſition, 'and I ſhould not like to ſee him a 'ſkin flint; for greedineſs burſts the 'bag, and a covetous governor will do 'very ungoverned juſtice.'—'I did not 'write with that intention,' anſwered the ſquire: 'and if your ladyſhip 'thinks this is not a proper letter, there 'is nothing to do but tear it and 'write another, which perhaps will be 'ſtill worſe, if it be left to my own num-'ſkull.'—'No, no,' cried the ducheſs, 'this will do very well, and muſt be 'ſhewn to the duke.'

Accordingly, repairing to a garden, where they were to dine that day, ſhe communicated Sancho's epiſtle to the duke, who peruſed it with infinite pleaſure. Here they went to dinner, and after the cloth was taken away, and they had entertained themſelves a good while with the ſavoury converſation of Sancho, their ears were ſuddenly invaded with the diſmal ſound of a fife and a hoarſe unbraced drum: all the company were ſtartled at this confuſed, martial, and melancholy muſick, eſpecially Don Quixote, whoſe emotion would not allow him to ſit quiet. With regard to Sancho, all that can be ſaid is, that he was driven by fear to his uſual ſhel-

ter,

ter, the ſides or ſkirts of the ducheſs: for the ſound they heard was really and truly horrible and dreary. In the midſt of this confuſion and ſurprize, which took hold on all preſent, they ſaw two men enter the garden, in mourning-cloaks, ſo large and long that they trailed upon the ground. Theſe figures were employed in beating two large drums, which were likewiſe covered with black, and they were accompanied by a fifer as black and diſmal as themſelves, and followed by a perſonage of gigantick ſtature, rolled rather than cloathed in a caſſock of the blackeſt hue, furniſhed with a train of unmeaſurable length. Over this caſſock, his body was girded and croſſed with a broad black belt, from which depended an immenſe ſcymitar, with hilt and ſheath of the ſame ſable colour. His face was covered with a black, tranſparent veil, through which appeared a huge and buſhy beard as white as ſnow; and in walking he kept time to the ſound of the drums, with great gravity and compoſure. In a word, his tallneſs, his demeanour, his melancholy dreſs, and his attendants, were ſufficient to ſurprize, and did ſurprize, all thoſe who beheld him, without knowing the nature of the ſcheme. With the ſaid ſolemnity of perſonification he advanced in order to kneel before the duke, who, with the reſt of the company, received him ſtanding; but his grace would by no means hear his addreſs until he roſe. The prodigious ſpectre complied with his deſire and ſtood upright; then unveiling his face, and diſplaying the largeſt, whiteſt, thickeſt, and moſt ſtupendous beard that ever human eyes beheld, he fixed his eyes upon the duke, and in a grave, ſonorous voice, extracted and diſcharged from his ample and dilated cheſt, pronounced, 'Moſt high and 'mighty prince, I am Triſaldin of the 'Snowy Beard, ſquire to the Counteſs 'Trifaldi, otherwiſe diſtinguiſhed by 'the appellation of the afflicted du-'enna: from her I bring a meſſage 'to your grace, requeſting that your 'magnificence would be pleaſed to 'give her leave and opportunity to 'enter and declare in perſon her miſ-'hap; which is the ſtrangeſt and the 'neweſt that ever the moſt hapleſs im-'agination could conceive: and firſt 'of all, ſhe wants to know if the 'valiant and invincible knight Don 'Quixote de La Mancha now reſides 'within your caſtle; for in queſt of 'him, ſhe is come a-foot and faſting 'from the kingdom of Candaya to 'theſe your territories: a circumſtance 'which might and ought to be deem-'ed a miracle, or at leaſt effected by 'the power of inchantment. She is 'now at the gate of this fortreſs or 'pleaſure-houſe, and only waits for 'your permiſſion to come in.'

So ſaying, he hemmed; and with both hands ſtroaking his beard from top to bottom, waited with great compoſure for the duke's reply, which was this: 'Worthy Squire Triſaldin of 'the Snowy Beard, many days are 'paſſed ſince we have been apprized of 'the misfortune of my Lady Counteſs 'Trifaldi, on whom the inchanters 'have intailed the epithet of the af-'flicted duenna: well may you, 'ſtupendous ſquire, deſire her to come 'in; and here is the valiant knight 'Don Quixote de La Mancha, from 'whoſe generous diſpoſition ſhe may 'ſecurely promiſe herſelf all manner 'of aid and protection; and you may 'likewiſe give her to underſtand, in 'my name, that if my aſſiſtance be 'neceſſary, it ſhall not be wanting; 'for I think myſelf obliged to grant 'it, as being a knight, to which 'title is annexed and belongs, that 'maxim of aſſiſting the fair-ſex with 'all our might, eſpecially widowed, 'reduced, and afflicted duennas, like 'her ladyſhip.' Triſaldin hearing this declaration, bent his knee to the ground, and making a ſignal to the fifer and drums to repeat the ſame note, and reſume the ſame pace with which they entered, he retired from the garden, leaving the whole company aſtoniſhed at his preſence and deportment.

Then the duke turning to Don Quixote, 'In a word, renowned 'knight,' ſaid he, 'it is not in the 'power of all the clouds of ignorance 'and malice to conceal or obſcure the 'light of valour and of virtue. This 'obſervation I make, becauſe your 'excellency has been ſcarce ſix days 'in this caſtle, when the melancholy 'and afflicted come in queſt of you from 'the moſt diſtant and ſequeſtered coun-'tries, not in coaches or on dron-e-'daries, but a-foot and faſting, con-'fident of finding in that moſt valiant 'arm

'arm the remedy and cure of their toils 'and misfortunes: thanks to your 'illustrious exploits, which pervade 'and encircle the whole habitable 'globe.'

'My Lord Duke,' replied the knight, 'I wish that same pious ecclesiastick 'was here at present; he, who at 'your grace's table, the other day, 'expressed so much ill-will and such 'an inveterate grudge to knights-'errant, that he might see with his 'own eyes whether or not such knights 'are of any service in this world; or 'at least, be fully convinced that the 'distressed and disconsolate, over-'whelmed with extraordinary woes, 'and enormous misfortunes, do not 'go for redress to the houses of learned 'men, to the mansions of parish priests, 'nor to the knight who never dreamed 'of going beyond the limits of his 'own estate; nor to the idle courtier, 'who would rather enquire about 'news, that he might have the plea-'sure of repeating and retailing 'them, than endeavour to perform 'actions and exploits for others to 'perpetuate and record: the redress of 'grievances, the support of the necessi-'tous, the protection of damsels, and 'the consolation of widows, are found 'in no set of people more than in 'knights-errant; that I am one of 'these, I return infinite thanks to 'Heaven, and shall chearfully undergo 'whatever danger and disgrace may 'befal me in the course of such an 'honourable exercise. Let this duenna 'approach, and beg what boon she 'shall desire, I will commit her cause 'to the strength of my arm, and the 'intrepid resolution of my aspiring 'soul.'

CHAP. V.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF THE AFFLICTED DUENNA.

THE duke and duchess were exceedingly rejoiced to see Don Quixote's behaviour correspond so well with their design. Sancho interposing, 'I wish,' said he, 'this Madam Duenna 'may not throw some stumbling-block 'in the way of my government; for I 'have heard an apothecary of Toledo, 'who talked like any goldfinch, ob-'serve, that nothing good could hap-'pen where duennas interfered. Lord 'help us! what a spite that same 'apothecary had to the whole tribe! 'from whence I conclude, that seeing 'duennas of all qualities and degrees 'whatsoever are offensive and imperti-'nent, what must those be who are 'afflicted, which they say is the case 'with this Trifaldis *, or three-tailed 'countess? for, in my country, skirts 'and tails, and tails and skirts, are 'the same thing.'—'Hold your tongue, 'friend Sancho,' said Don Quixote: 'this lady, who is come in quest of 'me from remote countries, cannot 'be one of those to whom the apothe-'cary alluded, especially as she is a 'countess; and when ladies of that 'rank serve as duennas, it must be 'under queens and empresses; for in 'their own houses they are honoured 'with the title of Ladyship, and have 'other duennas in their service.'

To this remark Donna Rodriguez, who was present, replied, 'My lady 'duchess has duennas in her service, 'who might have been countesses, had 'it pleased fortune; but the law's 'measure is the king's pleasure: and 'let no body speak disrespectfully of 'duennas, especially of those who are 'ancient and maidens; for although I 'am not of that class, I can easily 'perceive and comprehend the advan-'tage a maiden duenna has over one 'that is a widow: and he that under-'takes to shear us, will have no easy 'task to perform.'—'And yet, for all 'that,' replied Sancho, 'if my barber's 'word may be taken, you duennas re-'quire so much to be shorn, that—You 'had better not stir the porridge though 'it stick to the pot.'—'The squires are 'always our enemies,' answered Donna Rodriguez: 'they are imps of the 'antichamber, who are every minute 'making a jest of us; and except when 'they are at prayers, which is not often 'the case, their whole time is spent in 'back-biting, disinterring our bones, 'and interring our reputation. But 'let me tell those moving blocks, that, 'in spite of all they can do, we will 'live in the world, aye, in noble fami-

* *Faldis*, in Spain, signifies skirts.

'lies,

'lies, though we ſhould die of hunger, 'and clothe our delicate or indelicate 'bodies with a black ſhroud, as they 'cover or ſhade a dunghill with tape-'ſtry on a day of proceſſion. In good 'faith! if I were allowed, and the 'time required it, I could demonſtrate 'not only to thoſe who are now preſent, 'but likewiſe to the whole world, that 'there is no kind of virtue which does 'not center in a duenna.'—'I believe 'there is reaſon, and a great deal of rea-'ſon, in what the worthy Donna Rodri-'guez obſerves,' ſaid the ducheſs; 'but 'ſhe muſt wait for a proper opportunity 'to appear in behalf of herſelf and other 'duennas, and confute the ill opinion 'of that malicious apothecary, as well 'as to eradicate thoſe ſentiments from 'the breaſt of the mighty Sancho 'Panza.' To this remark the ſquire replied: 'Since the fumes of a governor 'have expelled the vapours of a ſquire, 'I value not all the duennas upon earth 'a fig's end.'

They would have proceeded with this duennian conference, had not they heard again the ſound of the fife and drums, which announced the entrance of the afflicted duenna. The ducheſs aſked the duke, if it would be proper to advance and receive her, as ſhe was a counteſs and perſon of quality. 'With regard to her being a coun-'teſs,' ſaid Sancho, before the duke could reply, 'it would be right for your 'graces to go and receive her; but in 'reſpect to her being a duenna, I think 'you ſhould not move a ſtep.'—'Who 'taught thee to interfere in ſuch mat-'ters?' ſaid Don Quixote. 'Who, Sig-'nior?' replied Sancho, 'I interfere, be-'cauſe I am qualified to interfere, as a 'ſquire who has learned all the punctilio-'s of courteſy in the ſchool of your wor-'ſhip, who is the moſt courteous and 'beſt-bred knight that ever the pro-'vince of courteſy produced; and in 'theſe matters, as I have heard your 'worſhip obſerve, the game is as of-'ten loſt by a card too many as one 'too few; but a word to the wiſe is 'ſufficient.'—'It is even ſo as Sancho 'has remarked,' ſaid the duke; 'let 'us firſt ſee a ſpecimen of the counteſs, 'and from that ſample conſider what 'courteſy ſhe deſerves.'

At that inſtant the fifer and drummers entered as before:—and here the author concludes this ſhort chapter, in order to begin another with the ſequel of the ſame adventure, which is among the moſt remarkable of the whole hiſtory.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.





THE

ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE HIDALGO

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

PART II. BOOK III.

VOLUME IV.

CHAP. VI.

IN WHICH IS RECOUNTED THE MISFORTUNE OF THE AFFLICTED DUENNA.

IN the rear of thoſe melancholy muſicians, about a dozen duennas, divided into two files, began to enter the garden, clad in looſe mourning gowns, ſeemingly of milled ſtuff, with white veils of fine muſlin, ſo long that nothing but the borders of the gowns were ſeen. After theſe came the Counteſs Trifaldi, led by her Squire Trifaldin of the Snowy Beard, and cloathed in a robe of the fineſt black ſerge, which, had it been napped, would have diſplayed grains as large as the beſt Martos garavances*. The tail or ſkirt, or whatſoever it is called, was divided into three parts, ſupported by three pages, who were likewiſe in mourning, making a remarkable mathematical figure, with the three acute angles formed by the three diviſions, a circumſtance from which all who ſaw this divided train, concluded that from hence ſhe was called the Counteſs of Trifaldi, as if we ſhould ſay, the Counteſs of Three Skirts: and this is what Benengeli affirms for truth: obſerving, that her proper appellation was, the Counteſs de Wolf, becauſe her country produced a great number of thoſe animals; and if it had been famous for foxes, ſhe would have been called, my Lady Fox; for it is the cuſtom in thoſe countries, for people of faſhion to take their denomination from the thing or things with which their eſtates chiefly abound; but this counteſs, in order to favour the faſhion of her train, laid aſide the name of Wolf, and aſſumed that of Trifaldi.

The twelve duennas and their lady advanced at a proceſſion-pace, their faces covered with white veils, though not tranſparent like that of the Squire Trifaldin; on the contrary, they were ſo cloſe that nothing appeared through them. When the whole duennian ſquadron appeared, the duke and duchefs, Don Quixote, and all thoſe who beheld the proceſſion, ſtood up; and the twelve duennas halting, made a lane through which the afflicted lady advanced, without quitting the hand of Trifaldin, while their graces and Don Quixote went forwards about a dozen ſteps to receive her: then ſhe kneeled

* A kind of pea that grows at Martos, a town in the province of Andaluſia.

upon the ground, and with a voice that was coarſe and rough, rather than ſmooth and delicate, pronounced this addreſs: 'I beg your graces will be 'pleaſed to wave all this courteſy to 'your humble varlet—I mean, your 'handmaid*—Indeed, I am ſo over-'whelmed with affliction, that I can 'hardly return a rational anſwer; for 'my ſtrange and unheard-of misfor-'tune hath hurried away my under-'ſtanding, I know not whither, though 'it muſt be at a great diſtance, becauſe 'the more I ſeek, the farther I am from 'finding it.'—'He muſt be deprived of 'it all together, my Lady Counteſs,' anſwered the duke, 'who could not 'diſcover your worth from the appear-'ance of your perſon, which, without 'farther enquiry, is deſerving of the 'whole cream of courteſy, and the very 'eſſence of polite ceremony.'

So ſaying, he preſented his hand, and raiſing her up, ſeated her in a chair cloſe by the ducheſs, who likewiſe received her with great reſpect. Don Quixote was ſilent, and Sancho ready to burſt with curioſity to ſee the faces of the Counteſs Trifaldi and ſome of her duennas; but he could not poſſibly gratify his deſire, until they unveiled themſelves of their own free will and motion. Every body was huſhed, expecting who would put an end to the general ſilence, which the afflicted counteſs broke in theſe words: 'Confident 'I am, O powerful lord, moſt beauti-'ful lady, and moſt ſagacious by-'ſtanders, that my moſt wretchedneſs 'will find a reception equally placid, 'generous, and dolorous, within your 'valorous boſoms; for ſuch it is, as 'were enough to ſoften marble, melt 'the diamond, and mollify the ſteel of 'the moſt obdurate heart; but before 'it appears in the parade of your hear-'ing, not to ſay your ears, I would I 'were certified whether or not the per-'fectionatiſſimo Knight Don Quixote 'de La Manchiſſima, and his Squiriſſi-'mo Panza, are in this groupe, circle, 'or aſſembly?' Before any other perſon could reply, 'Panza,' cried Sancho, 'is here, and likewiſe Don Quixotiſſi-'mo; and therefore, moſt dolorous du-'enniſſima, you may ſay what you 'think properiſſimo; for we are all 'ready and promptiſſimos to be your 'ſervantiſſimos.' Then Don Quixote riſing and addreſſing himſelf to the afflicted duenna, 'If your misfor-'tunes, diſtreſſed lady,' ſaid he, 'can 'derive any remedy or redreſs from the 'valour or ſtrength of any knight-er-'rant, here are mine, which, though 'feeble and defective, ſhall be wholly 'exerted in your behalf. I am Don 'Quixote de La Mancha, whoſe office it 'is to aſſiſt the neceſſitous of all de-'grees: and this being the caſe, as it 'really is, you have no occaſion, Ma-'dam, to beſpeak benevolence, and 'ſeek after preambles: but only to re-'hearſe your misfortunes plainly and 'without circumlocution, and they 'ſhall be heard by thoſe who, though 'perhaps unable to redreſs, will at leaſt 'condole them.'

The afflicted duenna, hearing this declaration, attempted to throw herſelf at the feet of Don Quixote; nay, even executed the attempt, and ſtruggling to embrace them, exclaimed, 'O invincible 'knight, I proſtrate myſelf before theſe 'feet and legs, which are the baſes and 'ſupporters of knight-errantry; ſuffer 'me to kiſs theſe feet, on whoſe foot-'ſteps the cure of my misfortune ſolely 'depends. O valiant errant! whoſe 'real exploits outſtrip and obſcure the 'fabulous feats of all the Amadiſes, 'Belianiſes, and Eſplandians——'

Then turning from the knight, and ſeizing Sancho by the hand, 'And O!' ſaid ſhe, 'thou loyalleſt ſquire that ever 'ſerved knight-errant, in the paſt or 'preſent age, whoſe virtue exceeds in 'length the beard of this my domeſtick 'Trifaldin, well mayeſt thou boaſt that, 'in attending the great Don Quixote, 'thou doſt attend in ebitome, the whole 'tribe of knights that ever handled 'arms on this terreſtrial ball; I conjure 'thee, by thy own moſt faithful bene-'volence, to be my interceſſor with thy 'maſter, that he may inſtantly favour 'me, the moſt humble and unfortunate 'counteſs that ever was born.'

To this addreſs Sancho replied, 'Whether my virtue, my lady, be as

* This blunder is much more natural in the Spaniſh *criado* for *criada*; but, as in the Engliſh language, the gender is not diſtinguiſhed by the termination, I have been obliged to ſubſtitute the words varlet and handmaid. Varlets were the ſervants of yeomen, though formerly ſquires were known by that appellation.

'long

'long and broad as your squire's 'beard, is of very little signification; 'so that my soul be bearded and 'whiskered when it leaves this life, 'which is the main point, I care little 'or nothing for beards here below. 'But, without all this coaxing and beg- 'ging, I will desire my master, who, 'I believe, has a respect for me, espe- 'cially now that I am become necessary 'in a certain affair, to favour and assist 'your ladyship to the utmost of his 'power: your ladyship may therefore 'unpack, and recount your griefs, that 'all of us may understand the nature 'of your misfortune.'

The duke and duchess were ready to burst with laughing at this dialogue; for they knew the drift of the adventure, and were extremely well pleased with the acuteness and dissimulation of the Countess Trifaldi, who seating herself again, began her story in these words:

'Of the famous kingdom of Candaya, 'situated between the great Trapobana 'and the South Sea, two leagues be- 'yond Cape Comorin, Donna Magun- 'cia was queen, as widow of King 'Archipiela, her lord and husband, in 'which marriage they begat and pro- 'created the Infanta Antonomasia, heir- 'ess of the crown, which said Infanta 'Antonomasia was bred and brought 'up under my care and instruction; 'for I was her mother's most ancient 'and principal duenna. And it came 'to pass, in process of time, that the 'young Antonomasia attained the age 'of fourteen, with such perfection and 'beauty as nature could not exceed. 'Nay, we may even say that discretion 'itself was but a girl, compared to 'her, who was equally discreet and 'beautiful, and surely she was the 'most beautiful creature upon earth, 'and is so still, if the invidious fates 'and hard-hearted sisters have not cut 'short the yarn of her life: but surely 'they have not, for Heaven would not 'permit such mischief to be done on 'earth, as to tear the green cluster from 'the most beautiful vine that ever soil 'produced. Of this beauty, which my 'coarse tongue can never extol, an in- 'finite number of noblemen, natives 'as well as strangers, became ena- 'moured. Among these, a private 'knight belonging to the court had 'the presumption to raise his thoughts 'to the heaven of such perfection, 'confiding in his youth, his gallantry, 'his various talents and accomplish- 'ments, and the facility and felicity 'of his wit; for, I must tell your 'graces, if you are not offended at the 'subject, that he touched the guittar 'so nicely as to make it speak; besides, 'he was a poet, a great dancer, and 'could make bird-cages so curiously, 'that he might have earned his bread 'by that employment, had he been re- 'duced to want. Such a number of 'natural gifts and qualifications was 'enough to overthrow a mountain, much 'more a delicate young maiden; but 'all his gaiety and gallantry, his gifts 'and graces, would have availed little 'or nothing against the fortress of my 'charge, if the treacherous ruffian had 'not practised means to reduce me first. 'The base robber and lewd vagabond 'began by cultivating my good-will, 'and corrupting my taste, that, like a 'disloyal governor, I might deliver up 'the keys of the fort which I guard- 'ed. In a word, he flattered my un- 'derstanding, and obtained my con- 'sent, by presenting me with some 'jewels and trinkets; but what chiefly 'contributed to lay me on my back, 'were some couplets which I heard him 'sing one night while I stood at a rail 'that looked into an ally where he was, 'and which, to the best of my remem- 'brance, were to this effect—

"A thousand shafts from my sweet foe
"Are launch'd unerring to my heart;
"Yet must I not reveal the smart,
"And silence aggravates my woe!"

'I thought the turn of the rhime was 'as smooth as pearls, and his voice as 'sweet as sugar-candy; and, since that 'time, seeing the mischief that hath 'befallen me, through these and other 'such verses, I have often thought, 'that wise and well-regulated com- 'monwealths ought to expel the poets, 'according to the advice of Plato; at 'least your lascivious writers who com- 'pose couplets, not like those of the 'Marquis of Mantua, that entertain 'and draw tears from women and 'children; but your pointed conceits, 'which, like agreeable thorns, prick, 'as it were, the very soul, and wound 'like lightning, leaving the garment

'whole and untouched. Another time 'he ſung the following ſtanza—

"Come, gentle death, ſo ſoft and ſly,
"That thy approach I may not ſee;
"Leſt I rejoice to ſuch degree,
"That I ſhall not have pow'r to die."

'And other tags and couplets of the 'ſame kidney; which, when written, 'confound, and when chanted, in-'chant; for when they condeſcend to 'compoſe a ſort of verſe in faſhion at 'that time in Candaya, called roundе-'lays, they produce a kind of palpi-'tation in the ſoul, a titillation of good 'humour, an agitation in the nerves, 'and finally, a tremulous motion, like 'that of quickſilver, in all the ſenſes. 'Therefore, I repeat it to this ho-'nourable company, that ſuch dangerous 'rhymers ought to be baniſhed to the 'iſle of lizards: yet, they are not ſo 'much to blame, as the ſimple wretches 'who applaud, and the boobies who 'believe them. If I had adhered to 'the duty of a good duenna, I ſhould 'not have been moved by his ſere-'nading concerts, nor believed the truth 'of theſe expreſſions—"In death I "live; in froſt I burn; in fire I ſhiver; "in deſpair I hope; though I depart I "ſtill remain;" and other impoſſibilities 'of the ſame ſtrain, with which their 'works abound. When they promiſe 'the phœnix of Arabia, the crown of 'Ariadne, the locks of Apollo, the 'pearls of the South Sea, the gold of 'Tyber, and the balſams of Pancaya, 'they give the greateſt latitude to their 'pens; for it coſts them but a ſmall 'matter to promiſe what they have nei-'ther inclination nor ability to per-'form.—But, woe is me! ah, wretch-'ed creature! whither am I ſtraying? 'What madneſs or deſpair thus hurries 'and prompts me to rehearſe the faults 'of other people! me, who have ſo 'much to ſay of my own infirmities. 'Woe is me again, unhappy woman! 'Not by his verſes, but my own ſim-'plicity, was I vanquiſhed: it was 'not his muſick that ſoftened me; but 'my own levity, inadvertency, and 'ignorance, opened the way, and 'cleared the path, for the paſſage of 'Don Clavijo, which is the name of 'the ſaid knight; and therefore, I 'being the go-between, he was once 'and often admitted into the cham-'ber of the (by me, and not by him) 'miſled Antonomaſia, under the title 'of her lawful ſpouſe; for, finner as 'I am, without being her huſband, he 'ſhould not have come near enough 'to touch the ſole of her ſlipper. No, 'no, marriage muſt go before in every 'buſineſs of that kind, where I am 'concerned! the only misfortune in 'this affair, was the inequality be-'tween Clavijo, who was but a pri-'vate knight, and the Infanta Antono-'maſia, who, as I have already ſaid, 'was heireſs of the kingdom. For 'ſome time, the plot was covered and 'concealed in the ſagacity of my cir-'cumſpection, until I perceived a ſmall 'protuberance daily increaſing in the 'belly of my Antonomaſia, whoſe 'fears obliged us to lay our three 'heads together; and the reſult of our 'conſultation was, that before the miſ-'fortune ſhould come to light, Clavijo 'ſhould demand Antonomaſia in mar-'riage, before the vicar-general, by 'virtue of a contract ſigned by the 'infanta, which was indited by my 'ingenuity, in ſuch ſtrength of terms 'as Samſon himſelf could not break. 'The ſcheme was accordingly exe-'cuted; the vicar peruſed the contract, 'and confeſſed the princeſs, who own-'ed the whole affair, and was com-'mitted to the care of a very honour-'able alguazil of the court.'

Here Sancho interpoſing, 'So then,' ſaid he, 'there are alguazils of the 'court, poets and roundelays in Candaya 'as well as in Spain? I ſwear, I think 'the world is every where the ſame! 'but I beg your ladyſhip, Madam 'Trifaldi, would diſpatch; for it 'grows late, and I die with im-'patience to know the end of this 'long-winded ſtory.'—'I will com-'ply with your requeſt,' anſwered the counteſs.

CHAP. VII.

IN WHICH THE LADY TRIFALDI PROCEEDS WITH HER MEMORABLE AND STUPENDOUS STORY.

EVERY word that Sancho uttered gave as much pleaſure to the duchеſs as pain to Don Quixote; who having impoſed ſilence on the ſquire, the afflicted duenna thus proceeded: 'At 'length,

'length, after innumerable queſtions 'and replies, as the infanta continued 'ſtill in her ſtory without variation, the 'vicar pronounced ſentence in favour 'of Don Clavijo, whom he declared 'her lawful huſband; a circumſtance 'that ſo deeply affected Queen Magun-'cia, mother to the Infanta Antono-'maſia, that we buried her in three 'days.'—'Not before ſhe was dead, I 'hope,' ſaid Sancho. 'No, certainly,' replied Trifaldin; 'for in Candaya, 'people do not bury the living, but 'the dead.'—'And yet, Signior Squire,' ſaid Sancho, 'we have ſeen a perſon in 'a ſwoon buried for dead: and in my 'opinion, Queen Maguncia ought to 'have ſwooned rather than died; for 'while there is life there is hope, and 'the infanta's ſlip was not ſo great as 'to oblige her to take on ſo much. 'Had the young lady buckled with her 'own page, or any other ſervant in 'the family, as I have heard many 'others have done, the miſchief would 'not have been eaſily repaired; but to 'marry ſuch a genteel, accompliſhed 'knight, as the counteſs hath de-'ſcribed——verily, verily, although it 'was indiſcreet, the indiſcretion was 'not ſo great as people may imagine; 'for, according to the maxims of 'my matter, who is here preſent, and 'will not ſuffer me to tell a lye, as 'learned men are created biſhops, ſo 'may knights, eſpecially knights-'errant, be created kings and empe-'rors.'—'Thou art in the right, San-'cho,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'for a 'knight-errant, with two fingers-'breadth of good fortune, is the very 'next in promotion to the greateſt lord 'in the univerſe.—But, pray, afflicted 'lady, proceed; for I gueſs the bitter 'part of this hitherto agreeable ſtory is 'ſtill to come.'—'How! the bitter 'part to come?' replied the counteſs; 'aye, and ſo bitter, that in compari-'ſon with it, gall and wormwood are 'ſweet and ſavoury.

'Well, then, the queen being really 'dead, and not in a ſwoon, was buried; 'but ſcarce was ſhe covered with the 'mould, and ſcarce had we pronoun-'ced the long and laſt farewel, when, '*Quis talia fando, temperet a lacrymis?* 'all of a ſudden, above the tomb, 'appeared upon a wooden horſe the 'giant Malambruno, Maguncia's firſt 'couſin, who, excluſive of his cruel 'diſpoſition, was an inchanter, and 'by his diabolical art, in order to 'revenge his relation's death, and chaſ-'tiſe the preſumption of Don Clavijo, 'together with the folly of Antono-'maſia, fixed them both inchanted on 'Maguncia's tomb, after having con-'verted her into a monkey of braſs, 'and him into a frightful crocodile of 'ſome unknown ſubſtance; between 'them is a plate of metal, diſplaying 'an inſcription in the Syrian language, 'which being tranſlated into the Can-'dayan, and afterwards into the Caſ-'tilian tongue, contains this ſentence: "Theſe two preſumptuous lovers will "not recover their priſtine form, until "the valorous Manchegan ſhall en-"gage with me in ſingle combat; for "his ſtupendous valour alone, the fates "have reſerved this unſeen adventure." 'This metamorphoſis being effected, 'he unſheathed a vaſt unmeaſurable 'ſcymitar, and twiſting his left hand 'in my hair, threatened to ſlit my 'windpipe, and ſlice off my head. I 'was confounded, my voice ſtuck in 'my throat, and I remained in an agо-'ny of fear: nevertheleſs, I made one 'effort, and in a faultering accent and 'plaintive tone, uttered ſuch a pathe-'tick remonſtrance as induced him to 'ſuſpend the execution of his rigorous 'revenge. In fine, he ordered all the 'duennas of the palace (there they 'are) to be brought into his preſence, 'when, after having exaggerated our 'fault, reviled the diſpoſition of duen-'nas, their wicked ſchemes and con-'trivances, and accuſed them all of 'the crime of which I alone was guil-'ty, he ſaid he would not puniſh us 'with inſtant death, but with a more 'tedious penalty, by which we ſhould 'ſuffer a civil and continued death. 'He had no ſooner done ſpeaking, 'than that very moment and inſtant, 'we all felt the pores of our faces open, 'and the whole ſurface tingle as if 'pricked with the points of needles; 'then clapping our hands on the part, 'every one found her viſage in the 'condition which you ſhall now be-'hold.'

So ſaying, the afflicted duenna and her companions, lifting up their veils, diſcloſed ſo many faces overgrown with huge beards, red, black, white, and party-coloured; at ſight of which, the duke and ducheſs were amazed, Don

Quixote

Quixote and Sancho confounded, and all preſent overwhelmed with aſtoniſhment; as for the counteſs, ſhe purſued her ſtory in theſe words.

'In this manner were we puniſhed 'by the felonious and ill-deſigning Ma'lambruno, who covered the ſmooth'neſs and delicacy of our faces with 'the roughneſs of theſe briſtles; and 'would to Heaven he had rather ſtruck 'off our heads with his unmeaſurable 'ſcymitar, than obſcured the light of 'our countenances with this frightful 'buſh; for if this honourable compa'ny will but conſider, and in ſpeak'ing what I am now going to ſay, I 'wiſh I could turn my eyes into foun'tains; but the conſideration of our 'misfortune, and the oceans they have 'already rained, have drained them as 'dry as beards of corn; and, therefore, 'I muſt ſpeak without tears: I ſay 'then, whither can a duenna go with 'a beard upon her chin? What father 'or mother will condole her diſgrace? 'or who will give her the leaſt aſ'ſiſtance? for, if, when her face is 'ſmoothed and martyred by a thouſand 'coſmetick ſlops and waſhes, ſhe can 'ſcarce find one who will favour her 'with affection, what muſt ſhe do 'when her face becomes a perfect cop'pice of bruſhwood? O ye wretched 'duennas! my companions dear! in an 'unlucky minute did we ſee the light, 'and in an hapleſs hour were we engen'dered by our fathers!'

So ſaying, ſhe pretended to faint away.

CHAP. VIII.

OF CIRCUMSTANCES APPERTAINING AND RELATING TO THIS ADVENTURE AND MEMORABLE STORY.

VERILY, and in good truth! all thoſe who take pleaſure in reading ſuch hiſtories, ought to manifeſt their gratitude to it's firſt author Cid Hamet, for his curioſity in recounting the moſt trivial incident, without neglecting to bring to light the leaſt circumſtance, how minute ſoever it may be. He deſcribes the thought, diſcloſes the fancy, anſwers the ſilent, explains doubts, diſcuſſes arguments, and finally diſplays the very atoms of the moſt curious diſpoſition. O celebrated author! O happy Don Quixote! O renowned Dulcinea! O facetious Sancho Panza! may you flouriſh conjunctly and ſeverally to the end of time, for the entertainment and paſtime of mankind in general!

The hiſtory relates, that Sancho ſeeing the Afflicted faint away, 'Now, by 'the faith of man!' cried he, 'and by 'the pedigree of all the Panzas my 'forefathers! never did I hear or ſee, 'nor did my maſter recount, or in'deed conceive, ſuch an adventure as 'this!—A legion of devils confound 'thee for a giant and inchanter, ac'curſed Malambruno! couldſt thou 'find no other method to puniſh theſe 'ſinners, but by clapping beards to 'them? Would it not have been bet'ter, at leaſt it would have been more 'for their advantage, to cut off half 'their noſes, even though they ſhould 'ſnuffle in their ſpeech, than to en'cumber them with beards? I'd lay 'a wager, too, that they have not 'wherewithal to pay a barber.'—'What 'you ſay is very true,' replied one of the dozen; 'we have not wherewithal 'to be trimmed, and therefore ſome of 'us, by way of œconomy, make uſe 'of ſticking plaiſter, which being ap'plied to our faces, and plucked off with 'a jerk, leave us as ſleek and ſmooth as 'the bottom of a marble mortar; for, 'although there are women in Can'daya who go from houſe to houſe, 'taking of the hair, arching the eye'brows, and compoſing ſlipſlops for the 'uſe of the fair-ſex, we who belonged 'to her ladyſhip would never admit 'them into the family, becauſe, for the 'moſt part, they are perſons who hav'ing ceaſed to be principals, exerciſe 'the occupation of procureſſes; and 'therefore, if we are not redreſſed by 'Signior Don Quixote, we muſt e'en 'carry our beards to the grave.'—'If 'I do not redreſs your whiſkers,' cried the knight, 'I will leave mine among 'the Moors!'

Here the Counteſs Trifaldi recovering, 'Valiant knight,' ſaid ſhe, 'the 'tingling of that promiſe reached mine 'ears while I lay in a ſwoon, and hath 'been the cauſe of my recovering and 'retrieving the uſe of all my ſenſes; 'therefore, renowned errant, and in'vincible knight, I again entreat you, 'to put your gracious promiſe in exe'cution.'

'cution.'—'In me there shall be no delay,' replied Don Quixote: 'consider then, my lady, and tell me what I am to do; my mind is perfectly disposed for your service.'—'The case is this, then,' answered the afflicted duenna: 'from hence to the kingdom of Candaya, if you go by land, you must travel five thousand leagues, it may be one or two more or less; but if you go through the air, in a right line, you measure no more than three thousand two hundred and twenty-seven. You must likewise know, Malambruno told me, that whenever fortune should furnish me with our deliverer, he would send him a steed that should be much better and less vicious than any of your return post-horses, as being the very individual wooden-horse upon which the valiant Peter carried off the fair Magalona: he is governed by a peg in his forehead, that serves instead of a bridle; and he flies so swiftly through the air, that one would think he was transported by all the devils in hell. This steed, according to ancient tradition, was contrived by the Sage Merlin, and he lent him to his friend Peter, who, by means of such conveyance, performed incredible journies, and stole, as I have observed, the fair Magalona, who sat behind him, and was transported through the air, to the astonishment of all those who gaped after her from the earth. Yet he would lend him to none but his particular favourites, or such as would pay him a handsome price; we do not know that he was ever mounted from the days of the great Peter to the present time. Malambruno, by dint of art, has got, and keeps him in his possession, making use of him in his journies, which he performs in an instant, from one part of the world to another; now here, to-morrow in France, and next day in Peru: and there is one great advantage in this horse, he neither eats nor sleeps, nor costs any thing in shoeing, and ambles through the air without wings in such a manner, that the rider may hold a cup full of water in his hand without spilling a single drop, his motion is so smooth and easy; for which reason, the fair Magalona delighted much in taking the air upon his back.'—'As for his going smooth and easy,' said Sancho, 'there is my Dapple, whom (though he does not go through the air, but along the ground) I will match against all the amblers that ever the earth produced.' All the company laughed at this observation, and the afflicted duenna proceeded; 'Now, this horse, if Malambruno is actually disposed to put an end to our misfortune, will be here in less than half an hour after it is dark: for he told me the signal by which I should be certain of having found the knight I was in quest of, would be his sending the horse thither with all convenient dispatch.'—'And pray, said Sancho, how many persons will this horse carry?'—'Two,' replied the Afflicted; one upon the saddle, and the other upon the crupper, and these are commonly the knight and the squire, when there is no damsel to be stolen.'—'I should be glad to know, afflicted Madam,' resumed the squire, 'what is the name of that same horse?'—'His name,' answered the Afflicted, 'is not like that of Bellerophon's horse, which was called Pegasus; nor does it resemble that which distinguished the steed of Alexander the Great, Bucephalus; nor that of Orlando Furioso, whose appellation was Brilladoro; nor Bayerte, which belonged to Reynaldo de Montalban; nor Frontino, that appertained to Rugiero; nor Bootes, nor Peritoa, the horses of the sun; nor is he called Orelia, like that steed upon which the unfortunate Rodrigo, last king of the Goths, engaged in that battle where he lost his crown and life.'—'I will lay a wager,' cried Sancho, 'that as he is not distinguished by any of those famous names of horses so well known, so neither have they given him the name of my master's horse Rozinante; a name which, in propriety, exceeds all those that have been named.'—'Very true,' replied the bearded countess; 'nevertheless, it fits him very well; for he is called Clavileno Aligero*, an appellation that suits exactly with his wooden substance, the peg in his forehead, and the swiftness with which he travels; so that, for his name, he may be brought in competition even with the

* Or, in English, 'Wooden Peg the Winged.'

famous

'famous Rozinante.' — 'The name 'pleases me well enough,' said Sancho; 'but what sort of bridle or halter must 'be used in managing him?'—'I have 'already told you,' answered Trifaldi, 'that by turning the peg, the knight 'who rides can make him travel just as 'he pleases, either mounting through 'the air; or else sweeping, and, as it 'were, brushing the surface of the 'earth; or lastly, sailing through the 'middle region, which is the course to 'be sought after and pursued, in all 'well-concerted enterprizes.'

'I should be glad to see this same 'beast,' replied the squire; 'but to think 'that I will mount him, either in the 'saddle or in the crupper, is all the 'same thing as to look for pears upon 'an elm. A fine joke, i'faith! I can 'scarce keep the back of my own Dapple, though sitting upon a pannel as 'soft as sattin, and they would now 'have me get upon a crupper of board, 'without any pillow or cushion. By 'the Lord! I have no intention to bruise 'myself, in order to take off the beard 'of any person whatsoever; let every 'beard be shaved according to the 'owner's fancy: for my own part, I 'have no notion of accompanying my 'master in such a long and tedious 'journey; for surely I have no concern 'in the shaving of beards, whatever I 'may have in the disinchantment of 'Dulcinea.'—'Indeed, you have, my 'friend,' answered Trifaldi; aye, and 'so much, that without your presence 'I believe we shall do no good.'—'In 'the king's name!' cried Sancho, 'what have squires to do with the 'adventures of their masters? What! 'are they to run away with all the reputation, and we to undergo all the 'trouble? Body o'me! would your 'historians but mention, that such a 'knight atchieved such and such an 'adventure, with the assistance of his 'Squire What-d'ye-call-um, without 'whom he could not possibly have 'finished the exploit; but, they drily relate, as how Don Paralipomenon of 'the Three Stars, finished the adventure 'of the six goblins, without even naming the squire who was present all the 'time, no more than if there was not 'such a person in the world: I therefore say again to this honourable 'company, that my master may go by 'himself, and good luck attend him; 'but, for my own part, I will stay 'where I am, and keep my Lady Duchess's company; and peradventure, at 'his return, he may find my Lady 'Dulcinea's business well forwarded; 'for I intend, at my idle and leisure 'hours, to whip myself to such a tune, 'that not a single hair shall stand before me.'

'But, for all that,' said the duchess, 'honest Sancho, you must attend 'him, should there be occasion, for 'you will be solicited by the righteous; 'and surely it would be a great pity, 'that the faces of these gentlewomen 'should continue overshadowed with 'hair, merely for your needless apprehension.'—'I say again, in the 'king's name!' cried Sancho, 'if this 'charity should be of any benefit to 'release maidens or parish-children, 'a man might venture to undergo some 'trouble; but to take such pains in 'order to rid duennas of their beards! 'a plague upon the whole generation! 'I had rather see them all bearded from 'the highest to the lowest, tag, rag, 'and bobtail.'—'Friend Sancho,' said the duchess, 'you are on bad terms 'with duennas, and very much infected with the opinion of that apothecary of Toledo; but, in good 'sooth, you are very much in the 'wrong: there are duennas in my 'house, who might serve as patterns 'of virtue; and here stands Donna Rodriguez, who would not suffer me to 'say otherwise.'—'Your excellency 'may say what you please,' answered Rodriguez; 'but God knows the truth 'of all things, and good or bad, bearded or smooth, we duennas were born 'of our mothers, as well as other 'women; since, therefore, God sent 'us into the world, he knows for what, 'and in his mercy do I put my trust, 'and not in the beard of any person 'whatsoever.'

''Tis very well, Signora Rodriguez, Madam Trifaldi, and you ladies of her company,' said Don Quixote; 'Heaven, I hope, will look upon 'your misfortunes with propitious 'eyes, and Sancho will chearfully obey 'my orders; let Clavileno come, so 'as that I may once see myself engaged with Malambruno, and confident I am, that no razor can shave 'your ladyships with more facility than 'my sword should find in shaving the 'giant's

'giant's head from his shoulders; for 'though God permits the wicked to 'prosper, it is but for a time.' The afflicted duenna hearing this declaration, exclaimed, 'Now, may all the stars 'of the celestial regions shed their benign influence upon your worship, most 'valiant knight, infusing courage into 'your soul, and crowning your atchievements with prosperity, that you 'may be the shield and support of this 'our slighted and depressed duennian 'order, abominated by apothecaries, grumbled at by squires, and jeered by 'pages! now, ill betide the wretch, 'who, in the flower of her youth, 'would not rather take the veil than become a duenna. Unfortunate duennas that we are! for, though we 'may be descended in a direct male line 'from Hector of Troy, our ladies will 'not fail to throw "Thou" in our 'teeth, even if they thought they should 'be crowned for it. O thou giant Malambruno! who, though an inchanter, 'art always punctual in thy promises, 'send hither the peerless Clavileno, that 'our disaster may be done away; for, 'if our beards continue until the dog-'days begin, woe be unto us!'

Trifaldi pronounced these words in such a pathetick strain, as brought tears from the eyes of all the by standers, and even filled Sancho's to the brim; so that he resolved in his heart, to accompany his master to the utmost limits of the earth, provided his attendance should be necessary towards shearing the wool of those venerable countenances.

CHAP. IX.

OF CLAVILENO'S ARRIVAL—AND THE CONCLUSION OF THIS PROTRACTED ADVENTURE.

MEANWHILE, night came on, and along with it the time fixed for the arrival of the famous steed Clavileno, whose delay began already to afflict Don Quixote; for he looked upon the detention of the horse, as a sign that he himself was not the knight for whom the adventure was reserved, or that Malambruno was afraid to engage with him in single combat. But, lo! all of a sudden, four savages, clad in green ivy, entered the garden, bearing on their backs a green wooden horse, which being placed on the ground, one of the number pronounced, 'Let him 'who has courage mount this machine.' —'For my own part,' said Sancho, 'I do not mount; for neither have I 'courage, nor am I a knight.' But the savage proceeded, saying, 'Let 'the squire, if he has one, occupy the 'crupper; and he may confide in the 'valiant Malambruno; for, except 'the sword of that giant, no other steel 'or malice shall offend him; and the 'knight has no more to do, but to 'turn this peg upon his neck, and he 'will carry them through the air to the 'place where Malambruno waits for 'their arrival; but lest the height and 'sublimity of the road should turn their 'heads, their eyes must be covered until such time as the horse shall neigh, 'for that will be the signal of their 'having performed the journey.' This intimation being given, they left the horse, and retired to the place from whence they came, with great solemnity.

The afflicted duenna no sooner beheld the steed, than addressing herself to Don Quixote, with tears in her eyes, 'Valiant knight,' said she, 'Malambruno's promise is made good: here 'stands the horse, our beards are still 'growing, and each of us, nay, every 'hair upon our chins, supplicate thee 'to shave and shear them, since there 'is nothing else required, but to mount 'with thy squire, and happily begin 'your journey.'—'That will I do, 'my Lady Countess Trifaldi,' replied Don Quixote, 'with good will, and 'hearty inclination; nor will I delay 'the expedition, by spending time in 'furnishing myself with a cushion, or 'even in putting on my spurs, so impatient I am to see your ladyship and 'those duennas quite smooth and shaven.'—'That will I not do,' cried Sancho, 'neither with hearty nor 'heartless inclination, nor in any manner of way; and if the shaving cannot be performed without my mounting upon the crupper, my master 'must look for another squire to attend him, and these ladies must find 'another method for smoothing their 'faces; for I am no wizard, to take

'delight in flying through the air: and 'pray, what would my islanders say, 'should they know their governor was 'riding upon the wind? Moreover, it 'being three thousand and so many 'more leagues from hence to Candaya, 'should the horse be tired, or the giant 'out of humour, we may spend half a 'dozen years in returning; and by that 'time, the devil an island or islander in 'the whole world will know my face. 'It is a common saying, that Delay 'breeds danger; and, When the heifer 'you receive, have a halter in your 'sleeve. The beards of these ladies 'must therefore excuse me: I know St. 'Peter is well at Rome; my meaning 'is, I find myself very well in this 'mansion, where I am treated with such 'respect, and from the master of which 'I expect so great a favour as that of 'being made a governor.' To this remonstrance the duke replied, 'Friend 'Sancho, the island I have promised 'is neither floating nor fugitive, but 'it's roots are so deeply fixed in the 'bowels of the earth, that three good 'pulls will not remove or tear it away; 'and, as you are sensible, I know 'there is no kind of office of any im-'portance that is not obtained by some 'sort of bribe, more or less, the pre-'sent I expect for the government is, 'that you will attend your master, 'Don Quixote, in crowning and ac-'complishing this memorable adven-'ture; and, whether you return upon 'Clavileno with that dispatch which 'his speed seems to promise; or, by 'the cruelty of adverse fortune, you 'come back in the habit of a pilgrim, 'begging on foot, from house to house, 'and from one inn to another; you 'shall, nevertheless, at your return, 'find your island where you left it; 'and your islanders actuated by the 'same desire of receiving you as their 'governor, which they have always 'indulged; and as for my inclina-'tion, it can never change; for, to en-'tertain the least doubt of my sincerity, 'Signior Sancho, would be a notori-'ous injury to the attachment I feel 'for your service.'—'Enough, my 'lord,' cried Sancho: 'I am a poor 'squire, and cannot bear such a load 'of courtesy; let my master mount, 'and my eyes be covered; recommend 'me to God; and let me know whether, 'while we travel through those alti-'tudes, I may call upon the name of 'the Lord, or implore the protection of 'his angels.' To this interrogation, the countess replied, 'You may recom-'mend yourself to God, or to whom 'you will; for Malambruno, though an 'inchanter, is nevertheless a Christian, 'and performs his inchantments with 'great sagacity and caution, nor does 'he intermeddle in any person's affairs.' —'Well, then,' cried Sancho, 'God, 'and the most Holy Trinity of Gaeta, 'be my guide and protection!'—'Since 'the memorable adventure of the ful-'ling-mills,' said Don Quixote, 'I have 'never seen Sancho so infected with 'fear, as upon this occasion; and, if I 'were as much addicted to superstition 'as some people are, his pusillanimity 'would produce some compunction in 'my soul: but, come hither, Sancho; 'for, with the permission of that noble 'pair, I would speak two words with 'you in private.'

Then taking his squire aside into a tuft of trees, and grasping both his hands, 'You see, brother Sancho,' said he, 'the long journey that awaits 'us; and God knows when we shall 'return, and what leisure or conve-'nience our business may allow; I 'therefore beg thou wilt now retire to 'thy apartment, on pretence of fetch-'ing some necessaries for the road, 'and, in the twinkling of a straw, in-'flict upon thyself some five hundred 'of those three thousand three hundred 'lashes for which thou art engaged, 'and they shall stand good in the ac-'count; for, when a thing is once be-'gan, it is almost as good as half fi-'nished.'—'Before God!' cried San-cho, 'your worship must be out of 'your senses; this is just as they say, 'You see me in a hurry, and ask me to 'marry. Now, when I am going to 'ride upon a wooden crupper, would 'your worship have me afflict my poste-'riors? Verily, verily, your worship 'was never more out of the way; at pre-'sent, let us proceed and shave those 'duennas, and at our return, I promise 'to your worship, on the faith of my 'character, to quit my score with such 'dispatch, that your worship shall be 'satisfied; and I'll say no more.'—

'Well,

'Well, then,' anſwered the knight, 'I 'will conſole myſelf, honeſt Sancho, 'with that promiſe, which I really be- 'lieve thou wilt perform; for, ſurely, 'though thy head be but green, thy 'heart is true blue.'—'Green,' ſaid Sancho; 'my head is not green, but 'black; but even though it were pye- 'bald, I would perform my promiſe.'

After this ſhort dialogue they returned, in order to take horſe; then, the knight addreſſing himſelf to the ſquire, 'Sancho,' ſaid he, 'ſuffer your- 'ſelf to be hoodwinked, and get up: 'he who ſends for us from ſuch diſtant 'regions, can have no intention to de- 'ceive us, becauſe he could reap no 'glory from having deceived thoſe who 'depended on his ſincerity; and, al- 'though the event may turn out con- 'trary to my expectation, the glory of 'having undertaken ſuch an exploit no 'malice whatſoever can impair.'—'Come, then, Signior,' cried the ſquire, 'for the beards and tears of thoſe la- 'dies are ſo imprinted in my heart, that 'I ſhall not ſwallow a mouthful to do 'me good, until I ſee them reſtored to 'their original ſmoothneſs. Get up, 'Signior, and hoodwink yourſelf firſt: 'for, if the crupper is to be my ſeat, it 'is plain that you muſt mount firſt into 'the ſaddle.'—'You are in the right,' replied Don Quixote; who, pulling an handkerchief from his pocket, deſired the afflicted duenna to faſten it round his eyes, which, however, were no ſooner covered, than he took off the bandage, ſaying, 'If I remember 'aright, I have read in Virgil, of the 'Trojan Palladium, a wooden horſe of- 'fered to the goddeſs Pallas, the bowels 'of which horſe were filled with armed 'men, who afterwards occaſioned the to- 'tal deſtruction of Troy; and, there- 'fore, it will not be amiſs, firſt of all, 'to examine the belly of Clavileno.'—'There is no occaſion,' ſaid the afflicted duenna; 'for I am certain that Malam- 'bruno has neither treachery nor malice 'in his heart: your worſhip, Signior 'Don Quixote, may therefore mount, 'without the leaſt apprehenſion; and if 'any miſchief befal you, lay it at my 'door.' The knight reflecting that any heſitation about his perſonal ſafety would be a diſparagement to his valour, mounted Clavileno without farther altercation, and tried the peg, which turned with eaſe; and his legs hanging down at full length, for want of ſtirrups, he look- ed like a figure in ſome Roman tri- umph, painted or wrought in Flemiſh tapeſtry.

Then Sancho, very ſlowly, and much againſt his will, crept up behind, and ſeating himſelf as well as he could upon the crupper, found it ſo hard and uneaſy, that he begged the duke would order him to be accommodated with ſome cuſhion or pillow, though it ſhould be taken from my Lady Ducheſs's ſopha, or ſome page's bed; for the crupper of that horſe ſeemed to be made of marble rather than of wood.

Here Trifaldi interpoſing, aſſured him that Clavileno would bear no kind of furniture or ornament; but ſaid he might ſit ſideways like a woman, in which at- titude he would not be ſo ſenſible of the hardneſs. Sancho took her advice, and ſaying adieu, allowed his eyes to be co- vered; but, afterwards pulling up the bandage, and looking ruefully at all the people in the garden, he, with tears in his eyes, beſought them to aſſiſt him in that extremity with a brace of Pater- noſters, and as many Ave Marias, as God ſhould provide ſomebody to do as much for them in like time of need.

Don Quixote hearing this apoſtrophe, 'How now, miſcreant!' ſaid he, 'are 'you brought to the gallows, or in 'the laſt agonies of death, that you 'make uſe of ſuch intreaties? Diſ- 'pirited and cowardly creature! Art 'not thou ſeated in the very ſame 'place which was occupied by the 'fair Magalona, and from which ſhe 'deſcended, not to her grave, but to the 'crown of France, if hiſtory ſpeaks 'truth? And I, who ſit by thy ſide, 'ſurely may vie with valiant Peter, 'who preſſed the ſelf-ſame back now 'preſſed by me. Shroud, ſhroud thine 'eyes, thou animal without a ſoul, 'and let not thoſe ſymptoms of fear 'eſcape thy lips, at leaſt in my pre- 'ſence.'—'Hoodwink me then,' an- ſwered Sancho, 'and ſince I muſt nei- 'ther recommend myſelf, nor be re- 'commended, to the protection of God, 'what wonder is it, if I am afraid we 'ſhall meet with ſome legion of devils,

'who will treat us according to the 'Peralvillo law*?'

Their eyes being covered, and Don Quixote perceiving he was fixed in his ſeat, turned the peg; and ſcarce had his finger touched this rudder, when the whole bevy of duennas, and all that were preſent, raiſed their voices, crying, 'Heaven be thy guide, valorous knight! '—God be thy protection, intrepid 'ſquire!—Now, now, you riſe and cut 'the liquid ſky more ſwiftly than an ar- 'row; now, you begin to aſtoniſh and 'confound all thoſe who gaze upon you 'from this earthly ſpot!—Hold faſt, 'valiant Sancho, for we ſee thee tot- 'ter; beware of falling: to fall from 'ſuch an height would be more fatal 'than the fall of that aſpiring youth 'whoſe ambition prompted him to drive 'the chariot of the ſun his father.'

Sancho, hearing this exclamation, crept cloſer to his maſter, and hugging him faſt in his arms, 'Signior,' ſaid he, 'how can we be ſo high as thoſe 'people ſay we are, ſeeing we can hear 'them ſpeak as well as if we were with- 'in a few yards of them?'—'You 'muſt not mind that circumſtance,' anſwered the knight; 'for theſe incidents 'and flights being all together out of 'the ordinary courſe of things, you 'may hear and ſee what you pleaſe, at 'the diſtance of a thouſand leagues: but 'do not ſqueeze me ſo hard, leſt I 'tumble from my ſeat. I really cannot 'imagine what it is that diſturbs and 'affrights thee; for I ſwear, in all the 'days of my life, I never beſtrode a 'horſe of a more eaſy pace: indeed, he 'goes ſo ſmoothly, that I can hardly feel 'him move. Diſpel thy fear, my friend, 'for truly the buſineſs goes on ſwim- 'mingly, and we ſail right afore the 'wind.'—'You are certainly in the 'right,' anſwered Sancho: 'for on this 'ſide, there blows as freſh a gale as if I 'was fanned with a thouſand pair of 'bellows.'

Nor was he much miſtaken in his conjecture; for the wind that blew was actually produced by one of thoſe machines: ſo well had the adventure been contrived by the duke and ducheſs, and their ſteward, that nought was wanting to render it compleat. Then the knight feeling the ſame breeze, 'Without 'doubt,' ſaid he, 'we muſt be arrived 'at the ſecond region of the air, in 'which hail and ſnow are produced; 'meteors, thunder and lightning, are 'engendered in the third region: if we 'continue to mount at this rate, we ſhall 'in a very little time reach the region of 'fire; and I know not how to manage 'this peg, ſo as to put a ſtop to our ri- 'ſing, and prevent our being ſcorched 'to a cinder.'

In the midſt of this converſation their faces were warmed with ſome tow that was kindled for the purpoſe, at the end of a long pole, and Sancho feeling the heat, 'Let me periſh!' cried he, 'if we 'are not now come to that ſame habita- 'tion of fire; for a great part of my 'beard is already ſinged; and I am re- 'ſolved to uncover my eyes, that I 'may ſee whereabouts we are.'—'By 'no means,' anſwered the knight: 'remember the true ſtory of the licenti- 'ate Toralva, who being mounted on a 'cane, was conveyed through the air, 'with his eyes ſhut, by the devils: in 'twelve hours he arrived at Rome, and 'alighted on the tower of Nona, which 'is in one of the ſtreets of that city, 'whence he beheld the whole tumult, 'aſſault, and death, of the conſtable of 'Bourbon; and before morning he had 'returned to Madrid, where he gave an 'account of that tranſaction. He like- 'wiſe affirmed, that while he travelled 'through the air, the devil bade him 'open his eyes, and he ſaw himſelf ſo 'near the body of the moon, that he 'could have touched it with his hand; 'but he durſt not look towards the 'earth, leſt his head ſhould have turn- 'ed giddy. Let us not, therefore, un- 'cover our eyes, Sancho; he in whoſe 'charge we are will give a good ac- 'count of us; and, perhaps, we are 'now at the very point of our ele- 'vation, from whence we ſhall come 'ſouſe upon the kingdom of Candaya, 'as a faker or jerſaulcon darts down

* Equivalent to Abington law; in conſequence of which, a criminal is firſt executed, and then tried. Peralvillo is a village near Cividad Real, in Caſtile, where the officers of the holy brotherhood execute robbers taken *in flagrante*, who require no trial. Hence the phraſe, '*La juſticia de Peralvillo, que ahorcado el hombre, le haze la peſquiſa.*' i. e. 'Peralvillo law, which begins the proceſs after the man is hanged.'

'upon

'upon an heron with a force proportioned to his rise: and, although it 'seems to us no more than half an hour 'since we set out from the garden, you 'may depend upon it we have travelled 'an immense way.'—'As to that matter, I am quite ignorant,' said Sancho: 'this only I know, that if Madam Magallanes or Magalona took 'pleasure in sitting upon this crupper, her flesh must not have been very 'tender.'

All this dialogue of the two heroes was overheard by the duke and duchess, and the rest of the company in the garden, to whom it afforded extraordinary entertainment: at length, desirous of finishing this strange and well-concerted adventure, they set fire to Clavileno's tail with some lighted flax; his belly being filled with squibs and crackers, he instantly blew up with a dreadful explosion, and Don Quixote, with his squire, came to the ground more than half singed. By this time the whole bearded squadron, with my Lady Trifaldi, had vanished from the garden, and all the rest of the company were stretched upon the ground as in a trance. Don Quixote and Sancho getting on their feet, in a very indifferent condition, and looking all around, were astonished to find themselves in the same garden from which they took their flight, and to see such a number of people extended along the grass: but their admiration was still more increased, when at one corner of the garden they beheld a hugelance fixed in the ground, and tied to this lance, by two cords of green silk, a smooth, white skin of parchment, on which was the following inscription in large golden letters:

'The renowned knight Don Quixote 'de la Mancha has finished and atchieved the adventure of the Countess 'Trifaldi, alias the afflicted Duenna, 'and her companions. Solely by his having undertaken the enterprize.

'Malambruno is wholly satisfied and 'appeased; the chins of the duennas are 'smooth and clean; their Majesties Don 'Clavijo and Antonomasia are restored 'to their original form: and when the 'squirely flagellation shall be accomplished, the white dove will be delivered from the pestilential talons of 'her persecutors, and find herself within 'the arms of her beloved turtle; for 'such is the decree of the sage Merlin, 'the prince and prototype of all enchanters.'

Don Quixote having read this scroll, at once comprehended the meaning, which related to the disinchantment of Dulcinea, and returning a thousand thanks to Heaven for his success in having finished such a mighty exploit with so little danger, and reduced to their pristine form the faces of those venerable duennas who had disappeared, he went towards the place where the duke and duchess still lay intranced, and pulling his grace by the arm, 'Courage! courage, my noble lord!' said he; 'all is 'over now; the adventure is finished, 'without damage to the barrier, as will 'plainly appear by the inscription of 'yonder scroll.'

The duke seemed to recover gradually, like one waking from a profound sleep; his example was followed by the duchess, and all the rest who lay along the garden; and they exhibited such marks of fear and astonishment, that even almost to themselves, that seemed to have happened in earnest which they had so well acted in jest. The duke having read the inscription with his eyes half shut, ran with open arms to embrace Don Quixote, calling him the most worthy knight that any age had ever produced: while Sancho went looking about for the afflicted matron, to see if her beard was quite gone, and whether her face, without hair, was as beautiful as her gallant deportment seemed to promise. But he was told, that as Clavileno descended in a flame from the sky, the whole squadron of duennas, with Trifaldi at their head, had vanished, and their faces smack-smooth as if they had been clean shaven.

Then the duchess asking, how it had fared with Sancho in his long journey, the squire replied, 'As for me, my lady, 'I perceived, as my master told me, that 'we flew threw the region of fire, and 'I felt a strong inclination to have a 'peep; but my master would not consent, 'when I begged his permission to uncover my eyes; nevertheless, I, who have 'a sort of a chip of curiosity, and an 'eager desire to know what I am forbid 'to enquire about, fairly, and softly, without being perceived by any living soul, 'pulled down upon my nose the handkerchief that covered my eyes, and by

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'these means had a glimpse of the earth, 'which is men no bigger than a grain 'of mustard, and the men that walked 'upon it almost as little as hazle nuts; 'so you may guess how high we must 'have soared by that time.'

To this asseveration the duchess answered, 'Have a care, friend Sancho; 'from what you say, it appears that it 'could not be the earth, but the men 'walking upon it, whom you saw: for 'if the earth appeared like a grain of 'mustard, and every man as big as a 'nut, it clearly follows, that one man 'must have covered the whole earth.'— 'Very true,' said Sancho; 'but, for all 'that, I had a side-view, by which I 'discovered the whole globe.'—'Take 'notice, Sancho,' resumed the duchess, 'it is impossible to see the whole of any 'thing by a side-view.'—'I know no- 'thing of views,' replied the squire; 'this only I know, your ladyship ought 'to consider, that as we flew by inchant- 'ment, so might I, by inchantment, see 'the whole earth, and all the men upon 'it, in any sort of view whatsoever: and 'if your ladyship will not believe me in 'that, no more will you believe me when 'I tell you, that pushing up the hand- 'kerchief towards my eye-brows, I 'found myself within a hand's breadth 'and a half of heaven, which I'll assure 'your ladyship upon oath is very huge; 'and it came to pass, that our road lay 'close to the seven nanny-goats*: now, 'I having been a goatherd in my youth, 'before God and my conscience! I no 'sooner set eyes on them, than I was 'seized with the inclination to divert my- 'self a little with the pretty creatures, 'and if I had not done it, I believe I 'should have burst for vexation. Come 'on then, what does me I? but, with- 'out saying a word to any living soul, 'not even to my master, fairly and softly 'slide down from Clavileno, and sport 'with the nannies, which are like vio- 'lets and lilies, for the space of three 'quarters of an hour, and all that time 'the horse did not budge a step from 'the place.'

'And while honest Sancho diverted 'himself with the goats,' said the duke, 'how was Signior Don Quixote enter- 'tained?' To this interrogation the knight replied, 'As all these adventures 'and incidents are out of the ordinary 'course of nature, we are not to wonder 'at what Sancho has told; for my own 'part, I can safely affirm, that I neither 'shoved up nor pulled down the ban- 'dage, nor did see either heaven, or 'earth, or sea, or land. True it is, I 'perceived we passed through the re- 'gion of the air, and even bordered 'upon the region of fire, but that we 'travelled beyond it I cannot believe; 'for the fiery region being between the 'sphere of the moon and the utmost re- 'gion of the air, we could not reach 'that firmament in which are placed the 'seven nannies, as Sancho calls them, 'without being scorched to death; and 'seeing we are not scorched, either San- 'cho lyes, or Sancho dreams.'—'I nei- 'ther lye nor dream,' cried the squire; 'let them ask the marks of the nanny- 'goats, and by my answers you will per- 'ceive whether or not I speak truth.'— 'Describe them, then, Sancho,' said the duchess. 'Two of them,' replied San- 'cho, 'are green, two carnation, two 'blue, and one motley.'—'This is a 'new breed,' said the duke; 'in our re- 'gion of earth there are no such colours; 'I mean, among the nanny-goats.'— 'That is very plain,' replied the squire; 'there must be some difference between 'the goats of heaven and those upon 'earth.'—'Pray, tell me, Sancho,' said his grace, 'didst thou see never a be- 'goat among those females †?'—'No, 'my lord,' answered the squire; 'I have 'been told none of those pass beyond 'the horns of the moon.'

They did not chuse to interrogate him farther about his journey; for they concluded that Sancho was in a fair way to travel through all the heavens above, and tell the news of each, though he had never stirred from the garden.

Finally, thus ended the adventure of the afflicted duenna, which afforded a fund for laughter to the duke and duchess, not only at that time, but during the whole course of their lives; as well as matter for Sancho to relate, had he lived whole centuries.

Don Quixote coming to the squire, whispered in his ear, 'Hark ye, San- 'cho; since you would have us be-

* In Spain, the Pleiades are vulgarly called *cabrillas*, i. e. nanny-goats.

† There is a kind of pleasantry in this question of the duke, which cannot be translated; for the Spanish word, *cabron*, signifies a cuckold, as well as an he-goat.

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'lieve what you say, touching the things 'you saw in heaven, I desire the like 'credit from you with regard to those 'things I saw in the cave of Montesi-'nos: that's all.'

CHAP. X.

CONTAINING DON QUIXOTE'S INSTRUCTIONS TO SANCHO PANZA, BEFORE HE SET OUT FOR HIS GOVERNMENT—WITH OTHER WELL WEIGHED INCIDENTS.

THE duke and duchess were so well pleased with the diverting and happy success of the adventure of the afflicted duenna, that they resolved to proceed with the jest, seeing what a proper subject they had to make it pass for earnest. Having, therefore, communicated their scheme and instructions to their servants and vassals, touching their behaviour to Sancho in his government of the promised island; on the day succeeding the flight of Clavileno, the duke desired him to prepare and make himself ready to set out for his government, as the islanders already longed for him as much as for May showers.

Sancho, having made his obeisance, 'Since my descent from heaven,' said he, 'and since from it's lofty summit I 'have viewed the earth, and found it of 'such small extent, my desire of being 'a governor is much moderated; for 'what grandeur can there be in reign-'ing over a grain of mustard-seed? or 'what dignity and empire in governing 'half a dozen of mortals no bigger than 'filberts? for the whole earth seemed to 'contain nothing more. If your lord-'ship would be pleased to bestow upon 'me a small trifling space in heaven, 'though it should not be above half a 'league, I would more gladly receive 'it than the best island in the world.'—'You must consider, friend Sancho,' replied the duke, 'that I have it not in 'my power to give away any part of 'heaven; no, not a nail's breadth, these 'favours and benefits are in the gift of 'God alone. What is in my power, I 'freely give you; namely, a good island, 'right and tight, round and well-pro-'portioned, above measure fertile, and 'so abounding with all good things, 'that if you mind your hits, you may 'with the riches of earth purchase the 'opulence of heaven.'—'Well, then,' cried Sancho, 'let this island be forth-'coming, and I will struggle hard, but I 'shall be such a governor that in spite 'of knaves, I may go to heaven; and 'take notice, it is not from avarice that 'I desire to quit my cottage, and raise 'myself to a footing with my betters; 'but solely to taste and try what it is to 'be a governor.'—'Nay, if once you 'taste it,' said the duke, 'you will be 'ready to eat your fingers after the go-'vernment; for nothing is so delicious 'as to command and be obeyed; certain 'I am, that when your master shall 'come to be an emperor, as will doubt-'less be the case, considering the cur-'rent of his affairs, it will not be in the 'power of any person upon earth to tear 'it from him, and he will sorely grieve, 'and heartily rue the time he has lost 'before his advancement to such an im-'perial station.'—'Indeed, my lord,' replied Sancho, 'I imagine it must be a 'very pleasant thing to govern, even 'though it should be but a flock of sheep.'—'May I be buried with you, Sancho, 'but you know every thing!' answered the duke; 'I hope you will turn out such 'a governor as your judgment and sa-'gacity seem to promise: but here let 'that matter rest; and take notice, that 'to morrow morning you must set out 'for the government of the island; and 'this evening you shall be accommo-'dated with a convenient dress, and all 'other necessaries for your departure.'—'They may dress me as they will,' said the squire; 'but, be that as it may, I 'shall still be Sancho Panza.'—'True,' replied the duke; 'but the garb ought 'always to be suited to the dignity and 'function of the profession; for it would 'be a great impropriety in a lawyer to 'appear in the dress of a soldier, or in a 'soldier to wear canonicals; you, San-'cho must wear an habit that shall partly 'bespeak the gown, and partly the 'sword; for in the island which I have 'bestowed upon you, letters and arms 'are both necessary.'—'As for letters,' answered Sancho, 'I am but indiffe-'rently stored, as I am even ignorant of 'the a, b, c; but, provided I remember 'my Christ-cross, I shall be sufficiently 'qualified for a good governor. With 'regard to arms, I shall use those that 'may be put into my hand, until I can

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'ſtand no longer, and God be my ſhield!' —'With ſuch an excellent memory,' ſaid the duke, 'Sancho can never fall 'into the leaſt miſtake.'

Here they were joined by Don Quixote, who underſtanding the ſubject of their converſation, and the ſhort ſpace allotted to Sancho to prepare for his departure, took the ſquire by the hand, with the duke's permiſſion, and led him to his apartment, in order to inſtruct him how to behave in his office. Having entered the chamber, he locked the door, and obliging Sancho to ſit down by him, ſpoke to this effect, in a grave and ſolemn tone.

'I return infinite thanks to Heaven, 'friend Sancho, for having ordained, 'that, before I myſelf have met with the 'leaſt ſucceſs, good fortune hath gone 'forth to bid thee welcome. I, who 'had balanced the remuneration of thy 'ſervice in my own proſperity, find myſelf in the very rudiments of promotion; while thou, before thy time, and 'contrary to all the laws of reaſonable 'progreſſion, findeſt thy deſire accompliſhed. Other people bribe, ſolicit, importune, attend levees, intreat, and 'perſevere, without obtaining their ſuit; 'and another comes, who, without 'knowing why or wherefore, finds himſelf in poſſeſſion of that office to which 'ſo many people laid claim; and here 'the old ſaying is aptly introduced, A 'pound of good luck is worth a ton of 'merit. Thou, who in compariſon to 'me, art doubtleſs an ignorant dunce, 'without riſing early, or ſitting up late, 'or, indeed, exerting the leaſt induſtry; 'without any pretenſion more or leſs, 'than that of being breathed upon by 'knight-errantry, ſeeſt thyſelf created 'governor of an iſland, as if it was a 'matter of moonſhine. All this I obſerve, O Sancho, that thou mayeſt not 'attribute thy ſucceſs to thy own deſerts; but give thanks to Heaven for 'having diſpoſed matters ſo beneficially 'in thy behalf, and then make thy acknowledgments to that grandeur which 'centers in the profeſſion of knight-errantry. Thy heart being thus prediſpoſed to believe what I have ſaid, 'be attentive, O my ſon, to me, who am 'thy Cato, thy counſellor, thy north 'pole, and guide, to conduct thee into a 'ſecure harbour, from the tempeſtuous 'ſea into which thou art going to be 'engulphed; for great poſts, and offices 'of ſtate, are no other than a profound 'gulph of confuſion.

'In the firſt place, O my ſon, you 'are to fear God: the fear of God is 'the beginning of wiſdom; and if you 'are wiſe you cannot err.

'Secondly, you muſt always remember who you are, and endeavour to 'know yourſelf; a ſtudy of all others 'the moſt difficult. This ſelf knowledge will hinder you from blowing 'yourſelf up like a frog, in order to rival the ſize of an ox; if, therefore, you 'ſucceed in this learning, the conſideration of thy having been a ſwineherd, will, like the peacock's ugly 'feet, be a check upon thy folly and 'pride.'—'I own, I once kept hogs, 'when I was a boy,' ſaid Sancho; 'but 'after I grew up, I quitted that employment, and took care of geeſe; but 'I apprehend that matter is not of great 'conſequence, for all governors are not 'deſcended from the kingly race.'—'No, ſure,' anſwered the knight; 'and, 'for that reaſon, thoſe who are not of 'noble extraction, ought to ſweeten the 'gravity of their function with mildneſs 'and affability; which, being prudently 'conducted, will ſcreen them from thoſe 'malicious murmurs that no ſtation can 'eſcape. Rejoice, Sancho, in the lowneſs of your pedigree, and make no 'ſcruple of owning yourſelf deſcended 'from peaſants; for nobody will endeavour to make you bluſh for that of 'which they ſee you are not aſhamed; 'and value yourſelf more upon being a virtuous man of low degree, 'than upon being a proud ſinner of 'noble birth. Innumerable are thoſe, 'who, from an humble ſtock, have 'riſen to the pontifical and imperatorial dignity; a truth which I could 'prove by ſo many examples, that 'you would not have patience to hear 'them.

'Take notice, Sancho, if you chuſe 'virtue for your medium, and pique 'yourſelf upon performing worthy actions, you will have no cauſe to envy 'noblemen and princes; for blood is 'hereditary, but virtue is acquired; 'conſequently, this laſt has an intrinſick value, which the other does not 'poſſeſs.

'This being the caſe, as undoubtedly 'it is, if peradventure any one of your 'relations

'relations should come to visit you in 'your island, you must not discounte-'nance and affront him; but, on the con-'trary, let him be kindly received and 'entertained; and, in so doing, you will 'act conformably to the will of Heaven, 'which is displeased at seeing it's own 'handy work despised; and perform 'your duty to the well-concerted rights 'of nature.

'If you send for your wife, (and, in-'deed, those who are concerned in go-'verning ought not to be long without 'their helpmates) take pains in teaching, 'improving, and civilizing her; for all 'that a sagacious governor can acquire, 'is very often lost and squandered by a 'foolish rustick wife.

'If, perchance, you should become a 'widower, a circumstance that may pos-'sibly happen) and have it in your pow-'er to make a more advantageous match, 'you must not chuse such a yoke-fellow 'as will serve for an angling-hook, 'fishing-rod, or equivocating hood*; 'for verily I say unto thee, all that a 'judge's wife receives must be account-'ed for at the general clearance, by the 'husband, who will repay fourfold af-'ter death what he made no reckoning 'of during life.

'Never conduct yourself by the law 'of your own arbitrary opinion, which 'is generally the case with those igno-'rant people who presume upon their 'own self-sufficiency.

'Let the tears of the poor find more 'compassion in thy breast, though not 'more justice, than the informations of 'the rich.

'Endeavour to investigate the truth 'from among the promises and presents 'of the opulent, as well as from the sighs 'and importunities of the needy.

'When equity can, and ought to 'take place, inflict not the whole ri-'gour of the law upon the delinquent; 'for severity is not more respected than 'compassion, in the character of a 'judge.

'If ever you suffer the rod of justice 'to be bent a little, let it not be warped 'by the weight of corruption, but the 'bowels of mercy.

'If ever you should have an opportu-'nity to judge the process of your ene-'my, recal the attention from the injury 'you have received, and fix it wholly 'upon the truth of the case.

'In another man's cause, be not blind-'ed by private affection; for the errors 'thus committed are generally incur-'able; or, if they admit of remedy, it 'will be greatly at the expence of your 'fortune and credit.

'If a beautiful woman should come 'to demand justice, withdraw your eyes 'from her tears, and your hearing from 'her sighs, and deliberate at a distance 'upon the substance of her demand, 'unless you have a mind that your rea-'son should be overwhelmed by her 'complaint, and your virtue buried in 'her sighs.

'Abuse not him in word whom you 'are resolved to chastise in deed; for to 'such a wretch, the pain of the punish-'ment will be sufficient, without the 'addition of reproach.

'In judging the delinquents who 'shall fall under your jurisdiction, con-'sider the miserable object man, sub-'ject to the infirmities of our depraved 'nature; and, as much as lies in your 'power, without injury to the contrary 'party, display your clemency and 'compassion; for although all the at-'tributes of God are equally excellent, 'that of mercy has a better effect in our 'eye, and strikes with greater lustre than 'justice.

'If you observe and conduct your-'self by these rules and precepts, San-'cho, your days will be long upon the 'face of the earth; your fame will be 'eternal, your reward compleat, and 'your felicity unutterable; your chil-'dren will be married according to your 'wish; they and their descendants will 'enjoy titles; you shall live in peace 'and friendship with all mankind: when 'your course of life is run, death will 'overtake you in an happy and mature 'old age, and your eyes will be shut by 'the tender and delicate hands of your 'posterity, in the third or fourth gene-'ration.

'The remarks I have hitherto made, 'are documents touching the decoration 'of your soul; and now you will listen 'to those that regard the ornaments of 'the body.'

* The phrase, *No quiero de tu capilla*, alludes to the practice of friars, who, when charity is offered, hold out their hoods to receive it, while they pronounce a refusal with their tongues.

CHAP. XI.

OF THE SECOND SERIES OF INSTRUCTIONS WHICH DON QUIXOTE GAVE TO SANCHO PANZA.

WHO that had heard this diſcourſe of Don Quixote, would not have taken him for a perſon of ſound judgment, and excellent diſpoſition? but, as we have oftentimes obſerved, in the progreſs of this ſublime hiſtory, his madneſs never appeared except when the ſtring of chivalry was touched; and on all other ſubjects of converſation, he diſplayed a clear and ready underſtanding; ſo that every minute his works diſcredit his judgment, and his judgment his works. But, in this ſecond ſet of inſtructions communicated to Sancho, he diſcovered great ingenuity, and raiſed his madneſs and diſcretion to a moſt elevated pitch.

Sancho liſtened with the utmoſt attention, and endeavoured to retain his advice, like a man who deſired to preſerve it, as the infallible means to promote the happy birth of that government with which he was ſo far gone. Don Quixote then proceeded in theſe terms.

'With reſpect to the government of 'your perſon and family, Sancho: in 'the firſt place, I charge you to be clean-'ly, and pare your nails; and do not let 'them grow, like ſome people whoſe ig-'norance teaches them that long nails 'beautify the hand, as if that addi-'tional excrement which they neglect 'to cut, were really and truly the nail; 'whereas, it more nearly reſembles the 'talons of a lizard-hunting wind-whif-'fer, and is a moſt beaſtly and extraor-'dinary abuſe.

'You muſt never appear looſe and unbuttoned; for a ſlovenly dreſs denotes a diſorderly mind; unleſs that looſe-neſs and negligence be the effect of 'cunning, as we ſuppoſe to have been 'the caſe with Julius Cæſar.

'Examine ſagaciouſly the profits of 'your place, and if they will afford li-'very to your ſervants, let it be rather 'decent and ſubſtantial, than gay and 'tawdry; and be ſure to divide it between your ſervants and the poor. For 'example, if you can clothe ſix pages, 'put three in livery, and clothe as many 'poor boys; and then you will have 'pages for Heaven as well as earth: 'now, this is a method of giving livery, 'which the vain-glorious could never 'conceive.

'Abſtain from eating garlick and 'onions, leſt your breath ſhould diſco-'ver your ruſticity.

'Walk leiſurely, ſpeak diſtinctly, but 'not ſo as to ſeem delighted with your 'own diſcourſe; for all affectation is 'diſagreeable.

'Dine ſparingly, and eat very little 'at ſupper; for the health of the whole 'body depends upon the operation of the 'ſtomach.

'Be temperate in drinking; and conſider, that exceſs of wine will neither 'keep a ſecret nor perform a promiſe.

'Beware, Sancho, of chewing on both 'ſides of your mouth, as well as eructing 'before company.'—'I do not under-'ſtand what you mean by eructing,' ſaid the ſquire. 'By eructing,' anſwered the knight, 'I mean belching; which 'though one of the moſt expreſſive, is 'at the ſame time one of the moſt vulgar 'terms of our language; therefore, peo-'ple of taſte have had recourſe to the 'Latin tongue, ſaying "To eruct," inſtead of "To belch," and ſubſtituting 'eructations in the room of belchings: 'and though ſome people may not underſtand theſe terms, it is of ſmall importance; for time and uſe will introduce and render them intelligible; and 'this is what we call enriching the lan-'guage, over which the practice of the 'vulgar has great influence.'—'Truly, 'Signior,' ſaid Sancho, 'one of the advices and good counſels which I intend 'to remember, muſt be that of not belching; for it is a fault of which I am very 'often guilty.'—'Eructing, Sancho, 'and not belching,' replied Don Quixote. 'Eructing it ſhall be henceforward,' anſwered the ſquire; 'and I will take care 'that it ſhall not be forgotten.'

'Moreover, Sancho, you muſt not intermingle ſo many proverbs with your 'diſcourſe; for, although proverbs are 'ſhort ſentences, you very often bring 'them in by the head and ſhoulders, ſo 'prepoſterouſly, that they look more like 'the ravings of diſtraction than well-choſen apothegms.'

'That defect God himſelf muſt remedy,' ſaid Sancho; 'for I have more 'proverbs by heart, than would be 'ſufficient

'sufficient to fill a large book; and, when 'I speak, they crowd together in such a 'manner, as to quarrel for utterance; 'so that my tongue discharges them just 'as they happen to be in the way, whe-'ther they are or are not to the purpose: 'but I will take care henceforward, to 'throw out those that may be suitable to 'the gravity of my office; for, Where 'there's plenty of meat, the supper will 'soon be compleat. He that shuffles 'does not cut. A good hand makes a 'short game; and, It requires a good 'brain, to know when to give and re-'tain.'—'Courage, Sancho,' cried Don Quixote, 'squeeze, tack, and string 'your proverbs together, here are none 'to oppose you. My mother whips me, 'and I whip the top. Here am I ex-'horting thee to suppress thy proverbs, 'and in an instant thou hast spewed forth 'a whole litany of them, which are as 'foreign from the subject as an old bal-'lad. Remember, Sancho, I do not 'say that a proverb, properly applied, is 'amiss; but to throw in, and string to-'gether, old saws, helter-skelter, ren-'ders conversation altogether mean and 'despicable.

'When you appear on horseback, do 'not lean backwards over the saddle, 'nor stretch out your legs stiffly from the 'horse's belly, nor let them hang dang-'ling in a slovenly manner, as if you was 'upon the back of Dapple; for some 'ride like jockies, and some like gen-'tlemen.

'Be very moderate in sleeping; for 'he who does not rise with the sun, can-'not enjoy the day; and observe, O 'Sancho! Industry is the mother of pro-'sperity; and Laziness, her opposite, ne-'ver saw the accomplishment of a good 'wish.

'The last advice which I shall now give 'thee, although it does not relate to the 'ornament of the body, I desire thou wilt 'carefully remember; for, in my opi-'nion, it will be of as much service to 'thee, as any I have hitherto mention-'ed; and this it is: Never engage in a 'dispute upon pedigree, at least, never 'compare one with another; for in all 'comparisons, one must of consequence 'be preferred to the other; and he whom 'you have abased will abhor you; nor 'will you ever reap the least return from 'him whom you have extolled.

'Your garb shall consist of breeches 'and stockings; a full waistcoat, with 'skirts and hanging sleeves, and a loose 'coat; but never think of wearing trunk 'hose, which neither become gentlemen 'nor governors.

'This is all that occurs to me at pre-'sent, in the way of advice; but, in pro-'cess of time, my instructions shall be 'proportioned to thy occasions, provided 'thou wilt take care to communicate, 'from time to time, the nature of thy 'situation.'

'Signior,' said Sancho, 'I plainly per-'ceive that all the advices you have giv-'en me, are sound and good, and pro-'fitable; but of what signification will 'they be, if I forget them all? Indeed, 'as for the matter of not letting my 'nails grow, or marrying another wife, 'in case I should have an opportunity, 'it will not easily slip out of my brain; 'but as to those other gallimawfries, 'quirks, and quiddities, I neither do re-'tain them, nor shall I ever retain more 'of them than of last year's rain; and 'therefore, it will be necessary to let me 'have them in writing; for, though I 'myself can neither read nor write, I 'will give them to my confessor, that he 'may repeat and beat them into my 'noddle, as there shall be occasion.'

'Ah, sinner that I am!' exclaimed Don Quixote, 'what a scandal it is for 'governors to be so ignorant, that they 'can neither read nor write! Thou must 'know, Sancho, that for a man to be 'totally devoid of letters, or left-hand-'ed, argues either that he was descended 'from the very lowest and meanest of peo-'ple, or that he was so wicked and stub-'born, that good example and judicious 'precept have had no effect upon his 'mind or understanding. This is a 'great defect in thy character, and I 'wish thou wouldst learn, if possible, to 'write thy name.'—'I can sign my 'name very well,' answered Sancho; 'for, during my stewardship of the bro-'therhood, I learned to make such let-'ters as are ruddled into packs, and 'those they tell me stood for my name; 'besides, I can feign myself lame of my 'right-hand, and keep a secretary to 'sign in my room; so that there is a re-'medy for every thing but death. And 'I having the cudgel in my hand, will 'make them do as I command; for he

'whose father is mayor—you know—
'and I shall be a governor, which is still
'better——Let them come and see, but
'not throw their squibs or slanders at
'me: otherwise they may come for
'wool and go home shorn. The house
'itself will tell, if God loves it's master
'well. A rich man's folly is wisdom
'in the world's eye: now, I being rich
'as being governor, and liberal withal,
'as I intend to be, nobody will spy my
'defects. Make yourself honey, and a
'clown will have flies. You are worth
'as much as you have, said my gran-
'nam; and, Might overcomes right.'

'O! God's curse light on thee,' cried Don Quixote: 'threescore thousand de-
'vils fly away with thee and thy pro-
'verbs! A full hour hast thou been
'stringing them together, and every one
'has been like a dagger to my soul.
'Take my word for it, these proverbs
'will bring thee one day to the gallows!
'for these, thy vassals will deprive thee
'of thy government, or at least enter
'into associations against thee. Tell
'me, numscull, where didst thou find
'this heap of old saws? or how didst
'thou learn to apply them, wiseacre? It
'makes me sweat like a day-labourer,
'to utter one proverb as it ought to be
'applied.'—'Fore God, Sir master of
'mine,' replied Sancho, 'your worship
'complains of mere trifles. Why the
'devil should you be in dudgeon with
'me for making use of my own? I have
'no other fortune or stock, but proverbs
'upon proverbs; and now there are no
'less than four at my tongue's end, that
'come as pat to the purpose as pears in
'a basket; but, for all that, they shall
'not come forth; for, sagacious silence
'is Sancho.*'—'That thou art not,
'Sancho,' said the knight; 'far from
'being sagaciously silent, thou art an
'obstinate and eternal babbler. Ne-
'vertheless, I would fain hear those four
'proverbs that are so pat to the purpose;
'for I have been rummaging my whole
'memory, which I take to be a good
'one, and not a proverb occurs to my
'recollection.'—'What can be better
'than these?' replied the squire: 'Ne-
'ver thrust your thumb between another
'man's grinders; and to, Get out of
'my house! what would you with my
'wife? there is no reply: Whether the
'stone goes to the pitcher, or the pitcher
'to the stone, 'ware pitcher. Now all
'these fit to a hair. Let no man meddle
'with a governor or his substitute; other-
'wise he will suffer, as if he had thrust
'his finger between two grinders; and
'even if they should not be grinders, if
'they are teeth, it makes little difference:
'then, to what a governor says, there is
'no reply to be made, no more than to,
'Get out of my house! what would you
'with my wife? and as to the stone and
'the pitcher, a blind man may see the
'meaning of it: Wherefore, let him
'who spies a mote in his neighbour's
'eye, look first to the beam in his own,
'that people may not say of him, The
'dead mare was frighted at the flay'd
'mule; and your worship is very sen-
'sible that a fool knows more in his own
'house than a wise man in that of his
'neighbour.'—'There, Sancho, you
'are mistaken,' answered Don Quixote;
'a fool knows nothing either in his own
'or his neighbour's house; because no
'edifice of understanding can be raised
'upon the foundation of folly. But
'here let the subject rest: if thou should-
'est misbehave in thy government, thine
'will be the fault and mine the shame:
'I console myself, however, in reflect-
'ing that I have done my duty in giv-
'ing thee advice, with all the earnestness
'and discretion in my power; so that I
'have acquitted myself in point of pro-
'mise and obligation. God conduct
'thee, Sancho, and govern thee in thy
'government, and deliver me from an
'apprehension I have, that thou wilt turn
'the island topsy turvy; a misfortune
'which I might prevent, by discovering
'to the duke what thou art, and telling
'him all that paunch and corpulency of
'thine is no other than a bag full of pro-
'verbs and impertinence.'

'Signior,' replied Sancho, 'if your
'worship really thinks I am not qua-
'lified for that government, I re-
'nounce it from henceforward for ever.
'Amen. I have a greater regard for a
'nail's breadth of my soul, than my
'whole body; and I can subsist as
'bare Sancho, upon a crust of bread
'and an onion, as well as governor on
'capons and partridges; for, While we

* Instead of *saintly*.

'sleep,

'sleep, great and small, rich and poor, 'are equal all. If your worſhip will 'conſider, your worſhip will find, that 'you yourſelf put this ſcheme of go- 'vernment into my head; as for my 'own part, I know no more of the mat- 'ter than a buſtard; and if you think 'the governorſhip will be the means of 'my going to the devil, I would much 'rather go as ſimple Sancho to Heaven, 'than as a governor to hell fire.'

'Before God!' cried the knight, 'from theſe laſt reflections thou haſt 'uttered, I pronounce thee worthy to 'govern a thouſand iſlands. Thou 'haſt an excellent natural diſpoſition, 'without which all ſcience is naught: 'recommend thyſelf to God, and en- 'deavour to avoid errors in the firſt in- 'tention; I mean, let thy intention and 'unſhaken purpoſe be, to deal righ- 'teouſly in all thy tranſactions; for 'Heaven always favours the upright 'deſign. And now let us go in to 'dinner; for I believe their graces wait 'for us.'

CHAP. XII.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE MANNER IN WHICH SANCHO WAS CONDUCTED TO THE GOVERNMENT, AND A STRANGE ADVENTURE THAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE IN THE CASTLE.

THE original of the hiſtory, it is ſaid, relates that the interpreter did not tranſlate this chapter as it had been written by Cid Hamet Benengeli, who bewails his fate in having undertaken ſuch a dry and confined hiſtory as that of Don Quixote; which obliged him to treat of nothing but the knight and his ſquire, without daring to launch out into other more grave and entertaining epiſodes and digreſſions. He complained, that to be thus reſtricted in his hand, his pen, and his invention, to one ſubject only, ſo as to be obliged to ſpeak through the mouths of a few perſons, was an inſupportable toil, that produced no fruit to the advantage of the author; and that in order to avoid this inconvenience, he had in the firſt part uſed the artifice of ſome novels, ſuch as the Impertinent Curioſity, and the Captive, which were detached from the hiſtory, although many particulars there recounted are really incidents which happened to Don Quixote; and, therefore, could not be ſuppreſſed. It was likewiſe his opinion, as he obſerves, that many readers being wholly engroſſed with the exploits of Don Quixote, would not beſtow attention upon novels, but paſs them over either with negligence or diſguſt, without adverting to the ſpirit and artifice they contain: a truth which would plainly appear, were they to be publiſhed by themſelves, independent of the madneſs of Don Quixote, and the ſimplicities of Sancho. He would not therefore inſert in the ſecond part any novels, whether detached or attached; but only a few epiſodes that ſeem to ſpring from thoſe very incidents which truth repreſents; and even theſe, as brief and conciſe as they could poſſibly be related: and ſince he includes and confines himſelf within the narrow limits of narration, though his abilities and underſtanding are ſufficient to treat the whole univerſe, he hopes that his work will not be depreciated; and begs he may receive due praiſe, not for what he has written, but for what he has left unwrit. Then the hiſtory proceeds in this manner.

In the evening that ſucceeded the afternoon on which the knight admoniſhed his ſquire, he gave him his admonitions in writing, that he might find ſome perſon to read them occaſionally; but, ſcarce had Sancho received, than he dropped them by accident, and they fell into the hands of the duke, who communicated the paper to the ducheſs, and both admired anew the madneſs and ingenuity of Don Quixote. Reſolving to proſecute the jeſt, they, that very evening, diſmiſſed Sancho with a large retinue to the place, which he ſuppoſed to be an iſland; the execution of the whole ſcheme being left to the ſagacity of the duke's ſteward, who was a perſon of great humour and diſcretion; for without diſcretion there can be no humour. He it was who acted the part of the Counteſs Trifaldi, with that pleaſantry above related. Thus qualified, and in conſequence of the inſtructions he received from their graces touching his behaviour to Sancho, he had performed his part to admiration.

It

It happened, then, that Sancho no sooner beheld the said steward, than he traced in his countenance the very features of Trifaldi; and turning to his master, 'Signior,' said he, 'the devil may fly 'away with me from this spot where I 'stand, as an honest man, and a be-'liever, if your worship will not con-'fess that the face of the duke's stew-'ard here present, is the very same with 'that of the afflicted duenna!' Don Quixote, having attentively considered the steward's countenance, replied, 'There is no occasion for the devil's 'running away with thee, Sancho, 'either as an honest man or a believer; '(indeed, I cannot guess thy meaning) 'for, sure enough, this steward's face 'is the very same with that of the af-'flicted duenna; but, nevertheless, the 'steward and the duenna cannot possi-'bly be the same person: that would 'imply a downright contradiction, and 'this is no time to set on foot such en-'quiries, which would entangle us in 'the maze of inextricable labyrinths. 'Believe me, friend, we ought to be-'seech the Lord very earnestly to de-'liver us from those two evils of wick-'ed wizzards, and vile inchanters.'—'But this is no joke,' answered Sancho; 'for I heard him speak a little 'while ago, and methought the very 'voice of Trifaldi sounded in mine 'ears. At present, however, I will 'hold my tongue; but, nevertheless, I 'will keep a strict eye over him from 'henceforward, in order to discover 'some other mark either to destroy or 'confirm my suspicion.'—'Do so, San-'cho,' said Don Quixote; 'and be sure 'to send me notice of the discoveries 'thou shalt make in this particular, as 'well as of every thing that shall hap-'pen to thee in the course of thine ad-'ministration.'

At length Sancho departed with a numerous attendance; he was dressed like a gownman, with a long cloak of murrey-coloured camblet, and a cap of the same stuff: he rode upon a mule, with short stirrups; and was followed by Dapple, who, by the duke's express order, was adorned with rich trappings of flaming silk; so that the governor from time to time turned about his head to contemplate the finery of his ass, with whose company he was so well content, that he would not have exchanged it for that of the German emperor.

At parting, he kissed the hands of the duke and duchess; and asked the benediction of his master, which was given with tears, and received with a whimper.

Courteous reader, suffer honest Sancho to depart in peace and happy time, and lay thy account with two bushels of laughter, which will proceed from thy knowing how he behaved himself in office; and in the mean time, attend to what befel his master this very night; an incident which, if it cannot excite thy laughter, will, at least, induce thee to grin like a monkey; for the adventures of Don Quixote must be celebrated, either with mirth or admiration.

It is related, then, that Sancho was no sooner gone than his master became solitary; and had it been possible, would have revoked the commission, and deprived him of his government; but the duchess being apprized of his melancholy, desired to know the cause, observing, that if it proceeded from Sancho's absence, there was plenty of squires, duennas, and damsels, in the family, who should serve him to the satisfaction of his utmost wish. 'True 'it is, my Lady Duchess,' replied Don Quixote, 'I feel the absence of San-'cho; but that is not the principal 'cause of my seeming sadness; and of 'all the generous proffers of your ex-'cellency, I chuse to accept nothing 'but the good-will with which they are 'made; for the rest, I humbly beg 'your excellency will consent, and per-'mit me to wait upon myself in my 'own apartment.'—'Truly,' said the duchess, 'that must not be; Signior 'Don Quixote shall be served by four 'of my damsels, as beautiful as roses.' —'With regard to me,' answered the knight, 'they will not be roses, but 'thorns to prick my very soul; and, 'therefore, I will as soon fly as per-'mit them, or any thing like them, to 'enter my chamber. If your grace 'would continue to bestow your fa-'vours, which, I own, I do not de-'serve, suffer me to be private, and 'make use of my own doors, that I 'may raise a wall between my passions 'and my chastity; a custom which I 'would not forego for all the liberality 'which your highness is pleased to dis-'play in my behalf; and, in a word, I 'will rather sleep in my cloaths than 'consent to be undressed by any person 'what-

'whatsoever.'—'Enough, enough, 'Signior Don Quixote,' answered her grace; 'you may depend upon it, I 'shall give such orders, that not even 'a fly, much less a damsel, shall enter 'your apartment; I am not a person to 'discompose the decency of Signior Don 'Quixote, among whose virtues, I 'perceive, that of decorum shines with 'superior lustre. Your worship may 'dress and undress yourself alone, after 'your own fashion, when and how you 'please, without lett or impediment; 'for in your chamber you will find 'every utensil suited to those who sleep 'under lock and key, without being 'obliged to open upon any necessary 'occasion. Long live the great Dulcinea del Toboso, and may her fame 'be extended around the whole circumference of the earth, seeing she 'is worthy to be beloved by a knight 'of such valour and chastity; and may propitious Heaven infuse into the 'heart of Sancho Panza, our governor, a promptitude to finish his flagellation, that the world may soon re-'enjoy the beauty of such an excellent 'lady!' To this compliment the knight replied, 'Your highness hath spoken 'like yourself; for from the mouths of 'such benevolent ladies nothing evil 'can proceed; and Dulcinea will be 'more fortunate, and more renowned 'through the world, by your grace's 'approbation, than by all the applause 'of the greatest orators upon earth.'

'Well then, Signior Don Quixote,' answered the duchess, 'it is now supper-time, and the duke probably stays 'for us; let us go and sup, therefore, 'that you may be a-bed betimes; for 'your journey to Candaya was not so 'short, but that it must have fatigued 'your worship in some measure.'—'Madam,' replied Don Quixote, 'I feel 'no sort of weariness; and I swear to 'your excellency, that in my life I 'never crossed a better or easier going 'steed than Clavileno; nor can I conceive what should induce Malambruno to deprive himself of such a light 'and gentle carriage, by burning it 'without scruple or hesitation.'—'As 'to that particular,' said the duchess, 'we may suppose, that repenting of the 'injury he had done to the countess and 'her company, as well as to other 'people, and being sorry for the mischief he must certainly have produced 'as a wizzard and inchanter, he resolved to destroy all the instruments of his 'art; as the principal of these, which 'gave him the greatest uneasiness, because it has transported him from 'place to place in his operations, he 'burned Clavelino, that by means of 'his ashes, and the trophy of the parchment, the valour of Don Quixote 'might be eternized.'

The knight made fresh acknowledgments of her grace's politeness, and after supper retired to his apartment, without suffering any person to accompany or minister unto his occasions; so much was he afraid of meeting with trials, which might provoke or compel him to forego the chastity and decorum which he had hitherto preserved for his mistress Dulcinea, ever schooling his imagination with the exemplary virtue of Amadis, the flower and mirrour of knight-errantry.

Having locked the door behind him, he undressed himself by the light of two wax tapers; and in the course of this occupation (O misfortune, ill decreed to such a personage!) forth broke—not a volley of sighs, or any thing else to discredit the purity of his politeness, but about two dozen of stitches in one stocking; which, being thus torn, resembled a lattice: a mishap which was the source of extreme affliction to our worthy Signior; who, on this occasion, would have given an ounce of silver for a drachm of green silk, for his stockings were of that colour.

Here Benengeli exclaims, 'O poverty, poverty! I know not what should 'induce the great Cordovan poet to 'call thee an holy unfrequented gift. 'I, though a Moor, am very sensible, 'from my correspondence with Christians, that holiness consists in charity, 'humility, faith, poverty, and obedience; yet, nevertheless, I will affirm, that he must be holy indeed, 'who can sit down content with poverty, unless we mean that kind of 'poverty to which one of the greatest 'saints alludes, when he says, "Possess "all things as not possessing them;" and 'this is called spiritual poverty. But 'thou second poverty, which is the 'cause I spoke of, why wouldst thou 'assault gentlemen of birth rather than 'any other class of people? Why dost 'thou compel them to cobble their 'shoes, and wear upon their coats one

'button

'button of silk, another of hair, and 'a third of glass? Why must their ruffs 'be generally yellow and ill starched?' (By the bye, from this circumstance we learn the antiquity of ruffs and starch*.) But, thus he proceeds: 'O wretched 'man of noble pedigree! who is obliged to administer cordials to his honour, in the midst of hunger and solitude, by playing the hypocrite with 'a toothpick, which he affects to use 'in the street, though he has eat nothing to require that act of cleanliness; wretched he! I say, whose honour is ever apt to be startled, and 'thinks that every body, at a league's 'distance, observes the patch upon his 'shoe, his greasy hat, and thread-bare 'cloak, and even the hunger that predominates in his belly!'

All these reflections occurred to Don Quixote when he tore his stockings; but he consoled himself for the misfortune, when he perceived that Sancho had left behind him a pair of travelling-boots, which he resolved to wear next day: finally, he crept into bed, where he lay pensive and melancholy, as well for the absence of Sancho, as for the irreparable misfortune of his stocking, which he would have gladly mended, even with silk of a different colour; one of the greatest marks of misery which a gentleman can exhibit in the course of his tedious poverty. After having extinguished the lights, he found the weather so hot that he could not sleep: he therefore arose again, and opened the casement of a great window that looked into a fine garden; then it was, that perceiving and hearing people walking and talking together, he began to listen attentively, while those below spoke so loud that he heard the following dialogue.

'Do not, O Emerencia, press me to 'sing; for well thou knowest, that 'from the moment this stranger entered 'the castle, and mine eyes beheld his 'merit, instead of singing, I can do 'nothing but weep; besides, my lady's 'sleep is rather slight than profound; 'and I would not for all the wealth in 'the world, that her grace should find 'us here. Moreover, suppose she 'should still sleep on, without waking, 'vain would be my song, unless it 'should awake, and attract the attention of this new Æneas, who is arrived in my territories, in order to 'leave me forlorn.'—'Let not these 'suppositions have any weight with 'you, my dear Altisidora,' replied another voice; 'the duchess is doubtless 'asleep, and every body in the house, 'except the lord of your heart, and 'watchman of your soul, who must 'certainly be awake, for I just now 'heard him open the casement in his 'apartment; sing, therefore, my disastrous friend, in a low, sweet, and 'plaintive tone, to the sound of thy 'harp; and should the duchess overhear us, we will lay the blame upon 'the heat of the weather.'—'That is 'not the cause of my hesitation, O 'Emerencia,' replied Altisidora; 'but, 'I am afraid that my song will disclose 'the situation of my heart, and I myself be censured by those who never 'felt the almighty power of Love, as a 'light and liquorish damsel; but, come 'what will, better have an hot face 'than an heavy heart.' At that instant an harp was ravishingly touched, and Don Quixote hearing the sound, was struck with amazement; for his imagination was instantly filled with an infinity of similar adventures of rails and gardens, serenades, courtships and swoonings, which he had read in his vain books of chivalry; and he concluded that some damsel of the duchess was enamoured of him, but that modesty compelled her to keep her inclinations secret. Possessed of this notion, he began to be afraid of his virtue: but he resolved, in his own mind, to hold out to the last; and, recommending himself, with all his soul and spirit, to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, determined to listen to the song. With a view, therefore, to let them know he was there, he pretended to sneeze, a circumstance which not a little pleased the damsels, who desired nothing so much as that Don Quixote should hear them. Then the harp being tuned, Altisidora, after a flourish, began the following ditty.

* Cervantes has been frequently caught napping, and here in particular: How could this be any proof of the antiquity of ruffs, when the adventure happened after the first part of Don Quixote was published? But, perhaps, this is no other than an ironical animadversion upon the trifling discoveries of antiquarians.

SONG.

SONG.

'O Thou! who now a-bed,
'In holland sheets are laid,
'And sleep'st from night till morn,
'Untouch'd by care and scorn;
'The knight of greatest worth
'La Mancha e'er brought forth;
'More chaste an hundred fold,
'Than pure Arabian gold;
'O hear an hapless maid
'By cruel love betray'd!
'The flame of thy two suns
'Hath scorch'd her to the bones!
'Thou seeking thy own foe,
'Hast found another's woe:
'Thou gav'st the wound, and sure
'Wilt not refuse the cure.
'O tell me, valiant youth,
'(So God shall prosper truth)
'Wast thou in deserts bred,
'Or among mountains fed?
'Did serpents give thee suck,
'On some bleak barren rock,
'Deep in the wild recess
'Of forest or morass?
'Dulcinea fat and fair,
'May boast her shape and air,
'That in subjection hold
'A tyger fierce and bold:
'Her fame shall live in stanza,
'From Ebro to Arlanza,
'From Tagus to Henarez,
'From Seine to Manganarez,
'Would I her place could fill,
'I'd give her for good will,
'My gayest petticoat
'With golden fringes wrought,
'How happy then should I
'In thine embraces lie!
'Or on some cushion loll,
'And scratch thy valiant poll.
'Such joys are far above
'The merits of my love;
'Let me, then, bending low,
'With rapture kiss thy toe.
'What presents would be made,
'Of sattin and brocade!
'I'd give thee shoes and socks,
'Silk hose with silver clocks;
'Of cash uncounted sums,
'And pearls as big as plums;
'So precious, each would sell
'As perfect nonpareil.
'Manchegan Nero, say,
'Dost thou, aloof, survey
'The flames that rage and smart
'Within my love-sick heart?
'A maid I vow and swear,
'Young, tender, and sincere;
'As yet I have not seen
'The borders of fifteen.
'My sides are not awry,
'Nor lame, nor blind, am I:
'My locks with ribbands bound,
'Like lilies, sweep the ground;
'My nose is flat, 'tis true,
'And eke my mouth askew;
'But teeth as topaz fine,
'Compleat my charms divine;
'My voice, as you may hear,
'Is tuneful, sweet, and clear;
'My temper soft and good,
'If rightly understood.
'These beauties all so clever,
'Are yielded to thy quiver,
'And I who tell my story,
'Am call'd Altisidory.'

Here ended the song of the hapless Altisidora; and here began the horror of the courted Don Quixote; who, fetching a heavy sigh, said within himself—'What an unfortunate errant am 'I, whom no damsel can behold without being enamoured of my person! 'and how hapless is the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, who cannot enjoy 'my incomparable constancy, without 'a rival! Queens, what would you 'have? Empresses, why do you persecute her beauty? Damsels of fifteen, 'why do you molest such virtue? Leave, 'leave, I say, that wretched lady, to 'taste, enjoy, and triumph, in the lot 'which love hath decreed her, by subduing my heart, and captivating my 'soul. Take notice, enamoured tribe, 'that to Dulcinea alone I am sugar 'paste, but flint to all the rest of her 'sex: to her I am honey; but gall 'and bitterness to such as you. In 'my eye, Dulcinea alone is beauteous, 'wise, gay, chaste, and well-born; but 'all others are homely, foolish, idle, 'and of humble birth. To be her 'slave, and her's alone, nature has 'thrown me into the world; Altisidora 'may weep or sing; and that lady may 'despair, on whose account I was pummelled in the castle of the inchanted 'Moor; Dulcinea's I am resolved to 'be, boil'd or roasted, neat, chaste, 'and well-bred, in spite of all the 'witchcraft upon earth.' So saying, he shut the casement with a flap, and retired to bed, in as much anxiety and concern as if some great misfortune had befallen him. There, then, we will leave him for the present, as we are summoned by the mighty Panza, who is impatient to begin his famous administration.

CHAP. XIII.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE MANNER IN WHICH SANCHO PANZA TOOK POSSESSION OF HIS ISLAND, AND BEGAN HIS ADMINISTRATION.

O Thou! perpetual explorer of the antipodes, torch of nature, eye of Heaven, and agreeable motive for wine-cooling jars, Thymbrius here, Phœbus there, archer in one place, physician in another, father of poetry, and inventor of musick; thou who always risest, but never settest, although thou seemest to set. Thee I invoke, O sun! by whose assistance man is by man engendered; thee I implore, that thou would'st favour and enlighten the obscurity of my genius, and enable me to write with precision an account of the great Sancho Panza's administration: for, without thy aid, I find myself lukewarm, feeble, and confused.

To begin, then: Sancho, with his whole retinue, arrived at a town containing about a thousand inhabitants, one of the best in the duke's possession; which they told Sancho was called the Island Barataria, either because the name of the place was really Barataria, or because he had very cheaply purchased the government*. When he reached the gates of the town, which was walled, the magistrates came forth to receive him, the bells were set a ringing, and the inhabitants, with expressions of universal joy, conducted him with vast pomp to the great church, in order to return thanks to Heaven for his safe arrival; then, with some ridiculous ceremonies, they delivered to him the keys of the town, and admitted him as perpetual governor of the Island Barataria.

The equipage, matted beard, corpulency, and diminutive stature of the new governor, furnished food for admiration to every body who did not know the juggle of the contrivance; aye, and even to those acquainted with the mystery, who were not a few. In fine, they carried him from the church to the town-hall, and placing him upon the bench, the duke's steward addressed himself to the governor in these words: 'It is an ancient custom in this famous 'island, my lord governor, that he who 'comes to take possession of it is obliged to answer some difficult and intricate question that shall be put to him, 'and by his response the inhabitants 'feel the pulse of their new governor's 'genius, according to which they rejoice or repine at his arrival.' While the steward pronounced this address, Sancho was contemplating a number of large letters written upon the wall that fronted his tribunal, and as he could not read, he desired to know the meaning of that painting on the wall. 'In that place, my lord,' replied the steward, 'is written and recorded, the 'day on which your excellency has 'taken possession of this island, for the 'inscription runs, On such a day and 'such a month, Signior Don San'cho Panza took possession of this 'island, and long may he enjoy the 'government thereof.'—'And whom 'do they call Don Sancho Panza?' said the governor. 'Who, but your 'excellency,' answered the steward; 'for this island never saw any other 'Panza than him who sits on that tri'bunal.'—'Take notice, then, brother,' replied Sancho, 'that Don be'longs not to me, nor did it ever be'long to any of my generation. Simple Sancho is my name; so was my 'father called, and so my grandfather; 'and they were all Panzas, without 'addition of Don or Donna; and I 'begin to imagine there are as many 'Dons as stones in this island; but no 'more of that: God knows my mean'ing; and peradventure, if my go'vernment lasts above three days, I 'shall weed out these Dons, which, 'from their swarms, must be as trou'blesome as vermin. But pray, Mr. 'Steward, proceed with your question, 'which I shall answer to the best of 'my understanding, whether the towns'men should repine or not repine.'

At that instant two men entered the hall, one in the habit of a labouring man, and the other a taylor with shears in his hand, who, approaching the bench, 'My lord governor,' said he, 'this countryman and I are come be'fore your lordship about an affair 'which I am going to explain. This

* *Barato*, signifies cheap.

'honest

'honeſt man comes yeſterday to my 'ſhop—for, ſaving your preſence, I am 'an examined taylor, God be praiſed! 'and putting a remnant of cloth in my 'hand, "Gaffer," ſaid he, "is there "ſtuff enough here to make me a cap?" 'I having handled the piece, replied, "Yes." Now he ſuppoſing, as I ſup-'poſe, and to be ſure it was a right 'ſuppoſition, that I wanted to cabbage 'part of the ſtuff, grounding his ſu-'ſpicion on his own deceit, and the 'bad character of us taylors, deſired I 'would ſee if there was enough for two 'caps; and I, gueſſing his thoughts, 'anſwered, "Yes." And ſo my gentle-'man, perſiſting in his firſt and evil in-'tention, went on adding cap to cap; 'and I proceeded to anſwer Yes upon 'Yes, until the number increaſed to 'five caps. This very moment he called 'for them; and when I produced them, 'he not only refuſed to pay me for 'my work, but even demanded that I 'ſhould either reſtore the cloth, or pay 'him the price of it.'—'Is this really 'the caſe, brother?' ſaid Sancho. 'Yes, 'my lord,' replied the countryman; 'but I beg your lordſhip would order 'him to ſhew what ſort of caps he 'has made.'—'With all my heart,' cried the taylor; who immediately pulling out his hand from under his cloak, produced five ſmall caps fixed upon the tops of his four fingers and thumb; ſaying, 'Here are the five 'caps which this honeſt man deſired 'me to make; as I ſhall anſwer to 'God and my own conſcience, there is 'not a ſcrap of the ſtuff remaining; 'and I am willing to ſubmit the work 'to the inſpection of the maſters of 'the company.' All the people in court laughed at the number of caps, and the novelty of the diſpute, which Sancho having conſidered for a few moments, 'Methinks,' ſaid he, 'this ſuit 'requires no great diſcuſſion, but may 'be equitably determined out of hand: 'and therefore my determination is, 'that the taylor ſhall loſe his work, 'and the countryman forfeit his cloth; 'and that the caps ſhall be diſtributed 'among the poor priſoners, without 'farther heſitation.'

If the ſentence he afterwards paſſed upon the herdſman's purſe excited the admiration of the ſpectators, this deciſion provoked their laughter: nevertheleſs, they executed the orders of their governor, before whom two old men now preſented themſelves, one of them having a cane, which he uſed as a walking-ſtaff. The other making up to the governor, 'My lord,' ſaid he, 'ſome time ago, I lent this man ten 'crowns of gold, to oblige and aſſiſt 'him in an emergency, on condition 'that he ſhould pay them upon de-'mand; and for a good while I never 'aſked my money, that I might not 'put him to greater inconvenience in 'repaying than that which he felt 'when he borrowed the ſum; but as 'he ſeemed to neglect the payment en-'tirely, I have demanded the money 'again and again, and he not only re-'fuſes to refund, but alſo denies that 'I ever lent him the ten crowns; or, if 'I did, he ſays he is ſure they were 'repaid: now, I having no witneſſes 'to prove the loan, nor he evidence of 'the re-payment, for indeed they never 'were repaid, I entreat your lordſhip 'to take his oath; and if he ſwears 'the money was returned, I here for-'give him the debt, in the preſence of 'God.'—'What have you to ſay to 'this charge, honeſt gaffer with the 'ſtaff?' ſaid Sancho. 'My lord,' replied the ſenior, 'I confeſs he lent me 'the money; and ſince he leaves the 'matter to my oath, if your lordſhip 'will lower your rod of juſtice, I will 'make affidavit, that I have really 'and truly returned, and repaid the 'ſum I borrowed.' The governor accordingly lowering his wand, the defendant deſired the plaintiff to hold his cane until he ſhould make oath, becauſe it incumbered him; then laying his hand upon the croſs of the rod, he declared that the other had indeed lent him thoſe ten crowns which he now demanded; but that he, the borrower, had returned them into the lender's own hand, and he ſuppoſed he dunned him in this manner, becauſe he had forgot that circumſtance. This oath being adminiſtered, the great governor aſked what farther the creditor had to ſay to the allegation of the other party. And he anſwered, that doubtleſs the defendant had ſpoke the truth; for he looked upon him as an honeſt man, and a good Chriſtian; and that as he himſelf muſt have forgot the particulars of the payment, he would never demand it from thenceforward. Then the defendant, taking back his

cane, and making his obeiſance, quitted the court; while Sancho ſeeing him retire in this manner, and perceiving the reſignation of the plaintiff, hung down his head a little, and laying the fore-finger of his right-hand on one ſide of his noſe, continued in this muſing poſture for a very ſmall ſpace of time: then, raiſing his head, he ordered them to call back the old man with the ſtaff, who had retired: he was accordingly brought before Sancho; who ſaid to him, 'Honeſt friend, 'lend me that ſtaff, I have occaſion for 'it.'—'With all my heart, my lord,' replied the elder, reaching it to the judge: then Sancho took and delivered it to the plaintiff, ſaying: 'Now, go 'your ways, a God's name! you are 'fully paid.'—'How, my lord!' ſaid the old man, 'is this cane then worth 'ten crowns of Gold?'—'Yes,' replied the governor, 'otherwiſe I am 'the greateſt dunce in nature: and 'now it ſhall appear, whether or not I 'have a noddle ſufficient to govern a 'whole kingdom.' So ſaying, he ordered the cane to be broke in publick; and when, in conſequence of his command, it was ſplit aſunder, ten crowns of gold were found in the heart of it, to the aſtoniſhment of all the ſpectators, who looked upon their new governor as another Solomon. When he was aſked how he could conceive that the money was in the cane, he anſwered, that ſeeing the deponent give his ſtaff to the other party before he made oath, then hearing him declare that he had really and truly returned the money; and laſtly, perceiving that after his depoſition he took back the ſtaff, it came into his head that the money was concealed within the cane. And in this inſtance, we ſee that governors, though otherwiſe fools, are ſometimes directed in their deciſions by the hand of God: beſides, Sancho had heard ſuch a ſtory told by the curate of his village, and his memory was ſo tenacious, in retaining every thing he wanted to remember, that there was not ſuch another in the whole iſland. Finally, the two old men went away: the one overwhelmed with ſhame, and the other miraculouſly repaid; the by-ſtanders were aſtoniſhed; and he whoſe province it was to record the ſayings, actions, and conduct of Sancho, could not determine in his own mind, whether he ſhould regard and report him as a ſimpleton, or a ſage.

This ſuit being determined, a woman came into court, holding faſt by a man habited like a rich herdſman, and exclaiming with great vociferation, 'Juſtice, my lord governor, juſtice! 'which, if I find not on earth, I will 'go in queſt of to heaven! My lord 'governor of my ſoul, this wicked 'man has forced me in the middle of a 'field, and made uſe of my body as 'if it had been a dirty diſhclout: 'alack, and a-well-a-day! he has robbed me of that which I had preſerved 'for three and twenty years, in ſpite of 'Moors and Chriſtians, natives and 'foreigners: and have I, who was always as hard as a cork-tree, maintained my virtue entire, like a ſalamander in the midſt of flames, or 'wool among brambles, to be handled 'by the clean hands of this Robin 'Goodfellow?'—'That muſt be enquired into,' ſaid Sancho, 'whether 'the gallant's hands be clean or no.' Then turning to the man, he aſked what he had to ſay to the complaint of that woman? To this queſtion the culprit replied, with great perturbation, 'My lord, I am a poor herdſman who 'deal in ſwine, and this morning went 'to market, ſaving your preſence, with 'ſome hogs, and the duties and extortions, and one thing and another, 'ran away with almoſt all they were 'worth; and ſo, in my return, I lighted 'on this honeſt damſel on the road; 'and the devil, who will always meddle and make, and have a finger in 'every pye, yoked us together. I 'paid her handſomely; but ſhe, not 'ſatisfied, laid faſt hold on me, nor 'would ſhe quit her hold until ſhe had 'brought me hither: ſhe alledges I 'forced her; but, by the oath I have 'taken, or am to take, ſhe lyes; and 'this is the whole truth, without the 'leaſt crumb of prevarication.' Then the governor aſked if he had any money about him; and when he owned he had a leathern purſe with twenty ducats in his boſom, Sancho ordered him to pull it out, and deliver the whole to the complainant. The man obeyed this command with fear and trembling; the woman received this money, and making a thouſand curtſies to all the by-ſtanders, prayed God would preſerve the life and health of my lord gover-

nor,



Plate VI.

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nor, who took such care of damsels and orphans in necessity. So saying, she went away, holding the purse with both hands, though not before she had examined the contents. Scarce had she quitted the court, when Sancho said to the herdsman, who stood with tears in his eyes, sending his heart, and many a long look after his purse, 'Harkye, 'friend! go after that woman, and 'take the purse from her, either by fair 'means or force, and bring it hither to 'me.' This command was not imposed upon one that was either deaf or doating; for he darted like lightning, in order to put it in execution: while all the spectators waited in suspence to see the issue of the suit. In a little time the parties returned, but more closely engaged, and clinging faster together than before; she, with her petticoat tucked up, and the purse in her lap; and he struggling, to no purpose, to take it from her; so vigorously did she defend her acquisition, crying aloud, 'Justice, in the name of God and his 'creatures! Take notice, my lord go-'vernor, of the impudence and pre-'sumption of this miscreant, who, in 'the very face of the people, and the 'middle of the street, wanted to rob 'me of the purse which I received by 'your lordship's decree.'—'Has he 'taken it from you, then?' said the governor. 'Taken it from me!' replied the wench; 'I'll sooner part with 'my life than with my purse. I should 'be a precious ninny indeed! other-'guise cats must scratch my beard, 'and not such a pitiful muckworm as 'he. Pincers and hammers, mallets 'and chissels, should not tear it out of 'my clutches; no, not the claws of a 'lion; my soul and body shall rather 'be tore asunder.'—'It is even so,' said the man; 'I submit as the weaker 'vessel, and own I have not strength 'enough to recover my purse.' He quitted her accordingly. Then the governor said to the woman, 'Come 'hither, my virtuous and spirited 'dame; let me see thy purse.' Which, when she delivered it, he restored to the man; and turning to the wench, who was too forceful to be forced, 'Sister of mine,' quoth he, 'if you 'had exerted the same vigour and per-'severance, or even half so much, in 'preserving your chastity, as you have 'shewn in defending the purse, the 'force of Hercules would not have 'forced you. Be gone, a-God's name! 'be gone, I say, with a vengeance, and 'never more appear in this island, or 'within six leagues of it, on pain of 'receiving two hundred stripes. Be 'gone immediately, you chattering, 'shameless impostor!' The woman, terrified at his menaces, sneaked off, hanging her head, and discontented; and the governor spoke to the man in these words; 'Honest friend, get you 'home with your money, in the name 'of God; and unless you are inclined 'to lose it again, from henceforward 'avoid all temptations to yoke with any 'woman whatsoever.'

The herdsman thanked him as sheepishly as he could, and went away, and the audience were struck with admiration afresh, at the judgment and decisions of their new governor; every circumstance of which being recorded by his historiographer, was immediately communicated to the duke, who waited for the account with the utmost impatience.

But here let honest Sancho rest a little; for we are summoned in all haste by his master, who is greatly disturbed by the musick of Altisidora.

CHAP. XIV.

OF THE DREADFUL CONSTERNATION, AND CATTISH CONCERT, TO WHICH DON QUIXOTE WAS EXPOSED, IN THE COURSE OF THE ENAMOURED ALTISIDORA'S AMOUR.

WE left the great Don Quixote wrapped up in those cogitations that were suggested by the musick of the enamoured damsel Altisidora. With these companions he crept into bed; but, as if they had been fleas and vermin, they would not suffer him to sleep, or indeed enjoy a moment's repose, especially when reinforced with the reflection of his wounded stocking. But as time is so light and nimble, that no rub can retard his career, he galloped along upon the hours, and soon ushered in the morning, which was no sooner beheld by the knight, than he forsook the gentle down, and being the reverse of lazy, dressed himself in his shamoy suit. He put on his travelling boots to conceal

conceal the misfortune of his hose; threw his scarlet cloak over his shoulder, cased his head in a green velvet cap trimmed with silver, slung his trusty hanging sword in his buff-belt, took up his large rosary, which always depended from his wrist, and with great port and solemnity went forth into the hall, where the duke and duchess, already dressed, stayed for him. As he passed through a gallery, he perceived Altisidora, and the other maiden her friend, who stood waiting for his appearance; and he was no sooner beheld by the love-sick damsel, than she pretended to faint away; while her companion received her in her arms, and with all possible dispatch began to unclasp her bosom. The knight seeing her fall, approached the place where they were, saying, 'I know whence these accidents 'proceed.' And the companion replied, 'I do not know whence; for 'Altisidora is the healthiest damsel of 'the whole family, and I never knew 'her so much as fetch a sigh from the 'first minute of our acquaintance. Ill 'betide all the knights-errant in the 'world, if they are all so shy and 'scornful. Signior Don Quixote, I 'wish your worship would leave the 'place; for this poor girl will not come 'to herself while you stand here.' To this entreaty the knight replied, 'Be so good, Madam, as to order a 'lute to be left in my apartment; and, 'at night, I will, to the best of my 'power, console this unfortunate damsel: for a speedy explanation in the 'beginning, is often an effectual cure 'for those who are indiscreetly in love.' So saying, he went away, that he might not be observed in conference with the damsels; and scarce was he gone, when the swooning Altisidora coming to herself, said to her companion, 'It will 'be requisite to leave the lute; for, 'doubtless, Don Quixote intends to 'entertain us with musick, which can-'not be bad if he is the performer.' Then they went and gave an account of what had passed, and in particular of the lute, to the duchess, who was rejoiced beyond measure, and concerted with her lord and her women, how to execute another joke which should be more merry than mischievous. This being accordingly contrived, they with great glee waited for night; and it came posting along in the same pace that brought in the day, which their graces spent in savoury discourse with Don Quixote. On this day the duchess really and truly dispatched one of her pages, who acted the part of the enchanted Dulcinea in the wood, to Tereza Panza, with her husband's letter, and a bundle, which he had left on purpose to be sent home; and the messenger had particular orders to bring back a circumstantial detail of every thing that should pass between him and the governor's lady.

This step being taken, and the hour of eleven at night arrived, Don Quixote found a lute in his apartment; this he tuned, and having opened the window, perceived people walking below in the garden: he immediately ran over the strings of his instrument, making as good a prelude as he could, then hemming and clearing his pipes, he with an hoarse, though not untuneful voice, sung the following sonnet, which he had that very day composed.

SONG.

'LOVE, with idleness combin'd,
'Will unhinge the tender mind:
'But to few, to work, and move,
'Will exclude the force of love.
'Blooming maids that would be married,
'Must in virtue be unwearied:
'Modesty a dow'r will raise,
'And be trumpet of their praise.
'A cavalier will sport and play
'With a damsel frank and gay;
'But, when wedlock is his aim,
'Chuse a maid of sober fame.
'Passion kindled in the breast,
'By a stranger or a guest,
'Enters with the rising sun,
'And fleets before his race be run.
'Love that come so suddenly,
'Ever on the wing to fly,
'Neither can or will impart
'Strong impressions to the heart.
'Pictures drawn on pictures, shew
'Strange confusion to the view:
'Second beauty find no base,
'Where a first has taken place.
'Then Dulcinea still shall reign
'Without a rival or a stain;
'Nor shall fate itself controul
'Her sway, or blot her from my soul:
'Constancy, the lover's boast,
'I'll maintain, whate'er it cost.
'This my virtue will refine;
'This will stamp my joy divine.'

So far had Don Quixote proceeded with his song, which was overheard by the

the duke and ducheſs, Altiſidora, and almoſt all the people in the caſtle, when all of a ſudden, from the top of a corridore immediately above Don Quixote's window, came down a cord to which above a hundred horſe-bells were tied; and after theſe was diſcharged a whole ſackful of cats with ſmaller bells faſtened to their tails. Such was the noiſe occaſioned by the tinkling of theſe bells, and the mewling of the cats, that even the duke and ducheſs, who invented the joke, were terrified and confounded, and Don Quixote aſtoniſhed and diſmayed; eſpecially when two or three cats chanced to enter his window, and courſed up and down through his apartment, which ſeemed to be haunted by a whole legion of devils; for they extinguiſhed the lights, and ran to and fro, endeavouring to eſcape, while the rope with the large bells was lowering down, and pulling up inceſſantly; ſo that the greateſt part of the people in the family, who were ignorant of the ſcheme, liſtened with fear and admiration. Then Don Quixote ſtarting up, and unſheathing his ſword, began to fence with the window, exclaiming aloud, 'Avaunt, malignant enchanters! avaunt, ye wizzard crew! for I am Don Quixote de La Mancha, againſt whom your whole power and malice ſhall not avail.' So ſaying, he laid about him among the cats, which had entered his apartments; and they ſprung towards the caſement, from whence two of them made their eſcape; but the third, finding itſelf hard preſſed by the valour and back-ſtrokes of the knight, flew at his face, and laid faſt hold on his noſe with it's teeth and claws. The pain of this aſſault affected Don Quixote in ſuch a manner, that he began to roar with vaſt vociferation, which being heard by the duke and ducheſs, who gueſſed the cauſe of his cries, they ran inſtantly to his chamber, which they opened with a maſter-key; and lights being brought, they found the poor knight endeavouring with all his ſtrength to diſengage the cat from his viſage. Seeing the unequal fray, they made haſte to part the combatants; when Don Quixote called aloud, 'Let no man part us; but leave me hand to hand with this dæmon, this wizzard, this enchanter; and I will make him ſenſible of the difference between him and me, who am Don Quixote de La Mancha.' The cat, however, without minding his threats, ſtuck faſt to his noſe; but, at length, the duke tore it away, and threw it out at the window; ſo that the knight remained with his face like a ſieve, and his noſe in no very ſound condition; though he was very much diſſatisfied, that they would not ſuffer him to finiſh the engagement he had ſo obſtinately maintained with that felonious enchanter.

Oil of Aparicio was immediately fetched, and Altiſidora herſelf, with her ſnowy hands, applied the balſam, ſaying in a low voice, as ſhe bound up his wounds, 'All theſe miſadventures befal thee, hard-hearted knight, as a puniſhment for thy cruelty and diſdain; and God grant thy ſquire Sancho may forget to ſcourge himſelf, that they ſo much beloved Dulinea may never be diſenchanted, nor thou enjoy her as a wedded wife; at leaſt, during the life of me, by whom thou art adored.' To all this apoſtrophe Don Quixote anſwered not a word; but, heaving a profound ſigh, laid himſelf along in his bed, and thanked their graces for this inſtance of their concern; not that he was afraid of ſuch a cattiſh-enchanting and bell-ringing crew, but on account of the kind intention they had manifeſted in coming to his relief. As for the duke and ducheſs, they left him to his repoſe, and went away extremely ſorry for the unfortunate iſſue of his joke; for they did not think Don Quixote would have ſuffered ſo terribly by the adventure, which coſt him five days confinement in his bed, where he was engaged in another ſtill more diverting, which, however, the hiſtorian will not at preſent recount, that he may return to Sancho Panza, who proceeded in his adminiſtration with equal pleaſantry and ſolicitude.

CHAP. XV.

CONTAINING A FARTHER ACCOUNT OF SANCHO'S BEHAVIOUR IN HIS GOVERNMENT.

THE hiſtory relates, that from the town-hall Sancho Panza was conducted to a ſumptuous palace, in the great hall of which was a royal table, moſt elegantly furniſhed. When the governor entered, the waits ſtruck up, and

and four pages came forth and presented him with water for his hands, which he received with great solemnity; then the musick ceasing, he took his place at the upper end of the table, which was accommodated with one seat only, and a cover for himself alone: while close by him stood a personage, who afterwards proved to be a physician, with a rod of whalebone in his hand. They removed a very fine white cloth that covered the fruit and a great variety of dishes. One who looked like a student, said grace; a page tucked a laced bib under Sancho's chin, and another person, who acted the part of sewer, set a plate of fruit before the governor; but scarce had he swallowed a mouthful, when the doctor touching the said plate with his wand, it was snatched from him in a twinkling: the sewer presented him with another dish, which the governor resolved to prove; but, before he could finger or taste it, the plate being also touched by the wand, one of the pages conveyed it away with incredible dispatch, to the amazement of Sancho, who, looking round him, asked if he must be obliged to eat like a juggler, by slight of hand!

To this interrogation he of the wand replied: 'My lord governor must, in 'eating, conform to the use and customs of other islands where governors reside. I, my lord, enjoy a salary 'as physician to the governors of this 'island, and take more care of their 'health than of my own; studying 'night and day, and considering the 'governor's constitution, that I may be 'able to cure him, in case he should be 'taken ill; but the principal part of 'my office is to be present at his meals, 'where I allow him to eat what I think 'will agree with his complexion, and 'restrain him from that which I con'ceive will be hurtful and prejudicial 'to his stomach. I therefore ordered 'the fruit to be removed, because it is 'dangerously moist; and likewise com'manded the other dish to be conveyed 'away, because it is extremely hot, as 'containing a number of spices which 'create thirst, and copious drinking 'drowns and destroys the radical moist'ture, which is the essence of life.'— 'By that way of reasoning,' said Sancho, 'that there dish of roasted par'tridges, which seems to be very well 'seasoned, will do me no harm.' To this hint the physician replied: 'Of 'these my lord governor shall not eat 'while there is breath in my body.'— 'And pray for what reason?' said the governor. 'Because our master Hip'pocrates, the north star and luminary 'of physic, expressly says, in one of his 'aphorisms, "*Omnis saturatio mala, "perdix autem pessima*;" that is, All 'repletion is bad, but that with partridge worst of all.'—'If that be the 'case,' said Sancho, 'good Mr. Doctor, pray examine all the messes on 'the table, so as to point out that 'which will do me least harm and most 'good, that I may eat without fear of 'conjuration; for, by the life of the 'governor, and as God shall prolong 'it! I am ready to die of hunger; and 'to deny me victuals, even though Sig'nior Doctor should prescribe fasting, 'and say a thousand things in it's 'praise, will, instead of preserving my 'health, deprive me of life entirely.'— 'Your lordship is very much in the 'right,' replied the physician: 'and to 'begin, I would not have you touch 'these ragoo'd rabbits, because they 'are a sharp haired food: of that veal, 'indeed, you might pick a little, if it 'was not roasted *a la daube*; but as it 'is, touch it not.'—'The dish that 'smokes yonder,' said Sancho, 'seems 'to be an *olla podrida*, and consider'ing the variety of ingredients of 'which these *ollas* are composed, 'surely I cannot fail to light on some'thing that will be both savoury and 'wholesome.'—'*Abfit!*' cried the physician, 'far from us be such a 'thought. There is not a more per'nicious nutriment upon the face of 'the earth: leave your *ollas* to canons, 'rectors of colleges, and country wed'dings; but let them never appear up'on the tables of governors, where ele'gance and neatness ought to reign. 'The reason is clear; at all times, in 'all places, and by all the learned, sim'ple medicines are more esteemed than 'those that are compound: for in the 'first, no mistakes can be committed; 'whereas, in the other, numberless er'rors may take place, in the quantity 'and proportion of the ingredients; 'but what I would advise my lord go'vernor to eat at present, in order to 'preserve and corroborate his health, is 'about a hundred confected wafers, 'and a few thin slices of quinces, which

'will

'will sit easy on his stomach, and assist 'digestion.'

Sancho, hearing this prescription, threw himself backwards in his chair, and surveying the physician from head to foot, asked in a grave and solemn tone, 'What was his name, and where 'he had studied?' To this question, the other replied, 'I, my lord gover-'nor, am called Doctor Pedro Positive 'de Bode well*, native of a place call-'ed Snatchaway, on the right hand be-'tween Caraquel and Almodobar del 'Campo; and I took my doctor's de-'gree at the university of Osuna.' To this declaration Sancho replied, in a rage, 'Hark ye, then, Mr. Doctor 'Pedro Positive de Bode-ill, native of 'Snatchaway, which is on the right 'hand as we go from Caraquel to Al-'modobar del Campo, graduate of 'Osuna, get out of my presence this 'instant, or by the body of the sun! I 'will snatch up a cudgel, and begin-'ning with you, employ it in such a 'manner as not to leave a physician on 'the whole island; of those, I mean, 'who are ignorant fellows. As for the 'learned, virtuous, and discreet mem-'bers of the faculty, I will place them 'on my head, in token of respect, and 'honour them as things divine. But, 'I say again, be gone, Doctor Pedro 'Positive, or positively I will take up 'this chair on which I sit, and make 'immediate application to your skull; 'and, should I be called to account for 'it, when I resign my government, I 'will exculpate myself by proving that 'I have done service to God, in slaying 'a wicked physician, who was a scan-'dal to the commonwealth. Let me 'have something to eat, therefore, or 'take back your government; for a 'post that will not afford victuals, is 'not worth a pease-cod.'

The doctor was frightened at seeing the governor in such a passion, and was going to snatch himself away from his presence; when, at the very instant, their ears were saluted with the noise of a post-boy's horn in the street; and the gentleman sewer going to the window, informed the governor that there was a courier arrived from my lord duke, with some dispatches of importance. Accordingly the messenger entered the hall, sweating, with marks of consternation in his countenance; and taking a packet out of his bosom, delivered it into the hands of the governor, who gave it to the steward, with orders to read the superscription, which ran thus: 'To Don Sancho Panza, go-'vernor of the island Barataria, to be 'delivered into his own hand, or that 'of his secretary.' Sancho hearing the direction, 'Who is my secretary?' said he. One of the people who were present, answered, 'I am secretary, 'my lord; for I can read and write, 'and am a Biscayan.'—'Nay, with 'that addition,' said Sancho, 'you 'might be secretary to the emperor 'himself: open this packet, and see 'what it contains.' The new-born secretary obeyed the command; and having perused the contents, told his excellency, it was business for his private ear. Then Sancho ordered every body to quit the place, except the steward and gentleman sewer: accordingly the rest retired, with the doctor at their head: and the secretary recited the letter to this effect—

'I Have received information, Sig-'nior Don Sancho Panza, that 'certain enemies of mine and of the 'island, intend one of these nights, to 'give you a furious assault; you will 'therefore be vigilant and alert, that 'they may not find you unprepared. 'I am likewise informed, by trusty 'spies, that four persons in disguise 'have entered the town, with inten-'tion to take away your life, as they 'dread the extent of your abilities: be 'upon your guard, therefore, examine 'every person who comes to speak with 'you, and taste nothing that comes in a 'present. I will take care to reinforce 'you, should you stand in need of assist-'ance; meanwhile, you will act in 'every thing according to the good 'opinion I have of your understanding.

'Your friend,

'THE DUKE.

'From my castle, August 16th,
'at 4 in the morning.'

This epistle overwhelmed Sancho with astonishment, which the rest pre-

* The Spanish name is Pedro Rezio de Aguero; which, together with Tirte Afuera, the place of his nativity, I have translated into English, that the humour may be better understood.

tended to share; and turning to the steward, 'What is to be done,' said he, 'and that immediately, is to confine Doctor Positive in a dungeon; for if any body has a design to take away my life, he is the man; aye, and by the most pitiful, and worst of all deaths; namely, hunger.'—'True' replied the gentleman sewer; 'and, in my opinion, your lordship ought not to eat any of the victuals now on the table, for they were a present from certain nuns; and, as the saying is, The devil skulks behind the cross.'—'That is a truth not to be denied,' said Sancho; 'but, in the mean time, let me have a luncheon of bread, and about for pounds of raisins, which cannot be p i oned: for really and truly, I cannot live without eating; and if we must be prepared for those battles with which we are threatened, at least let us be well fed; for the stomach supports the heart, and not the heart the stomach. You, secretary, must write an answer to my Lord Duke; and tell him his commands shall be obeyed to a tittle. You shall likewise make my compliments to my Lady Duchess, beseeching her, in my name, to remember to send an express, with my letter and bundle, to my wife Teresa Panza; in so doing she will lay me under great obligation, and I shall take care to be her humble servant to the utmost of my power. By the bye, you may thrust in a How d'ye to my master Don Quixote de La Mancha, that he may see I am not of an ungrateful leaven; you may, as a faithful secretary, and honest Biscayan, add what you shall think proper, and most likely to turn out to advantage. At present, take away these things, and let me have something to eat; and I shall manage any spies, murderers, or inchanters, that may presume to attack me or my island.'

Here he was interrupted by a page, who, coming into the hall, told him there was a countryman without, who wanted to speak with his lordship upon some business of the utmost importance. 'Those people of business are strange fellows,' said Sancho; 'is it possible they are so ignorant, as not to see that this is not a proper hour for the transaction of business? Mayhap they think, we governors and judges are not made of flesh and blood, and therefore require no time for refreshment, any more than if we were created of marble. As I shall answer to God! if my government holds, (though I begin to perceive it will not be of long duration) I will fit upon the skirts of more than one of these men of business*. At present, tell that honest man to come; but, first of all, take care that he is not one of the spies or murderers.'—'There is no occasion, my lord,' answered the page; 'for he seems to be a simple soul, and either I am very much mistaken, or he is as honest as a well-weighed loaf.'—'While we are present,' said the steward, 'there is nothing to fear.'—'Mr. Sewer,' said Sancho, 'now that Doctor Pedro Positive is not here, might not I eat something substantial, even though it should be nothing better than a luncheon of bread and an onion?'—'This night your supper shall make amends for the defect of dinner, so as that your lordship shall be perfectly well pleased, and satisfied,' replied the sewer. 'God grant I may be so!' quoth the governor.

At that instant the countryman entered the hall, of a goodly presence, and indeed one might have seen that he was an honest soul, even at the distance of a thousand leagues. The first thing he said, was, 'Which of all this company is my lord governor?'—'Who should be governor,' replied the secretary, 'but he who sits in the chair?'—'Then, I humble myself before him,' said the peasant; who, falling on his knees, begged leave to kiss his lordship's hand. This request, however, Sancho would not grant; but ordered him to rise and explain his business. Accordingly, the countryman getting up, 'My lord,' said he, 'I am a husbandman belonging to Miguel Turra, a place about two leagues from Ciudad Real.'—'What! have we got another Snatchaway?' cried Sancho: proceed, brother; for I can tell you, that I am very well acquainted with Miguel Turra, which is not far from our own village.'—'This here, then, is the case, my lord,' said the countryman,

* The original *Pongo en pretina*, signifies, I will put in my girdle.

tryman; 'by the mercy of God, I was 'married in peace, and in the face of 'the holy Roman Catholick church; 'and I have two sons now at college, 'the youngest of whom is to be a bat-'chelor, and the elder is intended for a 'licentiate. I am a widower; for my 'wife died, or rather she was killed by 'a wicked physician, who gave her a 'purge when she was big with child; 'and, had it pleased God that the 'fruit of her womb had come to light, 'and had been a boy, I would have 'bred him up a doctor, that he might 'not have envied his brothers, the bat-'chelor and licentiate.'—'So then,' said Sancho, 'if your wife had not 'died, or been killed, in all likelihood 'you should not now be a widower.'—'No, my lord, by no manner of means,' answered the countryman. 'Agad!' cried Sancho, 'we are in a thriv-'ing way! Pray, go on, brother; 'for this is an hour more proper for 'sleep than for business.'—'Well, 'then,' replied the countryman, 'this 'son of mine, who is to be bred a bat-'chelor, became enamoured of a young 'lady of the same town, called Clara 'Paralina*, daughter of Andrew Pa-'ralino, a very wealthy yeoman; and 'this name of Paralino does not come 'from their pedigree, or any family 'descent; but they have acquired it, 'because the whole race of them is pa-'ralitick; and so, in order to improve 'the sound, they are called Paralino; 'though to say the truth, the young 'lady is a perfect oriental pearl, and 'when you look at her, on her right 'side, seems to be a very flower of 'the field; on the left, indeed, she is 'not quite so amiable, being blind of 'an eye, which she lost in the small-'pox; and although the pits in her 'face are very large and numerous, 'her admirers say, that these are not 'pits, but graves, in which the hearts 'of her lovers are buried. Then she 'is so cleanly, that to prevent her face 'from being defiled, she carries her 'nose cocked up, as the saying is, so 'that it seems to be running away from 'her mouth; yet, for all that, she is ex-'tremely beautiful, for she has a very 'wide mouth, and if she did not want 'some ten or a dozen teeth, might pass 'for a very phœnix of beauty. Of her 'lips I shall say nothing; but they are 'so thin and delicate, that if it was the 'custom to reel lips, they might be 'made up into a skein; but as they are 'of a different colour from common 'lips, they appear quite miraculous; 'for they contain a mixture of blue, 'green, and orange tawny. My lord 'governor will pardon me for painting 'so exactly the parts of her who is to 'be my daughter, for I love her ex-'ceedingly, and like to dwell upon the 'subject.'—'Paint what you will,' said Sancho; 'for my own part I am 'hugely delighted with your descrip-'tion, and if I had dined, should not 'desire a better desert than the picture 'you have drawn.'—'That shall be 'always at your service,' replied the countryman; 'and though we are not 'at present known to each other, the 'time will come when we shall be bet-'ter acquainted. And now, my lord, 'if I could describe her genteel de-'portment, and tall stature, you would 'be struck with admiration; but that 'is an impossible task, because she is so 'doubled and bent, that her knees 'touch her mouth; and yet, for all 'that, one may see with half an eye, 'that if she could stand upright, her 'head would touch the cieling; and 'she would have given her hand in 'marriage to my batchelor before this 'time, if she could have stretched it 'out, but it happens to be shrunk and 'withered; though, by the long chan-'nelled nails, one may easily perceive 'the beauty of it's form and texture.'

'Very well,' said Sancho. 'Now, 'brother, let us suppose you have paint-'ed her from head to foot; tell me 'what is your request, and come to the 'point, without going about the bush, 'through lanes and alleys with a par-'cel of scraps and circumlocutions.'—'Well then, my lord,' replied the coun-tryman, 'my request is, that you 'would give me a letter of recommen-'dation to the young lady's father, en-'treating him to give his consent to 'the match, as the parties are pretty 'equal in the gifts of fortune, and of 'nature; for, to say the truth, my 'Lord Governor, my son is possessed, 'and scarce a day passes, but he is three

* She is in the original called Perlerina, which I have changed into Paralina, in order to preserve the subsequent play on the words.

'or four times tormented by the foul 'fiend; and, in conſequence of having 'once fallen into the fire, his face is 'ſhrivelled up like a ſkin of parchment, 'and his eyes are bleared, and run 'woundily; but yet he has the tem-'per of an angel, and if he did not 'beat and buffet himſelf, he would be 'a perfect ſaint.'—'Do you want any 'thing elſe, honeſt friend?' replied Sancho. 'I did want ſo nothing elſe,' ſaid the countryman, 'but I dare not 'be ſo bold as to mention it: but, out 'it ſhall go; for, take or not take, it 'ſhall never rot in my belly. Why 'then, my lord, I wiſh your lordſhip 'would beſtow three or ſix hundred 'ducats, to help to ſet up my batche-'lor; I mean, to furniſh his houſe; 'for, the truth is, the young couple are 'to live by themſelves, without being 'ſubject to the peeviſhneſs of us old 'folks.'—'Conſider if you want any 'thing elſe,' ſaid Sancho, 'and ſpeak 'without baſhfulneſs or reſtraint.'—'Truly, I want nothing elſe,' replied the countryman. Scarce had he pronounced theſe words, when, the governor ſtarting up, and laying hold on the chair that was under him, exclaimed, 'I vow to God, you Don lubberly, 'raſcally ruſtick, if you don't get you 'gone, and abſcond from my preſence 'this inſtant, I will with this chair de-'moliſh your ſcull, you knaviſh ſon 'of a whore, and painter for the devil 'himſelf; is this a time to come 'and demand ſix hundred ducats? 'Where the devil ſhould I find them, 'you ſtinkard? or, if I had found 'them, why the devil ſhould I give 'them to you, you idiotical ſcoundrel? 'What a pox have I to do with Mi-'guel Turra, or any of the generation 'of the Paralino's? Be gone, I ſay, or, 'by the life of my Lord Duke, I'll be 'as good as my word; thou art no na-'tive of Miguel Turra, but ſome fiend 'ſent from hell to torment me. Hark 'ye, miſcreant, I have been gover-'nor but a day and a half, and you 'would have me already in poſſeſſion 'of ſix hundred ducats!'

The gentleman ſewer made ſigns to the countryman to leave the place; and he accordingly quitted the hall, hanging his head, and ſeemingly afraid that the governor would execute his threats; for the rogue acted his part to admiration. But let us leave Sancho's indignation to cool, and peace attend him in his career, while we return to Don Quixote, whom we left with his face bandaged up for the cure of his catiſh wounds, which were not healed in the ſpace of eight days; and in that time an adventure happened to him, which Cid Hamet promiſes to recount, with that truth and punctuality he has hitherto maintained, in recording even the moſt trivial and minute incidents of this authentick hiſtory.

CHAP. XVI.

OF DON QUIXOTE'S ADVENTURE WITH DONNA RODRIGUEZ, THE DUCHESS'S DUENNA—AND OTHER INCIDENTS WORTHY OF ETERNAL FAME.

EXCEEDINGLY peeviſh and melancholy was the ſore wounded Don Quixote, with his face bandaged and marked; not by the hand of his Maker, but by the claws of a cat; and, indeed, ſuch misfortunes are annexed to chivalry. Six days did he remain in his chamber, without appearing in publick; and during this time it was, that one night, while he lay watchful and awake, muſing upon his diſaſter, and the perſecution of Altiſidora, he heard a key turning in the door of his apartment, and ſtraight imagined the enamoured damſel was come to ſurprize his chaſtity, and tempt him to forego the fidelity he owned to his miſtreſs Dulcinea del Toboſo. On this ſuppoſition, he pronounced with an audible voice, 'No! the greateſt beauty upon earth 'ſhall never have ſuch an effect as to 'interfere with my adoration of her, 'who is impreſſed and engraved in the 'midſt of my heart, and in the depth 'of my bowels! No, my dear miſtreſs! 'whether thou art transformed into a 'garlick-eating wench, or as a nymph 'of the golden Tagus, art weaving 'webs of gold and ſilver twiſt: whe-'ther thou art in the power of Merlin 'or Monteſinos; whereſoever thou 'mayeſt be, mine thou art, and whe-'ſoever I am, I muſt be thine.' This ejaculation being uttered, juſt as the door opened, he ſtood upright in his bed, wrapped up in a quilt of yellow ſilk, with a woollen night-cap on his head, his face and whiſkers being bound up; the firſt, on account of the ſcratches

he

he had received, and the laſt, in order to preſerve the buckle; and in this equipage, he appeared the moſt extraordinary phantom that the imagination can conceive. His eyes were fixed upon the door, and when he expected to ſee the yielding and afflicted Altiſidora enter, he beheld a moſt reverend duenna, with a white hemmed veil, ſo long as to cover her from head to foot. Between the fingers of her left hand ſhe held a lighted candle's end, and with her right ſhe formed a ſhade to keep the glare from her eyes, which were furniſhed with large ſpectacles; and, in this trim, ſhe came treading very ſoftly, and moving her feet with great tranquillity as ſhe advanced. Don Quixote ſurveyed her from his poſt, and marking her ſilence and appearance, concluded ſhe was ſome hag or ſorcereſs, come in that equipage to annoy him; and, in this opinion, he began to croſs himſelf with great eagerneſs and devotion. The apparition advancing to the middle of the chamber, and lifting up it's eyes, perceived the knight buſily employed in theſe devout precautions: if he was afraid at ſight of her, ſhe was no leſs terrified at his figure; for ſeeing him ſo tall and yellow, wrapped up in the quilt, and diſfigured by the bandages, ſhe cried aloud, 'O 'Jeſus! what do I ſee?' and in the ſurprize dropped the candle. Finding herſelf now in the dark, ſhe attempted to make her retreat, and treading upon her own ſkirts in the confuſion of her fear, ſhe ſtumbled and fell to the ground: while Don Quixote, ſweating with terror, began to ejaculate, 'I 'conjure thee, O phantom! or whatever thou mayeſt be, to tell me who 'thou art, and what thou would'ſt have. If thou art a perturbed ſpirit, 'let me know, and I will do all that 'lies in my power to give thee relief; 'for I am a catholick Chriſtian, well-diſpoſed to befriend all mankind; 'and, in conſequence of this diſpoſition, I received the order of knight-'errantry, which I now profeſs, and 'the exerciſe of that profeſſion extends 'even ſo far as to give aſſiſtance to ſouls 'in purgatory.'

The duenna, bruiſed as ſhe was with her fall; hearing herſelf exerciſed in this manner, gueſſed from her own fear the terrors of Don Quixote, and in a low and plaintive tone replied, 'Signior 'Don Quixote, I am no phantom, apparition, or ſoul in purgatory, as 'your worſhip ſeems to ſuppoſe, but 'Donna Rodriguez, chief duenna to 'my Lady Ducheſs, and I come with 'one of thoſe neceſſitous caſes which 'your worſhip is wont to remedy.'—'Pray, tell me, Signora Donna Rodriguez,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'are you 'come in the office of a go-between? 'becauſe, I would have you to know, 'that I am altogether unfit for any ſuch 'commerce, thanks to the peerleſs 'beauty of my own miſtreſs Dulcinea 'del Toboſo. Finally, I ſay unto 'you, Signora Donna Rodriguez, if 'you will ſuppreſs, and lay aſide all 'amorous meſſages, you may go and 'light your candle, and return; and 'we will diſcourſe upon any ſubject 'you ſhall think proper to introduce, 'ſaving, as I have already obſerved, 'all your dainty incitements.'—'Signior,' anſwered the duenna, 'I carry 'meſſages for no perſon. Your worſhip is but little acquainted with my 'character. Nor am I ſo ſtricken in 'years as to take to thoſe fooleries; 'for, God be praiſed! there is ſtill 'ſome ſoul in my body, and my teeth, 'grinders and all, are ſtill in my head, 'except a very few I have loſt by the 'rheums that are ſo rife in this country of Arragon; but, if your worſhip 'will wait a minute, I will go and light 'my candle, and return in an inſtant, 'and then I ſhall recount my diſaſter 'to you, as the phyſician of all diſaſters upon earth.'

So ſaying, ſhe, without waiting for an anſwer, quitted the apartment, where the knight waited for her, in the utmoſt ſuſpence and concern; then being aſſaulted by a thouſand reflections upon this new adventure, he began to think it would be very indiſcreet, even ſo much as to dream of expoſing himſelf to the danger of breaking his fidelity to his own miſtreſs. 'Who knows,' ſaid he to himſelf, 'but the devil, who is 'equally crafty and dextrous, intends 'at preſent to ſeduce me by means of 'a duenna, after having in vain attempted me with empreſſes, queens, 'ducheſſes, marquiſſes, and counteſſes? 'for I have often heard it obſerved by 'a number of people of good underſtanding, that he will never give you 'an high noſe, if a flat noſe will ſerve 'your turn, and who knows but this 'ſolitude,

'ſolitude, opportunity, and ſilence, may 'waken thoſe deſires in me, which are 'now aſleep, and compel me at theſe 'years to fall, where hitherto I never 'ſo much as ſtumbled? In ſuch emer-'gencies, it is ſurely better to avoid 'than await the battle. And yet, I muſt 'certainly be deprived of my ſenſes, to 'talk and think at this rate; for it is ab-'ſolutely impoſſible, that a long, mea-'gre, white-veiled, and ſpectacled du-'enna, ſhould move or excite a laſci-'vious thought in the lewdeſt boſom 'upon earth. Is there, for example, a 'duenna in nature who has a tolerable 'perſon? Is there a duenna upon this 'our globe who is not wrinkled, loath-'ſome, and impertinent? Avaunt, then, 'ye duennian tribe, unfit for any hu-'man entertainment! Praiſe be to that 'lady who is ſaid to have had at one 'end of her ſopha two marble duennas, 'with their ſpectacles and bobbin cu-'ſhions, in the attitude of working; and 'theſe ſtatues fulfilled the dignity of 'the apartment, as well as if they had 'been duennas of fleſh and blood.'

So ſaying, he ſtarted from his bed, with intention to lock the door, and deny admittance to Signora Rodriguez; but, before he could execute his reſo-lution, that lady had returned with a lighted wax taper, and ſeeing Don Quixote ſo near her, with his quilt, bandages, night cap, or hood, ſhe was again affrighted, and retired backwards a couple of paces, ſaying, 'Am I ſafe, 'Sir knight?' for your worſhip's getting 'out of bed is no great ſign of virtue, 'methinks.'—'Madam,' replied Don Quixote, 'I ought to aſk you the 'ſame queſtion; and I do accordingly 'aſk, whether or not I am ſafe from 'aſſault and raviſhment?'—'Of whom, 'or from whom, do you demand that 'ſecurity, Sir Knight?' ſaid the du-enna.

'Of you, and from you, and you 'alone,' anſwered Don Quixote: 'for 'I am not made of marble, nor you of 'braſs; nor is it now ten o'clock in 'the forenoon, but midnight, and ſome-'thing more, if I am not miſtaken; and 'we are here in a more cloſe and ſecret 'apartment than in the cave in which 'the treacherous and daring Æneas en-'joyed the beautiful and tender-heart-'ed Dido: yet give me your hand, Ma-'dam; for I require no other ſecurity 'than my own reſerve and continence, 'together with the appearance of that 'moſt reverend veil.'

So ſaying, he kiſſed his right-hand, and took hold of her's, which ſhe pre-ſented with the like ceremony.

Here Cid Hamet, in a parentheſis, ſwears by Mahomet, that to have ſeen theſe two originals thus linked, and walking from the door to the bed, he would have given the beſt of his two jackets.

At length Don Quixote ſlipped into bed, and Donna Rodriguez ſeated her-ſelf in a chair at ſome diſtance from it, without quitting her ſpectacles or candle; then the knight ſhrunk under the clothes, with which he covered himſelf in ſuch a manner that nothing but his face ap-peared; and both parties having com-poſed themſelves, the firſt who broke ſilence was Don Quixote, who accoſt-ed her in theſe words: 'Now, Madam 'Duenna Rodriguez, you may unrip 'and unload all that lies upon your 'ſorrowful heart and afflicted bowels; 'and I ſhall liſten to your grievances 'with chaſte ears, and redreſs them 'with generous works.'—'I believe 'as much,' ſaid the duenna: 'for, 'from the genteel and agreeable pre-'ſence of your worſhip, I could expect 'no other than ſuch a chriſtian reply.'

'This, then, is the caſe, Signior Don 'Quixote; although your worſhip now 'ſees me ſeated in this chair, in the 'midſt of Arragon, and in the dreſs of 'a contemp tible and injured duenna, 'I was born in the Aſturias of Oviedo, 'of a family which intermarried with 'many of the beſt in that province; 'but my niggardly fate, and the ex-'travagance of my parents, who came 'to untimely want, without knowing 'how or wherefore, drove me to the 'court of Madrid, where, for the ſake 'of peace, and in order to prevent 'greater misfortunes, my parents pro-'vided me with the place of needle-'woman, in the ſervice of a lady of 'quality; and, I would have your 'worſhip to know, that in making 'knitting-ſheaths and plain-work, no 'perſon had ever the advantage of me 'in the whole courſe of my life. As 'for my parents, after they had ſeen 'me ſettled in this place, they returned 'to the country, and in a few years 'went to heaven; for they were ex-'ceeding good catholick Chriſtians. 'Meanwhile, I was left an orphan,

'ſtunted

'stinted to the wretched salary, and pitiful wages, commonly given to such servants in great families: and so, about that time, a squire of the house fell in love with me, though I am sure I gave him no occasion. He was a man already well stricken in years, with a venerable beard, and of a comely appearance, and besides, as good a gentleman as the king, for he was a mountaineer. We did not correspond so secretly but our intrigue came to the knowledge of my lady; who, waving all questions and commands, caused us to be married in peace and in the face of our holy mother the Roman catholick church. The fruit of this marriage was a daughter, who was the death of my good fortune, if any such I had: not that I died in child-bed; on the contrary, I was safely and seasonably delivered; but because, soon after that event, my poor husband died of a fright; and if I had now time to recount the manner, I know your worship would be struck with admiration.'

Here she began to weep most bitterly, and thus proceeded: 'Your worship, Signior Don Quixote, will pardon me for not being able to contain myself, for as often as I remember my unfortunate husband, mine eyes run over. God be my comfort! with what dignity did he ride before my lady, on a mighty mule as black as jet; for, at that time, they did not use coaches or chairs, which, they say, are now in fashion; and the ladies always rode behind their squires. This one circumstance, however, I cannot help recounting, because it demonstrates the good breeding and punctilio of my worthy spouse. One day, as he entered the street of St. Jago, in Madrid, which is but narrow, he happened to meet a judge, preceded by two of his officers; and my good squire no sooner beheld him, than he turned his mule in order to attend his worship. My lady, who sat behind him, said in a whisper, "Blockhead, what are you going to do? Don't you know that I am here?" while the judge, out of politeness, stopped his horse, saying, "Pray proceed, Signior; for, it is rather my duty to attend my Lady "Donna Casilda," that was the name of my mistress. Nevertheless, my husband still persisted, with his cap in hand, in his resolution to attend the judge; and my lady, enraged at his obstinacy, pulled out a large pin, or rather, I believe, a bodkin, from her tweezer-case, and thrust it into his loins; so that my poor man roared aloud, and writhed his body in such a manner, that both he and my lady came to the ground. Her two lacquies ran immediately to lift her up, and were assisted by the judge and his officers. The whole gate of Guadalajara, (I mean, the idle people about it) were in an uproar: my lady came home a-foot; and my husband hastened to a surgeon, declaring he was thrust through the bowels. His great courtesy soon became publick, insomuch that the very children mocked him in the street; for which reason, and because he was a little short-sighted, my lady dismissed him from her service; and he took his dismission so much to heart, that I am positively certain it was the cause of his death. Thus was I left a forlorn widow, with a daughter upon my hands, who, as she grew up, increased in beauty, like the foam of the sea. In a word, as I had the character of being an excellent needlewoman, my Lady Duchess, who was just then married to my Lord Duke, carried me and my daughter, without more ado, along with her to this kingdom of Arragon; where, in process of time, my child improved in all manner of accomplishments; she sings like any sky lark, dances light as thought, cuts a caper as if she was mad, reads and writes like a schoolmaster, and casts accounts like a miser. I say nothing of her cleanliness, for the running water is not more pure; and if my memory does not fail me, she is now sixteen years, five months, and three days, perhaps one over or under. In a word, this maiden of mine captivated the son of a rich farmer, who lives in a village not far from hence, belonging to my Lord Duke; and so, the young couple meeting, I know not where nor how, he, under promise of marriage, played the rogue with my daughter, and refuses to perform his promise; and although my Lord Duke is well acquainted with the affair;

'fair; for you muſt know, I com-
'plained to him—not once, but divers
'and ſundry times, deſiring he would
'order the young farmer to take my
'daughter to wife; he lends a deaf ear
'to my complaint, and indeed will
'ſcarce give me a hearing, becauſe,
'forſooth, the young rogue's father is
'extremely rich, and lends him mo-
'ney; nay, becomes ſurety for him
'when he happens to be in trouble; ſo
'that he will by no manner of means
'give him the leaſt umbrage or diſ-
'guſt. Now, dear Sir, my requeſt is,
'that your worſhip would undertake to
'redreſs this grievance, either by en-
'treaty or force of arms; for, as all
'the world ſays, your worſhip was
'born for ſuch purpoſes, to rectify
'wrongs, and protect the wretched.
'And I beg your worſhip will conſi-
'der the orphan ſtate of my daughter,
'her gentility, her youth, and all thoſe
'good qualities which I have told you
'ſhe poſſeſſes: for in the ſight of Hea-
'ven, and in my own conſcience, I
'dare aver, that of all the damſels be-
'longing to my Lady Ducheſs, there
'is not one that comes up to the ſole
'of her ſhoe: and though ſhe whom
'they call Altiſidora, is reckoned the
'moſt ſprightly and good-humoured,
'when compared to my daughter, ſhe
'does not come within two leagues of
'her; for, your worſhip muſt know,
'Signior, all is not gold that glitters.
'This ſame creature, Altiſidora, has
'more forwardneſs than beauty, and
'more airineſs than modeſty: beſides,
'ſhe is not over and above wholeſome;
'her breath has ſuch a flavour that no-
'body can be near her; no, not for a
'moment; and even my Lady Ducheſs
'—but, mum for that! Walls have
'ears, as the ſaying is.'

'What of my Lady Ducheſs?' cried Don Quixote. 'Signora Donna 'Rodriguez, I conjure you tell me, 'by the life of my ſoul.'—'Nay, if 'you conjure me in that manner,' anſwered the duenna, 'I cannot help tell-'ing the truth. Signior Don Quixote 'your worſhip has, no doubt, perceiv-'ed the beauty of my Lady Ducheſs; 'that freſhneſs of complexion that 'ſhines like poliſhed ſteel, thoſe cheeks 'of milk and crimſon, with the ſun 'on one ſide, and the moon on the 'other, and that gaiety with which ſhe 'treads, or rather diſdains the ground, 'ſeeming to diffuſe health and joy 'wherefoever ſhe walks. Well, then, 'your worſhip muſt know, that ſhe 'may thank God, in the firſt place; 'and, ſecondly, two iſſues in her legs, 'that diſcharge the bad humours with 'which the doctors ſay ſhe abounds.'—'Bleſſed Virgin!' cried the knight, 'is 'it poſſible that my Lady Ducheſs 'ſhould have occaſion for ſuch ſluices? 'I would hardly believe the bare-foot-'ed friars, ſhould they make the aſſer-'tion; yet, ſince Donna Rodriguez 'avers it, there is no reaſon to doubt, 'but from thoſe iſſues, ſurely nothing 'but liquid amber can flow; and, in 'good ſooth, I am now fully convinc-'ed that the uſe of iſſues muſt be a 'matter of great importance to the pre-'ſervation of health.'

Scarce had Don Quixote pronounced theſe words, when the chamber door flew open, with a ſudden flap, which ſurprized and diſordered the duenna to ſuch a degree, that ſhe dropped the candle, and in a moment the apartment was dark as a dog's mouth, as the ſaying is. Immediately, the poor duenna felt her throat aſſaulted by two hands, which preſſed it ſo cloſe that ſhe could not ſpeak: while another perſon, with incredible diſpatch, and in great ſilence, turned up her petticoats, and with ſomething like a ſlipper, began to make ſuch application to her poſterior parts, that ſhe was in a moſt piteous taking. Although Don Quixote compaſſionated her caſe, he ſtirred not from his bed, as he did not know the nature of the aſſault, but lay ſnug and ſilent, in great fear that the ſame diſcipline would come round and ſound to his own carcaſe. Nor was his apprehenſion altogether groundleſs; for the ſilent executioners having ſeverely flogged the duenna, who durſt not complain, advanced to Don Quixote; and ſtripping off the ſheets and the quilt, pinched him ſo faſt and ſo ſmartly, that he could not forbear defending himſelf by dint of fiſt; and the whole affair was tranſacted in wonderful ſilence. The battle having laſted about half an hour, the phantoms vaniſhed, Donna Rodriguez adjuſted her petticoats, and groaning over her misfortune, ſneaked away, without ſpeaking a ſyllable to the knight, who remained alone, full of pains and pinches, ſorrow and confuſion. And here we will leave him,

burning

burning with desire to know who the perverse inchanter was, who had used him in such a cruel manner; but that secret shall be revealed in due season. Meanwhile we are summoned by Sancho Panza; and the excellent plan of our history obliges us to obey his call.

CHAP. XVII.

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO SANCHO PANZA, IN GOING THE ROUND OF HIS ISLAND.

WE left the great governor out of humour, and enraged at the same painting country wag, who had received his cue from the duke's steward and gentleman-sewer, sent thither on purpose to make merry at his expence: nevertheless, he held out toughly against the whole combination, Rude, and brood, and simple as he stood; and addressing himself to all present, and among the rest to Doctor Pedro Positive, who, after the duke's letter was read, had returned to the hall, 'Now,' said he, 'I am fully convinced that 'judges and governors are, or ought 'to be, made of brass, so as that 'they may not feel the importunity of 'people of business, who expect to be 'heard, and dispatched, at all hours 'and at all seasons, come what will, 'attending only to their own affairs; 'and if the poor devil of a judge does 'not hear and dispatch them, either 'because it is not in his power, or it 'happens to be an unseasonable time 'for giving audience, then they grumble 'and backbite, gnaw him to the very 'bones, and even bespatter his whole 'generation. Ignorant man of busi-'ness! foolish man of business! be not 'in such a violent hurry; wait for the 'proper season and conjuncture, and 'come not at meals and sleeping time; 'for judges are made of flesh and blood, 'and must give to nature that which 'nature requires, excepting myself, 'unhappy wretch that I am! who can-'not indulge my appetite, thanks to 'Doctor Pedro Positive Snatchaway 'here present, who intends that I shall 'die of hunger, and affirms that such 'a death is good living, which I pray 'God may fall to the share of him and 'all of his kidney! I mean, bad physi-'cians; as for the good, they deserve 'palms and laurel.'

Every body who knew Sancho was struck with admiration at hearing him talk so elegantly, and could not account for his improvement any other way, than by supposing that posts and places of importance enlarge the faculties of some, while they stupify the understanding of others. Finally, Doctor Pedro Positive Bodewell de Snatch-away promised to indulge his excellency with a plentiful supper at night, even though he should transgress all the aphorisms of Hippocrates. The governor rested satisfied with this declaration, waiting for the approach of night and supper with great impatience; and although time seemed to stand stock-still, the wished-for hour at length arrived, when they treated him with an hachis of beef well onioned, and some calves feet not very fresh: nevertheless, he attacked these dishes with more relish than if he had been served with Milan godwits, Roman pheasants, Sorrento veal, partridges of Moron, or geese of Lavajos: and, in the midst of supper, turning towards his physician, 'Take notice, doctor,' said he, 'that 'from henceforth you need not take 'the trouble to provide dainties and de-'licate dishes for me; they will only 'serve to unhinge my stomach, which 'is used to goats flesh, cow beef, and 'bacon, with turnips and onions; and, 'if by accident it chances to receive 'any of your titbits, it contains them 'with loathing, and sometimes throws 'them up: but, Master Sewer may 'bring me those dishes called *olla po-'dridas**; and the staler they are, so much 'the better. In one of these he may 'croud and cram all the eatables he can 'think of, and I will thank him for 'his pains; nay, one day or other, I 'shall make him amends; and let no 'man play the rogue with me: either we 'are or we are not; let us live and eat 'in harmony and peace; for, when God 'sends the morning, the light shines 'upon all. I will govern this island

* *Podrida*, signifies rotten or mortified: hence the *olla podrida* is in French stiled *pot-pourri*.

'without favour or corruption: and 'let every body keep a good look-out, 'and mind his own affairs; for, I 'would have you to know, the devil's 'in the dice*; and if you give me 'cauſe, you ſhall ſee wonders—yes, 'yes; make yourſelf honey, and the 'flies will bite.'

'Aſſuredly, my lord governor,' ſaid the ſteward, 'your lordſhip hath ſaid 'nothing but the truth; and I pro-'miſe, in the name of all the iſlanders 'of this iſland, to ſerve your lordſhip 'with perfect love, benevolence, and 'punctuality: for, the agreeable ſam-'ple of government which your lord-'ſhip hath given in the beginning, 'leaves us no room to do, or even to 'conceive, any thing that ſhall redound 'to the diſguſt and detriment of your 'honour.'—'I believe what you ſay,' replied Sancho; 'and indeed they muſt 'be fools to think or act any otherwiſe. 'And I ſay again, let the maintenance 'of me and my Dapple be taken care of; 'for that is the main point in this bu-'ſineſs: and when the time comes, let 'us go and make the round; my in-'tention is to clear the iſland from all 'ſort of filth, ſuch as vagabonds, idlers, 'and immoral people; for I would 'have you to know, my friends, that 'your idle and lazy fellows are the 'ſame in a commonwealth as drones 'in a bee-hive, that conſume the honey 'which the induſtrious labourers have 'made. My reſolution is to protect 'the farmers and handicrafts-men, 'maintain the prerogative of gentle-'men, reward virtue; and, above all 'things, reſpect religion and the ho-'nour of the clergy. Tell me, my 'friends, what is your opinion of my 'plan? Does it ſmack of ſomething? 'or do I threſh my ſkull to no pur-'poſe?'—'My lord governor,' ſaid the ſteward, 'your lordſhip ſpeaks ſo much 'to the purpoſe, that I am ſtruck with 'admiration, to hear a man ſo illiterate 'as your lordſhip (for I believe you do 'not know your letters) make ſo many 'obſervations full of ſagacity, and 'give counſel ſo much above every 'thing that was expected from your 'lordſhip's capacity, by thoſe who ſent 'us, as well as by ourſelves who are 'come hither. Every day produces 'ſomething new: jokes are turned into 'earneſt, and the biters are bit.'

Night being come, and the governor having ſupped with the good leave of Doctor Pedro, they prepared for going the round. Accordingly his excellency went forth, accompanied by the ſteward, notary, gentleman-ſewer, and hiſtorio-grapher, whoſe office it was to record his actions; and attended by ſuch a number of alguazils and ſcriveners, as would have formed a moderate ſqua-dron. Sancho walked in the middle with his rod, and a goodly ſight he was to ſee. Having traverſed a few ſtreets, they heard the claſhing of ſwords, upon which haſtening to the place of action, they found two men fighting, who, ſeeing the officers of juſtice, de-ſiſted; and one of them exclaimed, 'Help, in God's name, and the king's! 'What, are people ſuffered to be rob-'bed in this town, and aſſaulted in 'the very middle of the ſtreet?'—'Com-'poſe yourſelf, honeſt friend,' ſaid San-cho, 'and let me know the cauſe of 'this quarrel, for I am governor.' Then his adverſary interpoſing, 'My 'lord governor,' ſaid he, 'I will tell 'you the whole ſtory in a few words: 'Your worſhip muſt know, that this 'gentleman has been at play at that 'gaming-houſe over the way, where 'he has won above a thouſand rials, 'and God knows how fairly; now, I 'being preſent, decided more than 'once in his favour, when the bett was 'doubtful, againſt the dictates of my 'own conſcience. He took up his win-'ning, and when I expected he would 'gratify me with a crown at leaſt, for 'good will, as players generally make 'ſuch preſents to men of honour like 'me, who attend in thoſe places, ready 'at all adventures to ſupport unrea-'ſonable demands, and prevent diſ-'turbance, he pocketed the caſh, and 'went away; I followed him out of 'humour, yet in the moſt courteous 'manner begged he would indulge 'me with eight rials, as he knew me 'to be a gentleman without either bu-'ſineſs or fortune; for my parents nei-'ther bred me up to the one, nor left 'me the other; and the raſcal, who, 'by the bye, is as great a thief as 'Cacus, and as arrant a ſharper as

* Literally, The devil's in Cantilliana, which is a town of Andaluſia, near Seville.

'Andradilla,

'Andradilla, would not give me a 'farthing more than four rials; so 'that, my lord governor, your excel-'lency may perceive what a shameless 'and unconscionable rogue it is: but 'in good faith, if your lordship had not 'come up, I would have made him 'disgorge his winning, and taught him 'how to trim the balance.' When Sancho asked what the other had to say in his own defence, he owned that, as his adversary alledged, he had refused to give him more than four rials, because the plaintiff had often tasted of his bounty; and those who expect such gratifications, ought to be thankful, and take chearfully what their benefactors bestow, without pretending to make peremptory demands upon those who win, unless they know them to be cheats, and that their winning is unfairly acquired. He likewise observed, that there could be no surer mark of his honour and fair play, than his having refused to comply with the demands of such a rascal; for sharpers are always tributary to those lookers-on who know their knavery. 'The remark is 'certainly just,' said the steward: 'how 'will your excellency please to dispose 'of these men?'—'What must be 'done, is this,' replied the governor: 'You, Mr. Winner, whether you be 'good, bad, or indifferent, must im-'mediately pay to this here flash-buck-'ler, one hundred rials; and, besides, 'disburse thirty more for the use and 'behoof of the poor prisoners—and 'you, Sir, who have neither business, 'fortune, or employment in this island, 'take these hundred rials, and some 'time to-morrow banish yourself from 'this island for the space of ten years, 'on penalty (if you disobey the sen-'tence) of compleating the term of 'your exile in the other world; for, in 'that case, I will hang you on a gib-'bet; at least, the executioner shall do 'it by my order; and let no man pre-'sume to reply, or I will chastise him 'severely.' The one disbursed, the other received the rials; this quitted the island, that retired to his own lodgings; and the governor, who remained on the spot, said to his followers, 'If my power is not very small, I 'will suppress those gaming-houses, 'which I begin to perceive are very 'prejudicial to the publick.'—'This, 'at least,' said the notary, 'your ex-'cellency cannot suppress; for it is 'kept by a person of quality, who, in 'the course of the year, loses a great 'deal more than he gets by the cards. 'Against petty gaming-houses of small 'account, which are productive of 'most mischief, and cover more crimes, 'your lordship may exert your autho-'rity; but, in the houses of noblemen 'and gentlemen of rank, the noted 'sharpers dare not put their tricks in 'practice; and since the vice of gam-'ing is become a common exercise, 'better play in houses of fashion than 'in any publick gaming-house, into 'which an unfortunate wretch is often 'seduced in the middle of the night, 'and as it were skinned alive.'—'Mr. 'Notary,' replied the governor, 'much 'may be said on that subject.'

Here he was interrupted by the arrival of a serjeant who had fast hold of a youth, and thus addressed himself to the governor: 'This spark,' my lord, 'was coming towards us; but no 'sooner had a glimpse of the officers 'of justice, than he turned his back, 'and began to scamper off as nimbly 'as a fallow-deer; a sure sign of his 'being some sort of a delinquent: I 'pursued him immediately, but should 'never have overtaken him, had not he 'stumbled and fallen.'—'Young man,' said Sancho, 'what did you run for?' To this question the youth replied, 'I 'ran, my lord, in order to avoid the te-'dious interrogations of justice.'—'What business do you follow?'—'I 'am a weaver.'—'And what sort of 'stuff do you weave?'—'Iron heads 'for lances, with your honour's leave.' —'What! you are a small wit, me-'thinks, and set up for a joker! Very 'well, Sir, and where was you going 'now?'—'To take the air, my lord.' —'And whereabouts do you take the 'air in this island?'—'Just where it 'happens to blow.'—'Good again! 'your answers are pat; and, to be sure, 'you are a pretty smart young fellow: 'but, hark ye, youngster, I am the air 'that will blow in your poop, until you 'are safely lodged in prison.—Here, 'take and order him to gaol, I will 'take order that he shall sleep for one 'night without air.'—'Fore God!' cried the youth, 'your honour can no 'more make me sleep in gaol, than you 'can make me king.'—'And where-'fore cannot I make thee sleep in gaol?'

replied Sancho; 'is it not in my power 'to confine and releaſe thee, when and 'where I pleaſe!'—'How great ſoever 'your honour's power may be,' ſaid the young man, 'it is not ſufficient to 'make me ſleep in priſon.'—'How! 'not ſufficient?' cried Sancho: 'away 'with him, and let his own eyes con'vince him of his miſtake; and leſt the 'gaoler ſhould practiſe his intereſted 'generoſity upon him, I will fine him 'in two thouſand ducats, if he ſuffers 'thee to move one ſtep from the priſon.' —'All this is matter of mirth,' anſwered the youth; 'for the truth is, 'all the people upon earth ſhall not 'make me ſleep in priſon.'—'Tell me, 'devil,' ſaid Sancho, 'haſt thou got a 'familiar to releaſe thee, and looſe the 'chains with which I intend thou ſhalt 'be fettered?'—'Now, my lord go'vernor,' replied the youth with a graceful air, 'let us argue the matter, 'and come to the point. Suppoſe your 'excellency ſhould order me to be car'ried to gaol, to be loaded with chains 'and ſhackles, and thruſt into a dun'geon, and lay an heavy penalty upon 'the gaoler, in caſe he ſhould allow me 'to eſcape; and laſtly, ſuppoſe he ſhould 'perform his duty with all imaginable 'care and ſucceſs; notwithſtanding all 'theſe precautions, if I have no incli'nation to ſleep, and can keep myſelf 'awake all night, without cloſing an 'eye, pray tell me, is all your lord'ſhip's power ſufficient to make me 'ſleep againſt my will?'—'No, ſure'ly,' ſaid the ſecretary; 'and the young 'man has made good his aſſertion.'— 'Provided always,' ſaid Sancho, 'that 'your defying ſleep would be merely 'for your own pleaſure, without any 'intention to contradict mine.'—'No, 'my lord,' replied the youth; 'I ne'ver dreamt of any ſuch intention.'— 'Then, peace be with you,' reſumed the governor, 'you may go and ſleep at 'home, and God ſend you a ſound ſleep, 'for I have no deſign to diſturb your 'repoſe: but let me adviſe you, never 'henceforth to crack a joke upon juſ'tice; otherwiſe you may chance to 'light upon ſome of her miniſters that 'will crack your ſcull.'

The youth went away, the governor continued his circuit; and he had not gone far, when two ſerjeants brought in a perſon they had taken, ſaying, 'My lord governor, this here perſon 'that ſeems to be a man, is no other 'than a woman, and that not ugly nei'ther, in man's cloaths.' Here they held up two or three lanthorns, by the light of which they diſcovered the face of a woman, ſeemingly about ſixteen years of age, beautiful as a thouſand pearls, with her hair tied up in a net of green ſilk and gold. Having ſurveyed her from head to foot, they perceived her ſtockings were of fleſh coloured ſilk, tied with garters of white taffeta, and fringes of gold embroidery; her breeches were of green cloth of gold; ſhe had a looſe coat of the ſame ſtuff, under which ſhe wore a jacket of the fineſt brocade; and her ſhoes were white, and made like thoſe uſed by men. She had no ſword about her, but a very rich dagger, and upon her fingers were a great number of valuable rings: in a word, all who beheld the girl were ſtruck with her appearance, though not one of them knew her face; and the inhabitants of the town ſaid they could not conceive who ſhe was. But thoſe who concerted the jokes that were practiſed upon Sancho were moſt ſtruck with admiration; for this incident and ſalvage was not of their contriving; and therefore they ſtood in ſuſpence, waiting to ſee the iſſue of the adventure; while Sancho, confounded at the girl's beauty, aſked who ſhe was, whither ſhe was going, and what had induced her to appear in the habit of a man. She, fixing her eyes upon the ground, with the moſt engaging baſhfulneſs, replied, 'My lord, I cannot diſcloſe, in 'ſuch a publick company, what it con'cerns me ſo much to conceal. One 'circumſtance I beg leave to commu'nicate: I am no thief or criminal per'ſon; but an unfortunate young lady, 'compelled by jealouſy to treſpaſs up'on that decorum which is due to my 'honour and reputation.'

The ſteward hearing theſe words, ſaid to Sancho, 'My lord governor, 'be ſo good as to bid the people retire, 'that this lady may diſburden her mind 'with more freedom.' The governor accordingly laid his commands upon his attendants, all of whom retired, except the ſteward, the gentleman ſewer, and the ſecretary; and the young lady, finding they were gone, proceeded to this effect: 'Gentlemen, I am the 'daughter of Pedro Perez Mazorca, 'farmer of the wool in this town, who 'comes

'comes frequently to my father's house.' —'Madam,' said the steward, 'this 'will not go down. I am very well 'acquainted with Pedro Perez, and 'know he has neither chick nor child, 'male or female; besides, you first say 'he is your father, and then add, he 'frequently comes to your father's 'house.'—'That circumstance I like 'wise took notice of,' said Sancho. 'Well, gentlemen,' replied the damsel, 'I am in such confusion, that I 'know not what to say, but the truth 'is, I am the daughter of Diego de 'Llana, whom you must all know.'— 'Aye, this goes better,' answered the steward; 'Diego de Llana is my ac-'quaintance, and a gentleman of rank 'and fortune; I know, too, he has a 'son and daughter; though, since he 'was a widower, no person in this 'town can pretend to say he ever saw 'the face of his daughter, whom her 'father keeps so closely shut up, that 'the sun himself has no opportunity 'to behold her; and yet, report says 'she is extremely beautiful.'—'True,' said the damsel; 'I am that very 'daughter, and whether or not fame 'has belyed me in point of beauty, 'you yourselves, gentlemen, may judge 'from your own observation.' So say-ing, she began to weep most tenderly.

The secretary perceiving her distress, said to the sewer in a whisper, 'Doubt-'less, something of consequence must 'have happened to this poor young lady, 'seeing a person of her quality quits 'her own home at such an hour, and in 'such an equipage.'—'Certainly,' replied the other, 'that suspicion is con-'firmed by her tears.' As for Sancho, he consoled her in the best terms he could use, and desired that she would, without fear or constraint, communicate what had befallen her; for they would endeavour to remedy her disaster with great sincerity, and by all possible means. 'This, then, is the case, gentlemen,' answered the damsel: 'my father has 'locked me up for the space of ten years, 'which are elapsed since my mother 'was committed to her grave: there is 'in the house a rich oratory where mass 'is said; and, in all that time, I have 'seen nothing but the sun in the hea-'vens by day, and the moon and stars 'by night. I am utterly unacquaint-'ed with the streets, squares, churches, 'and all mankind, except my father, 'my brother, and Pedro Perez, the wool 'farmer, whom, because he comes fre-'quently to our house, I took it in my 'head to call my father, in order to 'conceal the name of my real parent. 'I have been very disconsolate for ma-'ny days and months, on account of 'this confinement, and his constant re-'fusal to let me go to church; I longed 'to see the world, at least the town in 'which I first drew breath; and I did 'not think this desire transgressed the 'bounds of that decorum which young 'women of fashion ought to preserve. 'When I heard of bull-feasts, darting 'the javelin, and plays, I desired my 'brother, who is a year younger than 'myself, to describe the nature of these 'and many other things which I had 'not seen, and he gratified my desire 'to the utmost of his power; but his 'description served only to inflame my 'impatience to behold those spectacles; 'in a word, to cut short the account of 'my ruin, I say, I desired and intreat-'ed my brother—would to God I had 'never desired or intreated him!'

And here she renewed her lamenta-tion; when the steward interposing, 'Madam,' said he, 'be so good as to 'proceed, and finish the story of your 'adventure; for your own words and 'tears keep us all in the utmost sus-'pence.'—'I have little else to say,' replied the damsel, 'though a great many 'tears to shed; for such irregular de-'sires are always, without fail, attend-'ed by such misfortunes.'

The beauty of this damsel having made an impression on the soul of the gentleman sewer, he once more held up the lanthorn to take another view, and the tears she let fall, he took to be seed-pearl, or the dew-drops of the meadow; nay, his fancy even compared them to oriental pearls, and he ardently wished that her misfortunes might not appear so great as her sighs and lamen-tation seemed to indicate.

The governor being tired of the dila-tory manner in which the girl told her story, desired she would keep them no longer in suspence; for it was late, and they had a great part of their round still to perform. Then she, in the midst of interrupted sobbings and broken sighs, proceeded thus: 'My misfortune and 'my disaster is nothing else than this; 'I begged my brother to disguise me 'in one of his suits, and carry me out

'to see the town, some night while my 'father should be asleep; he, impor- 'tuned by my intreaties, complied with 'my request, and gave me this dress, 'while he himself put on a suit of 'mine, which fits him to a nicety; for 'he has not one hair upon his chin, 'and looks exactly like a very hand- 'some girl. This night, about an hour 'ago, little more or less, we sallied 'forth from our own house; and con- 'ducted by our foot-boy, and our own 'unruly desire, went round the whole 'town; but, when we wanted to re- 'turn home again, we perceived a 'great number of people coming up, 'and my brother said, "Sister, this "must be the patrole; quicken your "pace, put wings to your feet, and run "after me, that they may not know "who we are, otherwise we shall be in "evil taking." So saying, he took to 'his heels, and began—not to run, but 'to fly; but scarce had I followed him 'six paces, when I fell through fear, 'and then came the officers of justice, 'who brought me before your lordship, 'where, in consequence of my foolish 'and rash conduct, I find myself con- 'founded and ashamed before so much 'company.'—'So that after all, Ma- 'dam,' said Sancho, 'no other mishap 'has befallen you, nor was it jealousy 'that brought you from your own 'house, as you alledged in the begin- 'ning of your story?'—'Nothing else 'hath happened to me, nor did I quit 'my own home from jealousy, but 'merely from the desire of seeing the 'world, which extended no farther 'than a wish to see the streets of this 'town.'

The truth of this assertion was confirmed by the arrival of two other serjeants with her brother, whom they had taken in his flight. He had no other cloaths but a rich petticoat, and a mantle of blue damask laced with gold; on his head there was no cap, or any other ornament but his own hair, which was so rich and ruddy, that it looked like ringlets of gold. The governor, steward, and sewer, taking him aside, that he might not be overheard by his sister, questioned him about his being disguised in that dress; and the youth, with equal bashfulness and disorder, repeated the same story which his sister had related, to the unspeakable satisfaction of the enamoured sewer.

'Gentlefolks,' said the governor, 'this is certainly a very childish trick, 'and in giving an account of your sim- 'plicity and rashness, there needed not 'all this weeping and wailing. Had 'you said at first, our names are so and 'so, and we fell upon this contrivance 'to steal out of our father's house, 'merely to gratify our curiosity, with- 'out any other design, the affair would 'have been at an end, and you might 'have spared all this grunting and 'groaning.'—'Very true,' replied the damsel; 'but your honour must know, 'my confusion was so great, that I was 'not mistress of my own behaviour.'—'There is no harm done,' replied Sancho; 'let us go and see you safe home 'to the house of your father, who per- 'haps has not missed you as yet; and 'henceforward be not such a baby, or 'so desirous to see the world. The 'maid that would keep her good name, 'stays at home as if she was lame. A 'hen and a housewife, whatever they 'cost, if once they go gadding will 'surely be lost. And she that longs to 'see, I ween, is as desirous to be seen. 'This is all I shall at present say upon 'the subject.'

The young man thanked the governor for his intended civility in seeing them home; and accordingly they took the road to their father's house, which was not far off. When they arrived at the gate, the brother threw a pebble at a casement, and immediately a maid-servant who sat up for them, came down and opened the door, at which they entered, leaving all the company in admiration at their beauty and genteel deportment, as well as at their scheme of seeing the world by night, without going out of the town; but this they ascribed to their tender years.

The sewer's heart was transpierced by the charms of the sister, whom he resolved to demand in marriage of her father the very next day, concluding he should not meet with a denial because he was a domestick of the duke's. Even Sancho was seized with a whim and inclination to make a match between the youth and his daughter Sanchica, and he actually resolved to effectuate it in due season; taking it for granted no man would refuse his hand to a governor's daughter.

Thus ended the round for that night, and in two days he saw the end of his government,

government, which overthrew and destroyed all his designs, as will be seen in the sequel.

CHAP. XVIII.

WHICH DECLARES WHO WERE THE INCHANTERS AND EXECUTIONERS THAT SCOURGED THE DUENNA, AND PINCHED AND SCRATCHED DON QUIXOTE—TOGETHER WITH THE EXPEDITION OF THE PAGE, WHO CARRIED THE LETTER TO TERESA PANZA, SANCHO'S SPOUSE.

CID Hamet, the most punctual investigator of the most minute atoms belonging to this genuine history, says, that when Donna Rodriguez quitted her apartment to visit Don Quixote in his chamber, another duenna, who was her bedfellow, perceived her motions, and as all the individuals of that class are naturally disposed to enquire, to pry, and to smell into the affairs of their neighbours, she followed her so softly, that honest Rodriguez knew nothing at all of the matter; and when she saw her enter Don Quixote's apartment, that she might conform to the general custom of all duennas, who are much addicted to tale-bearing, she, that instant, went and informed my Lady Duchess, that Donna Rodriguez was in the knight's bedchamber; the duchess communicated this intelligence to the duke, and asked leave to go along with Altisidora, and see what the duenna wanted with Don Quixote: the duke granted his permission, and the two, with great caution, treading softly, step by step, went up so close to the chamber-door, as to overhear every thing that was said; and the duchess hearing how Rodriguez divulged the secret of those healing streams*, that flowed from her body, could not bear the duenna's presumption, which was equally resented by Altisidora. Exasperated, therefore, and bent upon vengeance, they burst into the apartment, where they pinched the knight, and flogged the duenna, as hath been already recited; for, affronts levelled directly against the beauty and pride of the fair sex, waken the indignation of the offended party to a great degree, and inspire her with the desire of revenge.

The duchess recounted the adventure to the duke, who was extremely diverted with the particulars; and her grace resolving to proceed with her jokes, and extract entertainment from Don Quixote, dispatched the page who had acted the part of Dulcinea, in the contrivance of the disinchantment, which, by the bye, Sancho Panza had by this time forgot, so much was he engrossed by the affairs of his government——the duchess, I say, dispatched the page to Teresa Panza, with her husband's letter, and another from her grace, together with a rosary of rich coral in a present.

The history relates, then, that the page, who was a very intelligent acute young fellow, extremely well disposed to contribute to the entertainment of his lord and lady, set out with great satisfaction for Sancho's native place; but, before he entered the village, he saw a number of women washing linen in a brook, and of these he asked, if they could inform him whereabouts lived one Teresa Panza, wife of one Sancho Panza, squire to a certain knight, called Don Quixote de La Mancha. This question was no sooner pronounced, than a girl, who was washing, starting up, 'That Teresa Panza,' cried she, 'is my mother; and that same San-'cho my honoured father, and that 'knight our master.'—'Come, then, 'young mistress,' replied the page, 'conduct me to your mother, for I 'bring her a letter and a present from 'that same father of yours.'—'That 'I will do with all my heart, kind Sir,' answered the girl; who seemed to be fourteen years of age, over or under; and, leaving the cloaths upon which she was at work, to one of her companions, without putting on her cap or her shoes, for she was barefoot, and her hair hung about her eyes, she ran before the page's horse, saying, 'Come 'along, good Sir, our house is at this 'end of the village, and there you

* Literally, the Aranjuez of the fountains. *Fuentes* signifies, either fountains or issues; and *Aranjuez* is the name of a delightful palace, about seven leagues from Madrid, famous for gardens and fountains.

'will

'will find my poor mother in a sorrowful taking, because she has not for 'many days heard any news of my honoured father'—'But now,' said the page, 'I bring her such good news, 'that she will have reason to bless God 'for this happy day.' In a word, what with dancing, running, and skipping, the wench arrived at the village; but before she entered the house, she called aloud at the door, 'Come out, mother Teresa, come out; pray come 'out; here's a gentleman who brings 'letters, and other good things, from 'my good father!'

Teresa Panza hearing this exclamation, came forth spinning tow from a distaff, with a grey petticoat, so short that it seemed to have been cut close to the placket; a jacket of the same stuff, and an open breasted shift; she was not very old, though seemingly turned of forty; but strong, hale, nervous, and tough. Seeing her daughter, with the page on horseback, 'What is the matter, child?' said she; 'what gentleman 'is that?'—'The very humble servant 'of my Lady Donna Teresa Panza,' replied the page; who, throwing himself from his horse, ran with great eagerness and humility, to kneel before Madam Teresa, saying, 'Grant me permission 'to kiss your ladyship's hand, Madam 'Donna Teresa, as the legitimate and 'particular consort of my Lord Don 'Sancho Panza, sole governor of the 'island Barataria.'—'Nay, good Sir, 'forbear; do not so!' answered Teresa; 'I am none of your court dames; but 'a poor country-woman, a plough-'man's daughter, and wife to a squire-'errant, but no governor.'—'Your 'ladyship,' replied the page, 'is the 'most worthy consort of the most superlatively worthy governor; and this 'letter and present is an incontestible 'proof of the truth of what I say.' So saying, he instantly pulled from his pocket the string of coral, set in gold, and tied it round her neck; then producing a letter, 'This,' said he, 'is from 'my Lord Governor, and this other 'with the necklace, from my Lady Du-'chess who sent me hither.'

Teresa was confounded; and her daughter, no less astonished, exclaimed, 'I'll be hanged if our master Don 'Quixote be not at the bottom of all 'this; and surely must have given my 'father that same government or count-'ship, which he promised him so often!'—'You are certainly in the right,' answered the page; 'for it is entirely on 'Signior Don Quixote's account, that 'Signior Sancho is now governor of 'the island Barataria, as will appear 'in this letter.'—'Pray, good gentle-'man, read it,' said Teresa; 'for 'though I can spin, I cannot read so 'much as a crumb.'—'Nor I, neither,' added Sanchica; 'but stay a moment, 'I'll go and fetch one that shall read 'it, either the curate himself, or the 'batchelor Sampson Carrasco, who 'will come with pleasure to hear news 'of my father.'—'There is no occa-'sion to fetch any person whatever,' said the page; 'for though I cannot 'spin, I can read; and read it I shall.' He accordingly read Sancho's letter from beginning to end; but as it hath been already recited, we shall not repeat it in this place. Then he rehearsed the other, which came from the duchess, in these words—

'FRIEND TERESA,

'THE great talents, and excellent 'disposition of your husband 'Sancho, induced and obliged me to 'beg of the duke my husband, that he 'would confer upon him the govern-'ment of one, among many islands 'that are in his possession; and I un-'derstand he governs like any jerfaul-'con; a circumstance that affords great 'pleasure to me, and of consequence 'to my Lord Duke; and I thank Hea-'ven heartily, that I have not been de-'ceived in chusing him for that same 'government: for, Madam Teresa 'must know, it is a very hard matter 'to find a good governor in this world, 'and God make me as good a woman 'as Sancho is a governor. I have sent 'you, my dear friend, a coral necklace 'set in gold; and I wish, for your sake, 'it had been of oriental pearls; but, He 'he that gives, though it were but an 'egg, would be sorry to see thee lame 'of a leg. The time will come when 'we shall be better acquainted, and 'carry on a closer correspondence, and 'Heaven knows what may come to 'pass. Commend me to your daugh-'ter Sanchica, and tell her from me, to 'keep herself in readiness; for I mean 'to match her very high, when per-'haps she thinks least of the matter. I

'am

'am told your town is famous for fine large acorns; pray ſend me two dozen, which I ſhall greatly eſteem as coming from your hand. Write me a long letter, giving an account of your health and welfare; and if you ſhould want any thing, you have nothing to do but open your mouth, and it ſhall be meaſured. That God would protect you, is the prayer of your loving friend,

'THE DUCHESS.'

'La! now,' cried Tereſa, when ſhe heard the contents of the letter, 'what a kind, and plain, and humble lady! would I might live, and die, and be buried among ſuch ladies, and not your gentlewomen of this town, who think, forſooth, becauſe they are gentlefolks, the wind muſt not touch them, and go to church in ſuch finery as if they were perfect queens; nay, they ſeem to think it a diſgrace to look at a poor body; and ſee here now, how this worthy lady, even though no leſs than a ducheſs, calls me friend, and treats me as if I were her own equal; and equal may ſhe be to the higheſt ſteeple in all La Mancha. As to what concerns the acorns, kind Sir, I'll ſend her a whole peck, ſo fair and large, that people ſhall come far and near to ſee and admire them.—For the preſent, Sanchica, we muſt look to the entertainment of this gentleman; let his horſe be taken care of; fetch ſome eggs from the ſtable, and cut ſome raſhers of bacon, and let us treat him like a prince; for the good news he has brought, and his own good countenance, deſerves every thing at our hands. In the mean time I'll go out, and give an account of our good fortune to my neighbours, eſpecially our father the curate, and Maſter Nicholas the barber, who are, and always were, ſuch friends to your father.'—'I will do as you deſire, mother,' anſwered Sanchica; 'but remember, you ſhall give me one half of the ſtring of coral; for I don't take my lady ducheſs to be ſuch a ninny as to ſend the whole for your uſe.'—'It is all thy own, daughter,' replied Tereſa; 'but thou muſt let me wear it a few days about my neck; for in faith and troth, it will rejoice my poor heart.'—'It will be ſtill more rejoiced,' ſaid the page, 'when you ſee the bundle in that portmanteau, conſiſting of a ſuit of ſuperfine cloth, which was never wore but one day at the hunting, by the governor, who ſends it for the ſole uſe of Miſs Sanchica.'—'May he live a thouſand years!' cried Sanchica, 'as well as he that brings it, neither more nor leſs; and even two thouſand, if there ſhould be occaſion.'

Now Tereſa going out with the letters, and the ſtring about her neck, went along playing with her fingers upon the paper, as if it had been a cymbal; and caſually meeting the curate and Sampſon Carraſco, ſhe began to caper about, ſaying, 'In good faith, we have no poor kindred now; we have caught the governorſhip: aye, aye, pick me up the beſt gentlewoman of them all, ſtack! I'll look upon her as an upſtart.'—'What is the matter, Tereſa Panza?' ſaid the curate; 'What is the meaning of this rhapſody? and what papers are theſe?'—'No rhapſody at all,' replied Tereſa, 'but only theſe letters are from ducheſſes and governors, and theſe here upon my neck are true corals; the Ave Marias and Paternoſters are of beaten gold, and I am a governeſs!'—'God ſhield us, Tereſa,' cried the curate, 'as we do not underſtand a word of what you ſay!'—'Seeing is believing,' anſwered the good woman, putting the letters into his hand; which he having read, in the hearing of Sampſon Carraſco, they looked at one another with aſtoniſhment. When the batchelor aſked who brought thoſe letters, Tereſa deſired they would go along with her to her houſe, and they would ſee the meſſenger, who was a comely youth, like a perfect golden pine-tree, and had brought another preſent worth twice as much. The curate taking the ſtring of coral from her neck, viewed and reviewed it with great deliberation; and, being ſatisfied the beads were real fine coral, was again ſtruck with admiration, and exclaimed, 'Now, by the habit which I wear! I know not what to ſay, or what to think of theſe letters and preſents: on one ſide I ſee, and even feel, the worth of theſe corals; and on the other, I read a letter from a ducheſs, who begs two dozen of acorns!'—

'Reconcile these things if you can,' said Carrasco; 'but now let us go and 'see the bearer of this packet, whose 'information will solve all these difficulties.'

They accordingly accompanied Teresa, and found the page winnowing a little barley for his beast, while Sanchicha was employed in cutting rashers to fry with the eggs, for the entertainment of their guest, whose appearance and equipage gave great satisfaction to the new-comers. After the compliments of salutation had courteously passed between them, Sampson intreated him to tell them news of Don Quixote, as well as of Sancho Panza; for although they had perused the letters of this last, and of my lady duchess, they were still overwhelmed with confusion, and could by no means comprehend the meaning of that government, especially of an island, seeing all, or the greatest part of the islands in the Mediterranean, belonged to his majesty. To this remonstrance the page replied, 'That 'Signior Sancho Panza is a governor, 'there is no sort of doubt; but whether of an island or not, I do not pretend to decide: let it suffice, however, 'that he governs a place of above 'a thousand inhabitants; and with respect to the acorns, I can affirm, my 'Lady Duchess is of such a frank and 'humble disposition, that her sending 'for acorns to a countrywoman is not 'to be wondered at; nay, I once knew 'her send and borrow a comb of one 'of her neighbours; for you must 'know, gentlemen, the ladies of Aragon, although as noble, are not so 'ceremonious and superb, as the quality of Castile, but treat their inferiors 'with more frankness and familiarity.'

In the midst of this conversation, Sanchica coming in with her lap full of eggs, addressed herself to the page, saying, 'Pray, tell me, Signior, does 'my honoured father wear trunk-hose 'since he was a governor?'—'I have 'not observed that particular,' replied the page; 'but certainly he must.' —'My God!' cried Sanchica, 'how 'glad I should be to see my father 'with trunk hose! let me never thrive, 'but I have, ever since I was born, 'longed to see father in laced trunk-'breeches.'—'Laced hose!' said the page; 'Lord, Madam, if he lives, and 'his government should hold but two 'months, he is in a fair way of travelling with a hood to his riding-'coat.' The curate and batchelor could easily perceive the page made a jest of his entertainers; but the worth of the coral beads, and the hunting-suit which Sancho had sent, destroyed all their conjectures; for Teresa had shewn them the green garment: nor did they fail to laugh at the ambition of Sanchica; and their mirth was not extinguished, when Teresa accosting the priest, 'Mr. Curate,' said she, 'do pray 'cast your eyes about a little, and see 'if any body be going to Madrid or 'Toledo, that I may have an opportunity to purchase a round farthing-'gale, right and tight, fashionable and 'of the best sort; for truly and truly, 'I am resolved to honour my spouse's 'government as much as lies in my 'power; aye, and if they vex me, I'll 'go to court, and ride in my coach, 'like all the rest, and the best of them; 'for she who is married to a governor, 'may very well procure and maintain 'such a convenience.'—'Yea, forsooth, replied Sanchica; 'and would to God 'it were to-day rather than to-morrow, although those who saw me 'seated with my lady mother in the 'coach, should say, Look at such a 'one, daughter of such a garlick-eater, 'how she sits and lolls in a coach, like 'the pope's lady; but let them trudge 'in the dirt, so I ride in my coach, 'with my feet lifted off the ground: 'An ill year, and worse month, betide all the envious grumblers upon 'earth; and, So I am warm, without 'and within, the mob may laugh, and 'the malicious grin. Speak I to the 'purpose, mother?'—'To the purpose! yes, to be sure, daughter; and 'all this good luck, and even more, 'was prophesied by my good man 'Sancho, and thou shalt see, daughter, it will not stop until I am a countess; for good fortune wants only 'a beginning, as I have often heard it 'observed by thy worthy father, who 'is likewise the father of proverbs; 'When they bring thee a heifer, be 'ready with the halter; When they 'give thee a government, seize it a-'God's name; When they bestow a 'countship, lay thy clutches upon 'it; and, When they throw thee 'some

'some good beneficial bone, wag thy 'tail, and snap at the favour; if not, 'sleep on, and never answer to good 'fortune and preferment, when they 'knock at thy door.'—'And what do 'I care?' said Sanchica, 'let them say 'what they will, when they see me 'exalted in all my finery, and cry, 'There goes Mrs. Ape, with her but-'tocks cased in crape: and all the rest 'of that stuff.'

The curate hearing her remark, 'I 'cannot believe,' said he, 'but that 'all the family of the Panzas are born 'with a bag of proverbs in their bow-'els; for I have never seen one of them, 'who does not scatter about old saws, 'at all times, and in all conversations.' —'Your observation is very just,' said the page; 'for my Lord Governor San-'cho utters them at every step; and al-'though many of his proverbs are not 'much to the purpose, they nevertheless 'give great pleasure, and are much ex-'tolled by my lady duchess and the 'duke.'—'What! and do you still, my 'good Sir,' said the batchelor, 'affirm 'the truth of that government of San-'cho; and that there is actually a du-'chess who sends letters and presents to 'his wife? For our parts, although 'we handle the presents, and have pe-'rused the letters, we cannot believe the 'evidence of our senses, and imagine 'this is one of those things which our 'townsman Don Quixote supposed to 'have been effected by inchantment; 'and therefore, I own, I have an incli-'nation to touch and feel your person, 'that I may know whether you are a 'fantastical ambassador, or really a man 'of flesh and blood.'—'Gentlemen,' replied the page, 'all that I know of 'the matter is, that I am a real ambas-'sador; that Signior Sancho Panza is 'effectually a governor; and that my 'lord duke, and lady duchess, not only 'could, but actually did, invest him 'with that government, in which I 'hear the said Sancho Panza behaves 'with vast ability. Whether or not 'there is any inchantment in the case, 'I leave you, gentlemen, to dispute and 'decide among yourselves; that this is 'all I know of the matter, I swear by 'the life of my parents, who are still 'alive, and whom I love and honour 'with the utmost reverence of affec-'tion.'—'What you say may be true,' answered the batchelor: 'but, *Dubitat 'Augustinus.*'—'Doubt as much as you 'please,' resumed the page: 'what I 'have said is the naked truth, which 'will always swim above falshood, like 'oil above water; but, *Operibus credite 'et non verbis*: let one of you, gentle-'men, go along with me, and he shall 'see with his eyes what he will not be-'lieve upon hearsay.'—'I am for that 'jaunt,' cried Sanchica: 'good Sir, if 'you will take me up behind you, I 'shall be glad to go and see my father's 'worship.'—'The daughters of gover-'nors,' said the page, 'never travel alone; 'but always accompanied by coaches, 'and litters, and a great number of at-'tendants.'—''Fore God,' replied Sanchica, 'I can travel upon a she-ass 'as well as in a coach: you won't find 'me shy or fearful.'—'Hold your 'tongue, wench,' said Teresa: 'you 'know not what you say. The gentle-'man is in the right; for, Every season 'has it's reason. When it was plain 'Sancho, it was plain Sancha; but now, 'being governor, my Lady—— I know 'not if what I say be to the purpose.'— 'Madam Teresa has said more than she 'is aware of,' replied the page: 'but, 'pray, let me have some victuals, and 'dispatch me immediately; for I intend 'to return this evening.' To this re-monstrance the curate answered, 'Sir, you 'shall come and do penance with me; 'for Madam Teresa has more inclination 'than ability to entertain such a worthy 'guest.' The page, at first, declined the invitation; but, at length, found it was his interest to consent; and the curate conducted him to his parsonage, with great pleasure, that he might have an opportunity to enquire at leisure about Don Quixote and his exploits.

The batchelor offered to write an-swers to Teresa's letters; but she did not chuse that he should intermeddle in her affairs; for she looked upon him as a wag. She therefore gave a roll of bread, and a couple of eggs, to a provi-ciate monk who could write; and he penned two letters, one for her hus-band, and another for the duchess, in-dited by Teresa's own noddle, which are not the least entertaining that occur

in this ſublime hiſtory, as will be ſeen in the ſequel.

CHAP. XIX.

OF THE PROGRESS OF SANCHO PANZA'S GOVERNMENT — AND OTHER SUCH DIVERTING INCIDENTS.

AT length arrived the morning that ſucceeded the night of the governor's round, which the gentleman-ſewer paſſed without ſleep, ſo much were his thoughts engroſſed by the face, the air, and beauty of the diſguiſed damſel; while the ſteward employed the time in writing an account of Sancho's conduct to his lord and lady, equally aſtoniſhed at his words and actions, in which folly and diſcretion were ſtrangely blended.

At laſt my lord governor aroſe, and by direction of Doctor Pedro Poſitive, he was fain to break his faſt with a little conſerve, and four gulps of cold water, which Sancho would have gladly exchanged for a luncheon of bread and a bunch of grapes; but, finding himſelf under compulſion, he bore his fate with grief of ſoul and anxiety of ſtomach; Pedro Poſitive giving him to underſtand, that your ſlight and delicate diſhes animate the genius, conſequently were moſt proper for perſons appointed to poſts and offices of importance, in which corporal ſtrength cannot avail ſo much as the vigour of the underſtanding. By this ſort of ſophiſtry Sancho was ſubjected to ſuch ſevere hunger, that he in ſecret curſed the government; aye, and him who conferred it: nevertheleſs, in deſpight of hunger, and upon the ſtrength of the conſerve, he, that day, ſat in judgment; and the firſt caſe that occurred, was a queſtion put by a ſtranger, in preſence of the ſteward and the reſt of the aſſiſtants: 'My lord,' ſaid he, 'a 'certain manor is divided by a large 'river—I beg your honour will be attentive; for the caſe is of great conſequence, and ſome difficulty. I ſay, 'then, upon this river is a bridge, and 'at one end of it the gibbet, together 'with a ſort of court-hall, in which 'four judges uſually ſit, to execute 'the law enacted by the lord of the 'river, bridge, and manor, which 'runs to this effect: "Whoſoever ſhall "paſs over this bridge, muſt firſt "ſwear whence he comes, and whither "he goes: if he ſwears the truth, he "ſhall be allowed to paſs; but if he "forſwears himſelf, he ſhall die upon "the gallows, without mercy or reſpite."

'This law, together with the rigorous penalty, being known, numbers 'paſſed, and as it appeared they ſwore 'nothing but the truth, the judges 'permitted them to paſs freely, and 'without controul. It happened, however, that one man's oath being taken, 'he affirmed, and ſwore by his depoſition, that he was going to be hanged 'on that gibbet, and had no other errand or intention. The judges having conſidered this oath, obſerved, if 'we allow the man to paſs freely, he 'ſwore to a lye, and therefore ought to 'be hanged according to law; and if 'we order him to be hanged, after he 'hath ſworn he was going to be ſuſpended on that gibbet, he will have 'ſworn the truth, and by the ſame law 'ought to be acquitted. I beg, therefore, to know of your honour, my 'lord governor, what the judges muſt 'do with this man: for hitherto they 'are doubtful and in ſuſpenſe; and 'having heard of your lordſhip's acute 'and elevated underſtanding, they have 'ſent me to intreat your honour, in 'their names, to favour them with your 'opinion in a caſe of ſuch doubt and 'intricacy.' To this addreſs Sancho replied, 'Aſſuredly, thoſe judges who 'ſent you to me, might have ſpared 'themſelves the trouble; for I am a 'man that may be ſaid to be rather 'blunt than acute: nevertheleſs, repeat the buſineſs ſo that I may underſtand it fully, and who knows but 'I may chance to hit the nail on the 'head.' The interrogator having repeated his ſtory again and again, Sancho ſaid, 'I think I can now explain 'the caſe in the twinkling of two balls: 'and this it is: A man ſwears he is 'going to be hanged on ſuch a gibbet; 'if he actually ſuffers upon that gibbet, he ſwore the truth, and by the 'enacted law ought to be allowed 'freely to paſs the bridge; but if he 'is not hanged, he ſwore falſe, and 'for that reaſon ought to ſuffer upon 'the gibbet.'

'The caſe is exactly as my lord go-

'vernor

'vernor conceives it,' said the messenger: 'and with respect to the scope, 'and understanding of the matter, there 'is no farther room for doubt or interrogation.'—'I say, then,' replied Sancho, 'that part of the man which 'swore truth, ought to be allowed to 'pass; and that which told a lye, 'ought to be hanged; and in this manner the terms or condition of passing 'will be literally fulfilled.'

'But, my lord governor,' replied the questioner, 'in that case it will be 'necessary to divide the man into two 'parts, namely, the false and the true; 'and if he is so divided, he must certainly die: therefore, the intent of 'the law will be frustrated, whereas, 'there is an express necessity for it's 'being accomplished.'—'Come hither, 'honest friend,' said Sancho; 'either 'I am a blockhead, or this passenger 'you mention has an equal title to be 'hanged, and to live and pass over the 'bridge; for, if the truth saves him 'on one side, his falshood condemns 'him equally on the other. Now, 'this being the case, as it certainly 'is, I think you must tell the gentlemen who sent you hither, that as 'the reasons for condemning and for 'acquitting the culprit are equally 'balanced, they shall let him freely 'pass; for it is always more laudable to do good than harm; and to 'this opinion I would subscribe if I 'could write my name. Nor, indeed, 'have I spoken my own sentiment on 'this occasion: but I have recollected 'one, among the many precepts I received from my master Don Quixote, 'the night before I set out for the government of this island; he said, that 'when justice was doubtful, I should 'chuse and lean towards mercy; and 'it pleased God that I should now remember this maxim, which falls so 'pat to the present purpose.'—'So it 'does,' said the steward; 'and I firmly believe, that Lycurgus himself, 'who gave laws to the Lacedemonians, could not have utterred a more 'sagacious decision than that which the 'great Panza has pronounced. Now, 'let the audience end for this morning, 'and I will give orders that my lord 'governor shall dine to his heart's content.'—'That is my request,' cried Sancho: 'nothing but fair play; give 'me plenty of victuals, and let them 'load me with cases and doubts, I will 'soon make them vanish into smoke.'

The steward kept his word; for he had a scruple of conscience in famishing such a discreet governor; especially as he intended that night to conclude the farce with the last joke he had a commission to execute.

Well, then, Sancho having dined that day, contrary to all the rules and aphorisms of Doctor Snatchaway, the cloth was no sooner removed than a courier entered with a letter from Don Quixote to the governor, who desired the secretary to read it by himself; and then, if there was nothing in it which required to be kept secret, to rehearse it in an audible voice. The secretary, in obedience to his command, having perused it in secret, 'It may be very safely read aloud,' said he; 'what Signior Don Quixote writes to your 'lordship, deserves to be printed, and 'even displayed in golden letters. This 'is the purport of the letter.'

THE LETTER FROM DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA TO SANCHO PANZA, GOVERNOR OF THE ISLAND BARATARIA.

'FRIEND SANCHO,

'WHEN I expected to hear of 'thy negligence and impertinence, I was informed of thy discretion, for which I have returned 'particular thanks to Heaven, that 'can raise the poor from the dunghill, 'and extract wisdom from the heart 'of the fool. I am told thou hast 'governed like a man, and that thou 'art a man as if thou wert a beast; 'such is the humility of thy deportment. Take notice, Sancho, it is 'often convenient and necessary, for 'the authority of office, to resist the 'humility of the heart; for the ornament of the person invested with 'charges of dignity, ought to be conformable to what these require, and 'not measured according to the will 'of an humble disposition. Appear 'always well-dressed; for a maypole 'when decorated loses it's original appearance: not that I advise thee to 'wear jewels and finery; or, as thou 'art a judge, to go in the habit of a 'soldier; but to adorn thyself with 'that garb which thine office requires,

'and

and to be always clean, and neatly dreſſed. In order to acquire the good will of the people over whom thou art ſet, among other things, remember two particulars; one is to be affable to every body—but this I have mentioned upon another occaſion: the other is to procure plenty of proviſion; for there is nothing that gives ſuch vexation to the poor as hunger and dearth.

'Do not iſſue a great number of ordinances, but take care that thoſe which are publiſhed be good; and, above all things, ſee they are maintained and put in execution; for thoſe ordinances which are not obſerved, might as well be annulled, as they ſerve to demonſtrate that the prince who had diſcretion and authority to enact them, wanted power to enforce obedience; and thoſe laws which only intimidate, without being put in execution, reſemble the King Log of the frogs, which at firſt terrified his ſubjects, by whom, however, at the long run, he was deſpiſed and inſulted. Be thou a father to the virtuous, and a ſtepfather to the wicked. Thou muſt not be always rigorous, nor always gentle; but chuſe the medium between theſe two extremities, in which lies the point of diſcretion. Viſit the priſons, the ſlaughter-houſes, and the markets; for in ſuch places the preſence of the governor will be of great importance. Conſole the priſoners with hope of being ſpeedily diſpatched. Be a bugbear to butchers, for then they will uſe honeſt weights; and a terror to market-women, for the ſame reaſon. Beware of ſhewing thyſelf (though thou really ſhouldſt be ſo, and yet I believe thou art not) a miſer, a letcher, or a glutton; for thy people, and thoſe who have concerns with thee, knowing the bias of thine inclination, will batter thee from that quarter, until thou art overthrown into the profundity of perdition. Conſider and reconſider, peruſe and reperuſe, the advices and inſtructions which I gave thee in writing before thy departure for thy government; and, if thou obſerveſt the contents, thou wilt find in them a precious aid, that will alleviate the toils and difficulties which every moment occur to governors. Write to thy noble patrons, to evince thy gratitude; for ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one of the vileſt ſins that can be committed; and the perſon who is grateful to his benefactor gives indication that he is alſo grateful to God, whoſe benefits are ſo manifold and inceſſant. My lady ducheſs diſpatched a meſſenger with thy hunting-ſuit, and another preſent to thy wife Tereſa, and we expect her anſwer every moment.

'I have been ſomewhat indiſpoſed, in conſequence of a certain cat-clawing adventure, which I lately atchieved with ſome diſcomfiture of my noſe; but that was of no conſequence; for if I am maltreated by one ſet of inchanters, I am protected by another. Let me know if the ſteward, who is with thee, had any concern in the adventure of the Counteſs Trifaldi, as thou once ſeemedſt to ſuſpect; and give me an account of every thing that betides thee, ſeeing the diſtance between us is ſo ſmall. I think of leaving, in a little time, this idle life, for which I was never deſigned. I am like to be engaged in an affair, which, I believe, will bring me into diſgrace with the duke and ducheſs; but, although this affects my mind, it ſhall not influence my conduct; for, in a word, I am reſolved to comply with the duties of my profeſſion, rather than with the dictates of their pleaſure; in conformity with the old ſaying, "*Amicus Plato, ſed magis amica veritas.*" I write this ſentence in Latin, becauſe I apprehend thou haſt learned that language ſince thou waſt a governor. I commit thee to the protection of God, who is the fountain of all good; and am thy friend,

'DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.'

Sancho liſtened with great attention to the letter, which was applauded, for the good ſenſe it contained, by all the hearers; then the governor riſing from table, ſhut himſelf up in his apartment with the ſecretary, in order to compoſe an anſwer to his maſter, without loſs of time. He deſired the ſcribe to write what he ſhould dictate, without the leaſt addition or diminution. The ſecretary obeyed his command, and the anſwer was to this effect—

SANCHO

SANCHO PANZA'S LETTER TO DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

'THE employment of my office is 'so severe, that I have not time 'to scratch my head, or even to pair 'my nails, which I, therefore, wear so 'long, that God must find some re-'medy. This I observe, dear master 'of my soul, that your worship need 'not be confounded because I have not 'hitherto given you an account of my 'well or ill-being in this government; 'where, by the bye, I suffer more pinch-'ing hunger than when we two used to 'travel through woods and deserts.

'My lord duke gave me notice the 'other day, in a letter, that certain 'spies had entered the island, in order 'to murder me; but, as yet, I have 'discovered none, except a doctor, who 'has a salary in the place, for killing 'all the governors that come hither. 'They call him Doctor Pedro Positive, 'and he is a native of Snatchaway; 'so that your worship may see by his 'name, what reason I have to fear I shall 'perish by his hands. This very doctor 'frankly owns, that he does not cure 'the distempers which are already form-'ed, but only prevents their formation; 'and the medicine he prescribes, is fast-'ing upon fasting, until the patient is 'clean skin and bone, as if a consump-'tion was not worse than a fever. Fi-'nally, he is killing me by inches with 'hunger; and I find myself dying of 'pure vexation; for I thought, in 'coming to this government, I should 'have hot meals and cool liquor, and 'regale my body in Holland sheets, 'upon beds of down; whereas, I am 'come to penance like a hermit; and 'as I cannot even do that, I believe, at 'the long run, the devil will fly away 'with me.

'Hitherto I have neither touched 'fee, nor fingered bribe; nor can I 'conceive the reason of such proceed-'ing; for I have been told, that the 'governors who used to come to this 'island, even before their entrance, 'always received a good sum of mo-'ney, either by way of present or 'loan, from the inhabitants; a custom 'observed in other governments as well 'as in this.

'In going the round last night, I 'found a very beautiful damsel in 'man's cloaths, and her brother in the 'dress of a woman: my gentleman-'sewer is in love with the girl, and, 'as he says, hath fixed his fancy on 'her for a wife, and I have chosen the 'youth for my son-in-law; to-day we 'two will communicate our thoughts 'to the father of this young pair, who 'is one Diego de Llana, a gentleman, 'and as old a Christian as one would 'desire.

'I visit the markets, according to 'your worship's advice; and yesterday 'seeing a huckster selling new nuts, I 'discovered that she had mixed with 'a bushel of the new, the same quantity 'of old nuts that were empty and rot-'ten; upon which I gave the whole to 'the charity boys, who know very 'well how to separate the good from 'the bad, and forbade her to enter the 'market for fifteen days: I was told I 'had done gallantly. What I can 'assure your worship is, that according 'to the report of this town, there is 'not a more wicked set of people than 'those market-women; for they are all 'without shame, conscience, and mo-'deration; and, indeed, I believe the 'report, from what I have seen in other 'corporations.

'It gives me great satisfaction to 'hear that my lady duchess has writ-'ten to my wife Teresa Panza, and 'sent the present your worship men-'tions; and I will endeavour to shew 'my gratitude in due season. I beg 'your worship will kiss her grace's 'hand, in my name, and tell her 'I say, she has not thrown her fa-'vour into a rotten sack, as our deeds 'shall declare. I should be sorry that 'your worship came to any reckonings 'of disgust with my lord duke and 'lady duchess; for should there be any 'breach between you, it is very plain 'the whole would redound to my loss; 'and, considering the advice you gave 'me to be always grateful, it would 'not look well in your worship to be 'otherwise to those who have done you 'such favours, and treated you so no-'bly in their castle.

'The story of the cat-clawing I do 'not understand; but do suppose it 'must have been one of those unlucky 'frays in which your worship is often 'engaged with wicked inchanters; but 'I shall know when we meet.

'I would

'I would fain preſent your worſhip with ſomething, but I know not what to ſend, except ſome clyſter-pipes, which are very curiouſly turned and mounted in this iſland; though, if my office holds, it ſhall go hard but I will find ſomething to ſend, either by hook or crook. If my wife Tereſa Panza ſhould write to me, I beg your worſhip will pay the poſtage, and forward the letter; for I am extremely deſirous to know the ſtate of my family, my wife, and children. And now, the Lord deliver your worſhip from evil-deſigning inchanters, and ſafely and peaceably quit me of this government; which I very much doubt; for I believe I ſhall leave my bones in it, ſo cruelly am I treated by Doctor Pedro Poſitive. Your worſhip's humble ſervant,

'SANCHO PANZA THE GOVERNOR.'

The ſecretary having ſealed this letter, diſpatched it with the courier; and thoſe who executed the jokes upon Sancho, laying their heads together, contrived a ſcheme for diſmiſſing him from the adminiſtration. The evening his excellency ſpent in making ſome wholeſome regulations touching the government of what he imagined to be an iſland. Among other things, he ordained that there ſhould be no monopolizers of proviſions in the commonwealth: that wine ſhould be imported from all parts indifferently, at the pleaſure of the merchant; with this addition, that he ſhould declare the place from whence it came, ſo as that a price might be ſet upon it, according to it's worth, fame, and eſtimation: and he who ſhould be detected in daſhing it with water, or falſifying it's name, ſhould ſuffer death for the offence. He moderated the price of all kinds of hoſe, and particularly that of ſhoes, which he looked upon as exorbitant; he rated the wages of ſervants who went at full gallop in the road of intereſt; he laid ſevere penalties upon thoſe who ſhould ſing lewd and laſcivious ballads, by night or by day; he ordered that no blind man ſhould ſing his miracle in couplets, without an authentick teſtimony of the truth; it appearing that the greateſt part of thoſe ſung by blind perſons, are falſe and feigned, to the prejudice of thoſe which are true; he made and appointed an overſeer of the poor, not to perſecute, but to examine whether or not they were real objects; for ſturdy thieves and hale drunkards often ſcreen themſelves in the ſhade of feigned lameneſs, and counterfeit ſores. In a word, he made ſo many good regulations, that they are hitherto preſerved in the place, and called, The Conſtitutions of the Great Governor Sancho Panza.

CHAP. XX.

IN WHICH IS RECORDED THE ADVENTURE OF THE SECOND AFFLICTED, OR SORROWFUL MATRON, OTHERWISE CALLED DONNA RODRIGUEZ.

CID Hamet recounts, that Don Quixote being now cured of his ſcratches, began to think the life he led in the caſtle was altogether contrary to the order of chivalry which he profeſſed; and therefore he determined to beg leave of the duke and ducheſs to ſet out for Saragoſſa, as the time of the tournament approached; for there he laid his account with winning the armour which is the reward of the victor. Accordingly, while he one day ſat at table with the duke and ducheſs, he began to execute his reſolution in aſking leave; when behold, all of a ſudden, two women, as it afterwards appeared, entered the dining-room, covered with mourning from head to foot. One of them approaching Don Quixote, proſtrated herſelf before him, and with her mouth cloſe to his feet, uttered ſuch melancholy, profound, and doleful groans, as overwhelmed all the ſpectators with confuſion: for, although the duke and ducheſs imagined it was ſome joke which the ſervants intended to perpetrate upon the knight; yet, ſeeing how violently the woman ſighed, groaned, and wept, they remained doubtful and in ſuſpenſe, until the compaſſionate Don Quixote raiſed her from the ground, and intreated her to diſcover herſelf, by taking away the veil that concealed her rueful face. She complied with his requeſt, and ſhewed herſelf to be what nobody believed ſhe was; for ſhe diſplayed the individual countenance of Donna Rodriguez, the duenna of the houſe, and the other mourner was her daughter,

daughter, who had been seduced by the rich farmer's son. All who knew her were struck with admiration, and the duke and duchess more than any body; for, although they took her to be a fool, and a person of a soft disposition, they did not think her folly could have risen to such acts of extravagance. In fine, Donna Rodriguez addressing herself to the duke and duchess, 'I 'hope,' said she, 'your excellencies 'will give me leave to communicate a 'little with this knight: for it is ne-'cessary I should confer with him, 'that I may be safely extricated from 'the dilemma in which I am involved 'by the presumption of an evil-minded 'clown.'

The duke having assured her she was at full liberty to confer with Signior Don Quixote as much as she pleased, she directed her voice and her countenance to the knight, saying, 'Some 'days are elapsed, most valiant knight, 'since I gave you an account of the 'wrong and treachery which a wicked 'peasant has done my dearly-beloved 'daughter, who is this unfortunate 'creature now standing before you; 'and you promised, in her behalf, to 'redress the wrong she had suffered: 'but now I am informed that you are 'going to depart from this castle, in 'quest of the happy adventures God 'shall throw in your way; and there-'fore I could wish that before you be-'gin your career through those paths, 'you would defy this inflexible rustick, 'and compel him to marry my daugh-'ter, and so fulfil the promise he made 'of being her spouse, before he first 'yoked with her in the way of love; 'for, to think my lord duke will do 'me justice, is the same as to look for 'pears upon an elm, for the reason 'which I explained to your worship in 'private. And upon these terms, the 'Lord preserve your worship's health, 'and grant us his protection.'

To this address, Don Quixote, with great gravity and stateliness of deportment, replied, 'Worthy duenna, mo-'derate, or rather dry up your tears, 'and spare your sighs; for here I un-'dertake to redress the grievances of 'your daughter: though it would have 'been better for her, had not she so 'easily believed the protestations of 'lovers, who, for the most part, are 'very ready and alert to promise, but 'very heavy and backward in the per-'formance; nevertheless, with the good 'leave of my lord duke, I will forth-'with set out in quest of this perfidious 'youth, and having found him, defy 'and slay him, whensoe'er and where-'soe'er he shall refuse to perform his 'promise; for the principal aim of my 'profession is, to pardon the humble, 'and chastize the haughty; that is, to 'succour the wretched, and destroy the 'cruel.'—'Your worship,' replied the duke, 'need not give yourself the 'trouble to go in quest of the rustick 'who is the subject of this worthy 'duenna's complaint; nor is there any 'occasion for your worship's asking my 'leave to challenge him to single com-'bat; I consider the challenge as al-'ready given; I undertake for it's be-'ing conveyed to the party, and even 'for it's acceptance; and promise that 'he shall come to answer for himself in 'person at this castle, where I will fur-'nish both with a listed field, and ob-'serve all the conditions that are wont 'and ought to be observed in such en-'counters; for justice shall be equally 'done to each, according to the obli-'gation that lies on all those princes 'who furnish lists for combatants with-'in the limits of their territories.'—'With this security, then, and the good 'leave of your grace,' replied Don Quixote, 'I now, for once, renounce 'my gentility, humble and adjust my-'self to the level of the delinquent, mak-'ing myself equal with him, that he may 'be entitled and enabled to fight with 'me: I therefore, though in his absence, 'challenge and defy him, for his wick-'edness in seducing this poor creature, 'who was a maid, and now, through 'his fault, is deprived of her maiden-'head; and he shall either perform the 'promise he made of being her lawful 'spouse, or die in default of the per-'formance.'

So saying, he pulled off one of his gloves, and threw it into the middle of the hall; this was taken up by the duke, who said he accepted the challenge in the name of his vassal: he likewise appointed the time at the distance of six days, and pitched upon the court-yard of the castle as the field of action: then they agreed to wear the usual arms of knights; namely, the lance, the

ſhield, the plaited coat of mail, and all other pieces, without the leaſt fraud, treachery, or ſuperſtition, to be viewed and examined by the judges of the liſts. —'But, before we proceed,' ſaid the duke, 'it will be neceſſary that this 'good duenna, and this miſtaken maid, 'ſhould put the juſtice of their cauſe 'into the hands of Signior Don Quix-'ote; otherwiſe nothing to the purpoſe 'will be done, nor will the challenge 'ever come to due execution.'

'I do put my cauſe into his hands,' replied the duenna. 'And I too,' cried the daughter; all in tears, and overwhelmed with ſhame and confuſion. The particulars of this affair being adjuſted, and the duke having determined with himſelf what was to be done in the family, the mourners retired, and the ducheſs ordered that for the future they ſhould not be treated as her ſervants, but as ladies adventurers come to her houſe to demand juſtice: ſhe therefore allotted a ſeparate apartment to themſelves, and they were attended as ſtrangers, not without the amazement of other ſervants, who could not conceive what would be the iſſue of the folly and effrontery of Donna Rodriguez and her indiſcreet and unhappy daughter.

At this inſtant, in order to compleat the mirth of the company, and finiſh their meal with more enjoyment, who ſhould enter the hall but the page who carried the letters and preſents to Tereſa Panza, the wife of Governor Sancho Panza! The duke and ducheſs were extremely pleaſed at his arrival, and deſirous to know the particulars of his journey, about which he was queſtioned accordingly. The page anſwered that he could not deſcribe them in publick, or in a few words; but begged their excellencies would be pleaſed to reſerve the account for their private ear; and, in the mean time entertain themſelves with theſe letters. So ſaying, he produced two letters, and gave them to the ducheſs, one ſuperſcribed in theſe words: 'To my 'Lady Ducheſs of I know not what nor 'where.' And the other directed, 'To 'my huſband Sancho Panza, governor 'of the iſland Barataria, whom God 'proſper many more years than myſelf.'

The ducheſs would not toaſt her cake, as the ſaying is, until ſhe had read her letter, which having opened and peruſed by herſelf, when ſhe perceived it might be recited aloud for the benefit of the duke and the company, ſhe rehearſed it with an audible voice, to this effect.

TERESA PANZA'S LETTER TO THE DUCHESS.

'I Received great ſatisfaction, my la-'dy, from the letter your grace 'was pleaſed to write to me; for, in 'truth, it was what I greatly deſired: 'the ſtring of coral is very good, and 'my huſband's hunting-ſuit comes not 'ſhort of it. Your ladyſhip's having 'made my ſpouſe Sancho a governor, 'has given great pleaſure to all our 'town, although there are ſome who 'cannot believe it, eſpecially the cu-'rate Mr. Nicholas, the barber, and 'the batchelor Sampſon Carraſco; but 'that gives me no trouble; for ſeeing 'it be ſo, as it certainly is, let people 'ſay what they will: though, if the 'truth muſt be told, had not the ſtring 'of coral and the hunting-ſuit come, 'I ſhould not have believed it my-'ſelf; for in our town, every body 'takes my huſband for a noodle, and 'taken as he was, from governing an 'herd of goats, they cannot conceive 'what other government he can be 'good for. The Lord make him fit 'for his office, and conduct him in 'that way which will be moſt for the 'advantage of his children!

'For my own part, dear lady of my 'ſoul, I am reſolved, with your ho-'nour's leave, to bring this happy day 'home to my own houſe, and hie me 'to the court, where I will loll in my 'coach, and burſt the eyes of a thou-'ſand people who envy my good for-'tune: I beg, therefore, your excellency 'will tell my huſband to ſend me 'money, and let it be a round ſum; 'for it is very expenſive living at 'court, where bread ſells for a rial, 'and meat for thirty maravedis a 'pound; and that is an unconſcion-'able price. If he does not chuſe 'that I ſhould go, let him give me 'notice in time, for my feet itch to 'be a travelling; and my neighbours 'and goſſips tell me, if I and my 'daughter go to court, and appear in 'pomp and grandeur, my huſband 'will come to be known by me, more

'than

than I by him; becauſe, when people aſk, "Who are theſe ladies in that "coach?" one of my ſervants will anſwer, "Theſe are the wife and daughter of Sancho Panza, governor of "the iſland Barataria." And in this manner Sancho will be known, I ſhall be reſpected, and to Rome for every thing.

'I was vexed to the heart that this year there was no acorn harveſt in our town; nevertheleſs I ſend your highneſs about half a peck, which I gathered one by one upon the mountain, and went thither on purpoſe: I could find none larger, though I wiſh they were as big as oſtrich eggs.

'I hope your pompoſity will not forget to write to me, and I will take care to ſend an anſwer, giving an account of my own health, and of every thing that may be worth mentioning from this place, where I remain praying to our Lord that he will preſerve your grace, without forgetting me. My daughter Sanchica and my ſon kiſs your honour's hand: and this is all at preſent from her who had much rather ſee your grace, than ſubſcribe herſelf, your humble ſervant,

'TERESA PANZA.'

Great was the ſatisfaction which all the hearers received from this letter of Tereſa Panza, though the greateſt ſhare fell to the duke and ducheſs; and her grace aſked Don Quixote, whether or not he thought it would be proper to open the letter directed for the governor, which ſhe imagined muſt be excellent in it's kind. The knight ſaid he would open it, to oblige her grace; and having done ſo, found the contents to this purpoſe.

TERESA PANZA'S LETTER TO HER HUSBAND SANCHO PANZA.

'I Received thy letter, dear Sancho 'of my ſoul, and I promiſe and 'ſwear to thee, on the faith of a 'catholick chriſtian, I was within two 'fingers breadth of running mad with 'joy; and take notice, brother, when 'I heard thou waſt a governor, I had 'like to have dropped down dead with 'pure pleaſure; for thou knoweſt they 'ſay, ſudden joy kills as well as deadly 'ſorrow: thy daughter Sanchica ſcattered her water about inſenſibly, out 'of mere ſatisfaction: thy hunting-ſuit 'lay before me, the ſtring of corals 'ſent by my lady ducheſs was tied 'round my neck, the letters were in 'my hand, and the meſſenger in my 'preſence; and yet, I imagined and 'believed, that all I ſaw and handled 'was a dream; for who could conceive that a goatherd ſhould come 'to be governor of iſlands? Thou 'know'ſt, my friend, that my mother 'ſaid, One muſt live long to ſee a 'great deal: this I mention, becauſe 'I hope to ſee more if I live longer; 'for I do not intend to ſtop, until I 'ſee thee a farmer, or collector of the 'revenue; offices which, though they 'carry thoſe who abuſe them to the 'devil, are, in ſhort, always bringing 'in the penny.

'My lady ducheſs will tell thee 'how deſirous I am of going to court: 'conſider of it, and let me know thy 'pleaſure; for I will endeavour to do 'thee honour there, by riding in my 'coach.

'The curate, barber, batchelor, and 'even the ſexton, cannot believe thou 'art a governor, and ſay the whole is 'a deception or matter of inchant'ment, like all the affairs of thy ma'ſter Don Quixote. Sampſon vows he 'will go in queſt of thee, and drive 'this government out of thy head, as 'well as the madneſs out of Don 'Quixote's ſcull: I ſay nothing, but 'laugh in my own ſleeve, look at my 'beads, and contrive how to make 'thy hunting-ſuit into a gown and 'petticoat for our daughter. I have 'ſent ſome acorns to my lady du'cheſs, and I wiſh they were of gold: 'ſend me ſome ſtrings of pearl, if they 'are in faſhion in thy iſland. The 'news of our town are theſe: the 'widow of the hill has matched her 'daughter with a bungling painter, 'who came here and undertook all 'ſorts of bruſh-work; the corporation 'employed him to paint his majeſty's 'arms over the door of the town 'houſe; he demanded two ducats for 'the job, and they paid him before'hand; but after he had laboured 'eight whole days, he produced no'thing, and ſaying he could not hit

'upon such trifles, returned the money; and yet for all that, he married with the character of a good workman; true it is, he hath already laid aside the pencil, and taken up the spade, and goes to the field like a gentleman. Pedro de Lobo's son has taken orders, and shaved his head, with intention to become a priest; and this circumstance being known by Minguilla, niece of Mingo Silvato, she is going to sue him upon promise of marriage: evil tongues scruple not to say she is with child by him; but this he positively denies. This year there are no olives, nor a drop of vinegar in the whole town. A company of soldiers marching this way, carried off three girls belonging to the village; but I will not tell thee who they are, because perhaps they will return, and then there will not be wanting husbands who will take them with all their faults. Sanchica, by making bone-lace, clears eight maravedis a day, which she keeps in a pipkin, to be a stock to her when she grows up: but now, that she is a governor's daughter, thou wilt give her a portion without her working for it. The publick fountain is dried up. A thunder-bolt fell upon the pillory, and there may they always light! I expect an answer to this epistle, and thy resolution about my going to court: and so, God preserve thee more years than I have to live, or as many; for I should not chuse to leave thee behind me in this world.

Thy faithful spouse,

TERESA PANZA.'

The letters were read with admiration, esteem, laughter, and applause; and the entertainment was crowned by the arrival of the courier who brought Sancho's epistle to Don Quixote, which, being likewise recited in publick, rendered the governor's folly extremely doubtful. The duchess retired, in order to be informed by the page of what had happened to him in Sancho's village; and he recounted the particulars at large, without leaving one circumstance untold: he delivered the acorns, together with a cheese, which Teresa vouched for excellent, and even preferred to those of Tronchon. This the duchess received with excessive pleasure, in the enjoyment of which we will leave her grace, and relate in what manner concluded the government of the great Sancho Panza, the flower and mirrour of all insulary governors.

END OF BOOK III. PART II.

THE

ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE HIDALGO

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

PART II. BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

OF THE TOILFUL END AND CONCLUSION OF SANCHO PANZA'S GOVERNMENT.

TO think the affairs of this life will always remain in the same posture, is a wild supposition; on the contrary, every thing goes in a round; I mean, goes round. Spring succeeds winter, summer follows spring, autumn comes after summer, and winter comes in the rear of autumn; then spring resumes it's verdure, and time turns round on an incessant wheel. The life of man alone runs lightly to it's end, unlike the circle of time, without hope of renewal, except in another life, which knows no bounds. Thus moralizes Cid Hamet, the Mahometan philosopher; for the knowledge of the frailty and instability of the present life, together with the eternal duration of that which we expect, many, without the light of faith, by natural instinct have attained. But here our author makes the observation on account of the celerity with which Sancho's government was finished, consumed, destroyed, and dissolved into smoke and vapour.

This poor governor being a-bed on the seventh night of his administration, not crammed with bread and wine, but fatigued with sitting in judgment, passing sentence, and making statutes and regulations; and sleep, maugre and in despight of hunger, beginning to weigh down his eye-lids, his ears were saluted with a terrible noise of bells and cries, as if the whole island had been going to wreck.

Sitting up in his bed, he listened attentively, in hope of comprehending the meaning and cause of such a mighty uproar: however, he not only failed in his expectation; but the noise of the cries and the bells being reinforced by that of an infinite number of drums and trumpets, he remained more terrified, confounded, and aghast, than ever. Then starting up, he put on his slippers, on account of the dampness of the ground; though without wrapping himself up in his morning-gown, or in any other sort of apparel; and opening the door of his apartment, saw above twenty persons running through the gallery, with lighted torches, and naked swords in their hands, exclaiming aloud, and all together, 'Arm, arm, my Lord 'Governor, arm! a vast number of 'the enemy has landed on the island; 'and we are lost and undone, unless 'protected by your valour and acti-'vity.'

With

'With this clamour, fury, and diſturbance, they ruſhed towards Sancho, who ſtood aſtoniſhed and perplexed at what he ſaw and heard, and when they came up to the ſpot, one of them accoſting him, 'Arm, my lord,' ſaid he, 'unleſs you want to periſh, and ſee 'the whole iſland deſtroyed.'—'For 'what ſhould I arm?' replied Sancho; 'I neither know the uſe of arms, nor 'can I give you protection. Theſe 'matters had better be left to my ma'ſter Don Quixote; who, in the turn'ing of a ſtraw, would diſpatch the 'whole affair, and put every thing in 'ſafety; but, for me, as I am a ſinner 'to God, I underſtand nothing of 'theſe hurly-burlys!'—'How! my 'Lord Governor,' cried another, 'what 'deſpondence is this? Put on your ar'mour, Signior: here we have brought 'arms offenſive and defenſive; come 'forth to the market-place, and be our 'guide and our general, ſeeing of right 'that place belongs to you, as being our 'governor.'—'Arm me, then, a God's 'name!' replied Sancho. At that inſtant they took two large bucklers they had brought along with them, and putting over his ſhirt (for they would not give him time to clothe himſelf) one buckler before and another behind, they pulled his arms through certain holes they had made in the targets, and faſtened them well together with cords, in ſuch a manner, that the poor governor remained quite incloſed, and boarded up as ſtraight as a ſpindle, without being able to bend his knees, or move one ſingle ſtep; and in his hands they put a lance, with which he ſupported himſelf as he ſtood. Having cooped him up in this manner, they deſired him to march out, and conduct and animate his people; in which caſe he being the north ſtar, their lanthorn, and Lucifer, their affairs would be brought to a proſperous iſſue. 'How ſhould I march, un'fortunate wight that I am,' ſaid Sancho, 'when my very knee pans have 'not room to play, ſo much am I 'cramped by thoſe boards, which are 'ſqueezed into my very fleſh? Your 'only way is to take me up in your 'arms, and lay me acroſs, or ſet me 'upright in ſome poſtern, which I will 'defend either with this lance or this 'carcaſe.'—'Come, my Lord Gover'nor,' replied the other, 'you are more 'hampered by fear than by your buck'lers. Make haſte, and exert your'ſelf, for it grows late; the enemies 'ſwarm, the noiſe increaſes, and the 'danger is very preſſing.'

In conſequence of this perſuaſion and reproach, the poor governor endeavoured to move, and down he came to the ground with ſuch a fall that he believed himſelf ſplit to pieces. There he lay like a tortoiſe covered with it's ſhell, or a flitch of bacon between two trays; or, laſtly, like a boat ſtranded with her keel uppermoſt. Yet his fall did not excite the compaſſion of thoſe unlucky wags; on the contrary, extinguiſhing their torches, they renewed the clamour, and repeated the alarm with ſuch hurry and confuſion, trampling upon the unhappy Sancho, and beſtowing a thouſand ſtrokes upon the bucklers, that if he had not gathered, and ſhrunk himſelf up, with drawing his head within the targets, the poor governor would have paſſed his time but very indifferently; ſhrunk as he was within that narrow lodging, he ſweated all over with fear and conſternation, and heartily recommended himſelf to God, that he might be delivered from the danger that encompaſſed him. Some ſtumbled, and others fell over him; nay, one of the party ſtood upon him for a conſiderable time, and thence, as from a watch-tower, gave orders to the army, exclaiming with a loud voice, 'This way, my fellow-ſoldiers; for 'here the enemy make their chief ef'fort! Guard this breach; ſhut that 'gate; down with thoſe ſcaling lad'ders; bring up the fire-pots, with the 'kettles of melted pitch, roſin, and 'boiling oil; barricado the ſtreets with 'woolpacks!' In a word, he named with great eagerneſs, all the implements, inſtruments, and munition of war, uſed in the defence of a city aſſaulted; while the bruiſed and battered Sancho, who heard the din, and ſuffered grievouſly, ſaid within himſelf, 'O! would it 'pleaſe the Lord that the iſland were 'quickly loſt, that I might ſee myſelf 'either dead or delivered from this diſ'treſs!' Heaven heard his petition, and when he leaſt expected ſuch relief, his ears were ſaluted with a number of voices, crying, 'Victory! victory! the 'enemy is overcome! Riſe, my Lord 'Governor, and enjoy your conqueſt; 'and

'and divide the spoil taken from the 'foe by the valour of your invincible 'arm.'

The afflicted Sancho, with a plaintive voice, desired them to lift him up; and when they helped him to rise and set him on his legs again, 'I wish,' said he, 'the enemy I have conquered were 'nailed to my forehead. I want to 'divide no spoils; but I beg, and supplicate some friend, if any such I 'have, to bring me a draught of wine; 'and that he will wipe me dry of this 'sweat which has turned me into water.' They accordingly wiped him clean, brought the wine, untied the bucklers, and seated him upon his bed, where he fainted away through fear, consternation, and fatigue. Those concerned in the joke now began to be sorry for having laid it on so heavy; but Sancho's recovery moderated their uneasiness at his swooning. He asked what it was o'clock; and they answered it was day-break: then, without speaking another syllable, he began to dress himself, in the most profound silence; and all present gazed upon him with looks of expectation, impatient to know the meaning of his dressing himself so earnestly. At length, having put on his cloaths very leisurely, for his bruises would not admit of precipitation, he hied him to the stable, attended by all the by-standers, where, advancing to Dapple, he embraced him affectionately, and gave him the kiss of peace upon the forehead, saying, while the tears trickled from his eyes, 'Come 'hither, my dear companion! my 'friend, and sharer of all my toil and 'distress; when you and I consorted 'together, and I was plagued with no 'other thoughts than the care of mending your furniture and pampering 'your little body, happy were my 'hours, my days, and my years! but 'since I quitted you, and mounted on 'the towers of pride and ambition, my 'soul has been invaded by a thousand 'miseries, a thousand toils, and four 'thousand disquiets.'

While he uttered this apostrophe, he was employed in putting the pack-saddle on his ass, without being interrupted by any living soul; and Dapple being equipped for the road, he made shift to mount him, with great pain and difficulty: then, directing his words and discourse to the steward, secretary, sewer, Doctor Pedro, and many others who were present, 'Make way, gentlemen,' said he, 'and let me return to my an-'cient liberty; let me go in quest of 'my former life, that I may enjoy a 'resurrection from this present death: 'I was not born to be a governor, or 'to defend islands and cities from the 'assaults of their enemies. I am better versed in ploughing and delving, 'in pruning and planting vines, than 'in enacting laws, and defending provinces and kingdoms. I know St. 'Peter is well at Rome—that is, every 'one does well in following the employment to which he was bred; a 'sickle becomes my hand better than a 'governor's sceptre; and I would rather fill my belly with soup-meagre, 'than undergo the misery of an impertinent physician who starves me to 'death. I would much rather solace myself under the shade of an oak in summer, and clothe myself with a sheepskin 'jacket in the winter, being my own 'master, than indulge, under the subjection of a government, with holland sheets, and robes of sables—'God be with you, gentlemen; and 'pray tell my lord duke, Naked I 'was born, and naked I remain; and 'if I lose nothing, as little I gain. 'That is, I would say, Pennyless I 'took possession of this government, 'and pennyless I resign my office; 'quite the reverse of what is usually 'the case with governors of other 'islands. Make way, therefore, and 'let me go and be plaistered; for I believe all my ribs are crushed, thanks 'to the enemies who have this night 'passed and repassed over my carcase.'

'It must not be so, my Lord Governor,' said Doctor Positive: 'I will 'give your worship a draught, calculated for falls and bruises, that will 'instantly restore you to your former 'health and vigour; and with respect 'to the article of eating, I promise 'your lordship to make amends, and 'let you eat abundantly of every thing 'you desire.'—'Your promise comes 'too late,' answered Sancho; 'and I 'will as soon turn Turk as forbear 'going. Those are no jokes to be repeated. Before God! I will as soon 'remain in this, or accept of any other 'government, even though it should 'be presented in a covered dish, as I 'will fly to Heaven without the help

of

of wings. I am of the family of the Panzas, who are all headſtrong, and if once they ſay Odds, odds it muſt be, though in fact it be even, in ſpite of all the world. In this ſtable I leave the piſmire's wings, that carried me up into the clouds, to make me a prey to martlets and other birds; and now let us alight, and walk ſoftly and ſecurely on the ground; and if my feet are not adorned with pinked ſhoes of Cordovan leather, they ſhall not want coarſe ſandals of cord or ruſhes; Let ewe and wether go together; and, Nobody thruſt his feet beyond the length of his ſheet. Now, therefore, let me paſs, for it grows late.'

To this addreſs the ſteward replied, 'We ſhall freely allow your lordſhip to go, although we ſhall be great ſufferers in loſing you, whoſe ingenuity, and Chriſtian conduct, oblige us to deſire your ſtay; but it is well known that every governor is obliged, before he quits his government, to ſubmit his adminiſtration to a ſcrutiny; and if your lordſhip will give an account of yours, during the ſeven days you have ſtood at the helm, you may depart in peace, and God be your guide.'—'Nobody can call me to an account,' ſaid Sancho, 'but ſuch as are appointed by my lord duke. Now to him am I a going, and to him will I render it fairly and ſquarely; beſides, there is no occaſion for any other proof than my leaving you naked as I am, to ſhew that I have governed like an angel.'—'Fore God! the great Sancho is in the right,' cried Doctor Poſitive; 'and, in my opinion, we ought to let him retire; for the duke will be infinitely rejoiced to ſee him.'

All the reſt aſſented to the propoſal, and allowed him to paſs; after having offered to bear him company, and provide him with every thing he ſhould want for entertainment of his perſon, and the convenience of the journey. Sancho ſaid he wanted nothing but a little barley for Dapple, and half a cheeſe, with half a loaf, for himſelf, the journey being ſo ſhort, that he had no occaſion for any better or more ample proviſion. All the company embraced him, and were in their turns embraced by the weeping Sancho, who left them, equally aſtoniſhed at his diſcourſe, as at his reſolute and wiſe determination.

CHAP. II.

WHICH TREATS OF MATTERS BELONGING TO THIS HISTORY, AND NO OTHER WHATSOEVER.

THE duke and ducheſs reſolved, that the defiance which Don Quixote breathed againſt their vaſſal for the cauſe already mentioned, ſhould be anſwered; and although the young man was in Flanders, whither he had fled to avoid ſuch a mother-in-law as Donna Rodriguez, they determined to ſupply his place with a Gaſcon lacquey, called Toſilos, whom they beforehand minutely inſtructed how to behave on this occaſion.

Two days after theſe meaſures were taken, the duke told Don Quixote that in four days his antagoniſt would come and preſent himſelf in the liſts, armed as a knight, and maintain that the damſel lyed by one half of her beard, and even by every hair of it, if ſhe affirmed that he had promiſed her marriage. The knight received theſe tidings with great pleaſure, flattering himſelf he ſhould do ſomething to excite the admiration of the whole family; and he thought himſelf extremely fortunate in having found an opportunity of ſhewing this noble pair how far the valour of his powerful arm extended. He, therefore, with great joy and ſatisfaction, waited the expiration of the four days, which, reckoned by his impatience, ſeemed equal to four hundred centuries.

In the mean time, let them paſs, as we have already let many other matters paſs, and attend Sancho, who, between merry and ſad, jogged along upon Dapple, in queſt of his maſter, whoſe company he preferred to the government of all the iſlands upon earth. Well, then, he had not travelled far from the iſland of his government, (for he never dreamed of being certified whether what he governed was iſland, city, town, or village) when he ſaw coming towards him ſix pilgrims, with their ſtaves, of that ſort which begs charity by ſinging. So ſoon, therefore, as they approached him, they made a lane; and, raiſing their voices together, began to ſing in their

their language, though Sancho understood nothing of what they said, except the word Charity, which they distinctly pronounced; so that he immediately conceived the meaning of their outlandish song. Now, he being, according to the asseveration of Cid Hamet, extremely charitable, took out of his bags and gave them the bread and cheese with which he had been furnished, making them understand by signs, that he had nothing else to give. They received his benefaction chearfully, pronouncing, however, the word, '*Guelte, Guelte*;' to which Sancho answering—'I really do not understand what you want, good people:' one of them took a purse from his bosom, and held it up, giving him to understand they wanted money. Then Sancho clapping his thumb to his throat, and displaying the back of his hand, signified that he had not so much as the corner of a rial, and spurred up Dapple, in order to make his way through the midst of them. As he passed, one of them having considered him very attentively, laid hold on Dapple's halter, and clasping him round the middle, exclaimed aloud, in very good Castilian—'The Lord protect me! what is this I see? Is it possible that I actually hold in my arms my dear friend, and good neighbour, Sancho Panza? Yes, doubtless; for I am neither asleep nor drunk.'

Sancho was astonished to hear his own name, and see himself embraced by a pilgrim, and a stranger, whom, though he silently gazed upon him with the utmost attention, he could by no means recollect. The pilgrim perceiving his surprize—'Is it possible, brother Sancho Panza,' said he, 'that thou dost not know thy neighbour Ricote, the Moresco shopkeeper, that lived in your town?' Then Sancho, reviewing him with greater attention, began to recal his features; and at length, perfectly recognizing the Moor, he, without alighting, threw his arms about his neck, saying—'Who the devil could know thee, Ricote, in that disguise? Tell me who has pilgrimized thee; and wherefore hast thou dared to return to Spain, where, if thou art found and known, thou wilt suffer for thy rashness?'—'If thou wilt not discover me, Sancho, I am secure,' replied the pilgrim; 'for in this disguise, nobody will know me. Let us quit the high-road, and remove to yon poplar grove, where my companions intend to take some refreshment and repose; there thou shalt partake with them, for they are a very good sort of people; and there I shall have leisure to recount every thing that has befallen me since I departed from our town, in obedience to his majesty's proclamation, which so severely threatened the unfortunate people of my nation; as, no doubt, thou hast heard.'

Sancho assented to his proposal; and Ricote having spoke to the other pilgrims, they betook themselves to the tuft of poplars, at a good distance from the high-road. There they threw down their staves, laid aside their rochets or mantles, so as to remain in their doublets; and all of them appeared to be young men of genteel persons, except Ricote, who was already advanced in years. Each had a wallet, in all appearance well provided; at least, with incentives which provoked thirst, at the distance of two leagues. They stretched themselves upon the ground, and using the grass as a table-cloth, spread upon it bread, salt, knives, nuts, crusts of cheese, and some clean bones of bacon, which, though they could not be eaten, were in a condition to be sucked with pleasure. They likewise produced a black dish, which they called caviere, made of the roes of fishes, a great awakener of drought; nor did they want olives, which, though dry and without pickles, were very savoury and delicate; but what made the best figure in the field of this banquet, was a bottle of wine which every pilgrim drew forth from his wallet, not excepting honest Ricote, who, being transformed from a Moor into a German or Teutonian, pulled out his bottle also, which in size might have vied with all the other five. They began to eat with infinite relish, and great deliberation, smacking their lips at every mouthful which they took with the point of a knife, though they are but little; then, all at once, the whole squadron together raised their arms and bottles aloft, and joining mouth to mouth, with their eyes fixed on the firmament, they seemed to take aim at heaven. In this manner, shaking their heads from side to side, in token of the satisfaction they received, they conti-

nued a good while in the act of transfusing the contents of the bottles into their own bellies.

Sancho beheld this scene, with every part of which he was perfectly well pleased; and, in compliance with the proverb which he very well knew, importing, 'When thou art at Rome, 'follow the fashion of Rome,' he begged an embrace of Ricote's bottle, and took his aim like the rest; nor was his satisfaction inferior to theirs. Four times did their bottles admit of elevation; but the fifth was to no purpose: for, by that time, they were as clean and as dry as a rush; a circumstance that threw a damp upon the mirth which had hitherto prevailed. From time to time each pilgrim, in his turn, shook hands with Sancho, saying—'Spaniard or German, all one, goot 'companion.' To which compliment Sancho replied—'Goot companion, by 'the Lord!' bursting out into a fit of laughter which lasted a whole hour, without remembering at that time the least circumstance of what had happened to him in his government; for over the times and seasons of eating and drinking, care seldom holds jurisdiction. Finally, the conclusion of the wine was the beginning of sleep, which overwhelmed the whole company, and stretched them along upon the table and cloth they had been using. Ricote and Sancho were the only two who remained awake, in consequence of having eaten more, and drank less, than their fellows: then Ricote taking Sancho aside, they sat down at the root of a beech, leaving the pilgrims buried in an agreeable slumber; and without stumbling in the least upon his Morisco language, he spoke in pure Castilian to this effect.

'Well thou knowest, O Sancho 'Panza, my neighbour and friend, how 'the edict and proclamation which his 'majesty published against those of 'my religion, overwhelmed us all with 'terror and consternation; at least, 'they terrified me to such a degree, 'that long before the time allotted to 'us for our removal from Spain, I 'thought the rigour of the penalty was 'already executed against me and my 'children. I therefore resolved, and, 'I think, wisely, like the man who 'knowing he must quit the house he 'lives in, at such a time, provides 'himself with another to which he 'may remove—I resolved, I say, to 'retire by myself, without my family, 'and go in quest of some place to 'which I might carry it commodiously, 'without that hurry and confusion 'which attended the departure of my 'neighbours; for I was very well convinced, and so were all our elders, 'that these edicts were not only threats, 'as some people said, but real laws, 'that would certainly be put in execution at the appointed time: and 'this truth I was compelled to believe, 'by knowing the base and mad designs which our people harboured; such 'designs that, I verily think, his majesty was divinely inspired to execute 'such a gallant resolution. Not that 'we were all guilty; for some among 'us were firm and staunch Christians: 'but they were so few in number, that 'they could not oppose the schemes of 'those who were otherwise; and it was 'dangerous to nurse a serpent in one's 'bosom, by allowing the enemy to 'live within the house. In a word, 'we were justly chastised by the sentence of banishment, mild and gentle 'in the opinion of some, but to us the 'most terrible that could be pronounced. In what country soever 'we are, we lament our exile from 'Spain: for, in fine, here we were 'born; this is our native country; in 'no clime do we find a reception suitable to our misfortunes; nay, in 'Barbary, and all the other parts of 'Africk, where we expected to be received, cherished, and entertained, we 'have been most injured and maltreated; we knew not our happiness until we lost it; and so intense is the 'longing desire which almost all of us 'have to return to Spain, that the 'greatest part of those, and they are 'many, who understand the language 'like me, return to this kingdom, 'leaving their wives and children, unprotected abroad, such is their affection for this their native soil; and 'now, I know, by experience, the 'truth of the common saying, Sweet is 'the love of native land.

'Leaving our town, as I have already said, I repaired to France; and, 'though there we met with a civil reception, I was desirous of seeing other 'countries. I therefore, travelled into Italy, from whence I passed into 'Germany,

'Germany, where people seemed to live 'with more freedom: the natives do not 'pry with curious eyes into one another's 'concerns; every one lives according to 'his own humour; for in most parts of 'the empire there is liberty of conscience. I left a house which I hired in 'a village near Augsburg, and joined 'these pilgrims, a great number of 'whom are wont to come hither yearly, 'on pretence of visiting the sanctuaries 'of Spain, which are their Indies, as 'being productive of well known advantage, and most certain gain. They 'traverse the whole country; and there 'is not a village from which they are not 'dismissed with a belly full of meat 'and drink, as the saying is, and a rial 'at least, in money; so that at the end 'of their peregrination, they are above 'a hundred crowns in pocket, which, 'being changed into gold, they conceal 'in the hollow of their staves, or in the 'patches of their cloaks; or task their 'industry in such a manner as to carry 'off their purchase to their own country, 'in spite of the guards at the passes and 'gates, where they are examined and 'registered.

'My present intention, Sancho, is to 'carry off the money I have buried, 'which being without the town, I can 'retrieve without danger; then I shall 'write, or take a passage from Valencia, 'to my wife, and daughter, who, I know, 'are at Algiers, in order to contrive a 'method for transporting them to some 'port of France, from whence I will 'conduct them to Germany, where we 'will bear with resignation the will of 'Heaven: for, in fine, Sancho, I am 'positively certain that my daughter Ricota, and my wife Francisca Ricote, 'are real Catholick Christians; and, 'though I myself am not entirely of that 'way of thinking, I have more of the 'Christian than the Mussulman; and I 'incessantly pray to God to open the 'eyes of my understanding, that I 'may know how to serve him in the 'right way. But what excites my 'wonder, and baffles my penetration, 'is the conduct of my wife and daughter; who have chosen to retire into 'Barbary, rather than to France, 'where they might have lived as Christians.'

To this observation Sancho replied—'Why, look ye, Ricote, they were not, 'I suppose, at liberty to chuse for themselves, inasmuch as they were carried 'off by your wife's brother, John Tiopieyo, who, being a rank Moor, would 'naturally go to the place where he 'himself intended to make his abode: 'and, I can tell you, moreover, I believe 'it will be in vain for you to go in 'search of what you left under ground; 'for we are informed that thy wife and 'brother-in-law were stripped of a 'number of pears, and a great deal of 'money, which was carried off to be re'gistered.'—'That may be very true,' said Ricote: 'but I am certain, Sancho, 'they have not touched my hoard; 'for I would not tell them where it 'was hid, because I dreaded some misfortune: and, therefore, Sancho, if 'thou wilt come along with me, and 'assist me in taking up and concealing 'it, I will gratify thee with two hundred crowns, to relieve thy necessities, 'which thou art sensible I know to be 'manifold.'—'I would comply with 'thy proposal,' answered Sancho; 'but 'I am not at all covetous; were I that 'way inclined, I this morning quitted 'an employment by which I might 'have been enabled to build the walls of 'my house of beaten gold, and in less 'than six months, eat out of plate: for 'this reason, therefore, and because I 'should think myself guilty of treason 'to my king, in favouring his enemies, 'I will not go along with thee, even 'though in lieu of promising me two 'hundred, thou shouldst here lay 'down four hundred crowns upon the 'nail.'—'And, pray, what office is 'this that thou hast quitted?' said Ricote. 'I have quitted the government 'of an island,' replied Sancho: 'aye, 'and such a one as, in good faith, you 'will not find it's fellow in three bow-shots.'—'And where about is this 'island?' resumed the other. 'Where-abouts!' cried Panza: 'about two 'leagues from hence, and it is called 'the Island Barataria.'—'Spare me, 'spare me, good Sancho,' said Ricote: 'islands are far at sea; there are none 'upon the continent.'—'How, none!' replied Sancho: 'I tell thee, friend Ricote, I left it but this morning, and 'yesterday governed in it at my pleasure, like a perfect sagittary; but, for

'all that, I resigned my place; for I 'found the office of governors is very 'troublesome and dangerous.'—'And 'what hast thou got by this govern-'ment?' said Ricote. 'I have got sense 'enough to know that I am fit for go-'verning nothing but a flock of sheep,' answered Sancho: 'and that the wealth 'acquired in such governments is got 'at the expence of ease, sleep, and even 'sustenance; for in islands the gover-'nors must eat very little, especially if 'they have physicians to watch over 'their health.'—'I really do not under-'stand thee, Sancho,' said Ricote: 'but 'every thing thou hast spoke, to me 'seems mere madness; for who would 'give thee islands to govern, when there 'is plenty of men in the world so much 'more capable of governing than thou? 'Keep thy own counsel, Sancho, and 'recollect thy judgment, and consider 'whether or not thou wilt accompany 'me, as I proposed, to assist me in con-'veying the treasure I have hid; for the 'sum is really so great, it may well be 'called a treasure, and I will give thee 'wherewithal to live, as I have already 'promised.'—'I have already told thee, 'Ricote, that I will not,' answered Sancho: 'be satisfied that by me thou 'shalt not be discovered; continue thy 'journey in happy hour, and let me 'proceed in mine: for, well I know, 'What's honestly earned may be easily 'lost, but ill-got wealth is ever at the 'owner's cost.'—'Well, I will not 'farther importune thee,' said Ricote: 'but, pray tell me, Sancho, wast thou 'in our village when my wife and 'daughter departed with my brother-in-'law?'—'Yes, I was,' replied San-cho: 'and I can tell thee, thy daugh-'ter appeared so beautiful, that all the 'people in town went forth to see her, 'and every body owned she was the 'fairest creature under the sun; she 'went along weeping, and embraced 'all her friends and acquaintance; and 'begged of all that came to see her, 'that they would recommend her to 'God, and our Lady his blessed mo-'ther. Indeed, her behaviour was so 'moving, that I myself, who am no 'blubberer, could not help shedding 'tears; and, in good sooth, many per-'sons were very desirous of going af-'ter, and carrying her off, in order to 'conceal her; but they were diverted 'from that design, by the fear of act-'ing contrary to the king's proclama-'tion. He that shewed himself th 'most passionately fond of her, was Don 'Pedro Gregorio, the young rich heir, 'who, thou knowest, was said to be in 'love with her. After her departure, 'he never more appeared in our town, 'and every body believed he went away 'in order to carry her off; but hitherto 'we have had no account of his motions.' —'I had always a suspicion,' said Ri-cote, 'that the young gentleman was 'enamoured of my daughter; but, as I 'confided in the virtue of Ricota, his 'passion gave me no disturbance; for 'thou must have heard, Sancho, that 'the Moorish women seldom or never 'engage in amorous intercourse with 'old Christians; and my daughter, 'whose inclination, I believe, leaned 'more to Christianity than to love, 'paid no attention to the importunities 'of that young heir.'—'God grant it 'may be so,' replied Sancho; 'for it 'would have been to the prejudice of 'both: and now let me depart in peace, 'friend Ricote; for, this night, I intend 'to be with my master Don Quixote.'— 'God be thy guide, brother Sancho,' said the Moor: 'I see my companions 'are stirring, and it is time for us to 'make the best of our way.'

Then the two having embraced one another, Sancho mounted Dapple, Ricote supported himself with his staff, and in this manner they parted different ways.

CHAP. III.

OF CERTAIN ACCIDENTS THAT BEFEL SANCHO UPON THE ROAD—AND OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES, WHICH TO KNOW YOU NEED ONLY LOOK FORWARD.

SANCHO was so long detained by Ricote, that he could not reach the duke's castle that day, though he was within half a league of it, and there overtaken by the night, which was dark and close; but it being the sum-mer season, he was not much concern-ed, and retired a little from the high-road with intention to wait patiently for morning. It was, however, the plea-sure of his niggard and unhappy for-tune, that in seeking a place proper for

for his accommodation, he and Dapple tumbled into a deep and very dark pit, among a number of old buildings. In falling, he recommended himself to God, with all his heart, in the firm perſuaſion that he would not ſtop until he reached the bottom of the profound abyſs: but this apprehenſion was happily diſappointed; for Dapple having deſcended little more than three fathoms, touched the ground, and his rider found himſelf on his beaſt's back, without having ſuſtained the leaſt hurt or damage. He felt his body all over, and held in his breath to know whether he was ſound or perforated in any part; and when he found himſelf ſafe, whole, and in Catholick health, he did not fail to thank our Lord God for his protection, as he actually thought he he had been ſhattered into a thouſand pieces. He likewiſe felt about the ſides of the pit, to know if there was any poſſibility of being extricated without aſſiſtance; but he found them all ſmooth and perpendicular, without any projection or cranny of which he could take the leaſt advantage; a circumſtance that greatly increaſed his chagrin, eſpecially when he heard Dapple complain in a moſt pathetick and lamentable tone; and, indeed, it was no great wonder, nor did he lament out of wantonneſs, for in truth he was in a very ſorry condition.

It was then that Sancho Panza exclaimed—'Alack, and a-well-a-day! 'how unexpected are the accidents 'which, at every turn, befal thoſe who 'live in this miſerable world! Who 'could foretel, that he who yeſterday 'ſaw himſelf enthroned as governor 'of an iſland, giving orders to his 'ſervants and vaſſals, ſhould to-day 'be buried in a dungeon, without a 'ſoul to remedy his misfortune, or a 'ſervant or vaſſal to haſten to his relief? 'Here I and my poor beaſt muſt periſh by hunger, if we do not give up 'the ghoſt before that period; he, in 'conſequence of being battered and 'bruiſed, and I, from pure ſorrow and 'vexation. At leaſt, I ſhall not be 'ſo lucky as my maſter Don Quixote 'de La Mancha; who, when he deſcended, and ſunk into the cave of 'that ſame enchanted Monteſinos, was 'better entertained than he could have 'been in his own houſe; ſo that the 'cloth ſeemed to be laid, and the bed 'fairly made. There he enjoyed beautiful and agreeable viſions; but here, 'I believe, I ſhall ſee nothing but 'toads and ſerpents. Unfortunate 'wretch that I am! to what a paſs am 'I brought by my fantaſies and folly? 'From this cavern (when Heaven ſhall 'be pleaſed to diſcover them) my 'bones, together with thoſe of my honeſt friend Dapple, will be taken 'up ſmooth, and white, and bare as 'an atomy; and, from this particular, 'perhaps, it will be diſcovered who 'we are, eſpecially by thoſe who know 'that Sancho Panza never parted from 'his aſs, nor his aſs from Sancho Panza. 'I ſay again, miſerable creatures that 'we are! why would not our niggard 'fortune allow us to die at home, in 'our own country, in the midſt of our 'friends? where, though our misfortune would admit of no remedy, we 'ſhould not have wanted relations to 'grieve at our fate, and cloſe our eyes 'in the laſt hour of our trial!

'O my dear companion, and my 'friend! how ill have I rewarded thy 'good ſervices! Forgive me, honeſt 'Dapple, and entreat fortune, in the 'beſt terms thou canſt uſe, to deliver 'us from this vexatious miſery in 'which we are equally involved; in 'which caſe, I promiſe to put a crown 'of laurel upon thy head, ſo as that 'thou ſhalt look like a poet-laureat; 'and, withal, to give thee double allowance of provender.' In this manner did Sancho Panza pour forth his lamentation, to which the poor beaſt liſtened without anſwering one word; ſuch was the danger and diſtreſs to which the poor animal found himſelf expoſed.

At length, after they had paſſed the whole night in miſerable complaints and lamentations, day broke; and by the light and ſplendor of the morning, Sancho perceived, that of all impoſſibilities it was the moſt impoſſible to free himſelf from that pit without aſſiſtance; ſo that he began to lament afreſh, and roar aloud, in hope that ſomebody might hear his voice: but all his cries were uttered to the deſart; for in all that neighbourhood there was not a ſoul by whom he could be heard; and therefore he gave himſelf up for loſt. As Dapple lay with his mouth uppermoſt, Sancho Panza exerted himſelf in ſuch a manner as to raiſe

raiſe his friend upon his legs, which, by the bye, could ſcarce bear his weight; and, taking a piece of bread out of his wallet, which had likewiſe ſuffered the ſame unfortunate fall, gave it to the poor beaſt, who received it very thankfully; and Sancho told him, as if he underſtood his words—'All 'ills are good, when attended with 'food.' About this time he diſcovered a hole at one ſide of the dungeon, large enough to give paſſage to a man, provided he could bend his body, and creep through; to this he haſtened, and ſqueezing himſelf into it, perceived, within, a large extenſive ſpace, the particulars of which he could diſtinguiſh; for, through what may be termed the roof, deſcended a ſmall ſtream of light that illuminated the whole place, which, as he obſerved, dilated and extended itſelf through another ſpacious concavity.

Sancho, having made theſe remarks, returned to the place where his companion ſtood, and with a ſtone began to clear away the rubbiſh from the hole, which he in a little time enlarged to ſuch a degree that Dapple paſſed with eaſe. Then taking the halter in his hand, he led him forwards through that cavern, in hope of finding an exit at the other end: and ſometimes he proceeded darkling, and ſometimes without one ray of light; but always in fear and trepidation. 'God Almighty 'protect me!' ſaid he within himſelf; 'this, that is ſuch a diſmal expedi'tion to me, would be an excellent ad'venture to my maſter, who would 'look upon theſe depths and dungeons 'as ſo many flower-gardens, and pa'laces of Galiana*; and expect to paſs 'from this diſtreſs and obſcurity, into 'ſome blooming meadow adorned with 'the pride of ſpring: whereas I, a 'miſerable wretch! equally impudent 'and poor ſpirited, dread, at every 'ſtep, that another dungeon, ſtill more 'deep, will ſuddenly open under my 'feet, and ſwallow me up at once. 'We may bear, without a groan, the 'misfortune that comes alone.' In venting theſe ejaculations, he fancied he had proceeded about half a league, when he perceived a kind of confuſed light, like that of day, glimmering through a paſſage that ſeemed to be the road from this to the other world.

Here Cid Hamet Benengeli, leaving the ſquire, returns to Don Quixote, waiting with joy and tranſport for the combat in which he was to engage with the perſon who had robbed the daughter of Donna Rodriguez of her precious virtue; for he made no doubt of redreſſing the grievance and diſgrace which the delinquent had feloniouſly entailed upon the innocent damſel.

Chancing one morning to go out, in order to improve and inure himſelf to the exerciſe of arms, which he meant to practiſe in that combat to which in a few days he muſt be expoſed, he, in wheeling about, or giving the charge with Rozinante, rode ſo near the mouth of a cavern, that if he had not vigorouſly pulled in the reins, he muſt have plunged into it, without all poſſibility of eſcape. He kept his ſeat, however, and at length made his retreat good; then, re-approaching the hole, he, without alighting, ſurveyed the depth of the cave; and, while he was thus employed, heard loud cries iſſuing from below; in conſequence of which, liſtening with great attention, he could diſtinguiſh articulate ſounds, and diſtinctly underſtand the following exclamation: 'So ho! above there; is there any 'Chriſtian within hearing? or any 'charitable gentleman whoſe bowels 'yearn at the diſtreſs of a ſinner bu'ried alive, and an unfortunate miſ'governed governor?'

Don Quixote thought he recognized the voice of Sancho Panza, at hearing which he was confounded and aſtoniſhed; and raiſing his own voice as high as he could ſtrain—'Who is that be'low,' cried he, 'complaining ſo grie'vouſly?'—'Who ſhould be here, or 'who complain, but the bewildered 'Sancho Panza, for his ſins and miſ'fortune, appointed governor of the 'Iſland Barataria, who was formerly 'ſquire to the renowned knight Don 'Quixote de La Mancha?' When the knight heard this declaration, his ſurprize redoubled, his amazement increaſed, and he was ſtruck with the notion that Sancho Panza was dead, and his ſoul doing penance in that place. Swayed by this conjecture, he

* This was a Mooriſh princeſs, for whom her father built a ſtately palace near the Tagus, the ruins of which remain to this day.

exclaimed

exclaimed—'I conjure thee, by all 'that is sacred, as a Catholick Christian, to tell me who thou art? If a 'soul in punishment, let me know 'what I can do in thy behalf; for, as 'it is my profession to favour and assist 'the needy of this world, so likewise am I ready to succour and relieve the miserable objects of the 'other world, who cannot relieve themselves.'—'At that rate, and by your 'worship's discourse,' answered the voice, 'you should be my master Don 'Quixote de la Mancha; and, indeed, 'by the tone of your voice, I know 'you can be no other.'—'Don Quixote I am,' replied the knight; 'he 'who professed to aid and assist the 'living, as well as the dead, in their distresses. Tell me, therefore, who 'thou art, by whom I am thus held 'in astonishment; for if thou art my 'squire Sancho Panza, and hast quitted 'this life, seeing the devils have not 'got possession of thy soul, but through 'the mercy of God thou art now in 'purgatory, our holy mother, the Roman Catholick Church, has prayers sufficient to deliver thee from thy present pain; and I, for my part, will solicit them in thy behalf, as far as 'my whole fortune will extend; I say, therefore, make haste, and declare thy 'name and situation.'—'I vow to 'God!' answered the voice, 'and swear 'by the birth of whom your worship 'pleases, Signior Don Quixote de La 'Mancha, that I am your identical 'squire, Sancho Panza, and was never 'yet dead in the whole course of my 'life, but I quitted my government 'for causes and considerations which I 'must have more leisure to explain. 'Last night I fell into this dungeon, 'together with Dapple, who will not 'suffer me to tell an untruth; by the 'same token he stands now at my 'back.' One would have imagined the beast understood what his master said; for that moment he began to bray so strenuously, that the whole cave echoed with the sound. 'A most unexceptionable evidence!' cried Don Quixote; 'I know that note as well as 'if I had given it birth; and, besides, 'I recognize thy voice, my good Sancho. Wait a little, I will ride to the 'duke's castle, which is hard by, and 'bring people to extricate thee from 'that dungeon into which thou hast 'been plunged for thy sins and transgressions.'—'I entreat your worship 'to go, for the love of God! and return speedily; for I cannot bear to 'be buried here alive; and, moreover, 'I am ready to die with fear!'

The knight leaving him accordingly, repaired to the castle, where he recounted to the duke and duchess the accident which had befallen poor Sancho, at which they were not a little surprized, though they at once comprehended how he must have fallen by the correspondence of that cavern which had been there time out of mind; but they could not conceive how he should have quitted the government without giving them notice of his coming. Finally, ropes and cables were provided, together with a good number of people; and Dapple and Sancho Panza, though not without a great deal of trouble, were hoisted up from dungeons and darkness to the chearful light of day. 'In this manner,' said a student, who chanced to be among the spectators, 'should all 'bad governors be dragged from their 'governments like that poor sinner 'from the profound abyss, half dead 'with hunger, pale with fear, and, as 'I believe, without a penny in his 'pocket.' Sancho, hearing this observation, replied—'Eight or ten days 'are now elapsed, brother growler, 'since I assumed the reins of government in that island, which was committed to my charge; and, in all 'that time, I never once had my belly-full, even of dry bread. I have been 'persecuted by physicians; my bones 'have been crushed by the enemy; but 'I never had a bribe in view, nor did 'I ever receive my due. And this 'being the case, as it certainly is, me-'thinks, I have not deserved to be 'dragged out in this manner: but 'Man proposes in vain, for God doth 'still ordain; Heaven knows how 'meet it is to grant, what every one 'pretends to want; Every season has 'it's reason; Let no man presume to 'think, of this cup I will not drink; 'for, Where the bush we hope to 'find, not even a hook is left behind. 'God knows my meaning, and that's 'enough; I shall say no more, though 'perhaps I could speak more plainly.' —'Be not angry, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote,

Quixote, 'and give thyſelf no concern about what thou mayeſt hear, otherwiſe there will be no end of thy vexation; conſole thyſelf with a good conſcience, and let them ſay what they will; for it is as impracticable to tye up the tongue of malice, as to erect barricadoes in the open fields. If a governor reſigns his office in good circumſtances, people ſay he muſt have been an oppreſſor and a knave; and if poverty attends him in his retreat, they ſet him down as an idiot and fool.'—'For this time,' anſwered Sancho, 'I am certain they will think me more fool than knave.'

Thus diſcourſing, and ſurrounded by a number of boys, and other ſpectators, they arrived at the caſtle, where the duke and ducheſs waited to receive them in a gallery; but Sancho would not go up ſtairs, until he ſaw Dapple properly accommodated in the ſtable; for, he obſerved, the poor creature had paſſed the preceding night in very indifferent lodging. Then he went to pay his reſpects to his noble patrons; before whom, falling on his knees—'According to the good pleaſure of your graces,' ſaid he, 'and without any merit on my ſide, I went to govern your Iſland Barataria, which Naked I entered, and naked I remain; and if I loſe nothing, as little I gain. Whether I have governed righteouſly or amiſs, there are witneſſes, who will declare, and ſay, whatſoever they think proper. I have explained doubts, and decided cauſes, though all the time half dead with hunger, becauſe my faſting ſeemed good under Doctor Pedro Poſitive, native of Snatchaway, the iſland and governor's phyſician. We were aſſaulted in the night by the enemy, who put us all in great jeopardy and conſternation; and the inhabitants of the iſland ſaid they were delivered, and proved victorious, by the valour of my invincible arm; but, ſo may God deal with them as they ſpeak truth. In a word, I have, during my adminiſtration, conſidered the cares and obligations that attend the exerciſe of power, and found them, by my reckoning, too weighty for my ſhoulders; they are neither fit burthens for my back, nor arrows for my quiver; and, therefore, that the government might not diſcard me, I have thought proper to diſcard the government; and yeſterday I left the iſland as I found it, with the ſame ſtreets, houſes, and roofs, which belonged to it when I took poſſeſſion. I have borrowed of no man, nor conſulted my own private gain or advantage; and, although my intention was to make ſome wholeſome regulations, I did not put my deſign in execution, becauſe I was afraid they would not be obſerved; and a law neglected, is the ſame thing as one that never was enacted.

'I quitted the iſland, as I have ſaid, without any other company than that of Dapple; I fell into a dungeon, through which I groped my way, until this morning, by the light of the ſun, I perceived a paſſage out of it, though not ſo eaſy but that if Heaven had not ſent my maſter Don Quixote to my aſſiſtance, there I ſhould have remained to the day of judgment. Here, then, my Lord Duke and Lady Ducheſs, is your governor Sancho Panza, who, during the ten days of his adminiſtration, has gained nothing but ſo much knowledge, that he would not give a farthing to be governor, not only of an iſland, but even of the whole world; and in this opinion, kiſſing your graces feet, and imitating the game of boys, who cry, "Leap and away," I take a leap from the government into the ſervice of my maſter Don Quixote; for, in ſhort, though with him I eat my bread in terror and alarm, I at leaſt fill my belly; and ſo that is full, I care not whether it be with carrots or partridge.'

Here Sancho concluded his harangue, during which the knight was in continual apprehenſion that he would utter a thouſand abſurdities; but when he heard it finiſhed with ſo few, he thanked Heaven in his heart; while the duke embraced Sancho, and told him he was grieved to the ſoul that he had ſo ſoon left his government; but he would find means to inveſt him with another office in his eſtate, which would be attended with leſs care and more advantage. He was likewiſe conſoled by the ducheſs, who gave particular orders about his entertainment, as he ſeemed to be ſorely bruiſed, and in a lamentable condition.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

OF THE DREADFUL AND UNSEEN BATTLE, FOUGHT BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, AND THE LACQUEY TOSILOS, IN BEHALF OF THE DAUGHTER OF RODRIGUEZ THE DUENNA.

THE duke and ducheſs did not repent of the joke they had executed upon Sancho Panza, with reſpect to his government, eſpecially as the ſteward arrived the ſame day, and gave a circumſtantial detail of all the words and actions which he had ſaid and performed during the term of his adminiſtration. In fine, he magnified the aſſault of the iſland, and the terror of Sancho, and deſcribed the manner of his departure, from the account of which they received no ſmall pleaſure and ſatisfaction.

The hiſtory afterwards relates, that the day appointed for the combat arrived; and the duke having again and again inſtructed his lacquey Toſilos how to manage Don Quixote, ſo as to conquer without ſlaying, or even wounding the knight, ordered the lances to be diveſted of their iron heads, obſerving to Don Quixote that Chriſtianity, upon which he valued himſelf, would not allow him to let the combat be fought with any riſk or danger of his life; and that he hoped the knight would be ſatisfied with his granting a field for the liſts in his territories, an indulgence contrary to the decree of the holy council, which prohibits all ſuch challenges: he therefore deſired that the battle might not be fought to the laſt extremity. Don Quixote ſaid his excellency might order the particulars of that affair according to his own pleaſure, and that he would punctually comply with every circumſtance of the diſpoſition.

The dreadful day then being arrived, and the duke having cauſed a ſpacious ſcaffold to be erected before the court-yard of the caſtle, for the accommodation of the judges of the field, and the mother and daughter, who were plaintiffs in the cauſe; an infinite number of people aſſembled from all the neighbouring towns and villages, to ſee the novelty of this battle; for ſuch a combat had never been ſeen nor heard of in that country, by either the living or the dead. The firſt that entered the liſts was the maſter of the ceremonies, in order to examine the ground; and he accordingly ſurveyed the whole field, to ſee that there was no deceit, or any thing concealed that might occaſion ſtumbling or falling; then came the duennas and took their ſeats, veiled down to the eyes, and even to the boſom, with demonſtrations of exceſſive grief. They being ſeated, Don Quixote preſented himſelf in the liſts; and in a little time appeared the great lacquey Toſilos upon a mighty ſteed that ſhook the very ground, accompanied with a number of trumpets, his vizor being down, and his whole body ſtiffened with ſtrong and ſhining armour; his horſe ſeemed to be of the Friezland breed, broad built, and of a flea-bitten colour, with a ſtone of wool hanging to every foot. Thus approached the valiant combatant, well inſtructed by the duke how to engage the valorous Don Quixote de La Mancha, and particularly cautioned againſt taking away the life of his knightly opponent; for he was warned to avoid the firſt encounter as he would ſhun his own death, which muſt have been certain had they met full ſhock in the midſt of their career. This champion, croſſing the field, and riding up to the place where the duennas were ſeated, began very earneſtly to contemplate the perſon who claimed him as her huſband *; while the maſter of the field, calling to Don Quixote, who had likewiſe entered the liſts, and kept cloſe to Toſilos, aſked the duennas if they conſented to depend upon Don Quixote de La Mancha for the redreſs of their grievances; they replied in the affirmative, declaring, at the ſame time, that whatever he ſhould

* A critick inclined to enumerate the inadvertencies of Cervantes, might obſerve that Sancho pulled a piece of bread out of his wallet and gave it to Dapple, after he had given the contents of the ſaid wallet to the pilgrims; that he tells the duke and ducheſs he had governed ten days, whereas he had continued but ſeven days in office; and, laſtly, that Toſilos contemplated the beauties of the damſel, though we are previouſly told that ſhe was veiled down to the boſom.

do in the affair they would hold as well done, firm, and ſufficient*. By this time, the duke and duchefs had placed themſelves in a gallery that overlooked the barriers, which were crouded with an infinite number of people, who came to ſee the dreadful and never-beheld encounter; but, before they engaged, it was ſtipulated, that if Don Quixote ſhould overcome his antagoniſt, he, the ſaid antagoniſt, ſhould marry the daughter of Donna Rodriguez; but ſhould victory declare for the defendant, he ſhould be releaſed from the promiſe they pretended he had made, without giving any other ſatisfaction.

The maſter of the ceremonies having divided the ſun, and ſtationed each combatant in his proper poſt, the drums began to thunder, the ſound of trumpets filled the air, the earth trembled beneath their feet, and the hearts of the gazing multitude throbbed with ſuſpenſe and expectation, ſome hoping, and others fearing, the good or bad ſucceſs of the battle. Finally, Don Quixote, recommending himſelf with all his heart to our Lord God, and to the Lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, waited with impatience for the preciſe ſignal of engaging; while our lacquey, engroſſed by far other ſentiments, thought of nothing but what we will now explain. While he ſtood gazing at his female enemy, ſhe appeared in his eyes the moſt beautiful creature he had ever ſeen in the whole courſe of his life, and the little blind urchin, vulgarly known by the name of Cupid, was unwilling to loſe this opportunity to triumph over a lacqueyan ſoul, and regiſter this ſubject in the liſt of his atchievements; he, therefore, approached him fairly and ſoftly, and unperceived let fly an arrow two yards long, which, entering his left ſide, transfixed his heart: nor was it difficult to perform this exploit; for Love is invincible, and makes his entrance and exit whereſoever he chuſes to paſs, without being called to account by any perſon upon earth—I ſay, when they gave the ſignal for battle, our lacquey's ſoul was tranſported by the beauty of her, to whom, by this time, he had ſurrendered his liberty; and therefore, he was not ſo much affected by the ſound of the trumpet as his antagoniſt Don Quixote, whoſe ears it no ſooner ſaluted, than he ſprang forwards to aſſault his adverſary with all the mettle that Rozinante could exert; and his good ſquire Sancho ſeeing him begin his career, exclaimed with an audible voice, 'God be thy guide, thou cream 'and flower of knights-errant: God 'grant thee the victory, ſeeing thy 'cauſe is the beſt!'

Although Toſilos ſaw Don Quixote advancing againſt him, he did not budge one ſtep from his ſtation, but called aloud to the field-maſter, to whom, when he went up to ſee what he wanted, he thus addreſſed himſelf: 'Tell me, Signior, is not this combat 'appointed to determine whether I ſhall 'or ſhall not marry that lady?' To this queſtion the other having replied in the affirmative, 'Well, then,' reſumed the lacquey, 'I have a tender 'conſcience, that would be grievouſly 'burdened ſhould I proceed in this 'quarrel; and, therefore, I own my-'ſelf vanquiſhed, and will forthwith 'take the lady to wife.' The field-maſter was ſurprized at this declaration of Toſilos; and, being in the ſecret of the plan, knew not what anſwer to make; while Don Quixote, perceiving his enemy did not come on to the aſſault, checked Rozinante in the middle of his career. The duke, being ignorant of the cauſe that retarded the battle, was by the field-maſter, informed of what Toſilos had ſaid, at which he was extremely ſurprized and incenſed; whereas, Toſilos, in the mean time, rode up towards the place where Donna Rodriguez was ſeated, and pronounced with a loud voice, 'Madam, as I am 'willing to marry your daughter, there 'is no occaſion to ſeek that by diſputes 'and contention which I may obtain 'peaceably without the danger of 'death.' The valiant Don Quixote hearing this addreſs, 'Since that is the

* In the romance of Gerard de Nevers we read, that a certain young lady, perceiving the eagerneſs with which that knight undertook her defence, pulled the glove from her left-hand, and preſented it to him, ſaying, 'Sir Knight, my body, life, lands, and ho-'nour, I commit to the protection of God and you, to whom I pray he may grant grace 'to obtain the victory, and deliver us from the danger in which we are now involved.'

'caſe,'

'case,' said he, 'I am released and 'acquitted of my promise; let them 'marry a-God's name, and as our 'Lord bestows the bride, may St. Pe'ter bless the nuptials!'

The duke descending into the courtyard of the castle, and advancing to Tosilos, 'Knight,' said he, 'is it true, 'that you own yourself vanquished, and 'that, instigated by your timorous con'science, you consent to marry this 'damsel?' When he answered, 'Yes, 'my lord.'—'He is very much in the 'right,' cried Sancho: 'Give always 'to the cat what was kept for the rat; 'and, Let it still be thy view all mischief 'to eschew.' As for Tosilos, he began to unlace his helmet, and earnestly begged that somebody would come to his assistance; for his breath was almost gone, and he could not bear to be confined so long in such a narrow lodging. People accordingly ran to his relief; and his head being uncased, Donna Rodriguez discovered the individual countenance of our lacquey, which the daughter no sooner beheld than she cried aloud, 'A cheat! a cheat! My Lord 'Duke has palmed his lacquey upon 'us, in lieu of my lawful husband: I 'demand justice of God and the king, 'for this malicious, not to call it knavish contrivance.'

'Ladies,' said Don Quixote, 'give 'yourselves no concern; there is neither malice nor knavery in the case; 'or if there is, it cannot be occasioned 'by the duke, but by those wicked inchanters who persecute me without 'ceasing: envious of the glory I should 'have acquired in this atchievement, 'they have metamorphosed your husband's face into the aspect of this 'man, who, you say, is the duke's lacquey. Take my advice, therefore, 'maugre the malice of mine enemies, 'bestow your hand upon him; for, 'without all doubt, he is the very person whom you desire to obtain as an 'husband.'

The duke, overhearing this admonition, had well-nigh vented all his indignation in laughter, saying, 'The adven'tures that happen to Signior Don Quix'ote are so extraordinary, that I am apt 'to believe this is not really my lac'quey; but, let us make use of this 'expedient and stratagem: we will, if 'it be agreeable, delay the marriage a 'fortnight, and confine this person, of 'whom we are doubtful, and in that 'time perhaps he will retrieve his for'mer figure; for surely the rancour of 'those wicked inchanters, who hate 'Don Quixote, cannot last so long; 'especially as such delusions and transformations avail them so little.'—'O 'my lord!' cried Sancho, 'those ban'ditti have been long accustomed to 'chop, change, and transmography 'every thing that belongs to my mas'ter; some time ago he vanquished an 'errant, called the Knight of the Mi'rours, and in a twinkling they trans'formed him into the figure of the bat'chelor Sampson Carrasco, a townsman and great friend of ours; as for 'my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, they 'have changed her into a homely 'country wench; and, therefore, I 'take it for granted that this man 'will die and live a lacquey all the days 'of his life.'

Here the daughter of Donna Rodriguez interposing, 'Be he who he will,' said she, 'I am obliged to him for ask'ing me in marriage: and I would ra'ther be the lawful wife of a lacquey, 'than the deluded mistress of a gentle'man; although he who deluded me 'has no pretensions to that title.' In fine, all these incidents and explanations ended in the resolution to confine Tosilos, until they should see the issue of his transformation; while, with unusual acclamation, the victory was adjudged to Don Quixote; though the greatest part of the spectators seemed melancholy and disappointed, because they had not seen two such hopeful combatants hew one another in pieces: in the same manner as the boys are out of humour, when the execution is prevented by the malefactor's being pardoned, either by the party or the king.

The crowd dispersed, the duke and Don Quixote returned to the castle, Tosilos was sent to prison; Donna Rodriguez and her daughter rejoiced exceedingly, when they saw, that one way or another, this affair would end in marriage, and the lover consoled himself with the same prospect.

CHAP. V.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE MANNER IN WHICH DON QUIXOTE TOOK LEAVE OF THE DUKE;

AND OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN HIM AND THE GAY AND WITTY ALTISIDORA, ONE OF THE DUCHESS'S DAMSELS.

BY this time Don Quixote thought he would do well to quit that idle way of life which he led in the caſtle; for he imagined himſelf much to blame in living thus buried and inactive among thoſe infinite dainties and entertainments with which he, as a knight-errant, was indulged by that noble pair; and he concluded that he would be obliged to give a ſevere account to Heaven of this idleneſs and ſequeſtration. He, therefore, one day, begged leave of the duke and ducheſs to depart; and they granted his requeſt, with marks of being extremely grieved at his intention. The ducheſs delivered to Sancho Panza his wife's letter, and the good ſquire wept bitterly when he underſtood the contents; ſaying, 'Who could have thought 'ſuch mighty hopes as were engendered 'in the breaſt of my wife Tereſa Panza, by the news of my government, 'would vaniſh in my returning again 'to the woeful adventures of my maſter Don Quixote de La Mancha? 'Nevertheleſs, I am pleaſed to find that 'my Tereſa behaved like herſelf, in 'ſending the acorns to the ducheſs; 'for had ſhe failed in that particular, I 'ſhould have been ſorely vexed, and 'ſhe would have ſhewn herſelf ungrateful: what comforts my poor 'heart is, that they cannot call this 'preſent a bribe; for I was actually 'in poſſeſſion of the government before 'the acorns were ſent: and it is but 'reaſonable, that folks who receive 'any ſort of benefit ſhould ſhew their 'gratitude, even though in trifles. In 'effect, naked I took poſſeſſion of the 'government, and naked I reſigned 'my office; therefore, I may ſay with 'a ſafe conſcience, which is no ſmall 'boaſt, I naked was born, and naked 'remain; and if I loſe nothing, as little I gain.'

This conference Sancho held with his own boſom on the day of their departure: as for Don Quixote, having taken leave of their graces over-night, he in the morning preſented himſelf armed in the court-yard of the caſtle, where he furniſhed a ſpectacle to all the people of the family, not even excepting the duke and ducheſs, who viewed him from the gallery. Sancho was mounted upon Dapple, extremely well pleaſed with the contents of his bags, wallet, or ſtore; for the duke's ſteward, who acted the part of the Counteſs Trifaldi, had given him a ſmall purſe of two hundred crowns, to anſwer the emergencies of the road: but of this ſupply Don Quixote was ignorant. While every individual, as we have ſaid, ſtood gazing at the knight, all of a ſudden, from among the other duennas and damſels of the ducheſs, the gay and witty Altiſidora, raiſing her voice, pronounced what follows, in a lamentable tone.

'AH! hear my plaint, unlucky knight,
'Pull in thy rein, and do me right;
'And pr'ythee ſpare, at my requeſt,
'The flanks of that poor batter'd beaſt.
'Conſider ſhe whoſe heart's at ſtake,
'Falſe man! is not a ſcaly ſnake;
'But a young lambkin, meek and true,
'Juſt wean'd from teat of mother ewe.
'Say, monſter, why undo a maid
'More beautiful than ever ſtray'd
'With Cynthia, huntreſs of the wood,
'Or Venus, native of the flood?
'But if Æneas-like thou mean'ſt to fly,
'The death of Barrabas may Quixote die!

'Thou, robber! in thy claws haſt got
'The heart and bowels, and what not,
'Of a weak virgin, Heav'n befriend her!
'Mild, humble, timorous, and tender.
'Three linen night-caps haſt thou ſtole,
'And ſilken garters ſtrong and whole,
'That to theſe legs did appertain;
'Theſe legs, as marble ſmooth and clean,
'Thou carrieſt off two thouſand ſighs,
'Which, kindled by thy beaming eyes,
'Would in a twinkling quite deſtroy
'Two thouſand cities great as Troy.
'But if Æneas-like thou mean'ſt to fly,
'The death of Barrabas may Quixote die!

'May Sancho's buttocks, and his heart,
'Ne'er feel the ignominious ſmart
'Preſcribed, when he is pleas'd and ready
'To diſenchant thy fav'rite lady!
'Since thine's the offence, and thine the
'blame,
'Endure the puniſhment and ſhame
'Which in my country, once a year,
'The righteous for the wicked bear.
'Be thy adventures (ſmall and great)
'Inglorious and unfortunate;
'Like dreams may all thy pleaſures fade,
'Thy conſtancy oblivion ſhade;
'And if Æneas-like thou mean'ſt to fly,
'The death of Barrabas may Quixote die!

'May'ſt thou be deem'd a perjur'd devil,
'E'en from Marchena unto Seville;

'From

' From Loja to Granada hated,
' From London Tow'r to England baited.
' At drafts should'ſt thou attempt to play,
' Or waſte at ombre all the day,
' May no crown'd monarch or ſpadille
' Attend the efforts of thy ſkill;
' When angry corn diſturbs thy toe,
' May blood at ev'ry paring flow;
' And of each tooth the barbers draw,
' The ſtump ſtill feſter in thy jaw:
' Nay, ſince Æneas like thou mean'ſt to fly,
' The death of Barrabas may Quixote die!'

While the afflicted Altiſidora complained in theſe ſtrains, Don Quixote ſurveyed her attentively; and, without anſwering a word to her lamentation, turned to Sancho, ſaying, 'By the age 'of thine anceſtors, my dear Sancho, 'I conjure thee to tell me the truth: ſay, 'haſt thou actually got the three caps 'and the garters, which this enamoured 'damſel mentions?' To this queſtion the ſquire replied, 'The three caps I 'have; but as to the garters, I know 'nothing of the matter.'

The ducheſs was ſurprized at the freedom of Altiſidora's behaviour; for, although ſhe knew her to be forward, merry, and frank, ſhe did not think the girl poſſeſſed of aſſurance enough to attempt a ſcheme of this nature; and her admiration was the greater, as ſhe had not been previouſly apprized of the intended joke. The duke, however, in order to reinforce the jeſt, addreſſed himſelf to Don Quixote in theſe words: 'It 'does not look well, Sir Knight, that 'you who have met with ſuch honourable reception and treatment in this 'my caſtle, ſhould preſume to carry off 'by ſtealth three knight-caps, at leaſt, 'if not a pair of garters likewiſe, belonging to my damſel: theſe are marks 'of a bad heart, and but ill agree with 'your reputation. Reſtore the garters 'to the right owner; otherwiſe, I challenge you to mortal combat, without 'any apprehenſion that knaviſh iachanters will transform or change my face, 'as they have practiſed upon my lacquey 'Toſilos, your laſt antagoniſt.'

'God forbid,' replied Don Quixote, 'that I ſhould unſheath my ſword againſt your illuſtrious perſon, of whom 'I received ſuch favours! The three 'night-caps ſhall be reſtored; for Sancho owns they are in his cuſtody: 'but it is impoſſible to make reſtitution 'of the garters, as neither he nor I did 'ever receive them; and I dare ſay your 'damſel will find them, if ſhe will take 'the trouble to rummage her own drawers. I, my lord duke, was never a 'thief, and I hope never ſhall in the 'whole courſe of my life, provided God 'will not withdraw from me his guiding hand. The damſel, according 'to her own declaration, talks like an 'enamoured perſon; but ſurely I am 'not to blame for her impertinence: 'and, therefore, I have no reaſon to aſk 'pardon either of her or your excellency, 'whom I entreat to look upon me with 'more favourable ſentiments, and beſeech anew to conſent that I may proſecute my journey.'—'God grant 'your departure may be ſo happy,' ſaid the ducheſs, 'that we may always 'hear good news of Don Quixote's 'exploits. Go, then, a-God's name; 'for the longer you ſtay, your preſence 'blows up the fire the more fiercely in 'the boſoms of the damſels who behold 'you: as for mine, I will chaſtiſe her 'in ſuch a manner, that from hence'forward ſhe ſhall never tranſgreſs either in word or deed.'—'One word 'more, however, I beg thou wilt hear 'me ſpeak, O valiant Don Quixote!' ſaid Altiſidora. 'I crave pardon for 'having taxed you with the garters; 'for, as I ſhall anſwer to Heaven and 'my own conſcience, they are now 'upon my legs; and I have been 'guilty of a miſtake, like the man who 'went in ſearch of his aſs, while he 'was mounted on his back.'—'Did 'not I tell you ſo?' cried the ſquire: 'I ſhould be a rare fellow indeed, to 'receive and conceal ſtolen goods; had 'I been that way inclined, I might have 'had opportunity enough in my government.'

Don Quixote bowing his head, made a profound reverence to the duke and ducheſs, and all the ſpectators; then turning Rozinante, and being followed by Sancho upon Dapple, he ſet out from the caſtle, directing his courſe to Saragoſſa.

CHAP. VI.

SHEWING HOW ADVENTURES THRONGED UPON DON QUIXOTE SO THICK AS TO ENTANGLE ONE ANOTHER.

WHEN Don Quixote found himſelf in the open field, free and diſembarraſſed from the complaints of Altiſidora,

Altisidora, he seemed to be placed in the very center of his own wish, and to enjoy a renovation of spirits, in order to prosecute anew the aim of his chivalry. Turning, therefore, to his squire, 'Sancho,' said he, 'liberty is one of the 'most precious gifts which Heaven hath 'bestowed on man, exceeding all the 'treasures which earth encloses, or 'which ocean hides; and for this bless'ing, as well as for honour, we may 'and ought to venture life itself: on the 'other hand, captivity and restraint are 'the greatest evils that human nature 'can endure. I make this observation, 'Sancho, because thou hast seen the de'licacies and the plenty with which we 'were entertained in that castle: yet, in 'the midst of those savoury banquets, 'and ice-cooled potations, I thought 'myself confined within the very straits 'of famine, because I did not enjoy 'the treat with that liberty which I 'should have felt, had it been my own; 'for obligations incurred by benefits 'and favours received, are fetters which 'hamper the freeborn soul. Happy is 'he to whom Heaven hath sent a mor'sel of bread, for which he is obliged 'to none but Heaven itself.'

'But notwithstanding all that your 'worship hath said,' replied Sancho, 'we, for our parts, ought not to be un'grateful, considering the two hundred 'crowns of gold which the duke's stew'ard gave me in a purse, and which, as 'a plaister and a cordial, I keep next 'my heart, in case of emergency; for we 'shall not always find such castles 'where we can be entertained; on the 'contrary, we may sometimes stumble 'upon sorry inns, where we shall be 'soundly cudgelled.'

With this and other such discourse, the two errants, knight and squire, amused themselves while they proceeded on their journey. Having travelled a little more than a league, they perceived upon a green spot of ground, about a dozen countrymen at dinner, with their cloaks spread under them; and hard by, certain white sheets at some distance from one another, that seemed to cover something, above which they were raised up and stretched with great care and caution. Don Quixote approaching the men, first of all saluted them courteously, and then asked what it was they covered so carefully with those pieces of linen. 'Signior,' replied one of the countrymen, 'under these sheets are 'carved images for an altar-piece to be 'set up in our town; we cover them in 'this manner, that they may not be sul'lied, and carry them upon our shoul'ders that they may not be broken.'—'If you please,' replied the knight, 'I should be glad to see them; they 'must certainly be good images, which 'you so carefully convey.'—'Good!' cried the other, 'aye, that the price of 'them will declare: I can assure you 'there is not one of them that does not 'cost above fifty ducats; and that your 'worship may be convinced of the 'truth of what I say, stay a moment, 'and you shall see it with your own 'eyes.'

So saying, he left his dinner, and rising up, uncovered the first piece, which represented St. George on horseback, with his lance thrust into the throat of a serpent coiled at his feet, exhibiting all the fierceness with which that animal is usually painted; and the whole groupe looked, as the saying is, like a flame of gold.

Don Quixote, immediately recognizing the subject, 'This knight,' said he, 'was one of the best errants that 'ever signalized themselves in divine 'warfare; his name was St. George, 'and he was, moreover, a protector of 'damsels. Let us see the next;' which, when displayed, appeared to be the image of St. Martin on horseback, dividing his cloak with the beggar. Don Quixote no sooner beheld it, than he said to Sancho, 'This knight was 'also one of the Christian adventurers, 'and, I believe, more liberal than va'liant, as thou mayest perceive by 'this circumstance of dividing his 'cloak, and giving one half to the 'beggar; and, doubtless, this incident 'must have happened in the winter 'season, otherwise the saint was so 'charitable he would have given the 'whole.'—'Nay, that surely was not 'the case,' replied the squire; 'but 'he held fast by the old proverb, which 'says, The man in wildom must be 'old, who knows in giving where to 'hold.'

Don Quixote smiled at this remark, and desired the man to lift the third cover, under which appeared the figure of the patron of Spain on horseback, with his bloody sword, trampling down and bruising the heads of the Moors. Don

Quixote

Quixote seeing this representation, exclaimed. 'Ah! this is a knight, and 'chief in the squadrons of Christ; his 'name is Don San Diego Mata Moros*, and he was one of the most 'valiant saints and knights which earth 'ever produced, or heaven now contains.' Then they unveiled the fourth, which exhibited St. Paul falling from his horse, with all the circumstances usually set forth in the picture of his conversion, so lively represented, that one would have almost thought Christ was speaking, and Paul answering the voice. 'This,' said Don Quixote, 'was the most bitter enemy the church 'of God ever had, while our Lord and 'Saviour was on earth, and afterwards 'the greatest defender it will ever have: 'a knight-errant in his life, and a perfect saint in his death; an unwearied 'labourer in the vineyard of our Lord, 'a teacher of the Gentiles, schooled by 'Heaven, and whose professor and master was Jesus Christ himself.'

There being no other images to see, Don Quixote desired the man to cover up those he had examined; and addressing himself to the bearers, 'Brothers,' said he, 'I look upon it as a 'good omen to have met with these 'images; for these saints and knights 'were of my profession, which is the 'exercise of arms: with this difference, however, they were saints, and 'fought in a divine manner; and I, 'who am a sinner, fight in the manner 'of men. They conquered Heaven 'by the force of their arms; for the 'kingdom of Heaven suffers violence; 'whereas I know not, hitherto, what 'I have conquered by the toils and 'troubles I have undergone: but if 'my Dulcinea del Toboso should be 'delivered from those she now sustains, my fortune will be bettered, 'my judgment repaired, and perhaps 'my steps may be directed through a 'better path than that which I at present follow.'

This declaration was closed with an exclamation of Sancho, who cried aloud, 'The Lord give ear, I pray; and sin 'be deaf for aye!' The men were equally astonished at the knight's appearance and discourse, one half of which they did not understand; nevertheless, they made an end of their meal, shouldered their images, and taking leave of Don Quixote, pursued their journey. Sancho was, on this occasion, as much astonished at the learning of his master, as if he had never known him before that day; and imagined there was not an history or event in the whole world, that was not decyphered on his nail, or nailed to his memory. 'Truly, master of mine,' said he, 'if what has happened to us 'to-day may be called an adventure, 'it is the most sweet and delicious of 'all that have yet befallen us in the 'whole course of our peregrinations; 'from this we have escaped with whole 'skins and fearless hearts; we have 'neither unsheathed our swords, battered the earth with our poor carcases, nor 'are we left in a starving condition; 'blessed be God who hath spared me to 'see this good luck with my own 'eyes!'—'Thou sayest well, Sancho,' replied the knight; 'but thou must 'take notice, that all times are not the 'same, nor equally fortunate; and those 'incidents which the vulgar call omens, 'though not founded on any natural 'reason, have, even by persons of sagacity, been held and deemed as fair 'and fortunate. One of these superstitious omen-mongers rises in the 'morning, goes abroad, chances to 'meet a friar belonging to the beatified St. Francis; and, as if he had encountered a dragon in his way, runs 'back to his own house with fear and 'consternation. Another Foresight† by 'accident scatters the salt upon the 'table, by which fear and melancholy 'are scattered through his heart; as if 'nature was obliged to foretel future 'misfortunes by such trivial signs and 'tokens; whereas, a prudent man and 'a good Christian will not so minutely 'scrutinize the purposes of Heaven. 'Scipio chancing to fall in landing 'upon the coast of Africk, and perceiving that his soldiers looked upon 'this accident as a bad omen, he embraced the soil with seeming eagerness, saying, "Thou shalt not 'scape "me, Africk; for I have thee safe "within my arms." Therefore, San-

* Moor-killer.

† The original word is Mendoza, the name of a great family in Spain, one of whom was remarkably superstitious.

'cho,

'cho, my meeting with those images I 'consider as a most happy encounter.' —'I am of the same opinion,' answered the squire; 'but I wish your worship 'would be pleased to tell me, for what 'reason the Spaniards, when they join 'battle, and invoke that same St. Diego 'Mata Moros, cry, "St Jago!" and '"Close, Spain!" Is Spain cloven in 'such a manner, as to want closing; or 'what is the meaning of that ceremony?'—'Sancho,' replied the knight, 'thy simplicity is very great. You must 'know, that God has given this great 'Knight of the Red Cross, as a patron 'and protector to Spain, especially in 'those dreadful battles fought against 'the Moors. The Spaniards, therefore, 'invoke and call upon him as their defender on all such occasions; nay, 'many times hath he been seen overthrowing, trampling, slaying, and destroying the squadrons of the children 'of Hagar*; and of this truth I could 'convince thee by many examples recorded in the authentick histories of 'Spain†.

Sancho changing the subject of conversation, 'Signior,' said he, 'I was 'astonished at the boldness of her grace's 'damsel, Altisidora. I'faith! she must 'be rarely pricked and stabbed by him 'they call Cupid; who, they say, is a 'mischievous blind boy, and is able, 'with those bleared eyes of his, or rather 'with no eyes at all, if once he takes 'aim, to pierce through and through 'with his arrows, the smallest heart that 'ever was seen. I have also heard it observed, that by the modesty and reserve of young women, these same 'amorous shafts are blunted and 'broken; but in Altisidora they seem 'rather to be whetted than blunted.' —'Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'you must know that love has no respect of persons; nor, in his progress, 'does he confine himself within the 'bounds of reason; indeed he is of the 'same disposition with death; for he 'assaults the lofty palaces of kings, 'as well as the humble cottages of 'swains. When he once has taken 'full possession of the soul, his first 'exploit is to expel fear and modesty; 'and without these did Altisidora 'declare her passion, which engendered not pity, but confusion in my 'breast.'—'O monstrous and notorious cruelty!' cried Sancho, 'unheard-of ingratitude! I can say for 'myself, that the least kind word from 'her would have subdued and made 'me her bond slave. Ah, the son of 'a whore! what a heart of marble, 'bowels of brass, and soul of plaister! '—But I cannot, for the blood of me, 'conceive what the damsel could see in 'your worship, to tame and bring her 'to such an humble pass; what finery, 'what good humour, what gentility 'could she observe about your person? 'or what beauty could she spy in that 'face? for women are taken with these 'qualities either severally or conjunctly. Verily, verily, I have often stopped to survey your worship from the 'sole of your foot to the last hair upon 'your scull; and I protest before God! 'I think you would be more apt to 'frighten than to captivate a fair lady; 'and as I have, moreover, heard it said, 'that beauty is the chief and principal 'article that inspires love, your worship 'being quite destitute of that commodity, I cannot imagine what the poor 'creature was in love with.'—'Take 'notice, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'there are two kinds of beauty, one of 'the mind, and another of the body: 'that of the mind displays itself in the 'understanding, in honourable and 'virtuous behaviour, in a liberality of 'disposition, and in good breeding; 'now, all these qualifications may 'center in an ugly man; and when this 'kind of beauty, preferable to that of 'the body, is the object of admiration, 'it produces love that glows with equal 'impetuosity and advantage. For my 'own part, Sancho, I can easily see 'that I am not beautiful; but I likewise know I am not deformed; and 'a gentleman who is not altogether 'monstrous, may inspire the most ardent love, provided he is in possession

* The Moors are said to be descended from Hagar.

† Sancho must have been very simple indeed, to be satisfied with this explanation, which does not even hint at the main point of his question; namely, Why do the Spanish soldiers, when they charge their enemy, cry, 'Close, Spain?' A phrase of encouragement, by which the soldiers exhort one another to do their duty, and close with the foe.

'of



Plate V.

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of those qualities of the mind which I have mentioned.'

Thus discoursing together they entered a wood, at a small distance from the highway; and, all of a sudden, without dreaming of any such lett or impediment, Don Quixote found himself entangled among some nets of green thread, which were spread and stretched from tree to tree. As he could not conceive the meaning of this phænomenon, 'I believe,' said he to Sancho, 'that 'this of the nets must be one of the 'newest adventures that ever were ima- 'gined or contrived. Let me die if the 'inchanters by whom I am persecuted, 'have not a mind to entangle me in 'them, and obstruct my journey, in re- 'venge for my rigour and indifference 'towards Altisidora! But I shall give 'them to understand, that although 'these nets, instead of thread, were made 'of the hardest adamant, and stronger 'than that in which the jealous God of 'blacksmiths caught Mars and Venus 'together, I would break through them 'as easily as if they were of rushes and 'unspun cotton.'

So saying, he endeavoured to proceed and destroy this obstacle, when all at once, from a tuft of trees, came forth two most beautiful shepherdesses, at least they were clad like shepherdesses, though their jackets and petticoats were of fine brocade—I say, their petticoats were of the richest gold tabby; their hair hung loose upon their shoulders, and in shining might have vied with the rays of Apollo himself; their heads were adorned with garlands of green laurel, interwoven with sprigs of red amaranth; and their age seemed to be neither under fifteen, nor turned of eighteen; a sight that struck Sancho with admiration, the knight with surprize, and suspended the sun in the middle of his career. All the four, for some time, remained in silent wonder; and at length, the first who spoke was one of the two country maidens, who, addressing herself to Don Quixote, 'Forbear, Sir Knight,' said she, 'and do not break our nets, which, 'I assure you, were not spread for your 'inconvenience, but merely for our own 'pastime: and because I know you 'will ask for what reason they are 'placed, and who we are, I will satisfy 'your curiosity in a few words. At 'a village about two leagues from 'hence, which is inhabited by many 'people of fortune and fashion, it was 'agreed among a number of friends and 'relations, that they, their wives, sons, 'daughters, neighbours, friends and 'kinsfolks, should come and enjoy the 'fine season in this spot, which is the 'most agreeable situation in all this 'country; and here form a new pasto- 'ral Arcadia, the girls being habited 'like shepherdesses, and the young men 'like swains. We have studied two 'eclogues; one of the famous poet 'Garcilasso, and another of the most 'excellent Camoens, in his own Por- 'tuguese language; though they are not 'yet represented, for we arrived only 'yesterday. Among these trees we have 'pitched some field-tents, upon the 'banks of a pleasant stream which fer- 'tilizes all these meadows; and last 'night we spread these nets from tree to 'tree, in order to deceive and catch the 'simple little birds, which, frightened 'by the noise we make, may fly into the 'snare: if you chuse to be our guest, 'Signior, you shall be treated liberally 'and courteously, for at present neither 'melancholy nor disgust shall enter this 'place.'

Here she left off speaking; and Don Quixote replied—'Assuredly, most beau- 'teous nymph, Acteon himself could 'not be seized with more surprize and 'admiration, when he all of a sudden 'beheld Diana bathing, than that 'which but now overwhelmed me at 'sight of such uncommon charms! I 'applaud the scheme of your entertain- 'ments and diversions; I thank you 'heartily for your courteous proffer, 'and if I can serve you in any shape, 'you may command me, with full as- 'surance of being obeyed; for I have 'chosen this profession solely because 'it consists in being grateful and be- 'nevolent to all mankind, especially 'to persons of rank such as your ap- 'pearance declares you to be; and if 'these nets, which I suppose occupy 'but a small space, were extended over 'the whole circumference of the globe, 'I would find new worlds through 'which I might pass, rather than by 'breaking the least mesh, run the risque 'of interrupting your diversion. That 'you may give some credit to this ex- 'aggeration, be pleased to take notice, 'that he who makes it is no other than

'Don Quixote de La Mancha, if per-
'adventure such a name hath ever reach-
'ed your ears.'

The young lady no sooner heard these words, than turning to the other shepherdess, 'O my dear companion!' cried she, 'what an happy incident is this! 'that there knight, I assure thee, is the 'most valiant, enamoured, and courteous person in the whole world, if we 'are not misled and deceived by the 'printed history of his exploits, which 'I have read from end to end; and I'll 'lay a wager that honest man who accompanies him is one Sancho Panza, 'his squire, whose pleasantry is above 'all comparison.'—'You are in the 'right,' said Sancho; 'I am that 'same pleasant fellow and loyal squire 'whom your ladyship hath so honourably mentioned; and that gentleman 'is my master, the very individual historified and aforesaid Don Quixote de 'La Mancha.'

'Good now, my dear,' said the other, 'let us beseech them to stay; our fathers 'and brothers will be infinitely pleased 'with their conversation; for I have 'likewise heard the same account of the 'knight's valour and the squire's pleasantry: as for Don Quixote, in particular, he is said to be the most constant and loyal lover that ever was 'known; and that his mistress is one 'Dulcinea del Toboso, who bears away 'the palm of beauty from all the ladies 'in Spain.'—'Aye, and justly too,' said the knight; 'unless your unequalled 'beauty should invalidate her claim. 'Weary not yourselves, fair ladies, in 'persuading me to stay; for the indispensible duties of my profession will 'not allow me to rest in any place whatever.'

Just as he pronounced these words, they were joined by a brother of one of the two nymphs, clad likewise in the fashion of a shepherd, though his dress, in point of richness and gaiety, corresponded with that of the ladies, who told him that the gentleman on horseback was the valiant Don Quixote de La Mancha, and the other his squire Sancho, whose characters he already knew from his having perused their history. The gallant youth paid his compliments, and pressed Don Quixote to accompany them to the tents, in such a manner that he could not help complying. Then setting up the shout, the nets were filled with different kinds of little birds, which, deceived by the colour of the meshes, flew precipitately into the very danger they sought to avoid.

In this place they were joined by above thirty persons, gaily clad like shepherds and shepherdesses, who were immediately informed of the names of Don Quixote and his squire; a circumstance which afforded them no small satisfaction, as the history had already made them acquainted with the characters of both.

Repairing to the tents, where they found tables ready furnished with elegance and abundance, they complimented the knight with the place of honour, and all the company gazed upon him with admiration. At length, when the cloth was taken away, Don Quixote raising his voice, thus harangued them with great solemnity: 'Of all the 'crimes which mankind commit, though 'some say pride is the greatest, I affirm 'that ingratitude is the most atrocious, 'adhering to the common supposition, 'that hell is crouded with the ungrateful. This crime I have, as much as 'in me lies, endeavoured to avoid ever 'since the first moment in which I could 'exercise my reason; and though I may 'not be able to repay in kind the benefits which I receive, I substitute the 'will for the deed: when that is not 'sufficient, I publish them to the 'world; for he that promulgates the 'favours he has received, would also 'requite them with equal generosity, if 'it was in his power to make such recompence. But, for the most part, 'people who receive benefits are inferior to those who bestow them; and, 'therefore, God is above all, because 'he is the fountain of all good things. 'Yet there is an infinite difference between the benefits conferred by men 'and those bestowed by God, so as to 'reject all comparison; and this narrowness and insufficiency on our part, 'is in some measure supplied by gratitude. Now, I being grateful for the 'favours you have done me, which I 'cannot repay in the same measure, 'and being hampered by the narrow limits of my ability, must offer 'that which is in my power to present; I say, therefore, that I will

'for

'for two natural days, in the mid-
'dle of that high-road that leads to
'Saragoſſa, maintain that the ladies
'here preſent, diſguiſed in paſtoral ha-
'bits, are the moſt fair and courteous
'damſels in the whole world, ex-
'cepting always and only, the peer-
'leſs Dulcinea del Toboſo, ſole miſ-
'treſs of my thoughts; without offence
'to the honourable hearers be it
'ſpoken.'

Here Sancho, who had ſtood liſten-
ing attentively to what he ſaid, exclaim-
ed with great vociferation, 'Is it poſ-
'ſible, now, that there can be perſons
'in the world, who have the preſump-
'tion to ſay and ſwear that my maſter is
'a madman? Pray tell me, gentlemen
'and ladies, ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes,
'is there ever a country-curate in Spain,
'let him be never ſo wiſe and learned,
'that could ſay what my maſter has juſt
'now ſaid; or is there a knight-errant,
'let him be never ſo famed for valour,
'who could make ſuch an offer as my
'maſter has made!'

Don Quixote turning to Sancho, with rage and indignation in his countenance, 'Miſcreant,' ſaid he, 'is it poſſible 'there ſhould be a perſon upon earth 'who would not ſay thou art ſtark 'mad, and that thy ſoul is lined and 'bordered with fillets of malice and 'knavery? By what authority, wretch! 'art thou entitled to intermeddle in 'my affairs, and give thy opinion 'whether my brain be ſound or crazy? 'Seal up thy lips, and make no reply; 'but ſaddle Rozinante, if he is with-'out his ſaddle, and let us go imme-'diately and perform my promiſe; for 'as I have juſtice on my ſide, you 'may deem all thoſe who ſhall con-'tradict my aſſertion as already van-'quiſhed.'

So ſaying, he roſe from his ſeat with great fury and demonſtrations of wrath, leaving the whole company aſtoniſhed, and doubting whether they ſhould conſider him as a lunatick or perſon of ſound intellects. However, they endeavoured to diſſuade him from publiſhing ſuch a declaration, ſaying they took his gratitude for granted, and that there was no need of new proofs to demonſtrate his valour, ſeeing thoſe were ſufficient which they had ſeen recorded in the hiſtory of his atchievements.

Notwithſtanding this remonſtrance, the knight executed his deſign; he mounted Rozinante, embraced his ſhield, and grafping his lance, poſted himſelf in the middle of the king's highway, which was not far from their verdant habitation, being followed by Sancho upon Dapple and the whole flock of thoſe paſtoral gentry, who were curious to ſee the iſſue of his arrogant and hitherto unſeen enterprize.

Having taken poſſeſſion of the ground, he wounded the very vault of heaven with the loudneſs of the tone in which he pronounced theſe words: 'O ye paſ-'ſengers and travellers, knights, ſquires, 'perſons on horſeback or a-foot, who 'come or are to come this way, within 'the ſpace of two days, from this pre-'ſent hour, know that Don Quixote de 'La Mancha, knight-errant, is here 'poſted to maintain that the nymphs 'who inhabit theſe meadows and 'woods, excel in beauty and courteſy all 'the ladies upon earth, excluſive of Dul-'cinea del Toboſo, the miſtreſs of my 'ſoul. Let him who thinks the con-'trary, advance; here I am ready to re-'ceive him.'

Twice did he repeat this declaration, and twice was it repeated unheard by any knight adventurer; but fortune, which was bent upon directing his affairs to better purpoſe, ordained, that in a very little time he deſcried upon the road a great number of men on horſeback, ſome of them armed with lances riding towards him in great haſte, and all in a cluſter. Thoſe who were with Don Quixote no ſooner perceived this troop, than they turned their backs and retired a good way from the road, knowing that ſome miſchief would befal them, ſhould they keep their ground: the knight alone maintained his poſt with an undaunted heart, and Sancho Panza ſhielded himſelf with the flanks of Rozinante.

When this troop of lancemen advanced, one of them that rode before the reſt, began to halloo as loud as he could cry to Don Quixote, 'Get out of the 'way, thou ſervant of the devil, or theſe 'bulls will trample thee to duſt!'—'So 'ho, caitiffs!' replied the knight; 'your 'bulls ſhall not avail againſt me, even 'though they are the fierceſt that ever 'fed upon the banks of Xarama; con-'feſs, ye miſcreants, unſight, unſeen, 'the truth of what I have proclaimed, 'or meet my vengeance in the field of 'battle.'

The herdſman had no time to reply, nor Don Quixote to retire, had he been never ſo willing; ſo that the drove of wild bulls and tame cattle, together with a multitude of drivers and other people employed to convey them to a place where, in a few days, they were to be baited—the whole throng, I ſay, paſſed over the bellies of Don Quixote, Sancho, Rozinante, and Dapple, whom they in a twinkling overthrew and rolled in the mire, in ſuch a manner that the ſquire was ſqueezed as flat as a pancake, his maſter aſtoniſhed, Dapple terribly bruiſed, and Rozinante in no very catholick condition. At length, however, all the four got upon their legs; and Don Quixote, ſtaggering here, and tumbling there, began to purſue the drove on foot, calling aloud—'Halt, 'and wait a little, ye felonious ple-'beians; he is a ſingle knight who de-'fies you to the combat, and not of the 'diſpoſition and opinion of thoſe who 'ſay—"Lay a bridge of ſilver for a "flying enemy."

But notwithſtanding all his exclamation, the drovers did not ſlacken their pace, or mind his threats, more than they minded laſt year's weather. Don Quixote being ſo tired, that he could run no farther, ſat down upon the ſide of the road, more incenſed than revenged, and waited for Sancho, Rozinante, and Dapple, who ſoon arrived. Then the knight and ſquire, mounting their beaſts, proceeded on their journey with more ſhame than ſatisfaction; and never dreamed of returning to take a formal leave of the feigned or counterfeit Arcadia.

CHAP. VII.

IN WHICH IS RECOUNTED THE EXTRAORDINARY INCIDENT THAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE, AND MAY WELL PASS FOR AN ADVENTURE.

THE duſt and drought which Don Quixote and Sancho derived from the uncivil behaviour of the bulls, were remedied by a clear and limpid ſtream which they had the good fortune to find in a good ſhade, and on the margin of which this down-trodden pair, the maſter and man, ſeated themſelves, after Rozinante and Dapple were unbridled, and unhaltered, and left to the freedom of their own will. Sancho immediately had recourſe to the ſtore of his wallet, from which he drew forth what he uſually called his belly-timber; but not before he had rinſed his mouth, and his maſter had waſhed his own face, in conſequence of which refreſhment they recovered their exhauſted ſpirits. Nevertheleſs, Don Quixote forbore eating, out of pure vexation; while Sancho, who durſt not touch the food that was before him, waited, out of pure good manners, until his maſter ſhould begin. Seeing, however, the knight ſo abſorbed in his own imagination, that he forgot to lift the bread to his mouth, he, without letting one word eſcape his own, but trampling under-foot all kind of good-breeding, began to cram his paunch with the bread and cheeſe which conſtituted his proviſion. 'Eat, friend 'Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'and 'ſupport life, which is of more im-'portance to thee than to me, and leave 'me to die by the ſtrength of imagi-'nation and the ſeverity of my mis-'fortunes. I, Sancho, was born to 'live dying, and thou to die eating; 'and that thou mayeſt be convinced of 'this truth, conſider me recorded in 'hiſtory, renowned in arms, courteous 'in demeanour, reſpected by princes, 'courted by damſels; and, after all, 'when I expected palms, triumphs, 'crowns of laurel, obtained and me-'rited by my valiant atchievements, I 'have this morning ſeen myſelf 'trampled, ſpurned, and bruiſed, by 'the feet of filthy, unclean animals! 'This conſideration blunts my teeth, 'ſtupifies my grinders, benumbs my 'hands, and deprives me wholly of 'appetite; ſo that I believe I ſhall 'die of hunger, the moſt cruel of all 'deaths.'—'At that rate,' anſwered the ſquire, without ſuſpending the action of his jaws, 'your worſhip will 'not approve of the proverb which 'ſays—"Let Martha die, but not for "lack of pye." At leaſt I, for my 'own part, have no intention to ſtarve 'myſelf; on the contrary, I am reſolved 'to follow the example of the cord-'wainer who ſtretches the leather with 'his teeth until it is ſufficient for his 'purpoſe; now, I will alſo employ 'my teeth in ſtretching out my life 'with eating, to that end which is or-'dained

'dained by Heaven; and you muſt 'know, Signior, that it is the greateſt 'madneſs in nature to ſeek to deſpair 'like your worſhip. Take my advice; 'eat a little for refreſhment, and then 'take a nap upon the green couch of 'this delightful graſs, and when you 'awake you will ſee how much you'll 'be relieved.'

The knight reliſhed his advice, which he thought ſavoured more of the philoſopher than of the ideot; and ſaid to him, 'Now, Sancho, if thou wouldſt 'do that for me which I am going to 'mention, my relief would be more 'certain, and my affliction diminiſhed: 'my propoſal is, that while I ſleep, in 'compliance with thy advice, thou 'wouldſt go aſide a little farther, and, 'expoſing thy fleſh to the air, beſtow 'upon it, with the reins of Rozinante's 'bridle, three or four hundred ſtripes, 'of the three thouſand three hundred 'which thou haſt undertaken to endure 'for the diſinchantment of Dulcinea; 'for it is a lamentable circumſtance 'that the poor lady ſhould remain ſo 'long inchanted, through thy careleſſ-'neſs and neglect.'—'There is much 'to be ſaid on that ſubject,' replied Sancho: 'let us both go to ſleep in the 'mean time; and afterwards God muſt 'ordain that which will come to paſs. 'Your worſhip muſt know, that it re-'quires great reſolution in a man to 'ſcourge himſelf in cold blood; eſpeci-'ally when the ſtripes fall upon a body 'which is poorly fed and ſupported: let 'my Lady Dulcinea have a little pati-'ence; when ſhe leaſt thinks of it, ſhe 'will ſee my body ſcourged into a per-'fect ſieve; and while there is life there 'is hope; my meaning is, that while I 'hold life, I ſhall never quit the deſire of 'performing my promiſe.'

Don Quixote, thanking him for his good-will, took a little ſuſtenance, Sancho ate voraciouſly, and then both laid themſelves down to ſleep, leaving Rozinante and Dapple, thoſe two friends and inſeparable companions, at full liberty to feed, without reſtraint, upon the luxuriant graſs with which the meadow abounded.

The day being far ſpent before they awoke, they remounted their cattle, and purſued their journey with uncommon expedition, in order to reach an inn which they deſcried at a league's diſtance. I ſay, an inn, becauſe it was ſo called by Don Quixote, contrary to his former cuſtom of miſtaking every inn for a caſtle. When they arrived at this place of entertainment, they aſked if they could be accommodated with lodging; and the landlord replied in the affirmative, telling them at the ſame time, that his houſe afforded as good conveniences and entertainment as could be found in the whole city of Saragoſſa. They alighted accordingly, and Sancho carried his bags into an apartment, of which the innkeeper gave him the key; then he led the cattle to the ſtable, where he gave them their allowance; from thence he went to receive the commands of his maſter, who had ſat down upon a bench, and thanked Heaven, in a particular manner, that Don Quixote had not committed his uſual miſtake. They retired to their chamber, and ſupper-time approaching, Sancho deſired to know what they could have for that meal. To this interrogation mine hoſt replied, that his taſte ſhould be fitted to a hair, and that he might beſpeak what he liked beſt; for, as far as the birds of the air, the fowls of the land, and the fiſh of the ſea could go, he would find the houſe provided. 'Leſs than all that will ſerve,' anſwered Sancho: 'we ſhall be ſatisfied 'with a couple of chickens roaſted; for 'my maſter has a very delicate taſte, 'and eats but little; and as for myſelf, 'I am not a very unconſcionable cor-'morant.'

The other frankly owned he had no chickens; for the kites had deſtroyed the whole brood. 'Well, then, Mr. 'Landlord,' ſaid the ſquire, 'you may 'order a pullet to be put to the fire; 'but ſee it be very tender.'—'A pul-'let!' cried the innkeeper; 'body o'my 'father! now, as I'm an honeſt man, 'I ſent above half a hundred yeſter-'day to market; but ſetting aſide pul-'lets, you may have what you will.' —'If that be the caſe,' ſaid Sancho, 'there will be no want of veal or kid.' —'At preſent,' replied the innkeeper, 'there is really none in the houſe; we 'are juſt out of theſe articles; but 'next week we ſhall have enough and 'to ſpare.'—'To be ſure, we ſhall be 'much the better for that!' anſwered Sancho; 'I'll lay a wager all theſe

'wants

'wants will be supplied with plenty of 'eggs and bacon.'—'Fore God!' said the host, 'my guest has an admirable 'knack at guessing; I have told him 'there is neither hen nor pullet in the 'house, and he would have me treat him 'with eggs*! Shift about, if you please, 'to some other delicacies, and think no 'more of poultry.'

'Body o'me!' cried Sancho, 'let us 'come to some resolution; tell me at 'once what is in the house, and pray, 'Mr. Landlord, no more of your shift-'ings.'—'What I really and truly can 'afford,' said the innkeeper, 'is a dish of 'cow-heel, so delicate they might be 'taken for calves-feet; or you may call 'them calves feet, that might pass for 'cow-heel. They are stewed with pease, 'onions, and bacon, and this blessed 'minute cry—"Come, eat me; come, "eat me."—'I mark them for my own,' cried Sancho, 'from henceforth for ever, 'amen. Let no man touch the mess, 'for which I will pay you handsomely; 'for nothing in the whole world could 'be more agreeable to my taste; and, 'provided I have cow-heel, the calves-'feet may go to the devil.'—'No man 'shall interfere with you,' replied the landlord; 'as for the other company in 'the house, they, out of pure gentility, 'bring along with them their own cook, 'butler and sumpter mule.'—'Nay, as 'for gentility,' said the squire, 'no man 'has more of that than my master; but 'his profession will not admit of travel-'ling stores and butteries: lack-a-day! 'we lay ourselves down in the middle 'of a green field, and fill our bellies 'with medlars and acorns.' Such was the conversation that passed between the innkeeper and Sancho; who would not, however, go any greater lengths in satisfying the curiosity of mine host, who was very desirous to know the office or profession of his master.

Supper being ready, Don Quixote retired to his apartment, whither the landlord brought the pot just as it was, and very decently sat down to partake of the meal. At that instant, the knight heard people talking in the next room, from which he was divided only by a partition of lath, and could plainly distinguish these words: 'As you hope to live, Don Ge-'ronimo, I conjure you, as supper is not 'yet ready, to read another chapter of 'the second part of Don Quixote de La 'Mancha.'

The knight, hearing his own name mentioned, started up immediately, and listening with great attention, heard Geronimo reply to this effect: 'What 'pleasure can you have in reading such 'absurdities, Don John? No person who 'has seen the first part of the history of 'Don Quixote de La Mancha, can pos-'sibly be entertained with this which is 'called the second.'—'Nevertheless,' said Don John, 'it will not be amiss to 'read a little; for there is no book so 'bad as to contain nothing that deserves 'regard. What displeases me most in 'this performance is, the author's de-'scribing Don Quixote as altogether dis-'engaged and detached from Dulcinea 'del Toboso.'

The knight, hearing this remark, was filled with rage and vexation, and exclaimed aloud, 'If any person whatever 'affirms that Don Quixote de La Man-'cha either has forgotten or can forget 'Dulcinea del Toboso, I will, with 'equal arms, make him know and own, 'that his assertion is far distant from 'the truth; for the peerless Dulcinea 'del Toboso cannot possibly be forgot; 'nor is Don Quixote susceptible of for-'getfulness: his motto is Constancy, 'which he professes to maintain with 'gentleness and suavity of manners.'—'Who is he that answers?' cried the voice. 'Who should it be,' replied Sancho, 'but Don Quixote de La Mancha, 'in his own person, who will make good 'whatever he has said, and whatever he 'shall say; for, "A good paymaster "wants no pawn."

Scarce had the squire pronounced these words, when two gentlemen, for such they appeared, entered the apartment; and one of them throwing his arms about Don Quixote's neck, 'Your appearance,' said he, 'does not belye your name, and 'your name cannot but give credit to 'your appearance. Without all doubt, 'you, Signior, are the true Don Quix-'ote de La Mancha, the north-star and 'luminary of knight errantry, maugre 'and in despite of him who has thought 'proper to usurp your name, and an-'nihilate your exploits; I mean, the 'author of this here book:' which he

* Why might not this innkeeper have had eggs in his house, as he had sent no less than fifty pullets to market the very day before?

took

took from his companion, and put into the hand of Don Quixote; who, without answering one word, began to turn over the leaves, and in a very little time gave it back to the stranger, saying —'In the little I have read, I find three 'things worthy of reprehension in the 'author; first, some expressions in the 'prologue or preface; secondly, his using 'the Arragonian dialect, and writing 'sometimes without articles; and third-'ly, that which confirms my opinion 'of his ignorance, his erring and devi-'ating from the truth in the most ma-'terial circumstances of the history; for 'he says, the wife of my squire Sancho 'Panza, is called Mary Gutierrez, 'whereas her name is Teresa Panza; 'now, if he blunders in such an essen-'tial circumstance, we may justly con-'clude that his whole history is full of 'mistakes*.'

'A pleasant historian, i'faith!' cried Sancho: 'he must be well acquainted 'with our adventures, to be sure, when 'he calls my dame Teresa by the name 'of Mary Gutierrez! Take the book 'again, Signior, and see if he has lug-'ged me in, too, under a borrowed 'name!'—'From what you have said, 'friend,' replied Don Geronimo, 'I 'find you must certainly be Sancho 'Panza, squire to Signior Don Quixote.' —'Even so,' answered the squire; 'and 'I am proud of the occupation.'— 'Then, in good sooth!' said the cava-lier, 'this author has not treated you so 'handsomely as from your appearance 'I conclude you deserve; he represents 'you as a gormandizer, a simpleton 'without the least vein of humour or 'pleasantry; and, in short, quite different 'from the Sancho described in the first 'part of the history of your master!'— 'The Lord in heaven forgive him!' cried Sancho: 'he might have let me 'sleep in my corner, without remem-'bering there was such a sinner as me 'upon the face of the earth: for, "He "that has skill should handle the quill†;" 'and I know that St. Peter is well at 'Rome.'

The two gentlemen invited Don Quixote to sup with them in their apart-ment, as they knew the inn could not afford any thing proper for his enter-tainment; and the knight, who was always the pink of courtesy, complied with their request; so that Sancho re-mained undisputed master of the pot. *Cum mero mixto imperio*, he seated him-self at the head of the table, in company with the landlord, who vied with him in affection for the cow-heel and calves-feet.

Don John, in the course of the con-versation at supper, asked what news Don Quixote had concerning the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso; he begged to know if she was married, brought to-bed, or in a state of pregnancy; or, if still single, she, as far as modesty and decorum would permit, smiled upon the passion of her lover Don Quixote. 'Dul-'cinea,' answered the knight, 'is still 'unmarried, and my passion more in-'tense than ever: our correspondence 'stands on the old footing, and her beauty 'is transformed into the appearance of 'a base-born, rustick wench.'

Then he, in a very circumstantial manner, related the inchantment of his mistress, together with his adventure in the cave of Montesinos, and the means prescribed by the sage Merlin for her re-lief; namely, the flagellation of Sancho.

Unspeakable was the satisfaction which the two cavaliers enjoyed in hearing Don Quixote recount the strange incidents of his history; and they were equally astonished at the folly of his adventures and the elegance with which he related them: here they esteemed him as a man of sound understanding; and there he slipped through their opi-nion into the sink of madness; so that they could not determine what rank he should maintain between lunacy and discretion.

Meanwhile, Sancho having finished his meal, left his landlord more than half seas over; and entering the cham-ber where his master sat, 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I'll be hanged if the author

* I am apt to believe that this remark was intended as an ironical sarcasm on the trivial observations of hypercriticks: for we cannot suppose Cervantes did not know, by this time, that he himself had more than once, in the first part of this history, actually called Sancho's wife by the name of Mary Gutierrez; an oversight which I have taken notice of in the proper place.

† The proverb in the original, alludes to a kind of tabor: as if one should say, 'He 'alone should attempt to play, who knows how to beat the tabor.'

'of

'of that book your worſhips were talking of, has any mind or inclination 'that he and I ſhould be meſſmates. 'Since he has given me the character 'of a glutton, as your worſhips have 'obſerved, I wiſh he may not have likewiſe called me a drunkard.'—'He 'has indeed,' replied Don Geronimo: 'but I do not remember the expreſſion, 'though I know the words are very 'ſcurrilous and falſe above meaſure, as 'I can plainly perceive in the phyſiognomy of honeſt Sancho here preſent.' —'Take my word for it, noble gentlemen,' ſaid the ſquire, 'the Sancho 'and Don Quixote of that hiſtory muſt 'be perſons quite different from thoſe 'recorded by Cid Hamet Benengeli, 'who are no other than we ourſelves, 'here ſtanding and ſitting in your preſence: my maſter, valiant, ſagacious, 'and enamoured; and I ſimple, and 'withal pleaſant, but neither ſot nor 'gormandizer.'—'I believe what you 'ſay,' replied Don John: 'and wiſh it 'were poſſible to obtain a mandate, prohibiting any perſon or perſons from 'preſuming to meddle with the affairs 'of the great Don Quixote, excepting 'Hamet, his original author; in the 'ſame manner as Alexander the Great 'decreed that no painter but Apelles 'ſhould draw his portrait.'—'Any 'body may draw my portrait,' ſaid the knight; 'but let no man maltreat my 'character; for patience often falls to 'the ground, when it is overloaded 'with injuries.'—'No injury can be 'done to Don Quixote, but what he 'can eaſily revenge,' anſwered Don John: 'unleſs he chuſe rather to ward 'it off with the buckler of his patience, 'which, I believe, is both ſtrong and 'ample.'

In this and other ſuch converſation they ſpent great part of the night; and although Don John would fain have perſuaded Don Quixote to read a little more of the book, that they might hear him deſcant upon particulars, he could not accompliſh his purpoſe; the knight aſſuring him he conſidered it as good as read, and pronounced the whole an heap of abſurdities; nor did he chuſe that the author, who might perhaps hear it was in his hands, ſhould have the ſatisfaction of thinking he had peruſed his performance; for, from objects of obſcenity and ſtupitude, not only the eyes but even the imagination ought to be kept ſacred. When they aſked, whither his courſe was at preſent directed, he told them he was bound for Saragoſſa, in order to ſignalize himſelf in the prize-jouſts which are yearly ſolemnized in that city.

Then Don John gave him to underſtand that the new hiſtory gives an account of the ſpurious Don Quixote's having been in that place at a courſe, the deſcription of which was barren of invention, low in ſtile, miſerably poor in devices, and rich in nothing but folly and impertinence.—'For that 'very reaſon,' ſaid Don Quixote,' 'I 'will not ſet foot in Saragoſſa, and ſo 'demonſtrate to the wide world, the 'falſhood of this modern hiſtorian, 'and let the nations ſee I am not the 'Don Quixote whom he has deſcribed.'—'I applaud your reſolution,' replied Don Geronimo; 'and there will 'be a tournament in Barcelona, where 'Don Quixote will have an opportu-'nity to ſignalize his valour.'—'And 'that I ſhall ſurely embrace,' anſwered the knight: 'at preſent, gentlemen, as 'it is high time, you will give me 'leave to retire to bed; and I beg you 'will eſteem and place me among the 'number of your moſt ſincere friends 'and humble ſervants.'—'And me 'alſo,' ſaid Sancho: 'peradventure my 'ſervice may be good for ſomething.' They accordingly took their leave, and retired to their apartment, leaving Don John and his companion aſtoniſhed at the medley of ſenſe and madneſs they had obſerved in his diſcourſe: they believed, without heſitation, theſe to be the real Don Quixote and Sancho, and not the perſons deſcribed by the Arragonian author.

Don Quixote riſing early next morning, tapped at the partition, and bade farewel to his entertainers: and Sancho paid his reckoning like a prince; adviſing the landlord, however, either to furniſh his houſe better, or to brag leſs of his accommodations.

CHAP. VIII.

OF WHAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE IN HIS WAY TO BARCELONA.

THE morning was cold, and ſeemed to promiſe but little leſs for the day on which Don Quixote departed



Plate XVI. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. June 22, 1782.

parted from the inn, after having informed himself of the nearest road to Barcelona which he could travel without touching at Saragossa; so eager he was to fix the lye upon the new historian by whom they said he was so scurvily treated.

So it happened that he met with nothing worthy of record within six days; at the end of which, having quitted the high road, he was benighted among a thick cluster of oak or cork-trees; for, in this particular, Cid Hamet has not preserved his usual punctuality. The master and man alighting from their beasts, and accommodating themselves at the roots of two separate trees, Sancho, who had laid in a good afternoon's luncheon, entered the gates of sleep abruptly, and without hesitation; whereas the knight, who was kept awake more by fancy than by hunger, could not close an eye; but, on the contrary, rambled in his imagination through a thousand different scenes. Sometimes he conceived himself to be in the cave of Montesinos; sometimes he thought he saw Dulcinea skipping and leaping upon her ass, in that dismal state of rustick transformation; and then his ears seemed to tingle with the words of the sage Merlin, who pronounced the conditions and endeavours to be observed and exerted for the disinchantment of his mistress. He was driven almost to desperation, when he reflected on the sloth and uncharitable disposition of his squire Sancho, who, to the best of his belief, had hitherto given himself only five stripes; a number poor and inconsiderable in comparison with the infinite score unpaid: and this consideration overwhelmed him with such anxiety and chagrin, that he thus argued with his own bosom.

'If Alexander the Great ventured 'to cut the Gordian knot, on the sup-'position that cutting would be as ef-'fectual as untying it; and notwith-'standing this violence, became sole 'master of all Asia, the same success 'may now attend my efforts in disin-'chanting Dulcinea, should I scourge 'Sancho against his own consent; for 'if the condition of this remedy be, 'that Sancho shall receive three thou-'sand three hundred stripes, what sig-'nifies it to me whether they are be-'stowed by his own hand, or that of 'some other person, seeing the essential 'point is in his receiving them, from 'what quarter soever they may come?'

Inspired with this notion, he took the reins of Rozinante's bridle, which he formed into an instrument of flagellation; and, approaching the sleeping squire, began to untruss his points: indeed, it is the general opinion, that he had but one before which kept up his breeches. But scarce had he began to perform this operation, when Sancho, shaking off the fetters of slumber at one start, exclaimed aloud, What's the 'matter? Who the devil is that so 'busy untrussing me while I'm asleep?' —'It is I,' answered the knight, 'who 'mean to atone for thy omissions, and 'remedy my own misfortunes. I come 'to scourge thee, Sancho, and discharge 'some part of the debt which thou art 'obligated to pay. Dulcinea pines in 'a state of transformation; and, while 'thou livest at thine heart's ease, I am 'dying with desire: untie these points, 'therefore, of thy own free-will; for 'mine, I assure thee, is to afflict thy pos-'teriors with two thousand stripes at 'least, before we quit this unfrequented 'place.'—'By no manner of means!' cried Sancho; 'I advise your worship to 'be quiet, or, by the God of Israel! the 'deaf shall hear us: the stripes I have 'obliged myself to receive, must be given 'with my own free-will and consent, not 'by force or compulsion; and, at pre-'sent, I have not the least inclination 'to discipline my own flesh: let it suf-'fice, I give your worship my word 'and honour, that I will flog and fly-'flap my carcase as soon as ever I find 'myself disposed for such exercise.'— 'I must not leave it to thy courtesy,' replied the knight; 'for thou hast a 'stony heart, and though a peasant, 'art very tender of thy flesh.' He accordingly struggled with all his might to unbreech the squire; who, finding the affair become very serious, started up from the ground, sprung upon his master, and closing with him in a trice, tripped up his heels, so that the knight came instantly to the ground, where he lay with his face uppermost: then the victor, clapping his right knee to the breast of the vanquished party, and griping him fast by both wrists, hampered him in such a manner, that he could scarce either breathe or move. Nevertheless he made shift to pronounce these words: 'How now, traitor! dost

'thou presume to rebel against thy 'master and natural lord, whose bread 'thou hast eaten?'—'I neither exalt 'kings nor dethrone them,' answered Sancho; 'but, being my own master, 'I stand up in my own defence: if 'your worship will promise to be quiet, 'and think no more of scourging me 'for the present, I will forthwith free 'and disencumber you from these 'bonds: otherwise, here thou shalt die, 'traitor and enemy to Donna San-'cha.'

The knight subscribed to the conditions, swearing by the life of his inclinations, that he would not touch the nap of his garment, but leave him at full liberty to begin the flagellation when he himself should think proper. On these considerations Sancho arose, and went aside a good away to another tree, at whose root he resolved to take his lodging for the remaining part of the night. There he felt something bob against his head, and putting up his hand, found two legs provided with shoes and stockings: trembling with affright, he moved with great expedition to another tree, where he met with the same salutation, which increased his terror to such a pitch, that he roared aloud for assistance. His master hearing this exclamation, ran towards the place, and enquired into the cause of his fear and confusion; when the squire gave him to understand that all these trees were loaded with human legs and feet. The knight reaching up his hand, immediately conceived the meaning of this strange circumstance, and said to Sancho, 'Thou needest not be afraid, for 'those legs and feet which thou hast 'felt without seeing, certainly belong 'to some robbers and outlaws who are 'hanged upon the trees; for, when 'they are apprehended in this place, 'the officers of justice string them up 'by twenties and thirties; and from this 'particular, I am convinced that we 'must now be near Barcelona.' And, indeed, his conjecture was right. Soon as objects were rendered visible by the dawn, they lifted up their eyes, and saw that the clusters depending from the trees were no other than the bodies of banditti. The morning forthwith ushered in the day; and if they were feared by the dead, they were no less aghast when they found themselves all of a sudden surrounded by above forty living robbers, who called to them in the Catalonian language to be quiet, and stand still until their captain should arrive.

Don Quixote being a-foot, his horse unbridled, his lance leaning against a tree, and, in short, his person without any means of defence, he thought proper to cross his arms upon his breast, and hung his head, reserving himself for a better season and more happy conjuncture. Meanwhile, the robbers made such dispatch in plundering Dapple, that in the twinkling of an eye there was not the least crumb left in the wallet and pillion; and lucky it was for Sancho that he had secured, in a concealed girdle, the duke's crowns and the money he had brought from home; nay, notwithstanding this precaution, those honest gentlemen would have searched and rummaged him in such a manner as to have found the cash, even though it had been hidden between the flesh and the skin, had not they been interrupted by the seasonable arrival of their captain, who seemed to be about four and thirty years of age, of a robust make, middling stature, grave countenance, and brown complexion; he rode a strong horse, was provided with a coat of mail, and he had slung a pair of pistols with firelocks at each side of him. Seeing his squires (for so they call the gentlemen of that profession) very busy in rifling Sancho Panza, he ordered them to desist; and, as they immediately obeyed his command, the girdle happily escaped. Surprized to see a lance leaning against a tree, a shield lying on the ground, and Don Quixote armed at all points and in manifest despondence, exhibiting the most rueful and melancholy figure that Melancholy herself could have formed, he approached the knight, saying, 'Be 'not so dejected, honest friend; you 'have not fallen into the hands of a 'cruel Osiris, but of those of Roque 'Guinart, who has more of compassion 'than cruelty in his disposition.'

'My dejection,' answered the knight, 'does not proceed from my having 'fallen under thy power, O valiant 'Roque, whose fame the limits of this 'earth cannot confine; but from the 'consciousness of my own neglect, in 'consequence of which thy soldiers 'found me unprepared: whereas I am 'bound by the order of chivalry, which 'I profess,

'I profeſs, to be always alert and vigi-
'lant, and to ſtand as it were at all
'times ſentry upon myſelf; and give
'me leave to tell thee, O renowned
'Roque! they would not have found it
'ſuch an eaſy taſk to ſubdue me, had
'I been on horſeback, armed with my
'lance and ſhield: for know, I am
'Don Quixote de La Mancha, whoſe
'exploits are celebrated through this
'whole terraqueous globe.'

Roque Guinart immediately perceived that the knight's infirmity partook more of madneſs than of valour; and although he had frequently heard him named, he looked upon his atchievements as altogether fabulous, and could not believe that ſuch a humour did ever prevail in the heart of man: he was therefore extremely well pleaſed with this encounter, that he might with his own eyes ſee immediately before him what he had heard reported afar off. 'Valiant knight,' ſaid he, 'do not vex
'yourſelf, or conſider your preſent
'ſituation in the light of a misfortune;
'perhaps, by ſtumbling in this manner
'your crooked fate may be made
'ſtraight; for Heaven, by ſtrange un-
'foreſeen windings, which mankind
'cannot comprehend, is wont to raiſe
'the fallen, and enrich the needy.'

Don Quixote's mouth was already open to thank him for his courteous behaviour, when they heard behind them a noiſe like that of a whole troop of horſe, though there was only one, upon which came at full ſpeed a youth who ſeemed to be about the age of twenty, dreſſed in green damaſk laced with gold, long breeches, a looſe coat, a hat cocked in the Walloon faſhion, with ſtrait waxed boots and ſpurs; armed with a gold hilted ſword and dagger, a ſmall fuſil in his hand, and a caſe of piſtols by his ſide.

Roque hearing the noiſe, turned about, and was ſurprized with the ſight of this handſome figure, who accoſted him in theſe terms: 'In ſearch of thee,
'courageous Roque! I came hither,
'hoping by thy means to find, if not a
'remedy, at leaſt an alleviation, of my
'misfortune: and, to keep thee no
'longer in ſuſpenſe, as I am certain
'you never ſaw me before, know that
'I am Claudia Geronima, daughter of
'Simon Forte, who is thy intimate
'friend, as well as the particular
'enemy of Clauquel Torellas, thy in-
'veterate foe, as being head of the
'party which thou haſt always op-
'poſed. This Torellas, thou knoweſt,
'has a ſon called Don Vincente Tor-
'rellas, at leaſt he was, two hours ago,
'diſtinguiſhed by that name. I will
'be as brief as poſſible in the account
'of my diſaſter, and explain the occa-
'ſion of it in a few words. That
'youth happened to ſee me, and courted
'my good graces; I liſtened to his ad-
'dreſſes, and gave him my heart, with-
'out the knowledge of my father; for
'there is no woman whatſoever ſo re-
'tired and mewed up, but ſhe will find
'a time to execute and gratify her ir-
'reſiſtible deſires. In a word, he pro-
'miſed to be my huſband, I conſented
'to become his wife, and this was the
'fartheſt extent of our correſpondence.
'Yeſterday I was informed, that, for-
'getting this obligation, he intended
'to marry another woman, and that
'this morning he had ſet out to ce-
'lebrate his nuptials. My brain
'was diſturbed, and my indignation
'arrouzed to ſuch a degree by theſe
'fatal tidings, that, taking the advan-
'tage of my father's abſence, I diſ-
'guiſed myſelf in this apparel, pur-
'ſued a-horſeback my perfidious lover,
'whom, having overtaken about a
'league from this place, I, without
'ſtaying to make complaints, or hear
'apologies, diſcharged upon him this
'fuſil and theſe two piſtols; ſo that, I
'believe, he has more than a brace of
'bullets in his body: thus I opened a
'gate through which my honour,
'though bathed in his blood, may
'eſcape, and left him in the hands of
'his ſervants, who neither could nor
'preſumed to exert themſelves in his
'defence. Thence I came in queſt of
'thee, to beg that thou wilt conduct
'me ſafely to France, where I have re-
'lations; and, at the ſame time, pro-
'miſe to defend my father from the
'numerous kindred of Don Vincente,
'who may otherwiſe ſacrifice him to
'their inſatiable revenge.'

Roque was ſtruck with admiration at the gallantry, gay appearance, genteel mien, and adventure of the beauteous Claudia, to whom he replied, 'Come,
'Madam, let us firſt ſee whether or not
'your enemy is actually dead, and then
'we will conſider about the moſt pro-
'per meaſures to be taken in your be-
'half.' Here Don Quixote, who had

listened with great attention to Claudia's address, and Roque's reply, interposing in the conversation, exclaimed, 'No man 'has any occasion to give himself the 'least trouble about the defence of this 'lady, which I take upon my own 'shoulders. Give me my horse and 'my arms, and stay where you are; 'I will go in quest of the gentleman, 'and dead or alive compel him to per-'form the promise he hath made to so 'much beauty.'—'Who doubts that!' cried Sancho; 'adad! my master has 'an excellent hand at match-making; 'a few days ago, he compelled ano-'ther person who likewise refused to 'keep his word with a young wo-'man; and if those plaguy inchanters 'who persecute him so much, had not 'transmographied the gallant into a 'lacquey, that very hour, She that was 'a maid before, would have been a 'maid no more*.'

Roque, whose attention was engossed by the adventure of the beautiful Claudia, paid very little regard to what was said either by the master or the man; but, ordering his squires to restore the spoils of Dapple to Sancho, and retire to the place appointed for their quarters that night, he set out with Claudia, in great haste, to reconnoitre the situation of the dead or wounded Don Vincente. When they arrived at the spot where he had been overtaken by the young lady, they found nothing but some recent blood; but, casting their eyes around, they discovered some people on the side of a hill, and conjectured they could be no other than the servants of Don Vincente carrying their master to a proper place, where he might be cured, if alive, or buried, if dead. Their supposition was just; and spurring up their horses, they soon overtook the unhappy cavalier, whom they found in the arms of his attendants, whom he entreated, with a faint and languid voice, to let him die where he was; for the pain of his wounds would not suffer him to proceed farther. Then Claudia and Roque approached him, to the great terror of his servants, who stood aghast at sight of this famous free-booter; but Claudia was greatly disturbed at the melancholy situation of Don Vincente; and agitated by the conflicting passions of tenderness and resentment, took him by the hand, saying, 'Hadst thou given 'me this of thy own accord, conform-'able to the mutual promise subsisting 'between us, thou wouldst never have 'been in this condition.'

The wounded cavalier opened his eyes, which were almost shut for ever, and recognizing Claudia, 'I plainly 'perceive,' said he, 'most beautiful 'and misled young lady, that I owe my 'death to your hand; a punishment 'altogether unmerited and unsuited 'to my inclinations, which, as well 'as my conduct, were, in regard to 'your person, altogether void of of-'fence.'—'What!' cried Claudia, 'is it not true, that you, this morning, 'intended to marry Leonora, daughter 'of the rich Balvastro?'—'No, surely,' replied Don Vincente; 'my evil genius 'must have alarmed you with such in-'formation, that, your jealousy being 'inflamed, you might deprive me of 'life, which, as I leave it in your arms, 'and your embrace, I consider as hap-'pily lost; and, that you may be con-'vinced of my sincerity, give me your 'hand, and, if you please, receive me 'for your husband, this being the only 'satisfaction I can make for the offence 'I was supposed to have given.' Accordingly, Claudia and he joined hands and hearts together, in such a manner that she fainted away upon his bloody breast, and he sunk into a mortal paroxism.

Roque being confounded and perplexed, the servants ran for water which they sprinkled upon their faces, and Claudia recovered from her swoon; but this was not the case with her unhappy lover, who had already breathed his last. The young lady, perceiving her beloved husband was no more, rent the air with her groans, wounded the heavens with her lamentation, tore her locks and scattered them to the winds, and disfigured her face with her own nails, exhibiting all the marks of the most severe grief that ever took possession of an afflicted bosom. 'O cruel 'and inconsiderate woman!' she cried; 'how easily wast thou provoked to ex-'ecute such dire revenge! O furious 'jealousy! to what dire despair dost 'thou conduct all those who give thee 'harbour in their breasts! O my dear 'husband!

* This rhime is substituted in lieu of Sancho's playing on the word *fuera*, in the original.

'husband! whose unhappy fate, in 'being mine, hath made thy marriage-'bed thy grave!'

Such were the melancholy exclamations of Claudia, which brought water into the eyes of Roque, who had seldom or never shed tears before; their servants wept bitterly; the young lady swooned almost at every step, and this whole circuit seemed to be the scene of sorrow, and field of misfortune. At length Roque Guinart ordered the servants to carry their master's body to his father's country-seat, which was hard by, that it might be buried according to the old gentleman's directions; and Claudia expressed her desire of retiring to a certain monastery, the abbess of which was her aunt, where she intended to finish her life, in company of a better and more eternal husband. Roque applauded her design, and offered to conduct her to the place, promising, at the same time, to defend her father from the kindred of Don Vincente, and all the world, should they conspire against his peace. She would by no means avail herself of his attendance; but, thanking him for his obliging offers in the most courteous terms she could use, took her leave of him, shedding a torrent of tears: the servants of Don Vincente carried off the body, Roque returned to his gang, and thus ended the amour of Claudia Geronima; a catastrophe not to be wondered at, when we consider that the web of her melancholy fate was woven by the baleful and invincible force of jealousy.

Roque Guinart found his squires in the place where he had ordered them to take up their night's lodging, and in the midst of them Don Quixote upon Rozinante, exhorting them in a long harangue, to quit that way of life, so dangerous both to soul and body; but as the greatest part of them were Gascons, a brutal and disorderly sort of people, the knight's arguments made but little impression. The chief arriving, asked Sancho Panza if the men had restored the furniture and effects they had taken from Dapple; and the squire replied in the affirmative, excepting, however, three night-caps worth as many royal cities. 'What the de-'vil does the fellow say!' cried one of the gang; 'here they are, and any bo-'dy may see they would not sell for 'three rials.'

'True,' said Don Quixote; 'but 'my squire values them at that rate, 'on account of the person of whom I 'received them in a present.' Roque commanded the man to restore them instantly; then, forming his people into a line, gave orders for bringing before them all the cloaths, jewels, money, and every thing they had acquired by robbery since the last partition; then, making a short valuation, and reducing the indivisibles into cash, he shared the whole among his company, with such equity and discretion, that in the most minute article, he neither exceeded nor fell short of distributive justice.

Having made this partition, with which every individual was perfectly well satisfied and contented, Roque turning to Don Quixote, 'If we did not ob-'serve this punctuality,' said he, 'there 'would be no living among such a 'crew.' To this declaration Sancho replied, 'From what I have seen, I 'find justice so excellent in itself, that 'the practice of it is necessary even 'among thieves.'

One of the squires overhearing the remark, lifted up the butt-end of his musket, with which, in all probability, he would have shattered Sancho's scull, had not the general commanded him to desist; while Panza, trembling in every limb, resolved never to open his lips again so long as he should sojourn among such ruffians.

About this time arrived one of the gang, who was placed centinel on the road to reconnoitre travellers, and bring intelligence; and riding up to their chief, 'Signior,' said he, 'not far 'from hence, there is a large company 'of people travelling to Barcelona.'—'Have you perceived,' answered Roque, 'whether they are such as we seek, or 'such as are in quest of us.' When the squire replied that they were such as he sought; 'Set out, then, all toge-'ther,' said he, 'and bring the whole 'company hither, without suffering 'one to escape.'

This whole gang departed accordingly, leaving their chief alone with Don Quixote and Sancho, to wait the issue of their expedition; and during this interval, Roque addressing himself to the knight, 'This life of ours,' said he, 'must appear very strange to Don 'Quixote, exposed as it is to infinite 'adventures and incidents replete with 'danger;

'danger; and, indeed, I do not wonder that it should appear in that light; 'for I must know there can be no situation so full of terror and disquiet as 'that in which I live, and into which 'I was misled by the desire of revenge, 'which is often powerful enough to 'disturb the most philosophick breast. 'I am naturally benevolent and compassionate; but, as I have already 'observed, the desire of revenging an 'injury which I received, hath overturned all my virtuous inclinations in 'such a manner, that I persevere in 'this career, maugre and in despite of 'my own understanding; and, as deep 'calleth unto deep, and sin unto sin, 'different schemes of revenge are so 'linked together, that I undertake not 'only my own, but also those of other 'people; yet, by the blessing of God, 'although I find myself thus involved 'in a labyrinth of confusion, I have not 'lost the hope of being, one day, happily 'extricated from all my troubles.'

Don Quixote was surprized to hear Roque talk so sensibly and with such moderation; for he imagined, that among those who were in the daily practice of assaulting, robbing, and murdering their fellow-creatures, there could not surely be one single person of sense and reflection. 'Signior Roque,' said he, 'the beginning of health is 'the knowledge of the disease, and 'the patient's desire to comply with 'the physician's prescription. You are 'now in the diseased condition, sensible 'of your infirmity, and Heaven, or 'rather God himself, who is the great 'physician, will apply those medicines 'which are proper for the cure of your 'distemper; but these remedies are 'wont to operate slowly, not in a sudden miraculous manner; and sensible 'sinners are much more likely to recover, than delinquents of little understanding. Now, as your discourse 'evinces your discretion, be of good 'chear, and courageously wait for the 'perfect recovery of your conscience. 'If you are in earnest inclined to quit 'this road, and enter at once into that 'which leads to salvation, come along 'with me and learn to be a knight-'errant, in which capacity you will 'undergo such toils and disasters as will 'be deemed sufficient penance, and exalt you to Heaven in the turning of 'two balls.'

Roque could not help smiling at Don Quixote's advice; but changing the conversation, he recounted the tragical adventure of Claudia Geronima, at which Sancho was exceedingly grieved; for he had been hugely pleased with the beauty, vivacity, and demeanor of the young lady.

About this time they were joined by the squires of the booty, who brought along with them two gentlemen on horseback, two pilgrims on foot, and a coach full of women, attended by six servants, partly mounted, and partly footmen, together with two muleteers, who waited upon the gentlemen. These came all in a troop surrounded by the squires, and universal silence prevailed among the victors and the vanquished; both sides expecting, with resignation, the commands of the great Roque Guinart, who, approaching the gentlemen, asked who they were, whither they were going, and what money they had.

To these interrogations one of them replied, 'Signior, we are captains of 'the Spanish infantry, our companies 'are in Naples; our intention is to 'embark on board of four gallies, 'which, they say, are now in the harbour of Barcelona, ready to sail for 'Sicily; and our funds amount to two 'or three hundred crowns, with the 'possession of which we thought ourselves rich and happy, considering the 'narrow appointments of a soldier, 'which will not permit him to heap 'up a great deal of wealth.'

Then Roque putting the same questions to the pilgrims, they answered, that their design was to embark for Italy, in order to visit Rome; and that, between both, they could muster about sixty rials. He likewise desired to know the quality of those who were in the coach, the place to which they were going, and the state of their finances. In these particulars he was satisfied by one of the horsemen, who said, 'The company in the coach con-'sists of my Lady Donna Guiomar de 'Quinones, wife to the regent of the 'vicariate of Naples, her little daughter 'a damsel, and a duenna; I am one 'of the six servants who attend them, 'and her ladyship's cash may amount 'to six hundred crowns.'—'At that 'rate, then,' replied the mighty Roques, 'here are nine hundred crowns and 'sixty rials: I have sixty soldiers; see

'what

'what each man's ſhare will come to, 'for I am but an indifferent arithme-'tician.' The robbers hearing this deciſion, cried aloud, 'Long life to Roque 'Guinart, and confuſion to the knaves 'who endeavour to effect his ruin!'

The captains exhibited evident marks of affliction, my lady regent aſſumed a very ſorrowful countenance, and the pilgrims did not at all rejoice at this confiſcation of their effects. Although Roque kept them for ſome time in ſuſpenſe, he had no mind to protract their meladcholy, which was plainly perceivable a gunſhot off; but, turning to the captains, 'Gentlemen,' ſaid he, 'be ſo good as to lend me ſixty crowns, 'and my lady regent will favour me 'with fourſcore, in order to ſatisfy my 'ſquadron; you know, The abbot muſt 'not want, who for his bread doth 'chant; then you may proſecute your 'journey without fear or moleſtation, 'by virtue of a ſafe conduct I will 'grant; in conſequence of which, you 'will be exempted from plunder, in 'caſe you ſhould fall in with any other 'of thoſe ſquadrons which I have 'poſted up and down in different divi-'ſions; for it is not my intention to 'aggrieve either ſoldiers or ladies, eſ-'pecially ladies of quality.'

Infinite and well turned were the compliments in which the captains acknowledged their obligation to Roque for his politeneſs and liberality, for ſuch they accounted it, in leaving them poſſeſſed of their own money. My Lady Donna Guiomar de Quinones would have thrown herſelf from the coach, in order to kiſs the feet and hands of the great Roque; but he would by no means accept ſuch marks of ſubmiſſion: on the contrary, he begged pardon for the injury which he was compelled to do them, in compliance with the preciſe duty of his wicked profeſſion. The lady ordered her ſervant to pay inſtantly the eighty crowns which were demanded; the captains had already diſburſed threeſcore; and the pilgrims were going to ſurrender their miſerable pittance; when Roque deſired them to deſiſt, and turning to his gang, 'Of theſe crowns,' ſaid he, 'two 'ſhall fall to the ſhare of each man, 'and then there will be an overplus of 'twenty, one half of which I give to 'the pilgrims, and the other ten to this 'honeſt ſquire, that he may make a 'favourable report of the adventure.'

After this deciſion, he took pen, ink, and paper, with which he was always provided, and writing a ſafe conduct directed to the chiefs of his ſquadrons, gave it to the company, whom he courteouſly diſmiſſed, and they proceeded on their journey, ſtruck with admiration at his noble demeanour, gallant diſpoſition, and ſtrange conduct, looking upon him rather as an Alexander the Great, than a notorious robber. One of the ſquires, diſpleaſed at the booty, ſaid in his Catalonian dialect, 'This captain of ours 'is fitter for praying than preying; if 'henceforth he has a mind to ſhew his 'generoſity, let it be from his own 'purſe, and not what is ours by right 'of conqueſt.'

The unhappy wretch did not ſpeak ſo ſoftly, but that he was overheard by Roque, who inſtantly unſheathing his ſword, cleft his head almoſt in two, ſaying, 'Thus I chaſtiſe mutiny and 'preſumption.' All the reſt of the gang were terrified at this execution, and not one of them durſt open his lips, ſo much were they over-awed by the character of their chief.

As for Roque, he went aſide and wrote a letter to a friend at Barcelona, giving him to underſtand how he had met with the famous Don Quixote de La Mancha, that knight-errant whoſe exploits were in every body's mouth; and, he aſſured him, that the adventurer was the moſt agreeable and underſtanding man in the whole world: he likewiſe gave him notice, that in four days from the date of the letter, on the feaſt of St. John, the ſaid knight-errant would appear on the beach of the city, armed cap-a-pee, mounted on Rozinante, and accompanied by his ſquire Sancho upon an aſs. He, therefore, deſired his correſpondent to communicate this intelligence to his friends the Nearri, that they might enjoy the character of Don Quixote, and wiſhed his enemies the Cadelli might not partake of the diverſion. But that was a vain deſire, becauſe the mixture of madneſs and diſcretion in the knight, and the pleaſantries of his ſquire, were ſuch as could not fail to yield entertainment to the whole world in general.

This letter was diſpatched by one of his ſquires; who, diſguiſing himſelf in the

the habit of a peasant, entered Barcelona, and delivered it according to the direction.

CHAP. IX.

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE ON HIS ENTRANCE INTO BARCELONA—WITH OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES THAT PARTAKE MORE OF TRUTH THAN OF DISCRETION.

THREE days and three nights did Don Quixot remain with Roque, and had he staid as many hundred years, he would not have wanted subject for enquiry and admiration at their way of life: they lodged in one place, dined in another; sometimes they fled from they knew not what, sometimes waited for they knew not whom. They slept standing, and even that slumber was often interrupted; they shifted from place to place; in a word, their whole time was spent in appointing spies, examining centinels, and blowing matches for their musquets, though they had but few; for they chiefly used firelocks. As for Roque, he passed the night by himself, in private haunts and places concealed even from the knowledge of his own gang; for the repeated proclamations issued by the viceroy of Barcelona, setting a price upon his head, had rendered him restless, diffident, and fearful; so that he durst not confide in any person whatever, being apprehensive that even his own followers would either murder or deliver him up to justice; a life, of all others, assuredly the most tiresome and miserable! At length, this renowned freebooter, accompanied by Don Quixote and Sancho, and attended by six of his own squires, set out for Barcelona, through unfrequented roads, short cuts, and private paths, and arrived upon the strand, after it was dark, on the eve of St. John.

Here Roque, embracing Don Quixote, and giving to Sancho the ten crowns, which, though promised, had not hitherto been paid, took his leave and returned to his station, after mutual protestations of friendship had passed between him and our hero, who resolved to sit on horseback as he was till day, which was not far off. Accordingly, they had not tarried long in this situation, when Aurora disclosed her rosy face through the balconies of the east, infusing vigour and seeming joy into every plant and flower, instead of gratifying the ear, which, however, was also that instant regaled with the sound of waits and kettle-drums, together with the noise of morrice bells, the clatter of horses upon the pavement, and the repetition of 'Clear the way!' pronounced by the couriers who came forth from the city. Aurora vanished before the sun; who, with a countenance ample as a target, gradually arose from below the horizon; then Don Quixote and Sancho, extending their view all around, perceived the sea, which they had never before beheld, and which seemed to be infinitely vast, and abundantly more spacious than even the lakes of Ruydera, which they had seen in La Mancha: they likewise beheld the gallies in the road, which, when their awnings were furled, displayed a glorious sight of pendants, flags, and streamers, that wantoned in the wind, and kissed and brushed the surface of the deep; while they were surrounded with clarions, trumpets, and other sorts of musick, which filled the air, for many leagues around, with sweet and martial accents. Now they began to move, and forming themselves into line of battle, exhibited the representation of a naval fight upon the tranquil bosom of the sea. At the same time, a mock skirmish was acted on the shore, by a great number of gentlemen, mounted on beautiful horses, who came forth from the city, in gay attire, with splendid liveries. The soldiers of the gallies discharged an infinite number of fire-arms, which were answered from the wall and forts of the city; and to the great guns, which seemed to rend the air with their tremendous sound, the midship cannons of the gallies made a suitable reply; the joy that resounded on board, the pleasure that appeared on shore, together with the serenity of the air, which was sometimes disturbed by the smoke of the artillery, seemed to infuse and engender a sudden flow of spirits and delight in every breast. As for Sancho, he could not conceive how those great hulks could use such a number of feet in moving through the sea.

About this time, the cavaliers so richly caparisoned, crying, hallooing, and

and ſhouting, in the Moriſh manner, came riding up to the place where Don Quixote ſat on horſeback, overwhelmed with ſurprize and aſtoniſhment; and one of their number, who had been apprized by Roque, exclaimed in a loud voice, 'Welcome to our city, thou 'mirrour, lanthorn, planet, and polar 'ſtar, of all chivalry in it's utmoſt extent! Welcome, valorous Don Quixote 'de La Mancha, not the falſe, fictitious, 'and apocryphal adventurer, lately in 'ſpurious hiſtory deſcribed; but the 'real, legal, and royal knight recorded 'by Cid Hamet Benengeli, the flower 'of hiſtorians.'

Don Quixote anſwered not a word; nor did the cavaliers wait for his reply; but, with their followers, began to wheel and turn, and curvet in a circle round the knight; who, addreſſing himſelf to Sancho, 'As theſe people know 'us ſo well,' ſaid he, 'I will lay a 'wager they have read our hiſtory, 'and even that of the Arragonian, 'which hath been lately printed.' The gentleman who had at firſt accoſted him returning, renewed his addreſs in theſe words: 'Signior Don Quixote, 'be ſo good as to go along with us, 'who are all the intimate friends and 'humble ſervants of Roque Guinart.' To this entreaty the knight replied, 'If courteſy engenders courteſy, yours, 'Signior Cavalier, is the daughter, or, 'at leaſt, nearly allied to that which I 'experienced in the gallant Roque. 'Conduct me whither you pleaſe to go; 'my will ſhall, in all reſpects, be conformable to yours, and I ſhould be 'proud if you would employ it in your 'ſervice.'

The gentleman anſwered this compliment with expreſſions equally polite; and all his companions ſurrounding the knight in a body, they, to the muſick of the waits and kettle-drums, conducted him to the city, his entrance into which was attended with a ſmall misfortune. That miſchief, from which all miſchief is produced, ordained, that two bold and impudent boys, more miſchievous than miſchief itſelf, ſhould ſqueeze themſelves through the crowd, and approaching Rozinante and Dapple, clap a handful of furze under the tail of each: the poor animals, feeling the ſeverity of this new kind of ſpurs, augmented the pain, by preſſing their tails more cloſely to their buttocks; ſo that, after a thouſand plunges, they came with their riders to the ground, to the unutterable ſhame and indignation of Don Quixote; who, with great diſpatch, delivered the poſteriors of his companion from this diſagreeable plumage; while Sancho performed the ſame kind office for his friend Dapple.

The gentlemen would have willingly chaſtiſed the boys for their preſumption; but it was not in their power to give the ſtrangers that ſatisfaction; for, they had no ſooner executed their purpoſe, than they concealed themſelves among the crowd of above a thouſand youngſters who followed the cavalcade: ſo that Don Quixote and Sancho were obliged to pocket the affront; and remounting their beaſts, proceeded with the ſame muſick and acclamation to the houſe of their conductor, which was large and magnificent, and in all reſpects ſuitable to the rank of an opulent cavalier. Here, then, we ſhall leave him for the preſent; for ſuch is the will of Cid Hamet Benengeli.

CHAP. X.

CONTAINING THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENCHANTED HEAD—WITH OTHER TRIVIAL INCIDENTS, WHICH, HOWEVER, MUST NOT BE OMITTED.

DON Quixote's landlord was called Don Antonio Moreno, a wealthy gentleman of good underſtanding, who loved a joke in a fair and good-humoured way; ſo that finding our knight ſafely houſed under his roof, he began to contrive means for extracting diverſion from the madneſs of his gueſts, without prejudice to his perſon; for thoſe are no jeſts that give pain; nor is that paſtime to be indulged which tends to the detriment of a fellow-creature. His firſt ſtep was to unarm Don Quixote, and in that ſtrait ſhamoy doublet, which we have already painted and deſcribed, expoſe him to publick view in a balcony that jetted out into one of the chief ſtreets in the city, where he was ſurveyed by the people and the children, who gazed upon him as if he had been a monſter or baboon. While he ſtood in this ſituation, the gentlemen with the rich live-

ries performed their courſes before him, as if for his ſake only, and not in order to celebrate the feſtival, they had provided all their finery; and Sancho was raviſhed with the thoughts of having ſo luckily found, without knowing how or wherefore, another wedding of Camacho, another houſe like that of Don Diego de Miranda, and another place equal to the duke's caſtle, where he had been ſo hoſpitably entertained.

Don Antonio had that day invited ſome friends to dinner, and all of them paid particular reſpect to Don Quixote, whom they treated as a renowned knight-errant, a circumſtance that elevated his vanity to ſuch a pitch, that he could ſcarce contain his ſatisfaction; and Sancho's conceits flowed ſo faſt and humourous, that all the ſervants of the family, and all who heard his ſallies, ſeemed to hang upon his lips. While he waited at table, Don Antonio accoſting him, 'Honeſt Sancho,' ſaid he, 'we are informed you are ſuch 'a lover of fowls and balls of forced 'meat, that, when you can eat no longer, 'you pocket what remains for next 'day.'—'No, Signior,' anſwered Sancho; 'that is not the caſe, and your 'worſhip muſt have been miſinformed; 'I am a cleanly ſquire, and no ſuch 'filthy glutton; for my maſter, here 'preſent, knows very well, that we 'have often paſſed eight whole days, 'without any other ſuſtenance than an 'handful of nuts or acorns. True it 'is, If ever the heifer is offered, the 'tether is at hand; my meaning is, 'I eat what I get, and ride the ford as 'I find it*. If, therefore, any per'ſon whatever hath ſaid that I am an 'exceeding glutton and foul feeder, 'your worſhip may take it for granted 'that he is in a miſtake; and I would 'tell him my mind in another manner, 'if it was not for the reſpect I bear to 'the honourable beards of this com'pany.'—'Aſſuredly,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'Sancho's cleanlineſs, and mo'deration in eating, might be inſcribed 'and engraved on tables of braſs, for 'an everlaſting memorial and example 'to ſucceeding ages. True it is, 'when very hungry, he may ſeem to 'be a little voracious; for he eats with 'precipitation, chewing with both 'ſides of his jaws; but cleanlineſs he 'punctually maintains; and, while a 'governor, learned to eat ſo delicately, 'that he took up grapes, and even the 'grains of a pomegranate, with a 'fork.'—'How!' cried Don Antonio, 'hath Sancho been a governor?'—'Yes, ſure,' replied the ſquire; 'and 'that of an iſland called Barataria, 'which I governed according to my 'own will and pleaſure, for the ſpace 'of ten days, during which I loſt my 'natural reſt, and learned to deſpiſe all 'the governments upon earth: I, there'fore, fled from it as I would fly from 'the devil, and tumbled into a cavern, 'from whence, though I gave myſelf 'up as a dead man, I was brought up 'alive by a perfect miracle.' Then Don Quixote gave them a circumſtantial account of Sancho's government, which afforded extraordinary entertainment to the whole audience.

Dinner being ended, and the table uncovered, Don Antonio took our hero by the hand, and conducted him into a private apartment, where there was no furniture but a table, that ſeemed to be of jaſper, ſupported by one foot of the ſame ſubſtance; and upon this table was placed a buſt of bronze, from the breaſt upwards, repreſenting a head of one of the Roman emperors. Don Antonio, after having traverſed the room with his gueſt, and more than once walked round the table, 'Signior 'Don Quixote,' ſaid he, 'now that I 'am aſſured no perſon overhears us, as 'nobody liſtens, and the door is bolted, 'I will impart to your worſhip one of 'the rareſt adventures, or rather one 'of the greateſt rarities, that ever was 'known; on condition, however, that 'you will depoſit the ſecret in the moſt 'hidden receſſes of your heart.'—'I 'ſwear to the condition,' anſwered Don Quixote: 'and, for the greater 'ſecurity, will put a tomb-ſtone over 'whatever you ſhall communicate; for, 'know, Signior Don Antonio,' (by this time he had learned his name) 'your worſhip is talking to one, who, 'though he has ears to hear, has never 'a tongue to tattle; ſo that you may 'ſecurely tranſfuſe the contents of 'your own breaſt into mine, and take 'it for granted, you have ingulphed 'them in the abyſs of ſilence.'—'On

* Literally, 'Uſe the times as I find them.'

† the

'the faith of that promiſe,' replied Don Antonio, 'I will excite your 'worſhip's admiration with what you 'ſhall ſee and hear; and I, myſelf, 'will enjoy ſome alleviation of the 'pain I have felt from having no per- 'ſon to whom I could communicate 'the ſecret, which is not to be truſted 'to every body's diſcretion.' Don Quixote waited with impatience and ſurprize to ſee the reſult of this preamble; when his entertainer, taking him by the hand, made him feel all around the buſt, the table, and the jaſper foot upon which it was ſupported; then accoſting him with great ſolemnity of aſpect: 'This buſt, Signior Don 'Quixote,' ſaid he, 'was made and 'contrived by one of the greateſt in- 'chanters and necromancers that ever 'the world produced. He was, I 'think, a native of Poland, and diſ- 'ciple of the famous Eſcotillo*, of 'whoſe knowledge ſuch wonders are 'reported. As he chanced to be in 'this part of the world, I took him 'into my houſe, where, in conſidera- 'tion of a thouſand crowns which I 'paid, he wrought this head, in 'which is centered the ſurprizing pow- 'er and virtue of anſwering every 'queſtion communicated to it's ear. 'The maſter performed certain rites, 'erected ſchemes, conſulted the ſtars, 'and carefully obſerved the lucky and 'unlucky minutes, until, at length, he 'brought it to that perfection which 'we ſhall perceive to-morrow; for on 'Fridays it is mute, and this being 'Friday, we muſt wait till another 'day: in the mean time, your worſhip 'may conſider and prepare your queſ- 'tions, which I know by experience 'it will truly anſwer.' Don Quixote was confounded and aſtoniſhed at this property and virtue of the head, and indeed, almoſt tempted to diſbelieve Don Antonio's account; but, ſeeing how little time was required to make the experiment, he would not mention his incredulity; but, in very polite terms, thanked his entertainer for having entruſted him with ſuch an important ſecret. They accordingly quitted the apartment, and Don Antonio having locked the door, returned to the reſt of the company, who were highly entertained with Sancho's recapitulation of many adventures and incidents to which his maſter had been expoſed.

The ſame evening, they perſuaded Don Quixote to make a progreſs along the ſtreets with them, not in his armour, but in a looſe coat of tawny-coloured cloth, which would have made ice itſelf ſweat at that ſeaſon; and, in the mean time, they directed their ſervants to amuſe Sancho within doors, that he might not come forth and ſpoil their diverſion. The knight was not mounted on Rozinante, but accommodated with an ambling mule, gaily capariſoned; and, upon the back of his coat or cloak, they, without his knowledge, pinned a parchment inſcribed in large letters, 'This is Don 'Quixote de La Mancha.' The proceſſion no ſooner began, than this ſcroll attracted the eyes of the people; and, when they read it aloud, the knight was aſtoniſhed to find himſelf known, and hear his name repeated by all the ſpectators. He, therefore, turning to Don Antonio, who rode by his ſide, 'Great,' ſaid he, 'is the prerogative 'that centers in knight-errantry, the 'profeſſors of which are known and 'celebrated through all the corners of 'the earth: take notice, Signior Don 'Antonio, how my name is repeated 'by the very boys who never ſaw me 'before.'—'It is even ſo, Signior Don 'Quixote,' replied Antonio; 'for, as 'light cannot be ſhut up and conceal- 'ed, ſo neither can virtue remain un- 'known; and, that which is acquired 'by the profeſſion of arms, ſhines with 'ſuperior ſplendor over all other acqui- 'ſitions.'

While our knight thus proceeded amidſt the acclamation of the crowd, a certain Caſtilian happened to paſs, and reading the ſcroll, exclaimed aloud,

* This was Michael Scot, who lived in the thirteenth century, and was ſuch an adept in medicine, mathematicks, chymiſtry, alchymy, and other branches of natural knowledge, that the vulgar looked upon him as a wizard or magician. But as this philoſopher died in 1291, and this converſation between Don Antonio and our knight muſt have happened after the year 1605, when the firſt part of Don Quixote was licenſed, how could the diſciple of Scot be in the houſe of Don Antonio? Yet this anachroniſm might eaſily paſs upon Don Quixote, as it related to matters of inchantment.

'Now, the devil take thee, Don Quixote de La Mancha! how haſt thou made ſhift to come ſo far without expiring under ſome of thoſe infinite drubbings which thy ribs have received? A madman thou ſurely art: and if the defect of thine underſtanding affected thyſelf only, and was confined within the gates of thy own madneſs, the misfortune would be the ſmaller; but thy frenzy is of ſuch a peculiar nature as to turn the brains of all thoſe with whom thou haſt any commerce or communication; witneſs theſe gentlemen by whom thou art now accompanied. Return to your own houſe, Mr. Gooſe-cap, mind your family-concerns; look after your wife and children; and diſcard theſe vain maggots, which have eaten and burrowed into your brain, and ſkimmed off the very cream of your underſtanding.'—'Hark ye, brother,' ſaid Don Antonio, 'go about your buſineſs; and do not pretend to offer your advice to thoſe who want none of your counſel: Signior Don Quixote de La Mancha is renowned for wiſdom, and we who accompany him are not ſo mad as you may imagine. Virtue ought to be honoured wherefoever it is found: therefore be gone with a vengeance; and ſeek not to meddle in thoſe affairs with which you have no concern.'—'Fore God! your worſhip is in the right,' replied the Caſtilian: adviſing that honeſt man is kicking againſt the pricks. Nevertheleſs, I am extremely ſorry that the good ſenſe, which, they ſay, this madman diſplays in ſome things, ſhould be unprofitably waſted through the canal of his knight-errantry: and may that vengeance which your worſhip imprecated, overtake me and all my poſterity, if, from this day forwards, I give advice to any perſon whatever, aſked, or unaſked, even though I ſhould live to the age of Methuſalem!' So ſaying, this counſellor went away, and the proceſſion went on; but the throng was ſo great, occaſioned by the boys and other idle people who preſſed in to read the ſcroll, that Don Antonio was fain to take it off, on pretence of freeing the knight from ſome other annoyance.

In the twilight they returned to the houſe of Don Antonio, where they found a ball prepared by his lady, who was a woman of birth, beauty, good humour, and diſcretion; and had invited a number of friends to come and honour her gueſt, and enjoy the ſtrange peculiarities of his madneſs: they accordingly came, and after ſupper, at which they were entertained in a very ſplendid manner, the ball began about ten o'clock. Among the company were two ladies who had a turn for ſatire, accompanied with a great deal of humour; and who, though perſons of unblemiſhed honour, indulged themſelves with uncommon freedom of behaviour, in order to keep up the ſpirit of the diverſion, that it might not flag. This pair of female wags perſiſted with incredible eagerneſs, in dancing with Don Quixote, until not only his body, but even his very ſoul, ſeemed fainting with fatigue; and nothing could be more ludicrous than the figure of the knight, ſo long, ſo lank, ſo lean, ſo yellow, capering about in a ſtraight ſhamoy doublet, with an air unſpeakably awkward, and legs that were never deſigned for ſuch exerciſe. The young ladies affected to court his good graces by ſtealth; and he privately treated their advances with diſdain, until, finding them become more and more preſſing, he pronounced aloud, '*Fugite partes adverſæ!* diſturb not my repoſe, ye unwelcome thoughts! avaunt, ladies, with your unruly deſires; for ſhe who is queen of mine, the peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo, will not conſent that I ſhould ſurrender or be ſubject to any other than her own!'

So ſaying, he ſat down upon the floor in the middle of the hall, quite exhauſted and demoliſhed with the violent exerciſe he had undergone; ſo that Don Antonio gave orders for his being carried forthwith to bed; and the firſt perſon who touched him in obedience to this order, was his own ſquire Sancho Panza; who, as he endeavoured to raiſe him upon his legs, could not help reprehending him in theſe words: 'What a plague tempted your worſhip to fall a capering? Did you ſuppoſe every valiant man was as nimble as an harlequin, or that all knights-errant muſt needs be maſterly dancers? If that was your opinion, I ſay you were much deceived: for there be men who would rather undertake to ſlay a giant, than to cut a

caper,



Plate X.

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'caper. Had it been the ſhoe-ſlapping 'horn-pipe, I could have ſupplied your 'place; for I ſlap like a jerfaulcon; 'but as for your figured dances, I know 'not a ſtitch of the matter.' With this addreſs Sancho raiſed a laugh from the aſſembly, and his maſter from the floor, and carrying the knight to bed, covered him up very warm, that he might ſweat out the cold caught in dancing.

Next day Don Antonio thought proper to try the experiment of the inchanted head, and for this purpoſe entered the apartment, accompanied by Don Quixote, Sancho, a couple of friends, with our hero's two waggiſh partners, who had ſtaid all night with Antonio's lady. The door being faſt bolted, he explained the property of the buſt, after having laid injunctions on the company to keep the ſecret, and declared this was the day on which he intended to make the firſt trial of the virtue contained in the inchanted head*. Indeed, except his two friends, no other perſon knew the myſtery; and if they had not been previouſly informed by Don Antonio, they would certainly have ſhared in the ſame admiration which neceſſarily ſeized the reſt who were preſent at the execution of a ſcheme ſo artfully contrived.

The firſt who approached the ear of this inchanted head was Don Antonio himſelf, who ſaid in a low voice, but ſo as to be overheard by all preſent, 'Tell 'me, O head, by thy inherent virtue, 'what are my preſent thoughts?' To this interrogation the head, without moving it's lips, replied in a clear and diſtinct voice, which was heard by the whole company, 'I do not pretend to 'inveſtigate the thoughts.' Thoſe who knew not the plot were confounded at hearing this anſwer, as they plainly perceived there was not a living ſoul under the table or in the whole apartment to utter this reply. Don Antonio addreſſing himſelf again to it, aſked, 'How many perſons are here in com-'pany?' and was anſwered in the ſame key, 'You and your wife†, two friends 'of yours, and two of her companions, 'with a famous knight called Don 'Quixote de La Mancha, and his ſquire 'Sancho Panza by name.' Here was freſh amazement! here was their hair ſtanding on end with affright; while Don Antonio, ſtepping aſide from the table, ſaid, 'This is enough to con-'vince me that I have not been deceived 'by the perſon of whom I purchaſed 'thee; thou ſage, ſpeaking, oracular, 'and admirable head! Let ſome other 'perſon go and queſtion it at will.'

As women are uſually very curious and impatient, the next who approached was one of the two ladies, and her queſtion was this: 'Tell me, O head, 'what I ſhall do to be extremely beau-'tiful?' She received for anſwer, 'Be 'extremely virtuous;' and replied, 'I 'aſk no more.' Then her companion advanced, ſaying, 'I want to know, 'ſagacious head, whether or not I am 'fondly beloved by my huſband?' and ſhe was anſwered, 'That you will 'learn by obſerving his behaviour.' The married lady retired, obſerving that it required no magick to ſolve that queſtion; for, in effect, an huſband's behaviour to his wife will always declare the ſtate of his affection. The third perſon that approached the table was one of Don Antonio's friends, who aſked, 'What am I?' and when the voice anſwered, 'Thou knoweſt beſt,' he replied, 'That is not the purport of 'my queſtion; I deſire thou wilt tell 'me if thou knoweſt my name?'—'Yes,' ſaid the oracle; 'I know thou 'art Don Pedro Noriez.'—'Then I 'am ſatisfied,' anſwered Don Pedro; 'for that anſwer is ſufficient to convince 'me, O head, that thou knoweſt every 'thing.' Then he withdrew, and was ſucceeded by the other gentleman; who, advancing to the table, 'Tell me, O 'head,' ſaid he, 'the wiſh of my eldeſt 'ſon?'—'I have already owned that I 'cannot dive into the thoughts of men,' ſaid the voice; 'nevertheleſs, I will tell 'thee, that the wiſh of thy ſon is to 'bury his father.'—'That is indeed 'his wiſh,' replied the cavalier; 'I ſee 'it with my eye, I touch it with my 'finger, and do not chuſe to aſk ano-'ther queſtion.' Don Antonio's lady

* But in this very chapter he has already told Don Quixote, that he knew the virtue of the head from experience.

† Antonio's wife muſt have been here before the others entered: for ſhe is not in the liſt of thoſe who went in with her huſband,

approached,

approached, saying, 'I know not how 'to interrogate thee, O head; but I 'should be glad to know if I shall long 'enjoy my good husband?'—'Yes, 'you will,' replied the voice; 'his 'healthy constitution, and moderate 'way of life, promise a long succession 'of years and a good old age, of which 'many men deprive themselves by their 'own intemperance.'

Don Quixote now took his turn, and addressing himself to the bust, 'Tell 'me then, whatsoever thou art,' said he, 'is my account of what befel me in 'the cave of Montesinos really fact, or 'only the illusion of a dream? Will the 'flagellation of my squire Sancho be 'certainly accomplished? and will the 'disenchantment of Dulcinea take ef-'fect?'—'With respect to the cave,' replied the oracle, 'much may be said; 'the adventure partakes both of truth 'and illusion. The flagellation of 'Sancho will proceed slowly; but Dul-'cinea will be disenchanted in proces-'of time.'—'And that is all I desire 'to know,' cried the knight; 'for, 'in the disenchantment of Dulcinea, I 'shall reckon all my wishes at once 'happily fulfilled.'

The last interrogator was Sancho; who, approaching the table, 'Pray, 'good Mr. Head,' said he, 'shall I 'peradventure obtain another govern-'ment? shall I ever rise above the 'humble station of a squire? and lastly, 'shall I ever see again my wife and 'children?' To these questions he received these answers: 'If it be thy fate 'to return to thy own house, thou wilt 'govern thy family, and see thy wife 'and children; and in ceasing to serve, 'thou wilt cease to be a squire.'—'Fore God! an excellent response!' cried Sancho; 'that I could have fore-'told myself, and the prophet Pero-'grullo could have said no more.'—'What answer would you have, you 'beast?' said Don Quixote; 'is it not 'sufficient that the responses delivered 'by the head, correspond with the ques-'tions you have asked?'—'It shall 'suffice,' replied the squire; 'but I wish 'it had explained itself a little more 'fully, and told me some more of my 'fortune.'

Thus ended the questions and answers, but not the admiration of the whole company; except Antonio's two friends, who had been let into the secret; which Cid Hamet Benengeli will now explain, that the world may not be kept longer in suspense, or imagine that any necromantick talisman or extraordinary mystery was contained in this wonderful bust. He gives us, therefore, to understand, that Don Antonio Moreno, in imitation of such another head which he had seen at Madrid, contrived by a statuary, ordered this to be made in his own house for his private amusement, and with a view to surprize the vulgar; and in this manner was the whole fabricated. The table was of wood painted and varnished like jasper, and the foot that supported it of the same materials, carved into the resemblance of four eagles talons, which kept it firm and steady in it's position. The head formed from the medal of one of the Roman emperors, and covered with a copper colour, was hollow, as well as the table, in which it was so nicely fixed, that no eye could perceive the joining; the foot was likewise hollow, and answered to the neck and breast of the bust; and the whole corresponed with another chamber below, by means of a concealed tin pipe which passed through the bust, the table, and the foot. In this lower apartment, communicating with that of the inchanted head, did the person who uttered the responses fix his mouth to the pipe, so as that the voice ascended and descended in distinct and articulate sounds, and it was impossible for any person to discover the deception. The respondent was Antonio's nephew, a student of acute parts, and a well-cultivated understanding, who, being previously informed by his uncle of the number and names of the persons whom he intended to introduce into the chamber of the inchanted head, was enabled to answer the first question with great facility and precision; and to the rest he replied by conjectures which were equally ingenious and discreet.

Cid Hamet moreover relates, that for ten or twelve days the virtue of this wonderful machine continued in full force; but a report diffusing itself through the city, that Don Antonio had in his house an inchanted head, which could answer all manner of questions, he began to be afraid that these tidings might reach the ears of the vigilant centinels of our faith; for which reason he explained the whole affair

affair to the fathers of the inquisition, who forbade him to proceed with the deception, and gave orders that the head should be broke in pieces, lest it should give umbrage to the superstitious vulgar: but, in the opinion of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, it passed for a head that was really inchanted and oracular; though it had given more satisfaction to the knight than the squire.

The gentlemen of the city, in complaisance to Don Antonio, and for the entertainment of Don Quixote, whom they wanted to furnish with an opportunity of discovering his diverting follies, appointed a running at the ring to be performed in six days; but this was prevented by an incident which will be explained in the sequel. Meanwhile, the knight was desirous of going out and viewing the city at leisure, and afoot; fearing that, should he appear on horseback, he would again be persecuted by the boys and vulgar. He accordingly went forth, attended by Sancho, and two of Antonio's servants, whom their master had chosen for that purpose; and chancing to lift up his eyes in passing through one of the streets, he saw inscribed over a gate, in capital letters, 'This is a printing-'house;' a circumstance which gave him uncommon satisfaction, as hitherto he had never seen a printing-press, and longed much to know something of that art: he therefore entered the house with all his train, and saw people casting off in one part, correcting in another, composing in a third, reviving in a fourth, and, in short, the whole œconomy of a large printing-house. Going up to one box, he asked what was doing; and being informed by the workmen, expressed his admiration, and proceeded to a second. Among others, he went up to one, and putting the same question, the workman replied, 'Signior, 'that there gentleman,' pointing to a grave person of a very prepossessing appearance, 'has translated a book from 'the Tuscan into the Castilian lan-'guage, and I am now composing it 'for the press.'—'What is the name 'of the book?' said Don Quixote. 'Signior,' answered the author, 'the 'book in the original is called, *Le Ba-'gatelle*.'—'And what is the significa-'tion of Le Bagatelle in our language?' resumed the knight. '*Le Bagatelle*' replied the author, 'is, as if we should 'say, in Castilian, *Juguetes*: and, 'although the title of the book be so 'humble, it includes and contains a 'great deal of excellent and substan-'tial writing.'—'I am not altogether 'ignorant of the Tuscan language,' said Don Quixote, 'for I value myself upon 'singing some stanzas of Ariosto; but, 'pray tell me, Signior, (and what I am 'going to ask is not with any intention 'to sound your genius, but merely to 'satisfy my own curiosity) have you 'ever, in composing your books, met 'with the word *pignatta*?'—'Yes, fre-'quently,' replied the author. 'And 'how do you translate it into Castilian?' resumed the knight. 'How should 'I translate it,' said the other, 'but by 'the word *olla*?'—'Body o'me!' cried Don Quixote, 'what progress you have 'made in the knowledge of the Tuscan 'idiom! I will lay a good wager that 'you translate *piace* into *plaze*, *piu* into *mas*, *su* into *arriba*, and *giu* into *abaxo*.'—'Certainly,' said the author, 'because these words of the two lan-'guages correspond with one another.' —'Notwithstanding all your learning,' replied the knight, 'I could almost 'swear you are hitherto unknown to 'the world, which is ever averse to re-'munerate a flourishing genius, and 'works of merit. What talents are 'lost, what abilities obscured, and what 'virtues are undervalued, in this dege-'nerate age! yet, nevertheless, a tran-'slation from one language to ano-'ther, excepting always those sovereign 'tongues the Greek and Latin, is, in 'my opinion, like the wrong side of 'Flemish tapestry, in which, though 'we distinguish the figures, they are 'confused and obscured by ends and 'threads, without that smoothness and 'expression which the other side exhi-'bits: and to translate from easy lan-'guages, argues neither genius nor 'elocution, nor any merit superior to 'that of transcribing from one paper 'to another; but from hence I would 'not infer that translation is not a 'laudable exercise, for a man may em-'ploy his time in a much worse and 'more unprofitable occupation. At 'any rate, my observation cannot af-

* Trifles.

'fect

'fect our two famous tranſlators, Doctor Chriſtoval de Figueroa, in Paſtor Fido, and Don Juan de Xaurigui in Aminta, two pieces they have ſo happily executed, as to render it doubtful which is the original and which the tranſlation: but pray, Signior, is this book printed on your own account, or have you ſold the copy to a bookſeller?'—'I publiſh it on my own account,' replied the author, and expect to gain a thouſand ducats at leaſt upon the firſt impreſſion, of which there will be two thouſand copies, that will fetch ſix rials a piece in the turning of a ſtraw.'—'That is a very clear and comfortable reckoning,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'but you ſeem to be very little acquainted with the outgoings and the incomings, the ſchemes, conſpiracies, and cabals of booksellers: when you find your back burdened with two thouſand copies, I give you my word both your mind and body will be terribly fatigued; eſpecially if the books ſhould be harſh, or a little deficient in point of ſpirit.'—'What!' ſaid the author, 'your worſhip thinks, then, I ought to offer my performance to a bookſeller, who would give me three maravedis for the copy, and inſiſt upon it that he had done me a favour into the bargain? I do not publiſh with a view to acquire reputation in the world, where, thank Heaven, I am already well known by my works; I print for profit, without which, reputation is not worth a doit.'—'God ſend you good luck, Signior,' anſwered the knight; who, advancing to another box, where he ſaw the corrector employed on the ſheet of a book, intitled, 'The Light of the Soul;'—'Aye,' ſaid he, 'theſe are the books that ought to be printed; for, although there is already a pretty large number of this kind in print, numerous are the ſinners for whoſe uſe they are intended; and for ſuch multitudes who are in darkneſs, an infinite number of lights is required.' He proceeded in his enquiry, and when he aſked another corrector the name of a book on which he ſaw him at work, he underſtood it was the ſecond part of The Sage Hidalgo Don Quixote de La Mancha, written by a certain perſon a native of Tordeſillas. 'I have heard of this performance,' ſaid the knight; 'and really, in my conſcience, thought it was long before this time burned into aſhes, or pounded into duſt, for the impertinence it contains; but, as we ſay of hogs, "Martinmas will come in due ſeaſon*."' 'Works of imagination are the more uſeful and entertaining the nearer they approach to truth, and the more probability they contain; and even hiſtory is valued according to it's truth and authenticity.'

So ſaying, he quitted the printing-houſe with ſome marks of diſpleaſure; and that ſame day, Don Antonio propoſed that he ſhould go on board, and ſee the gallies in the road; a propoſal which was extremely agreeable to Sancho, who had never ſeen the inſide of a galley in the whole courſe of his life; and he ſent a meſſage to inform the commodore of his intention to viſit him in the evening, with his gueſt the renowned Don Quixote de La Mancha, whoſe name and perſon were already well known to this commander and all the citizens of Barcelona. What paſſed during this viſit, will be related in the following chapter.

CHAP. XI.

OF THE MISFORTUNE WHICH BEFEL SANCHO PANZA ON BOARD OF THE GALLIES, AND THE RARE ADVENTURE OF THE BEAUTIFUL MOOR.

MANIFOLD and profound were the ſelf-deliberations of Don Quixote on the reſponſe of the inchanted head, without his being able to diſcover the deceit; and the reſult of all his reflections was the promiſe of Dulcinea's being diſinchanted, on which he repoſed himſelf with the moſt implicit confidence. This was the goal of all his thoughts, and he rejoiced, in full aſſurance of ſeeing it ſuddenly accompliſhed. As for Sancho, although he abhorred the office of a governor, as we have already obſerved, he could not help wiſhing for another opportunity of iſſuing out orders and ſeeing them obeyed; a misfortune which

* About Martinmas they kill'ed the hogs deſigned for bacon.

never

never fails to attend the exertion of power, even though founded on mock authority.

In a word, that very evening his landlord Don Antonio Moreno, and his two friends, went on board of the gallies with Don Quixote and Sancho; and the commodore being apprized of the viſit intended by two ſuch famous perſonages, no ſooner perceived them coming towards the ſea-ſide, than he ordered the awnings to be ſtruck and the muſick to play; the barge was hoiſted out, covered with rich carpets, and furniſhed with velvet cuſhions, and the minute Don Quixote embarked, the cannon a-midſhips of the captain-galley was diſcharged, and the others followed her example. When the knight aſcended the accommodation-ladder, on the ſtarboard ſide, the whole crew ſaluted him with three cheers, a compliment uſually paid to perſons of the firſt quality; and the general, for by this name we ſhall henceforth call him, who was a noble Valentian, preſented his hand, and embracing Don Quixote, 'This day,' ſaid he, 'will I mark with 'a white ſtone, as one of the happieſt 'I ſhall ever enjoy, on account of ſee-'ing the renowned Signior Don Quix-'ote de La Mancha, in whom the 'whole worth of knight-errantry is 'cyphered and concentered.' No leſs courteous and polite was the reply of Don Quixote, who rejoiced above meaſure at ſeeing himſelf treated with ſuch reſpect. The whole company having aſcended the poop, which was very gaily ornamented, and ſeated themſelves upon benches, the boatſwain repaired to the gangway, and making a ſignal with his whiſtle for all the ſlaves to ſtrip, was obeyed in an inſtant, to the no ſmall diſcompoſure of Sancho, who was terrified at the ſight of ſo many naked backs; nor did his apprehenſion abate, when he ſaw the awning ſtretched with ſuch incredible diſpatch, that he thought all the devils in hell had aſſiſted in the operation. Yet this was nothing but cakes and gingerbread to what I am going to relate.

The ſquire ſat upon the ſtentril, cloſe by the aftermoſt rower on the ſtarboard ſide; who, in conſequence of the previous inſtructions he had received, lifted up Sancho in his arms, and while the whole crew of ſlaves ſtood up, alert with the proſpect of the joke, toſſed him like a tennis-ball to his fellow, who in the ſame manner committed him to a third; and thus he was handied forwards on the ſtarboard ſide, from ſlave to ſlave, and bench to bench, with ſuch expedition, that poor Panza loſt his eye-ſight entirely, and firmly believed himſelf in the poſſeſſion of the fiends: nor did they deſiſt from this exerciſe, until he was reconveyed by the larboard-ſide to the poop, where this miſerable object lay bruiſed, breathleſs, and covered with a cold ſweat, and in ſuch perturbation of ſpirits that he ſcarce knew what he had undergone.

Don Quixote ſeeing Sancho flying in that manner without wings, aſked the general, if it was a ceremony practiſed upon every perſon at his firſt going on board; for, in that caſe, as he himſelf did not intend to make profeſſion of a ſeafaring life, he had no ambition to perform ſuch an exerciſe; and he vowed to God, if any man ſhould attempt to ſeize him, as a fit ſubject for flying, he would ſpurn his ſoul out of his body; in confirmation of which reſolve, he ſtarted up, and laying his hand upon his ſword, put himſelf in a poſture of defence.

At that inſtant the awning was furled, and the main-yard lowered with ſuch a terrible noiſe, that Sancho imagined the heavens were tore from off their hinges and tumbling down upon his head, which he forthwith ſhrunk between his legs in an agony of terror: nor was all ſerene in the breaſt of Don Quixote; who, while his legs trembled under him, ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, and changed colour. The crew having hoiſted the main-yard, with the ſame expedition and noiſe which were made in it's deſcent; while they themſelves continued as ſilent as if they had been altogether without breath or utterance, the boatſwain piped all hands to weigh anchor, and leaping into the middle of the gangway, began to ply their ſhoulders with his ſupple-jack, or bull's-pizzle, and the galley by little and little ſtood out to ſea.

Sancho beholding ſuch a huge body, moved by ſo many painted feet, for ſuch he took the oars to be, ſaid within himſelf, 'This, indeed, is really in-'chantment; but what my maſter takes 'for it is no ſuch matter. What have 'theſe miſerable wretches done to be 'ſcourged in this manner? and I won-

'der how the devil that ſingle man, 'who ſkips up and down, piping and 'whiſtling, dares whip and flog ſo ma- 'ny people; now, on my conſcience, I 'believe this is helliſ , or purgatory 'at leaſt!'

Don Quixote perceiving with what attention the ſquire obſerved every circumſtance, 'Friend Sancho,' ſaid he, 'with what facility and diſpatch might 'you now, if you pleaſe, ſtrip your- 'ſelf from the middle upwards, and 'taking your place among theſe gen- 'tlemen, finiſh at once the diſenchant- 'ment of Dulcinea; for, amidſt the 'diſtreſs of ſo much good company, 'you would hardly be ſenſible of bodily 'pain: and who knows, but the ſage 'Merlin would reckon each of theſe 'ſtripes, which are beſtowed with good- 'will, equivalent to ten of thoſe, which, 'at the long run, you muſt receive 'from your own hand.' The general had juſt opened his mouth to enquire about the nature of this flagellation, and Dulcinea's diſenchantment, when a mariner came and told him, that the fort of Munjuy had made ſignal of a rowing bark upon the coaſt, to the weſtward. He no ſooner received this intelligence, than advancing into a gang-way, 'Pull away, my 'lads!' cried he, 'let not this cor- 'ſair brigantine eſcape; for certainly 'ſhe muſt be a veſſel belonging to 'Algiers which the caſtle has diſco- 'vered.'

The other three gallies ranging alongſide of the admiral to receive orders, the general directed that two of them ſhould ſtand out to ſea, and the other keep along ſhore, ſo that the Algerine ſhould not eſcape. The ſlaves immediately began to ply their oars, which impelled the gallies with ſuch velocity, that they ſeemed to fly; while the two that put to ſea, at the diſtance of two miles, diſcovered a bark, which, from the view, they judged to have fourteen or fifteen banks, and their conjecture was right. This veſſel no ſooner deſcried the gallies, than ſhe made the beſt of her way, in hope of being able to eſcape by her nimbleneſs; but ſhe was baffled in this expectation; for the admiral being one of the ſwifteſt gallies that ever ſailed, came up with her apace, and the captain of the brigantine perceiving plainly that he could not eſcape, deſired the rowers to quit their oars and ſtrike, that he might not by his obſtinacy incenſe the officer who commanded the gallies: but fate, which conducted their affairs in another manner, ordained, that even after the admiral was within hearing, and ordered them to ſtrike, two Toraquis, that is, a couple of drunken Turks, belonging to the brigantine, diſcharged two firelocks, which killed as many ſoldiers who chanced to be in the head of the galley; an incident which was no ſooner perceived by the general, than he ſwore he would not leave one perſon alive in the brigantine, which he ordered his people to board with all expedition; nevertheleſs, ſhe, for the preſent, eſcaped under the oars, and the galley had ſuch way, that ſhe ſhot a-head to a good diſtance, ſo that the people on board the chace, ſeeing themſelves in danger of being deſtroyed, hoiſted their ſails and put before the wind, while the galley tacked and purſued with all her force of canvas and of oars. The diligence and dexterity of the Algerines did not turn out ſo much to their advantage, as their preſumption conduced to their prejudice; for, the admiral running along-ſide, grappled with the brigantine, and took the whole crew priſoners. The other two gallies came up, and all returned with the prize to the road, while a great concourſe of people flood on the beach, to ſee the contents of the ſhip they had taken. The general anchored cloſe by the ſhore, and underſtanding the viceroy of the city was among the ſpectators, he ordered the barge to be hoiſted out to fetch him on board, and commanded the yard to be lowered for the convenience of hanging the maſter of the brigantine, and the other Turks he had taken, to the number of thirty-ſix, all ſtout young fellows, and moſtly Turkiſh muſqueteers. When he aſked who commanded the brigantine, one of the priſoners, who was afterwards known to be a Spaniſh renegado, anſwered in Caſtilian, 'That there young 'man is our maſter;' pointing to one of the moſt beautiful and genteel youths that human imagination can conceive, whoſe age to all appearance was under twenty. 'Ill-adviſed dog,' ſaid the general, 'what induced thee to 'kill my ſoldiers, when thou ſaweſt it 'was impoſſible to eſcape? Is that the 'reſpect which is due to admiral gal- 'lies?'

'lies? Doſt thou not know, that raſh-
'neſs is not valour, and that doubtful
'hopes ought to make men reſolute,
'but not deſperate?'

The Moor was about to reply, but the general could not at that time hear his anſwer, becauſe he was obliged to go and receive the viceroy, who had juſt entered the galley, with ſome of his own ſervants, and a few other perſons. 'Ge-
'neral,' ſaid this nobleman, 'you have
'had a fine chace.'—'Aye, ſo fine,' replied the other, 'that your excellency
'ſhall ſee it preſently hoiſted up at the
'yard-arm.'—'For what reaſon?' ſaid the viceroy. 'I mean, the maſter of
'the brigantine and his crew,' anſwered the commodore, 'who have, againſt all
'law, reaſon, and cuſtom of war, killed
'two of the beſt ſoldiers that ever ſerved
'on board; ſo that I have ſworn to
'hang all the priſoners, eſpecially this
'youth who was their captain,' pointing to the handſome Moor; who, by this time, waited for execution, with his hands tied, and a rope about his neck.

The viceroy, ſurveying this unhappy priſoner, (whoſe beauty, genteel mien, and humility, ſerved him inſtead of a recommendation) was ſeized with the deſire of ſaving his life, and approaching him, 'Tell me, corſair,' ſaid he,
'art thou a Turk, Moor, or Renegado?' To this queſtion the youth anſwered, in the Caſtilian tongue, 'I am neither
'Turk, Moor, or Renegado.'—'Then,
'what art thou?' reſumed the viceroy.
'A Chriſtian woman,' replied the captive. 'A Chriſtian woman,' cried the viceroy, 'in ſuch dreſs and ſituation!
'this is a circumſtance more worthy of
'admiration than of credit.'—'Gen-
'tlemen,' ſaid the youth, 'be ſo good
'as to ſuſpend my execution, until I
'ſhall have recounted the particulars
'of my ſtory; and that ſmall delay
'will not much retard the accompliſh-
'ment of your revenge.' What heart could be ſo obdurate as not to relent at this addreſs; ſo far at leaſt, as to hear the ſtory of the afflicted youth? The general, accordingly, told him he might proceed with his relation, but by no means expect pardon for the crime of which he was convicted. With this permiſſion he began in theſe terms.

'I was born of that nation, more
'unfortunate than wiſe, which hath
'been lately overwhelmed by a ſea of
'trouble: in other words, my parents
'were Moors; and, in the torrent of
'their misfortune, I was carried
'by two uncles into Barbary, not-
'withſtanding my profeſſing myſelf a
'Chriſtian; not one of thoſe impoſtors,
'who are ſo only in appearance, but a
'true and faithful Roman catholick.
'This declaration did not avail me
'with thoſe who had the charge of our
'miſerable expulſion; nor was it be-
'lieved by my uncles, who, on the
'contrary, ſuppoſing it no more than
'a lye, and expedient, by which I
'thought to obtain permiſſion to re-
'main in my native country, hurried
'me along with them in a forcible
'manner. My mother was a Chriſtian,
'and my father a prudent man of the
'ſame religion: I ſucked in the ca-
'tholick faith when an infant at the
'breaſt, and was trained up in the
'ways of virtue; nor do I think I
'have ever given the leaſt marks of
'Mahometaniſm, either in word or
'deed. In equal pace with my virtue,
'(for I really think my life was vir-
'tuous) my beauty, ſuch as it is, hath
'ever walked; and notwithſtanding
'the extraordinary reſerve in which I
'lived, concealed from publick view,
'it was my fate to be ſeen by a young
'cavalier, called Don Gregorio, eldeſt
'ſon of a gentleman who had an eſtate
'in our neighbourhood. How he be-
'came deſperately enamoured of me,
'and how I grew fond of him to diſ-
'traction, it would be tedious to re-
'late, conſidering my preſent ſituation,
'ſtanding as I am, with the fatal cord
'between my tongue and throat: I
'ſhall therefore only obſerve, that
'Don Gregorio reſolved to accompany
'me in my exile, and actually mingled
'with thoſe Moors who joined us in
'different places, without being diſ-
'covered; for he ſpoke the language
'perfectly well. Nay, in the courſe
'of our voyage, he inſinuated himſelf
'into the friendſhip of my two uncles,
'with whom I travelled; for my father,
'who was a man of prudence and
'foreſight, no ſooner heard the firſt
'mandate for our expulſion, than he
'went abroad to foreign kingdoms in
'queſt of an aſylum for his family,
'leaving a large quantity of pearls,
'valuable jewels, with ſome money, in
'cruſadoes and doubloons of gold,
'concealed and interred in a certain

'place, to which I alone was privy; 'and laying ſtrong injunctions upon me 'to avoid touching this treaſure, in caſe 'we ſhould be exiled before his return. 'I obeyed his commands in this parti-'cular, and as I have already obſerved, 'ſet ſail with my uncles, relations, and 'friends, for Barbary; and the place 'in which we ſettled was Algiers, 'whereas we might as well have taken 'up our habitation in hell itſelf. The 'king hearing of my beauty, and the 'report of my wealth, which was partly 'fortunate for my deſigns, ordered me 'to be brought before him, and aſked 'from what part of Spain I had come, 'and what money and jewels I had 'brought to Barbary. I told him the 'place of my nativity, and gave him to 'underſtand that the money and jewels 'were buried under-ground: but that I 'ſhould eaſily recover the whole hoard, 'provided I could return alone for that 'purpoſe. This information I gave, 'that he might be more blinded by his 'own avarice than my beauty: but, 'during the converſation, a perſon told 'him that I was accompanied in my 'voyage by one of the moſt beautiful 'and genteel youths that ever was ſeen. 'I immediately underſtood that this was 'no other than Don Gaſper Gregorio, 'whoſe beauty far exceeds the faireſt 'that ever was extolled; and was ex-'ceedingly afflicted at the proſpect of 'danger to which the dear youth might 'be expoſed; for, among thoſe bar-'barous Turks, a boy or handſome 'youth is more prized and eſteemed than 'any woman, let her be never ſo beau-'tiful.

'The king forthwith ordered his 'people to bring Don Gregorio into his 'preſence, and in the mean time aſked 'me if his perſon actually correſponded 'with this report. Then I, as if in-'ſpired by Heaven, anſwered in the 'affirmative; though at the ſame time 'I aſſured him, it was no youth, but 'a woman like myſelf; and begged 'leave to go and dreſs her in her na-'tural attire, which would ſhew her 'beauty to the beſt advantage, and 'enable her to appear in his pre-'ſence with leſs confuſion. He ſaid I 'might go, in good time, and that 'ſome other day he would concert 'meaſures for my return into Spain, 'to bring off the hidden treaſure. 'Thus diſmiſſed, I went and explained to Don Gaſpar the riſque he would 'run in appearing as a man, and 'dreſſing him in the habit of a Mooriſh 'woman, accompanied him that ſame 'evening to the preſence of the king, 'who was ſeized with admiration at 'ſight of her beauty, and reſolved to 'keep her for a preſent to the Grand 'Signior. In order to avoid the danger 'to which this young creature might be 'expoſed in his ſeraglio, from his own 'inordinate deſires, he ordered her to be 'lodged, quartered, and attended, in the 'houſe of ſome Mooriſh ladies, whither 'ſhe was immediately conveyed; and 'what we both felt at parting, for I can-'not deny that I love him tenderly, 'I leave to the conſideration of lovers 'who have experienced ſuch a cruel ſe-'paration.

'The king afterwards contrived a 'ſcheme for my returning to Spain in 'this brigantine, accompanied by two 'native Turks, the very perſons who 'killed your ſoldiers, and that Spaniſh 'renegado,' (pointing to him who ſpoke firſt) 'who I know is a Chriſtian in his 'heart, and is much more deſirous of 'remaining in Spain than of returning 'to Barbary; the reſt of the crew are 'Moors and Turks, whom we engaged 'as rowers. The two inſolent and ra-'pacious Turks, without minding the 'order they received to land the rene-'gado and me in the habit of Chriſtians, 'with which we were provided, on the 'firſt part of Spain they could make, re-'ſolved previouſly to ſcour the coaſt, 'with a view to take prizes, fearing that 'ſhould they ſet us on ſhore before-'hand, we might meet with ſome acci-'dent which would oblige us to diſcover 'that there was a corſair on the coaſt, 'and they of conſequence run the riſk 'of being taken by the gallies. At 'night we deſcried this road, though we 'did not perceive the four gallies, and 'being diſcovered, were taken as you 'ſee. In a word, Don Gregorio re-'mains in the habit of a woman among 'the Mooriſh ladies, at the imminent 'hazard of his life, and here I ſtand 'fettered and manacled, in expectation, 'or rather in fear, of loſing that ex-'iſtence of which I am already tired. 'This, Signior, is the end of my la-'mentable ſtory, which is equally true 'and unfortunate; and all I beg of 'you is, that I may die like a Chriſtian, 'ſeeing, as I have already obſerved, I

'have

'have in no ſhape been guilty of the fault 'which hath been charged upon our un-'happy nation!'

So ſaying, ſhe ſtood ſilent, her lovely eyes impregnated with tears, which few of the ſpectators could behold unmoved; and the viceroy, whoſe diſpoſition was humane and compaſſionate, unable to ſpeak, advanced to the place, and with his own hands releaſed thoſe of the beautiful Moor.

While this Chriſtian Moor related her peregrinations, an ancient pilgrim who had followed the viceroy into the galley, kept his eyes cloſe fixed upon her countenance, and her ſtory was no ſooner finiſhed than he threw himſelf at her feet, which he bathed with his tears, while in accents interrupted with a thouſand ſighs and groans, he exclaimed, 'O, 'Anna Felix! my unhappy daughter; 'I am thy father Ricote, who have returned in ſearch of thee to Spain, be-'cauſe I could not live without thee, who 'art dear to my affection even as my 'own ſoul!'

At theſe words, Sancho opened his eyes, and raiſed his head, which he had hitherto hung in manifeſt deſpondence, reflecting upon the diſgrace of his flying adventure; and looking at the pilgrim, recognized that ſame Ricote whom he had encountered the very day on which he quitted his government: he likewiſe recollected the features of his daughter, who being by this time unbound, mingled her tears with thoſe of her father, whom ſhe tenderly embraced; and then the old man, addreſſing himſelf to the viceroy and general, 'My lords,' ſaid he, 'this is my 'daughter; not ſo happy in the inci-'dents of her life, as in her name, 'which is Anna Felix, with the ad-'dition of Ricote, as famous for her 'beauty as for her father's wealth. I left 'my country in queſt of a place where 'we ſhould be received and hoſpitably 'entertained; and having found ſuch 'an aſylum in Germany, I returned 'as a pilgrim in the company of ſome 'people of that nation, hoping to find 'my daughter, and fetch away the 'wealth which I had buried in the 'earth: my daughter was gone, but I 'recovered my hoard, which is in my 'poſſeſſion; and now, by this ſtrange 'viciſſitude which you have ſeen, I 'have retrieved that treaſure which is 'the chief object of my affection, I 'mean, my beloved daughter. If our 'innocence and mutual tears can have 'influence enough upon your integrity 'and juſtice, to open the gates of mer-'cy, O let it prevail in favour of us, 'who never offended you even in 'thought, nor in any ſhape corre-'ſponded with the deſigns of our peo-'ple, who have been juſtly expelled.' Here Sancho interpoſing, 'I am very 'well acquainted with Ricote,' ſaid he, 'and know all he has ſaid about 'his daughter Anna Felix to be true; 'but with reſpect to that other traſh 'of his comings and goings, and his 'good or evil deſigns, I neither meddle 'nor make.' Every perſon preſent expreſſed admiration at this ſtrange incident; and the general turning to the daughter, 'Every tear you let fall,' ſaid he, 'conſpires in preventing the 'performance of my oath. Live, 'beauteous Anna Felix, the term of 'your life preſcribed by Heaven; and 'let thoſe inſolent and preſumptuous 'wretches ſuffer puniſhment for the 'crimes they have committed.'

So ſaying, he ordered the two Turks, who had killed his ſoldiers, to be hanged at the yard's-arm; but the viceroy earneſtly entreated him to ſpare their lives, as their crime was rather the effect of madneſs than of preconceived deſign. The general granted his requeſt, eſpecially as he did not think it commendable to execute revenge in cold blood.

Then they began to contrive ſome method for extricating Don Gaſpar Gregorio from the danger in which he was involved; and Ricote offered to the value of above two thouſand ducats, which he had about him in pearls and jewels, to any perſon who could effect his deliverance. Many ſchemes were projected; but none of them ſeemed ſo ſenſible as that which was preſented by the fore-mentioned Spaniſh renegado, who offered to return to Algiers in ſome ſmall bark of about ſix banks, manned with Chriſtians, as he knew where, how, and when he might land with ſafety, and was well acquainted with the houſe in which Don Gaſpar remained. The general and the viceroy were dubious of the renegado, and ſcrupled to truſt him with the command of Chriſtian rowers; but Anna Felix was ſatisfied of his integrity, and her father ſaid he would engage to ranſom them,

them, should they chance to be taken and enslaved.

Matters being settled on this footing, the viceroy went ashore, after having laid strong injunctions on Don Antonio Moreno, who had invited the Moorish beauty and her father to his house, to make much of his guests, and command whatever his own palace could afford for their entertainment. Such was the charity and benevolence which Anna's beauty had infused into his heart!

CHAP. XII.

GIVING THE DETAIL OF AN ADVENTURE WHICH GAVE DON QUIXOTE MORE MORTIFICATION THAN HE HAD RECEIVED FROM ALL THE MISFORTUNES WHICH HAD HITHERTO BEFALLEN HIM.

DON Antonio's lady, as the history relates, was extremely pleased at the sight of Anna Felix, whom she received with great cordiality, equally enamoured of her beauty and discretion; for, indeed, the Moor excelled in both; and here she was visited by all the people of fashion in town, as if by toll of bell. As for Don Quixote, he gave Antonio to understand, that in his opinion, the plan they had formed for the deliverance of Don Gregorio was more dangerous than expedient; and that it would be much more effectual to set him on shore in Barbary, with his arms and horse; in which case he would bring home the young gentleman in despight of the whole Moorish race, as heretofore Don Gayferos had delivered his wife, Melisandra. Sancho, hearing this proposal, 'Consider,' said he, 'that Signior Don Gayferos delivered 'his wife from captivity on the main 'land, and carried her off to France 'through the high road; but, in this 'case, even granting we should have 'the good luck to release Don Gregorio from his confinement, we shall 'not be able to convey him hither to 'Spain, because the sea is between us 'and Barbary.'—'There's a remedy 'for all things but death,' replied the knight: 'for, if there is a bark by the 'shore, we can go aboard, in opposition to the whole universe.'—'Your 'worship describes it a very easy matter,' said the squire: 'but, between 'Said and Done, a long race may be 'run; and, for my part, I would 'stick to the offer of the renegado, 'who seems to be a very honest person, 'and a man of compassionate bowels.' Don Antonio said, that if the renegado should fail in his undertaking, they would certainly find some means for transporting the great Don Quixote to Barbary; and in two days the renegado departed in a light bark with six oars on a side, manned with a crew of approved valour. In two days after her departure the gallies likewise set sail for the Levant, after the general had begged and obtained the viceroy's promise to let him know the success of the scheme they had contrived for the deliverance of Don Gregorio, together with the fate of the lovely Anna Felix.

One morning, Don Quixote rode forth upon the strand, completely armed; for he often observed, arms were his ornaments, and fighting his diversion, and he never cared to appear in any other dress; and as he pranced along, he saw coming towards him a knight, likewise armed cap-a-pee, having a full moon painted on his shield. This apparition was no sooner within hearing, than he addressed his discourse to Don Quixote, pronouncing aloud, 'Renowned cavalier, never enough ap'plauded Don Quixote de La Mancha, 'I, the Knight of the White Moon, 'whose unheard-of exploits, may, per'adventure, recal him to your remem'brance, am come with hostile intent 'to prove the force of thine arm; to 'convince and compel thee to own 'that my mistress, whosoever she is, 'exceeds in beauty thy Dulcinea del 'Toboso, beyond all comparison: 'which truth, if thou wilt fairly and 'fully confess, thou wilt avoid thy 'own death, and spare me the trouble 'of being thy executioner; but 'shouldst thou presume to engage with 'me in single combat, and be over'come, all the satisfaction I demand 'is, that thou wilt lay aside thine 'arms, desist from travelling in quest 'of adventures, and quitting the 'field, retire to thine own habitation,

'where

'where thou ſhalt continue a whole 'year, without drawing a ſword, in 'comfortable peace and profitable 'tranquillity, which may tend to the 'augmentation of thy fortune, and 'the ſalvation of thy precious ſoul. 'On the other hand, if it be my fate to 'be vanquiſhed, my life ſhall exiſt at 'thy diſcretion; thine ſhall be the 'ſpoils of all my arms and horſe, and 'to thee ſhall be transferred all the 'fame of my atchievements: conſider 'which of theſe alternatives thou wilt 'chuſe, and anſwer me on the ſpot; 'for, on this very day, the affair muſt 'be diſpatched and determined.'

Don Quixote was aſtoniſhed and confounded, as well at the arrogance of the Knight of the White Moon, as at the cauſe of his defiance; and, after a ſhort pauſe of recollection, replied with a ſolemn tone, and countenance ſevere, 'Sir Knight of the White 'Moon, whoſe exploits have not as 'yet reached mine ear, I dare ſay you 'have never ſeen the illuſtrious Dul-'cinea; for, had you enjoyed that 'happineſs, I know you would not 'have dreamed of making ſuch a raſh 'demand: one glimpſe of her would 'have undeceived you perfectly, and 'plainly demonſtrated, that there never 'was, or will be, beauty comparable 'to that which ſhe poſſeſſes. I, there-'fore, without giving you the lye, but 'only affirming that you are egregiouſ-'ly miſtaken, accept of your defiance 'on the conditions you have propoſed, 'and will fight you forthwith, before 'the day you have pitched upon ſhall 'be elapſed; with this exception, 'however, that I will by no means 'adopt the fame of your exploits; be-'cauſe I know not how, where, or 'wherefore they were atchieved, and 'am content with my own, ſuch as 'they are: chuſe your ground there-'fore, and I will take my ſhare of the 'field; and let St. Peter bleſs what 'God ſhall beſtow.'

The Knight of the White Moon being diſcovered from the city, and ſeen talking with Don Quixote, notice was given to the viceroy; who, ſuppoſing it was ſome new adventure contrived by Don Antonio Moreno, or ſome other gentleman of the town, went down to the ſtrand, accompanied by the ſaid Don Antonio, and a number of other cavaliers, and reached the ſpot juſt as Don Quixote wheeled about on Rozinante to meaſure his diſtance. Seeing both parties ready for returning to the encounter, he placed himſelf in the middle between them, and demanded the cauſe that induced them ſo ſuddenly to engage in ſingle combat. The Knight of the White Moon anſwered, that it was the precedency of beauty; and briefly repeated his propoſal to Don Quixote, with the mutual acceptation of the conditions propoſed. Then the viceroy taking Don Antonio aſide, aſked if he knew this Knight of the White Moon; and if this was a joke which he intended to perpetrate upon Don Quixote. Don Antonio aſſured him that he knew not the ſtranger, nor could gueſs whether the challenge was given in jeſt or earneſt. He was a little perplexed, and dubious whether or not he ſhould allow the battle to be fought; but, as he could not conceive it to be any thing elſe than a preconcerted joke, he retired, ſaying, 'Valiant knights, ſee-'ing there is no other remedy, but 'you muſt confeſs or die; and Signior 'Don Quixote perſiſts in denying 'what you, of the White Moon, pre-'ſume to affirm; I leave you to your 'fate, and God ſtand by the righte-'ous.'

The ſtranger, in very polite terms, and well-ſelected phraſe, thanked the viceroy for the permiſſion he had granted; and his example was, in this particular, followed by Don Quixote, who, having recommended himſelf heartily to Heaven and his Dulcinea, according to his uſual practice when he engaged in any combat, turned about to take a little more ground, in imitation of his antagoniſt; then, without receiving a ſignal for engaging, either by ſound of trumpet, or any other inſtrument, both parties wheeled about at the ſame inſtant. The Knight of the White Moon having the fleeter horſe, coming up with his adverſary, before this laſt had run one third of his career, lifting up his lance purpoſely that he might not wound Don Quixote, whom, however, he encountered with ſuch an irreſiſtible ſhock, that both he and Rozinante came to the ground with a very dangerous fall: the victor inſtantly ſprung upon him, and clapping his lance to his vizor, 'Knight,' ſaid he, 'you are van-'quiſhed,

'quished, and a dead man, unless 'you acknowledge the terms of the 'defiance.' To this address the battered and astonished Don Quixote, without lifting up his beaver, replied in a languid tone and feeble voice, that seemed to issue from a tomb, 'Dulcinea del Toboso is the most 'beautiful woman in the world, and I 'the most unfortunate knight on 'earth; and, as it is not reasonable 'that my weakness should discredit this 'truth, make use of your weapon, 'knight, and instantly deprive me of 'life, as you have already divested me 'of honour.'—'By no means' said he of the White Moon: let the fame of 'my Lady Dulcinea's beauty flourish 'in full perfection; all the satisfaction 'I ask is, that the great Don Quixote 'shall retire to his own house, and 'there abide for the space of one year, 'or during the term which I shall pre-'scribe, according to the articles 'agreed upon before we engaged.' This whole dialogue was overheard by the viceroy, Don Antonio, and a number of other people who were present, and they were also ear-witnesses of the answer made by Don Quixote, who said, that as the victor had demanded nothing to the prejudice of Dulcinea, he would comply with his proposal like a true and punctual knight.

He of the White Moon hearing his declaration, turning his horse, and, bowing courteously to the viceroy, entered the city at an half gallop, whither he was followed by Don Antonio, at the desire of the viceroy, who entreated him to make enquiry, and obtain satisfactory information concerning this romantick stranger. In the mean time, they raised up Don Quixote; and uncovering his face, found him pale as death, and his forehead bedewed with a cold sweat, while Rozinante lay motionless, from the rough treatment he had received. As for Sancho, he was so overwhelmed with sorrow and vexation, that he knew not what to say or do: this unlucky incident seemed to be a dream, and he looked upon the whole scene as a matter of inchantment. Seeing his lord and master overcome, and obliged to lay aside his arms for the space of a whole year, he imagined the splendor of his exploits was eclipsed, and all those fair hopes, produced from his late promise, dispersed in the air, as smoak is dissipated by the wind, in a word, he was afraid that Rozinante was maimed for ever, and his master's bones dislocated; and even thought it would be a great mercy if he was not in a worse condition.

Finally, the viceroy ordered his people to bring a sedan, in which the knight was carried to the city, accompanied by that nobleman, who longed very much to know who this Knight of the White Moon was, by whom Don Quixote had been left in such a cruel dilemma.

CHAP. XIII.

WHICH DISCOVERS WHO THE KNIGHT OF THE WHITE MOON WAS, AND GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF THE DELIVERANCE OF DON GREGORIO—WITH OTHER INCIDENTS.

DON Antonio Moreno followed the Knight of the White Moon, who was also accompanied, and even persecuted by a number of boys, until they had housed him in one of the city inns, which was at the same time entered by Don Antonio, who burned with impatience to know what he was; and, without ceremony, intruded himself into the apartment to which the stranger retired, with his squire, to be unarmed. He of the White Moon, perceiving how much the gentleman's curiosity was inflamed, and that he was resolved to stick close by him until it should be satisfied, 'Signior,' said he, 'I am not ignorant that you are come 'hither on purpose to know who I 'am; and as there is no reason why 'I should refuse you that satisfaction, I 'will, while my servant is employed in 'taking off my armour, explain the 'whole mystery, without the least re-'serve: you must know, then, Sig-'nior, that I am called the Batchelor 'Sampson Carrasco, a townsman of 'Don Quixote de La Mancha, whose 'madness and extravagance has given 'great concern to all his acquaintance, 'and to me in particular. Believing 'that his recovery would depend upon 'his living quietly at his own habitation, 'I projected a scheme for compelling 'him to stay at home; and, about three 'months ago, sallied forth upon the 'highway,

'highway, as a knight-errant, assuming the appellation of the Knight of the Mirrours, fully resolved to engage and vanquish Don Quixote, without hurting him dangerously, after I should have established, as the condition of our combat, that the vanquished should be at the discretion of the victor: and, as I deemed him already conquered, my intention was to demand that he should return to his own house, from which he should not stir for the space of one year, in which time I hoped his cure might be effected. But fate ordained things in another manner; I was conquered and overthrown, and my design entirely frustated; he proceeded in quest of new adventures, and I returned vanquished, ashamed, and sorely bruised by the dangerous fall I had sustained in battle: nevertheless, I did not lay aside the design of returning in quest of him to overthrow him in my turn, and you have this day seen my intention succeed; for he is so punctual in observing the ordinances of chivalry, that he will, doubtless, perform his promise in complying with my demand. This, Signior, is an account of the whole affair: nor have I omitted one circumstance; and I beg you will not discover and disclose to Don Quixote who I am, that my Christian intention may take effect, and the poor gentleman retrieve his judgement, which would be altogether excellent, were he once abandoned by those mad notions of chivalry.'—'God forgive you, Signior,' cried Don Antonio, 'for the injury you have done the world, in seeking to restore to his senses the most agreeable madman that ever lived! Do not you perceive, Signior, that the benefit resulting from the cure of Don Quixote will never counterbalance the pleasure produced by his extravagances? But, I imagine, all the care and industry of Signior Batchelor will hardly be sufficient to effect the recovery of a man who is so thoroughly mad, and, if it was no breach of charity, I would say, May Don Quixote never be cured; for, in his recovery, we not only lose his own diverting flights, but also those of his squire Sancho Panza; and any of these conceits are such as might convert Melancholy herself into merriment and laughter: nevertheless, I shall put a seal upon my lips, and say nothing, that I may see whether or not I shall judge aright, in supposing that the diligence of Signior Carrasco will not answer his expectation.' The batchelor answered, that all things considered, the business was already in a fair way; and, he did not doubt, would be blessed with a prosperous issue. Don Antonio having made a tender of his services, and taken his leave, Sampson ordered his arms to be fastened upon a mule; then mounting the horse on which he engaged Don Quixote, he quitted the city the same day, on his return to his own country, in which he arrived without having met with any incident worthy of being recorded in this authentick history. Don Antonio made the viceroy acquainted with all the particulars he had learned from Carrasco, which afforded no great pleasure to that nobleman, as the retirement of Don Quixote would destroy all that entertainment enjoyed by those who had the opportunity of observing his madness.

Six whole days did Don Quixote lie a-bed, pensive, melancholy, mauled, and meagre, revolving in his imagination, and meditating incessantly on the unfortunate incident of his overthrow; notwithstanding the consolations of Sancho, who, among other arguments of comfort, exhorted his worship to hold up his head, and dispel his sorrow, if possible. 'Your worship,' said he, 'has reason to thank God, that, though you are overthrown, your ribs are still whole: you know that, in those matters, we must take as well as give; and where there are hooks we do not always find bacon—A fig for the physician, seeing we do not want his help in the cure of this distemper: let us return to our habitation, and leave off travelling about in quest of adventures, through lands and countries unknown; nay, if we rightly consider the case, I am the greatest loser, though your worship is the most roughly handled; for though, when I quitted the government, I likewise quitted all thought of governing, I did not give up the desire of being a count, which will never be fulfilled if your worship should renounce your

'design of being a king, and quit the 'exercise of chivalry; in that case all 'my hopes must vanish into smoke.'— 'Peace, Sancho,' said the disconsolate knight; 'the term of my penance and 'retirement will not exceed a year, at 'the end of which I will return to the 'honourable duties of my profession, 'and then we shall find kingdoms to 'conquer and countships to bestow.'— 'The Lord give ear, and my sin never 'hear!' cried Sancho: 'and I have al-'ways heard it said, that righteous hope 'is better than unjust possession.'

Their conversation was interrupted by Don Antonio; who, entering the apartment with marks of infinite satisfaction, exclaimed—'Money for my 'good news, Signior Don Quixote: 'Don Gregorio, and the renegado 'who undertook his deliverance, are 'now in the road—in the road! they 'are, by this time, in the viceroy's 'palace, and will be here in an in-'stant.' The knight was a little revived by these tidings, and replied—'In truth, I was going to say, I should 'have been glad to hear that the 'scheme had not succeeded, so that I 'should have been obliged to cross 'over into Barbary, where I would, 'by the strength of my arm, have 'given liberty not only to Don Gre-'gorio, but also to all the Christian 'captives in Algiers—but what am 'I saying, miserable caitif? am not I 'vanquished? am not I overthrown? 'am not I excluded from the exercise 'of arms for the space of a whole 'year? wherefore, then, promise what I 'cannot perform? wherefore praise my 'own valour, when I am fitter for 'handling a distaff than for wielding 'a sword?'—'No more of that, good 'Signior,' replied the squire; 'Let the 'hen live though she has the pip: To-'day for thee, and to-morrow for me: 'as to those matters of encounters and 'dry battings, they are not to be 'minded; for he that falls to-day 'may rise to-morrow, if he does not 'chuse to lie a-bed; I mean, if he does 'not chuse to despair, without endea-'vouring to recover fresh spirits for fresh 'adventures. Get up, therefore, I be-'seech your worship, and receive Don 'Gregorio; for the people are in such an 'uproar, that by this time he must be 'in the house.'

This was really the case: Don Gregorio and the renegado having given the viceroy an account of the voyage and success of the undertaking, the young gentleman, impatient to see his dear Anna Felix, was come with his deliverer to the house of Don Antonio; and although Don Gregorio was in woman's apparel when they delivered him from Algeirs, he had exchanged it in the vessel with another captive by whom he was accompanied; but, in any dress whatsoever, his appearance was such as commanded friendship, service, and esteem; for he was exceedingly beautiful, and seemingly not above seventeen or eighteen years of age. Ricote and his daughter went forth to receive him; the father with tears of joy, and Anna with the most modest deportment: nor did this fair couple embrace one another; for, where genuine love prevails, such freedom of behaviour is seldom indulged. The beauty of Don Gregorio and his mistress excited the admiration of all the spectators; while silence spoke for the lovers themselves, and their eyes performing the office of the tongue, disclosed the joy of their virtuous thoughts. The renegado recounted the stratagem and means he had used for the deliverance of the youth; who likewise entertained the company with a detail of the dangers and distresses to which he was exposed among the women with whom he had been left; and this task he performed not with diffused prolixity, but in elegant and concise terms, which plainly proved that his discretion far exceeded his years. Finally, Ricote liberally rewarded the rowers and the renagado, who re-united and re-incorporated himself with the church, and from a rotten member, became fair and sound, by dint of mortification and sincere repentance.

Two days after the arrival of Don Gregorio, the viceroy consulted with Don Antonio about the means of obtaining permission for Anna Felix and her father to reside in Spain, as they were persuaded that no inconvenience could arise from such indulgence to a daughter who was so perfectly a Christian, and a father so righteously disposed. Don Antonio offered to negociate this affair at court, whither he was pressingly called by his own occasions; observing, that by dint of interest and presents many difficulties are removed.

removed. Ricote, who was present at this conversation, said, 'There is nothing to be hoped from favour or presents; neither tears, entreaties, promises, nor presents, will avail with the great Don Bernandino de Velasco, Count de Selaza, to whom his majesty has entrusted the charge of our expulsion; for, although he really tempers justice with mercy, as he perceives the whole body of our nation contaminated and gangrened, he applies the actual cautery instead of the mollifying ointment; so that, by his diligence, prudence, sagacity, and terrifying threats, he has sustained upon his able shoulders the weight of that vast project which he has successfully put in execution, without suffering his Argus eyes, which are always alert, to be blinded by all our industry, stratagem, fraud, and solicitation. He is resolved that none of our people shall remain concealed; lest, like an hidden root, they may hereafter bud and bring forth fruit which may be poisonous to Spain, already cleansed and delivered from those fears that arose from the prodigious number of Moors: an heroick resolution of the great Philip III. who has, at the same time, displayed the most consummate wisdom, in committing the execution of the scheme to the courage and ability of Don Bernandino de Velasco.'—'Nevertheless,' said Don Antonio, 'I will, while at court, use all possible means in your behalf, and leave the determination to Heaven; Don Gregorio shall go along with me, and console his parents for the grief they have suffered from his absence; Anna Felix shall stay with my wife, or be boarded in a monastery; and, I know, my lord viceroy will be pleased to lodge honest Ricote until we shall see the issue of my negociation.' The viceroy agreed to every circumstance of the proposal; but Don Gregorio, being informed of the scheme, declared he neither could nor would leave his charming Anna Felix. At length, however, he assented to the proposal, resolving to go and visit his parents, with whom he would concert measures for returning to fetch away his mistress; so that Anna Felix remained with Don Antonio's lady, and Ricote staid in the viceroy's palace.

The hour of Antonio's departure arrived; and, in two days, was followed by that of Don Quixote, whose fall would not permit him to travel before that time. The parting of the lovers was attended with weeping, sighing, sobbing, and swooning; and Ricote offered to accommodate Don Gregorio with a thousand crowns; but the young gentleman would take but five, which he borrowed of Don Antonio, promising to repay them at court. Thus they set out together for Madrid; and soon after, as we have already observed, Don Quixote and Sancho departed from Barcelona; the knight unarmed, in a travelling dress, and the squire trudging a-foot, because Dapple carried the armour of his master.

CHAP. XIV.

TREATING OF THAT WHICH WILL BE SEEN BY HIM WHO READS, AND KNOWN BY HIM WHO HEARS IT READ.

DON Quixote, in leaving Barcelona, turned about to survey the fatal spot in which he had fallen, and thus exclaimed: 'Here Troy once 'stood! here, by misfortune, not by 'cowardice, was I despoiled of all 'the glory I had acquired! Here did I 'feel the vicissitudes of fortune! 'here all my atchievements were 'eclipsed? and, finally, here fell my 'fortune, never more to rise!' Sancho hearing this effusion, 'Signior,' said he, 'it is the part of a valiant man 'to bear with patience his sufferings 'and adversity, as well as to enjoy his 'prosperity with good humour. I judge 'from my own feeling; for, if I was 'merry when a governor, I am not 'melancholy now that I am a poor 'squire travelling a-foot; and I have 'often heard, that she we call Fortune is 'a drunken, fickle female, and so blind 'withal, that she sees not what she 'does, and knows not whom she is 'abusing, or whom exalting.'—'Sancho,' answered the knight, 'thou art 'very philosophical, and hast spoke 'with great discretion, which I know 'not where thou hast learned; I can 'tell thee, however, there is no such 'thing as fortune in the whole world; 'nor do those things which happen,

'whether good or evil, proceed from chance, but ſolely from the particular providence of Heaven; and hence comes the uſual ſaying, That every man is the maker of his own fortune. I at leaſt have been the maker of mine, though not with ſufficient prudence, and therefore my preſumptuous hopes miſcarried. I ought to have conſidered that Rozinante's weakneſs could not reſiſt the weight and magnitude of my adverſary's horſe; in a word, I tried my fortune, did what I could, found myſelf vanquiſhed and overthrown, and though I loſt mine honour, I neither did nor can forfeit my integrity, and the merit of fulfilling my promiſe; while I was a knight-errant valiant and intrepid, my hand and my performance gave credit to my exploits; and now that I am no more than a pedeſtrian ſquire, my word ſhall be confirmed by the accompliſhment of my promiſe. Make haſte, then, friend Sancho, let us return to our own country, and paſs the year of our probation, and during that term of confinement acquire freſh vigour and virtue, to reſume the never by me forgotten exerciſe of arms.'—'Signior,' anſwered the ſquire, 'the paſtime of trudging a-foot is not quite ſo pleaſant, as to move and inſtigate me to travel a great pace; let us leave theſe arms of yours, hanging like a malefactor on ſome tree; and then I, occupying the back of Dapple, with my feet no longer in the mire, we may travel juſt as your worſhip ſhall deſire or demand; but, to think that I can make long marches a-foot, is a vain ſuppoſition.'—'Thou art in the right, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'let my arms be ſuſpended in form of a trophy; and beneath, or around them, we will engrave upon the tree, an inſcription like that which appeared under the armour of Orlando—

"Let him alone theſe arms diſplace,
"Who dares Orlando's fury face."

'A moſt excellent device!' cried the ſquire; 'and if it were not that we ſhould feel the want of him in our journey, it would not be amiſs to hang up Rozinante at the ſame time.'—'Nevertheleſs,' replied Don Quixote, 'neither Rozinante nor my arms will I ſuffer to be hung up; for it ſhall never be ſaid of me, that a good ſervice met with a bad remuneration.'—'Your worſhip talks very much to the purpoſe,' ſaid Sancho; 'for according to the opinion of wiſe men, The pannel ought not to ſuffer for the fault of the aſs; and ſince your worſhip alone was to blame for the bad ſucceſs of the laſt adventure, you ought to puniſh yourſelf only, and not vent your indignation upon your bloody and already ruſted arms, or upon the meekneſs of Rozinante, or, laſtly, upon the tenderneſs of my feet, in deſiring them to walk at a pace which they cannot maintain.'

In this converſation, and other ſuch diſcourſe, they paſſed that whole day and the next four, without meeting with any incident that could interrupt their journey; on the fifth, which was a holiday, they entered a village where they ſaw a number of people making merry at the gate of an inn; and when Don Quixote approached, a countryman exclaimed, 'One of theſe gentlemen travellers, who are unacquainted with the parties, ſhall decide our wager.' The knight aſſuring them he would give his opinion freely and honeſtly, as ſoon as he ſhould be informed of the matter, the peaſant replied, 'Worthy Signior, this here is the caſe: One of our townſmen, who is ſo fat and bulky that he weighs little leſs than three hundred weight, has challenged one of his neighbours, a thin creature, not half ſo heavy, to run with him one hundred yards with equal weight. The match was accordingly made; but when the challenger was aſked how the weight of both ſhould be made equal, he inſiſted on the other's carrying the difference in bars of iron, by which means, Limberham would be upon a footing with Loggerhead.'—'By no means,' cried Sancho, interpoſing before his maſter could anſwer one word, 'to me, who have been lately a governor and a judge, as all the world knows, it belongs to reſolve theſe doubts, and give my opinion in every diſpute.'—'Speak, then, in happy time, friend Sancho,' ſaid the knight, 'for my judgment is ſo confounded and diſturbed, that I am hardly fit to throw crumbs to a cat.' With

this

this permiſſion, Sancho addreſſing himſelf to the peaſants, who had aſſembled around him, and waited his deciſion with open mouths, 'Brothers,' ſaid he, 'the demand of Loggerhead will not 'hold water, and is indeed without 'the leaſt ſhadow of juſtice; for if 'what all the world ſays be true, 'namely, that the challenged party has 'the choice of the weapons, it is not 'reaſonable that the ſaid Loggerhead 'ſhould pretend to chuſe ſuch arms 'as will encumber his adverſary, 'ſecure the victory to himſelf; it 'is therefore my opinion, that Loggerhead, the challenger, ſhall ſcrape, 'ſhave, pare, poliſh, ſlice, and take 'away, one hundred and fifty pounds 'weight of his own individual fleſh 'from different parts of his body, according to his own fancy and convenience; ſo that, leaving the other 'moiety, which will be ſufficient to 'counterbalance his antagoniſt, the 'parties may run with equal advantage.'—'Fore God!' cried one of the countrymen, hearing this wiſe deciſion, 'the gentleman has ſpoken like 'a ſaint, and given ſentence like a 'canon; but, ſure I am, Loggerhead 'will not part with an ounce, much 'leſs one hundred and fifty pounds of 'his fleſh.'—'The beſt part of the 'joke,' replied another peaſant, 'is, 'that the match cannot be run; for 'Limberham will not touch a bar of 'iron, and Loggerhead will not pare 'himſelf: let us therefore ſpend the 'half of the money in treating theſe 'gentlemen at the tavern with ſome of 'the beſt wine; and, when it rains, let 'the ſhower fall upon my cloak.'—'Gentlemen,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'I 'thank you for your invitation, but I 'really cannot tarry a moment; for 'melancholy thoughts and unlucky 'adventures oblige me to appear uncivil on this occaſion, and to travel 'faſter than the ordinary pace.' So ſaying, he clapped ſpurs to Rozinante, and ſet on; leaving them aſtoniſhed in conſequence of having ſeen and obſerved the ſtrange figure of the maſter, and the ſagacity of the ſervant, for ſuch they ſuppoſed Sancho to be. One of them could not help ſaying, 'If the 'ſervant is ſo wiſe, what muſt the 'maſter be? I'll lay a wager if they 'go to ſtudy at Salamanca, they will 'in a trice be created alcaldes of the 'court; for it is nothing but children's 'play, ſtudying and poring, and having intereſt and good luck: and 'when a man thinks leaſt about the 'matter, he finds himſelf with a white 'rod in his hand, or a mitre upon his 'head.'

That night our adventurer and his ſquire paſſed in the middle of an open field, under the ſpacious cope of heaven; and next day, proceeding on their journey, they ſaw coming towards them a man on foot, with a javelin or halfpike in his hand, and a wallet on his back; circumſtances from which they judged he was a poſt or courier. As he advanced he quickened his pace, and running to Don Quixote, embraced his right thigh, for he could reach no higher, exclaiming, with marks of extraordinary ſatisfaction, 'O my good 'Signior Don Quixote! how will the 'heart of my lord duke be rejoiced 'when he knows your worſhip is returning to his caſtle, where he ſtill 'continues with my lady ducheſs!'—'Friend,' ſaid the knight, 'I do not 'recollect your features, nor do I know 'who you are, unleſs you will be 'pleaſed to tell me.'—'Signior Don 'Quixote,' replied the courier, 'I am 'my lord duke's lacquey Toſilos, who 'refuſed to fight with your worſhip 'concerning the marriage of the duenna's daughter.'—'God in heaven 'protect me!' cried the knight, 'is it 'poſſible that you are he whom my 'enemies the enchanters transformed 'into that ſame lacquey you mention, 'to deprive me of the glory of that 'combat?'—'No more of that, worthy 'Signior,' replied the poſt; 'there was 'no inchantment in the caſe, nor any 'ſort of transformation; I was as 'much the lacquey Toſilos when I entered the liſts, as when I left them. 'I thought the girl handſome, and 'therefore would have married her 'without fighting, but the event did 'not anſwer my expectation. Your 'worſhip was no ſooner gone from the 'caſtle, than my lord duke ordered me 'to be ſeverely baſtinadoed, for having 'contradicted the inſtructions he had 'given me before I entered the liſts; 'and this is the upſhot of the whole 'affair: the girl is by this time a nun, 'Donna Rodriguez is gone back to 'Caſtile,

'Caſtile, and I am now bound for 'Barcelona with a packet of letters from 'his grace to the viceroy. If your wor'ſhip is inclined to take a ſmall draught 'of good wine, though not very cool, I 'have here a calabaſh full of the beſt, 'and ſome ſlices of Tronchon cheeſe, 'which will ſerve as provocatives and 'rouzers of thirſt, if perchance it ſhould 'be aſleep.'—'Your invitation is ac'cepted,' cried Sancho; 'truce with 'your compliments and ſkink away, 'honeſt Toſilos, maugre and in deſpite 'of all the inchanters of the Indies.'—'Verily, Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'thou art the moſt infatiate glutton in 'the univerſe, and the moſt ignorant 'animal upon earth: but, as thou art 'not perſuaded that this courier is in'chanted, and no other than a counter'feit Toſilos, thou mayeſt tarry along 'with him and fill thy belly, and I will 'jog on at a ſlow pace until thou ſhalt 'overtake me.' The lacquey ſmiled at his infatuation, unſheathed his calabaſh, unwalleted his cheeſe, and producing a ſmall loaf, he and Sancho ſat down upon the graſs, where in peace and harmony they diſpatched and diſcuſſed the contents of the wallet with great perſeverance and good-will, and even licked the packet, becauſe it ſmelled of cheeſe. During the repaſt, Toſilos ſaid to the ſquire, 'Doubtleſs, friend Sancho, thy 'maſter is bankrupt in common-ſenſe.'—'How, bankrupt!' anſwered Panza; 'he owes no man a farthing, but pays 'like a prince, eſpecially where mad'neſs is the current coin; I ſee the 'matter plain enough, and tell him 'my opinion freely: but to what 'purpoſe? Now, indeed, he is going 'home in deſpair, for having been 'vanquiſhed by the Knight of the 'White Moon.' Toſilos earneſtly begged he would recount that adventure; but Sancho declined the taſk, obſerving, that it would be unmannerly to let his maſter wait for him; though at their next meeting he ſhould have more leiſure. He accordingly ſtarted up, and ſhaking the crumbs from his garment and beard, bade adieu to Toſilos; then driving Dapple before him, ſoon came up with his maſter, whom he found waiting for him under the ſhade of a tree.

CHAP. XV.

OF THE RESOLUTION WHICH DON QUIXOTE TOOK TO BECOME A SHEPHERD, AND LEAD A PASTORAL LIFE UNTIL THE TERM OF HIS CONFINEMENT SHOULD BE ELAPSED—WITH OTHER INCIDENTS TRULY ENTERTAINING.

IF Don Quixote was perplexed with cogitation before his overthrow, much more was he fatigued by his own thoughts after his late misfortune, Under the ſhade of a tree, as we have already obſerved, did he remain, and there he was ſtung with reflections that ſwarmed like flies about honey; ſome dwelling upon the diſinchantment of Dulcinea, and others revolving plans for the life he was to lead in his compulſive retirement. When Sancho joined him, and began to expatiate upon the liberal diſpoſition of Toſilos, 'Is 'it poſſible, O Sancho,' ſaid the knight, 'that thou ſtill believeſt that 'man to be the individual lacquey? 'One would think thou hadſt forgot 'that thy own eyes have ſeen Dulcinea 'converted and transformed into a 'country wench, and the Knight of the 'Mirrours into the Bachelor Carraſco, 'by the wicked arts of thoſe inchanters 'who perſecute my virtue. But, tell 'me now, didſt thou aſk Toſilos how 'Providence hath diſpoſed of Altiſidora? Hath ſhe bewailed my abſence, or 'already conſigned to oblivion thoſe 'amorous thoughts by which ſhe was 'tormented during my reſidence at the 'caſtle?'—'My thoughts,' anſwered Sancho, 'were not ſuch as allowed me 'to aſk thoſe childiſh queſtions. Body 'O me! Signior, is your worſhip at 'preſent in a condition to enquire about other people's thoughts, eſpecially thoſe 'you call amorous?'—'Sancho,' ſaid the knight, 'you muſt conſider there 'is a wide difference between the ſug'geſtions of love, and thoſe of grati'tude: a gentleman may very well 'be inſenſible to love; but, ſtrictly 'ſpeaking, he can never be ungrate'ful. Altiſidora, in all appearance, 'loved me to diſtraction: ſhe, as thou 'very well knoweſt, made me a preſent 'of three night-caps; ſhe bewailed

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'my departure, loaded me with curses and reproach, and, in spite of maiden shame, complained of me in public; undoubted proofs of my being the object of her adoration; for the indignation of lovers usually vents itself in maledictions. I had no hopes to give, nor treasures to offer; all my affections are yielded to Dulcinea; and the treasures of knights-errant are like those of the fairies, altogether phantom and illusion: all, therefore, that I can return, is a kind remembrance, without prejudice, however, to the memory of Dulcinea, who is greatly aggrieved by thy remissness in delaying to scourge and chastise that flesh which I hope will be a prey to the wolves; seeing thou seemest more inclined to reserve it for the worms, than to use it in behalf of that poor distressed lady.'—'Signior,' answered the squire, 'if the truth must be told, I cannot persuade myself that the whipping of my posteriors can have any effect in disinchanting those who are inchanted, no more than if we should anoint the shins to cure the head-ache; at least, I will venture to swear that in all the histories your worship has read concerning knight-errantry, you have never found that any person was disinchanted by such a whipping: but be that as it may, I will lay it on when I have time, convenience, and inclination, to make free with my own flesh.'—'God grant thou mayest,' said Don Quixote; 'and Heaven give thee grace to understand and be sensible of the obligation thou hest under, to assist my mistress; who, as thou art mine, is thine also.'

With such conversation they amused themselves in travelling, until they arrived at the very spot where they had been overturned by the bulls; when Don Quixote recognizing the ground, 'This is the meadow,' said he, 'where we met the gay shepherdesses and gallant swains, who sought to renew and re-act the pastoral Arcadia, a project equally original and ingenious; in imitation of which, shouldst thou approve of the scheme, we will assume the garb and employment of shepherds during the term of our retirement. I will purchase some sheep, together with all the necessary implements of a pastoral life, and taking the name of Quixotiz, while thou shalt bear that of the swain Pancino; we will stroll about through mountains, woods, and meadows, singing here, lamenting there, drinking liquid chrystal from the gelid springs, the limpid rills, and mighty rivers. The lofty oaks will shed upon us abundance of their delightful fruit; the trunks of hardest cork trees will yield us seats; the willows will afford us shade; the rose perfume; the extended meadow, carpets of a thousand dyes; the pure serenity of air will give us breath; the moon and stars will grant us light in spite of darkness; our singing will inspire delight; our lamentations, mirth; Apollo, verses; and Love himself, conceits to render us immortal and renowned, not only in the present age, but also to the latest posterity.'—'Odds tens!' cried Sancho, 'such a life will square, aye, and be the very corner-stone of my wishes: the Batchelor Sampson Carrasco and Master Nicholas the barber, as soon as they have a glimpse of it, will wish to join us in the scheme, and turn shepherds for our company; and God grant that the curate himself may not take it in his head to enter the fold; for he is a merry companion, and a great friend to good fellowship.'—'Thou hast a very good notion,' said the knight; and if the batchelor shall be inclined to join our pastoral association, as he doubtless will, he may take the appellation of the shepherd Sansonino, or of the swain Carrascon: Nicholas the barber may be called Niculoso, as old Boscan called himself Nemoroso: and as for the curate, I know not what title we can confer upon him, except some derivative from his own name, such as the shepherd Curiambro. For the nymphs of whom we must be enamoured, there is plenty of names to chuse; but seeing that of my mistress will suit as well with a shepherdess as with a princess, I need not give myself the trouble to invent any other that might be more proper; as for thee, Sancho, thou mayest give thy mistress what appellation will please thy own fancy.'—'I have no intention,' replied the squire, 'to give her any other

'other than that of Tereſona, which 'will fit her fatneſs to an hair, as well 'as be agreeable to her own name Te-'reſa; eſpecially as in celebrating her 'in verſe, I ſhall diſcloſe my chaſte 'deſires, without going in ſearch of 'fine bread in a neighbour's houſe: 'the curate would be in the wrong to 'chuſe a ſhepherdeſs, becauſe he ought 'to ſet a good example to his flock; 'and as for the batchelor, if he has 'any ſuch inclination, Let him pleaſe 'his own ſoul, without lett or con-'troul.'

'Good Heaven! friend Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'what a life ſhall we 'lead! how will our ears be regaled 'with pipes and bagpipes of Zamora, 'tambourines, timbrels, and rebecks! 'and if theſe different kinds of muſick 'be reinforced with the ſound of the 'albogues, we ſhall have a full concert 'of all the paſtoral inſtruments.'—'And pray what are the albogues?' ſaid Sancho, 'I never ſaw nor heard 'them named before, in the whole courſe 'of my life.'—'Albogues,' anſwered the knight, 'are plates of braſs reſem-'bling candleſticks, the hollow parts of 'which being claſhed together produce 'a ſound, if not raviſhing or harmoni-'ous, at leaſt not diſagreeable nor un-'ſuited to the ruſticity of the bagpipe 'and tabor. The name of *albogues* is 'Mooriſh, as are all the words in our 'language beginning with *al*; for ex-'ample, *almoaca*, *almorcar*, *alhombra*, '*alguazil*, *alucima*, *almacen*, *alcanzia*, 'and a few others; and we have only 'three Mooriſh words ending in *i*, 'namely, *borcegui*, *zaquicami*, and '*maravedi*; as for *alheli* and *alfuqui*, 'they are known to be Arabick, as well 'from their beginning with *al*, as for 'their ending in *i*: theſe obſervations 'I have made, by the bye, in conſe-'quence of having mentioned *albogues*, 'which recalled them to my remem-'brance. But, to return to our ſcheme, 'nothing will conduce ſo much to the 'perfection of it, as my having a ta-'lent for verſification, as thou very well 'knoweſt, and the batchelor's being 'an excellent poet. Of the curate I 'ſhall ſay no thing; though I would 'lay a good wager that his collars and 'points are truly poetical: and that 'Maſter Nicholas is in the ſame fa-'ſhion I do not at all doubt; for peo-'ple of his profeſſion are famous for 'making ballads and playing on the 'guittar. For my own part, I will 'complain of abſence; thou wilt ex-'tol the conſtancy of thy own love; 'the ſwain Carraſcon will lament the 'diſdain of his miſtreſs; the curate 'Curiambro chuſe his own ſubject; and 'every thing proceed in ſuch a manner 'as to fulfil the warmeſt wiſhes.'

To this effuſion Sancho replied, 'Ve-'rily, Signior, I am ſuch an unlucky 'wretch, that I am afraid the time 'will never come when I ſhall ſee my-'ſelf in that bleſſed occupation. O 'what delicate wooden ſpoons ſhall I 'make when I am a ſhepherd! O what 'crumbs and cream ſhall I devour! 'O what garlands and paſtoral nick-'nacks ſhall I contrive! and though 'theſe may not, perhaps, add much to 'my reputation for wiſdom, they will 'not fail to convince the world of my 'ingenuity. My daughter Sanchica 'ſhall bring our victuals to the fold; 'but 'ware miſchief! the wench is 'buxom, and there are ſome ſhepherds 'more knaviſh than ſimple; I would 'not have her come out for wool and go 'home ſhorn. Thoſe ſame amours, and 'unruly deſires, are gratified in the open 'field as well as in the city chamber, in 'a ſhepherd's cot as well as in a royal 'palace. The ſin will ceaſe when the 'temptation is removed; The heart will 'not grieve for what the eye does not 'perceive; and, What prayers ne'er can 'gain, a leap from a hedge will obtain.' 'No more of your proverbs, Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'any one of thoſe 'thou haſt repeated is ſufficient to ex-'plain thy meaning; and I have often 'exhorted thee to be leſs prodigal 'of old ſaws, and keep them more 'under command; but, I ſee, it is 'like preaching to the deſart: and My 'mother whips me, and I ſcourge the 'top.'—'Under correction,' anſwered the ſquire, 'your worſhip, methinks, 'is like the frying-pan which called 'to the pot, "Avaunt black-a-moor, "avaunt!" Even in the very act of re-'buking me for uttering proverbs, 'your worſhip ſtrings them together 'in pairs.'—'But, then, you muſt 'conſider, Sancho,' ſaid Don Quix-ote, 'that when I uſe them, they are

'ſeaſonably

'seasonably brought in, and fit the 'purpose as the ring fits the finger: 'whereas, by thee, they are not 'brought in, but lugged in, as it 'were, by the head and shoulders. If 'my memory fails me not, I have formerly told thee, that proverbs are short 'sentences extracted from the experience and speculation of ancient sages; 'and a proverb unseasonably introduced, is rather an absurdity than a 'judicious apothegm. But let us quit 'the subject, and, as the day is already 'spent, retire from the highway to 'some place where we may pass the 'night; for God alone knows what 'will be to-morrow.'

They accordingly retired to a grove, where they made a late and very indifferent supper, to the no small mortification of Sancho, who ruefully reflected upon the meagre commons of chivalry, so uncomfortably discussed among woods and mountains; though his imagination was also regaled with the remembrance of that abundance which he had enjoyed at the castle, as well as at the wedding of the rich Camacho, and in the houses of Don Diego de Miranda, and Don Antonio de Moreno: but, finally, considering it could not be always day, or always night, he resolved, for the present, to sleep, while his master indulged his contemplations awake.

CHAP. XVI.

OF THE BRISTLY ADVENTURE IN WHICH DON QUIXOTE WAS INVOLVED.

THE night was a little dark; for, although the moon was in the heavens, she was invisible to the people of our hemisphere, Madam Diana having taken a trip to the Antipodes, and left our mountains obumbrated and our vallies obscured.

Don Quixote, in compliance with nature, enjoyed his first sleep without indulging himself in a second, quite contrary to the practice of Sancho, who never desired a second, because the first always lasted from night till morning; a sure sign of little care, and an excellent constitution. As for the knight, his cares interfered so much with his repose, that he wakened his squire, to whom he said, 'I am amazed, Sancho 'at the indifference of thy disposition, 'and imagine thou art made of marble 'or obdurate brass, unsusceptible of 'sentiment or emotion. I watch 'whilst thou art snoring; I weep 'whilst thou art singing; I faint with 'fasting, whilst thou art overloaded 'and out of breath with eating! It is 'the province of a good servant to 'sympathize with his master's pain, 'and to share his anguish, even for the 'sake of decorum. Observe the serenity of the sky and the solitude of 'the place, which invite us to make an 'intermission in our repose. I conjure 'thee, by thy life, to rise and go aside 'to some proper place, where, with 'good will and grateful inclination, 'thou mayest conveniently inflict upon 'thyself three or four hundred stripes, 'on account of Dulcinea's inchantment; and this favour I humbly request, without any intention to try 'again the strength of thine arms, 'which I know to be heavy and robust: after the performance of that 'task, we will pass the remainder of 'the night in harmony; I, in singing 'the torments of absence, and thou, 'in chanting the constancy of thy passion; and thus will we begin the pastoral life which we are to lead at our 'own village.'—'Signior,' answered the squire, 'I am no monk, to rise and discipline my flesh in the middle of the 'night; nor do I think the extremity 'of pain is such a provocative to music; I therefore desire your worship will let me take out my nap, 'without pressing me farther to scourge myself, lest I should grow desperate, 'and solemnly swear never to whip the 'nap of my garment, much less an 'hair of my skin.'—'Soul of a savage! flinty-hearted squire!' cried Don Quixote: 'O ill-bestowed bread! 'O ill-requited benefits, intended or 'conferred! By my means wast thou 'created governor; and through me 'alone dost thou now enjoy the near 'prospect of being a count, or something else of equal title; nor will the 'accomplishment of thy wishes be retarded longer than the term of one 'fleeting year; for, *Post tenebras 'spero lucem.*'—'Your conclusion,' said Sancho, 'I do not understand; 'but well I know, that while I sleep, 'I am troubled neither with fear nor

'hope, nor toil nor glory; and praiſe 'be to him who invented ſleep, which 'is the mantle that ſhrouds all human 'thoughts; the food that diſpels hun-'ger; the drink that quenches thirſt; 'the fire that warms the cold; the 'cool breeze that moderates heat; in a 'word, the general coin that purchaſes 'every commodity; the weight and 'balance that makes the ſhepherd even 'with his ſovereign, and the ſimple 'with the ſage: there is only one bad 'circumſtance, as I have heard, in 'ſleep, it reſembles death; inaſmuch 'as between a dead corpſe and a ſleep-'ing man there is no apparent diffe-'rence.'—'Truly, Sancho,' ſaid the knight, 'I never heard thee talk ſo 'elegantly before, whence I perceive 'the truth of the proverb which thou 'haſt often repeated, Not he with 'whom you was bred, but he by 'whom you are fed.'—'Odds my life! 'Sir maſter of mine,' cried Sancho, 'I am not the only perſon who ſtrings 'proverbs: they fall from your wor-'ſhip's mouth in couples, faſter than 'from mine; indeed, there is ſome dif-'ference; for your worſhip's proverbs 'come at a proper time, whereas mine 'are always out of ſeaſon; but, never-'theleſs, they are all proverbs.'

Thus far the converſation had pro-ceeded, when they heard a dull con-fuſed noiſe, intermingled with very harſh ſounds, that ſeemed to extend through the whole valley. The knight immediately ſtarted up and unſheathed his ſword; while the ſquire ſquatted down under Dapple, fencing himſelf on each ſide with his maſter's armour and the pannel of the aſs, being as much afraid as Don Quixote was aſ-toniſhed; for the noiſe increaſed every moment, as the cauſe of it approached the two tremblers, or rather one trem-bler, for the other's valour and cou-rage are well known. The caſe, in fact, was this: ſome dealers were driving about ſix hundred hogs to a fair; and, as they travelled in the night, the noiſe of their feet, together with their grunting and blowing, made ſuch a din, as almoſt deafened Don Quixote and Sancho, who could not conceive the meaning of ſuch an up-roar. Meanwhile, the numerous grunting herd advanced; and, without ſhewing the leaſt reſpect to the autho-rity of Don Quixote or Sancho, ran over them in a twinkling, demoliſhed the barricadoes of the ſquire, and trampled down not only the maſter, but alſo his ſteed Rozinante; the thronging, the grunting, and the hurry of thoſe unclean animals, throwing every thing in confuſion, and ſtrewing the maſter and the man, the horſe and the aſs, the pannel and the armour, along the ground. Sancho, getting up as well as he could, demanded his ma-ſter's ſword, in order to ſacrifice half a dozen of thoſe diſcourteous gentlemen porkers; for by this time he had diſ-covered what they were; but the knight refuſed to grant his requeſt, ſaying, 'Let them paſs, friend San-'cho; this affront is the puniſhment of 'my crime; and the juſt chaſtiſement 'of Heaven inflicted upon a vanquiſh-'ed knight, is, that he ſhall be de-voured by dogs, ſtung by waſps, and 'trampled upon by ſwine.'—'At that 'rate, then,' replied the ſquire, 'the 'chaſtiſement which Heaven inflicts 'upon ſquires of vanquiſhed knight-'errants, is, that they ſhall be bitten 'by fleas, devoured by lice, and aſ-'faulted by famine: if we ſquires 'were ſons of the knights we ſerve, or 'even their near relations, it would 'be no great wonder if the puniſh-'ment of our faults ſhould overtake 'us to the fourth generation: but 'what affinity is there between the 'Panzas and the Quixotes? At pre-'ſent let us put things to rights again, 'ſo that we may ſleep out the remain-'der of the night, and we ſhall be in 'better plight when God ſends us a 'new day.'—'Enjoy thy repoſe,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'thou waſt born to ſleep 'and I to watch; and during the little 'of night that remains, I will give my 'thoughts the rein, and cool the fur-'nace of my reflections with a ſhort 'madrigal, which I have this evening, 'unknown to thee, compoſed in my 'own mind.'—'In my opinion,' an-ſwered the ſquire, 'your thoughts 'could not be very troubleſome and 'unruly, if they gave you leiſure to 'make couplets; but, however, your 'worſhip may couple as many as you 'pleaſe, and I will ſleep as much as I 'can.' So ſaying, he choſe his ground, on which he huddled himſelf up, and enjoyed a moſt profound ſleep, which received no interruption from the remembrance of debt, ſurety, or

any

any other grievance. As for Don Quixote, he leaned againſt a beech or cork-tree; for Cid Hamet Benengeli has not diſtinguiſhed the genus; and, to the muſick of his own ſighs, ſung the following ſtanzas.

I.

'O Cruel love! when I endure
'The dreadful vengeance of thy bow,
'I fly to death, the only cure
'For ſuch immenſity of woe.

II.

'But, when I touch the peaceful goal,
'That port ſecure from ſtorms of ſtrife,
'The ſight revives my drooping ſoul,
'I cannot enter for my life!

III.

'Thus life exhauſts my vital flame,
'But death ſtill keeps the ſpark alive;
'O wond'rous fate! unknown to fame!
'That life ſhould kill, and death revive.'

Every verſe he accompanied with a multitude of ſighs and a torrent of tears, as if his heart had been tranſpierced with grief for his overthrow and the abſence of Dulcinea. In this ſituation he was found by the day, when Phœbus darting his rays into Sancho's eyes, the ſquire awoke, yawned, turned, ſtretched his lazy limbs, and ſurveying the havock which the ſwine had made in his ſtore, he bitterly curſed the whole herd; aye, and even went farther with his maledictions.

Then the two proceeded in their journey; and, towards the cloſe of the afternoon, deſcried about ten men on horſeback, and half that number on foot, advancing towards them; a ſight which made the knight's heart throb with ſurprize, and the ſquire's with terror; for this company was armed with lance and target, and approached in a very hoſtile manner. Don Quixote turning to his ſquire, 'Sancho,' ſaid he, 'if I could now exerciſe my arms, 'and my hands were not tied by a ſo-'lemn promiſe, I would look upon 'that machine, which comes upon us, 'with contempt, as ſo much cake and 'gingerbread; but, perhaps, it may 'be ſomething elſe than we apprehend.' He had ſcarce pronounced theſe words, when the horſemen coming up, and couching their lances, ſurrounded him in a trice; then clapping the points of their weapons to his back and breaſt, ſeemed to threaten immediate death and deſtruction; while one of thoſe on foot, laying his finger on his mouth, as a ſignal for him to be ſilent, ſeized Rozinante's bridle, and led him out of the highway. The reſt of the footpads drove Sancho and Dapple before them, and, while a wonderful ſilence prevailed, followed the knight, who attempted twice or thrice to aſk whither they conducted him, and what they wanted; but ſcarce had he began to move his lips when they threatened to ſhut them for ever with the points of their ſpears. The ſame menaces were practiſed upon Sancho, who no ſooner expreſſed a deſire to be talking, than he was pricked in the poſteriors with a goad by one of his attendants; and Dapple met with the ſame fate, as if he too had made a motion to ſpeak, like his maſter.

As night approached they quickened their pace, and the terrors of the captives increaſed in proportion as the darkneſs deepened, eſpecially as their guard pronounced from time to time, 'Diſpatch, ye Troglodytes! ſilence, 'ye Barbarians! now ye ſhall ſuffer, 'ye Antropophagi! not a word of com-'plaint, ye Scythians! open not your 'eyes, ye murderous Polyphemuſes! 'ye carnivorous lions and beaſts of 'prey.' With theſe and other ſuch appellations, they tormented the ears of the miſerable maſter and the forlorn Sancho, who ſaid within himſelf, 'Draggle doits! Barber Anns! Henry 'puff a Jay! City hens! and Paulfa-'mouſes! theſe are fine names with a 'vengeance! I'm afraid this is a bad 'wind for winnowing our corn! the 'miſchief comes upon us altogether, 'like drubbing to a dog; and I wiſh this 'miſventrous adventure, that threatens 'ſo diſmally, may end in nothing 'worſe!' As for Don Quixote, he was utterly aſtoniſhed and confounded; nor could he, with all his reflection, comprehend the meaning of his own captivity, and thoſe reproachful terms, from which he could only conclude, that no good but a great deal of miſchief was to be expected. In this ſtate of anxious ſuſpenſe he continued till about an hour after it was dark, when they arrived at a caſtle; which the knight immediately recognizing to be the duke's habitation, where he had ſo lately reſided, 'Good Heaven!' cried

he, 'where will this adventure end! 'surely this is the dwelling place of 'politeneſs and hoſpitality; but to 'thoſe who are vanquiſhed, good is con-'verted into bad, and bad to worſe.' This ejaculation he uttered as they entered the court of the caſtle, which was decorated in a ſtrange manner that increaſed their admiration, and redoubled their fear, as will be ſeen in the following chapter.

CHAP. XVII.

OF THE MOST SINGULAR AND STRANGEST ADVENTURE THAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE IN THE WHOLE COURSE OF THIS SUBLIME HISTORY.

THE horſemen alighting, with the aſſiſtance of thoſe who were on foot, ſnatched up the bodies of Don Quixote and Sancho, and carried them haſtily into the court of the caſtle, round which above a hundred flaming torches were placed, and the corridores of the court were illuminated by five hundred tapers, ſhining with ſuch a blaze, that, in ſpite of the night, which was dark, there was no want of the day. In the middle of the court appeared a monument raiſed about two yards from the ground, and covered with a ſpacious canopy of black velvet; and, upon the ſteps that led up to it, above a hundred tapers of virgin wax ſtood burning in ſilver candleſticks. On the tomb lay the body of a young damſel, whoſe beauty was ſuch as rendered death itſelf beautiful; her head was raiſed on a cuſhion of brocard, and crowned with a garland of various odoriferous flowers; and in her hands, that were croſſed upon her breaſt, appeared a bough of green victorious palm. On one ſide of the court was erected a theatre, on which were ſeated two perſonages, whom their crowns and ſceptres declared to be either real or fictitious kings; and hard by the theatre, which was furniſhed with ſteps, two other chairs, upon which Don Quixote and Sancho were ſeated by their captors, who ſtill maintained their former ſilence, the obſervance of which they likewiſe recommended, by ſigns, to our hero and his ſquire; though theſe injunctions were altogether ſuperfluous; for their aſtoniſhment at what they ſaw, had effectually tied their tongues; and, indeed, how could they help being aſtoniſhed at ſight of this apparatus! conſidering, too, that by this time the knight had diſcovered the dead body on the tomb to be no other than the beauteous Altiſidora? At this juncture, two noble perſonages, with a numerous retinue, aſcended the theatre, and ſeated themſelves in magnificent chairs, hard by the figures that were crowned; then Don Quixote and Sancho, perceiving the new comers to be their former entertainers, the duke and ducheſs, roſe up and bowed with great veneration, and their graces, riſing alſo, returned the compliment with a ſlight inclination of the head. And now an officer croſſing the court, and approaching Sancho, threw over him a robe of black buckram, painted all over with flames of fire; at the ſame time pulling off his cap, he put upon his head one of thoſe paſteboard mitres which are worn by the penitents of the holy office; and in a whiſper adviſed him to keep his lips faſt ſewed together, unleſs he had a mind to be gagged or put to death without mercy. Sancho ſurveyed himſelf from head to foot, and ſaw his robe in flames; but as they did not burn, he valued them not a farthing; then he took off his mitre, and perceiving it figured with pictures of fiends, ſet it on his head again, ſaying to himſelf, 'As the flames do not 'burn, and the fiends do not fly away 'with me, I am very well ſatisfied.' Don Quixote likewiſe ſurveyed the ſquire; and, although his reflection was ſtill diſturbed with fear and ſuſpenſe, could not help ſmiling at the ludicrous figure.

Sancho being thus equipped, a low yet agreeable ſound of flutes ſeemed to iſſue from beneath the tomb, and being uninterrupted by any human voice, for here ſilence itſelf kept ſilence, produced a very ſoft and pleaſing melody. Then all of a ſudden, a beautiful youth, in a Roman habit, appeared cloſe by the cuſhion on which the ſeemingly dead body repoſed, and to the ſound of the harp on which he himſelf played, with a ſweet harmonious voice he ſung the two following ſtanzas—

I, 'TILL

I.

'TILL fair Altisidora, slain
'By Quixote's cruelty, return;
And all th' inchanted female train
'Her hapless fate in sack-cloth mourn;
'Until duennas clad in baize
'Appear in presence of her grace,
'I'll celebrate the nymph in lays
'That would not shame the bard of
'Thrace.

II.

'Nor shall thy beauty fade unsung,
'When life forsakes my gelid veins;
'My clay-cold lips and frozen tongue,
'In death shall raise immortal strains.
'My soul when freed from cumb'rous clay,
'Her flight o'er Stygian waves shall take;
'And while on Lethe's banks I stray,
'My song shall charm th' oblivious lake.'

Here he was interrupted by one of the two pretended kings; who said—'Enough, divine songster! it would 'be an infinite task to describe the 'death and beauties of the peerless 'Altisidora, not dead as the ignorant 'world imagines, but alive in the voice 'of fame, and in the penance which 'Sancho Panza here present must un-'dergo, in order to restore her to the 'light she has lost; and therefore, O 'Rhadamanthus! who sittest with me 'in judgment, within the gloomy ca-'verns of Lethe, as thou art intimately 'acquainted with all the determina-'tions of the inscrutable fates, touch-'ing the revival of this damsel, relate 'and declare them without loss of 'time, that we may no longer delay 'that happiness which we expect from 'her recovery.'

Scarce had Minos pronounced these words, when his fellow-judge and companion Rhadamanthus stood up, saying—'So ho! ye ministers of this house, 'high and low, great and small, come 'hither one by one, and mark the 'face, the arms, and loins of Sancho, 'with two dozen of tweaks, one dozen 'of pinches, and half a dozen pricks 'with a pin; for upon this execution 'depends the revival of Altisidora.' Sancho Panza hearing this sentence, broke silence, and exclaimed aloud—'I 'vow to God, I will sooner turn Turk, 'than allow my face to be marked or 'my flesh to be handled in any such 'manner. Body o' me! what has the 'pinching of my face to do with the 'resurrection of that damsel. The old 'woman has got a liquorish tooth, 'forsooth, and she is still licking her 'fingers. Dulcinea is inchanted, and 'I must be scourged for the disin-'chantment of her ladyship: Altisidora 'is dead by the hand of God, and in 'order to bring her to life, I must 'suffer two dozen of tweaks, my body 'must be pinked into a sieve with large 'pins, and my arms pinched into all 'the colours of the rainbow! Such jokes 'may pass upon a brother-in-law; but 'I am an old dog, and will not be 'coaxed with a crust.'—'Then thou 'shalt die,' cried Rhadamanthus with an audible voice. 'Tame that savage 'heart of thine, thou tyger; humble 'thyself, thou proud Nimrod! suffer 'and be silent. We ask not impos-'sibilities, and therefore thou must 'not pretend to examine the difficulties 'of this affair: tweaked thou shalt be; 'pinked shalt thou find thyself, and 'pinched until thy groans declare thine 'anguish.—So ho! I say, ye ministers! 'execute my command, or by the faith 'of an honest man, you shall see for 'what you were born!'

In consequence of this summons, six duennas came walking through the court yard in procession, one by one, the four first with spectacles, and each with her right-arm raised, about four inches of the wrist being bared according to the present fashion, that the hand may seem the larger. Sancho no sooner beheld these matrons, than he began to bellow like a bull; exclaiming—'I 'might have allowed myself to be 'handled by all the world besides, but 'that duennas should touch me I will 'by no means consent! they may cat-'claw my face, as my master was serv-'ed in this very castle; they may run 'me through the guts with daggers of 'steel; they may tear the flesh off my 'arms with red-hot pincers; all these 'tortures will I bear patiently, for the 'service of these noble persons: but I 'say again, the devil shall fly away 'with me before I suffer a duenna to 'lay a finger on my carcase!' Then Don Quixote addressing himself to Sancho, broke silence in these terms—'Ex-'ert thy patience, my son, for the sa-'tisfaction of these noble personages, 'and give thanks to Heaven, which hath 'indued thy person with such virtue, 'that by the martyrdom of thy flesh, 'the inchanted are delivered from in-'chantment, and even the dead revived.'

By

By this time the duennas had surrounded Sancho; who, being softened and persuaded, seated himself in a proper posture, and held out his face and beard to the first, who treated him with a well-planted twitch, and then dropped a profound curtsey. 'Less courtesy, 'less anointing, good Madam Duenna,' cried the squire; 'for, by the Lord, 'your fingers smack of vinegar!' In a word, he was tweaked by all the duennas, and pinched by a great number of other persons belonging to the family: but what he could by no means be brought to endure, was the puncture with pins, which they no sooner began to perform, than starting up in a rage, and seizing a lighted torch that stood near him, he assaulted the duennas, and all the rest of his executioners, crying— 'Avaunt, ye ministers of hell! I am not 'made of brass, to be insensible to such 'torture.' At this instant, Altisidora, who must have been tired with lying so long upon her back, turned herself on one side; and this motion was no sooner perceived by the spectators, than all of them exclaimed, as if with one voice, 'Altisidora moves! Altisidora lives!' Then Rhadamanthus desired Sancho to lay aside his indignation, seeing the intended aim was already accomplished.

Don Quixote seeing Altisidora stirring, fell upon his knees before Sancho, saying—'Now is the time, dear son of 'my bowels, and no longer my squire! 'now is the time to inflict upon thy-'self some of those lashes thou art 'obliged to undergo for the disinchant-'ment of Dulcinea. This, I say, is 'the time, when thy virtue is seasoned, 'and of efficacy sufficient to perform 'the cure which we expect from thy 'compliance.' To this apostrophe the squire replied—'This is reel upon reel, 'and not honey upon pancakes: scourg-'ing, to be sure, is a very agreeable 'dessert to a dish of twitches, pinches, 'and pin-prickings. There is no more 'to be done, but to take and tie a great 'stone about my neck, and toss me 'into a well; it will be much better 'for me to die at once, than to be al-'ways the wedding-heifer, to remedy 'the misfortunes of other people: either 'let me live in peace! or, before God, 'all shall out, sell or not sell.'

By this time Altisidora sat upright on the tomb, and at that instant the waits beginning to play, were accompanied by the musick of flutes, and the voices of all the spectators, who acclaimed—'Live Altisidora! Altisidora 'live!' The duke and duchess, together with Minos and Rhadamanthus, rising from their seats, and being joined by Don Quixote and Sancho, went to receive this young lady, and help her in descending from the tomb; while they were thus employed, she assumed a languid and fainting air, and inclining her head towards the duke and duchess and the two kings, darted a side-long glance to Don Quixote, saying— 'God forgive thee, unrelenting knight! 'by thy cruelty I have been doomed 'to remain, as I believe, above a thou-'sand years in the other world! but as 'for thee, thou most compassionate 'squire that this wide earth contains! 'I thank thee kindly for that life I 'now enjoy. From this day, friend 'Sancho, thou mayest command six of 'my shifts to be converted into shirts 'for thy own body; and if they are 'not quite whole, at least they are white 'and clean.' Sancho thanked her for the present, with mitre in hand and knee on ground: and when the duke ordered his servants to take away those badges of disgrace, and restore his own cap and coat, the squire entreated his grace to let him keep the mitre and the flaming robe, and carry them to his own country, as a mark and memorial of this incredible adventure. To this supplication the duchess replied, that he might keep these testimonials, for he knew how much she was his friend.

The duke ordered the court to be cleared, the company to retire to their several chambers, and the knight and squire to be conducted to the apartments which they had formerly occupied.

CHAP. XVIII.

WHICH FOLLOWS THE PRECEDING, AND TREATS OF MATTERS THAT MUST BE DISCLOSED, IN ORDER TO MAKE THE HISTORY THE MORE INTELLIGIBLE AND DISTINCT.

SANCHO slept that night in a truckle-bed, in the apartment of Don Quixote; a circumstance which he would

would have waved, if poſſible, becauſe he well knew his maſter would keep him awake with queſtions and replies, and he was not at all in a talkative humour; for the pain of his paſt ſufferings kept them ſtill preſent in his fancy, depriving his tongue of it's uſual freedom; and he would have much rather ſlept alone in a hut, than in the richeſt chamber thus accompanied. His apprehenſion was ſo true, and his ſuſpicions ſo juſt, that ſcarce had his maſter committed his body to the bed, when he accoſted the ſquire in theſe words: 'What is thy opinion, Sancho, of this 'night's adventure? Great and powerful is the force of amorous diſdain, 'as thou haſt ſeen with thy own eyes. 'Altiſidora dead—not by ſhaft, or 'ſword, or warlike inſtrument, or mortal poiſon, but ſolely by the reflection 'of that rigour and diſdain with which 'I have always treated her advances.' —'She might have died in good time, 'when and how ſhe thought proper,' cried Sancho, 'and left me in quiet at 'my own houſe, ſeeing I never treated 'her either with love or diſdain in the 'whole courſe of my life; for my own 'part, I neither know, nor can I conceive, as I have formerly obſerved, 'what the health or life of ſuch a 'whimſical girl as Altiſidora has to do 'with the martyrdom of Sancho Panza: 'but now at length I can clearly and 'diſtinctly perceive, that this world 'actually abounds with inchanters and 'inchantments, from which I pray God 'may deliver me, ſince I cannot deliver 'myſelf! in the mean time, I humbly 'beſeech your worſhip to let me ſleep, 'without farther queſtion, if you have 'not a mind to ſee me throw myſelf 'out of the window.'—'Sleep, then, 'friend Sancho,' ſaid the knight, 'if 'thou canſt enjoy the benefit of ſlumber after the pinching, twitching, and 'pricking thou haſt undergone.'—'No 'pain is comparable to that of the 'twitching,' replied the ſquire; 'for 'no other reaſon, but becauſe it was 'inflicted by duennas, whom God in 'heaven confound! I again intreat 'your worſhip to leave me to my repoſe, for ſleep is a remedy for thoſe 'miſeries which we feel when awake.' —'Be it ſo,' ſaid the knight, 'and the 'Lord make thy ſleep refreſhing!'

While theſe two are left to their repoſe, Cid Hamet, author of this ſublime hiſtory, takes occaſion to explain the motives that induced the duke and ducheſs to raiſe the edifice of the adventure above related. He ſays, the batchelor Sampſon Carraſco ſtill remembering how, as Knight of the Mirrours, he had been vanquiſhed and overthrown by Don Quixote, and his whole deſign blotted and defaced by that unlucky fall and defeat, he reſolved to try his fortune once more, in hope of meeting with better ſucceſs; and learning where the knight was, from the information of the page who carried the letter and the preſent to Sancho's wife Tereſa Panza, he purchaſed a new ſuit of armour and a horſe, ordered a white moon to be painted on his ſhield, and faſtened the whole cargo on the back of an he-mule, which was conducted by a certain ploughman, and not by his old ſquire Tom Cecial, leſt he ſhould be known by Sancho or Don Quixote. With this equipage he ſet out for the duke's caſtle, where he was informed of the knight's motions and route, together with his intention to aſſiſt at the tournament in Saragoſſa. His grace likewiſe gave him an account of the jokes they had executed upon our adventurer, with the contrivance of Dulcinea's diſinchantment, to be effected at the expence of Sancho's poſteriors. Nor did he forget to relate the trick which Sancho had practiſed on his maſter, in making him believe that Dulcinea was inchanted and transformed into a country-wench; as alſo how my lady ducheſs had perſuaded the ſquire that Dulcinea was really and truly inchanted and transformed, and he himſelf the perſon that was miſtaken and deceived: particulars which afforded abundance of mirth to the batchelor, who could not help admiring afreſh the mixture of archneſs and ſimplicity in Sancho, as well as the unaccountable madneſs of Don Quixote. The duke begged he would return that way and communicate his ſucceſs, whether he ſhould be vanquiſhed or victor. Sampſon, having promiſed to comply with his requeſt, ſet out in queſt of our knight; and, as he did not find him in Saragoſſa, proceeded to Barcelona, where he met with the adventure we have already related in it's proper place: then he returned to the duke's caſtle, where he gave an account of the whole engagement, and the conditions of the combat;

bat; in consequence of which Don Quixote was already on his return, to fulfil, like a worthy knight-errant, the promise he had made to reside at his own habitation for the term of one year, during which, the batchelor said, he might possibly be cured of his madness. He declared this was his sole motive for disguising himself in such a manner, as it was a thousand pities that a gentleman of Don Quixote's excellent understanding should continue under the influence of such infatuation. He accordingly took his leave of the duke, and returned to his own country, in full hope that the knight was not far behind.

From this information, his grace took the opportunity to contrive this last adventure, so much was he delighted with the behaviour of Sancho and Don Quixote. He ordered a great number of his people on horseback and a-foot, to scour the country far and near, and a patrole through every road by which he thought the knight could possibly return, with orders to bring him to the castle, either by fair means or foul. Accordingly, when they found him, they gave notice to his grace, who having already pre-concerted what was to be done, no sooner heard of his coming than he directed that the torches and tapers should be lighted around the court, and Altisidora placed upon the tomb, together with all the apparatus already described; which was so naturally and artfully executed, that it differed very little from the real truth. Nay, Cid Hamet moreover observes, that he looked upon the jokers to be as mad as those who were joked; and the duke and duchess to be within two fingers-breadth of lunacy, seeing they placed such happiness in playing pranks upon two confirmed madmen; one of whom the new day found sleeping at full snore, and the other watching over his disastrous thoughts, and very impatient to quit his couch; for, whether vanquished or victor, Don Quixote never took pleasure in lolling on the lazy down.

It was now that Altisidora, who in the knight's opinion had returned from death, in compliance with the humour of her lord and lady, entered his apartment crowned with the same garland she had worn on the tomb, clad in a robe of white taffety powdered with flowers of gold, her hair flowing loose upon her shoulders, and supporting herself upon a staff of fine polished black ebony. This apparition discomposed our hero to such a degree, that he shrunk within his nest in silent confusion, and almost covered himself wholly with the sheets, fully determined against making any return of compliment. Meanwhile, Altisidora sitting down upon a chair, at his bed's head, heaved a profound sigh, and thus addressed herself to him, in a faint and tender tone—'When women of fashion, and 'damsels of reserve, trample upon honour, and give their tongues the liberty to break through all inconveniences, so as to divulge the secrets 'which their hearts conceal, their condition must be desperate indeed. I am 'one of those, Signior Don Quixote de 'La Mancha; surely hampered, vanquished, and enamoured; but withal so patient and modest, that my soul 'broke through my silence, and I lost 'my life: in consequence of thy rigour, O flinty-hearted knight! more 'deaf than marble to my complaints, 'have I been dead for two days, or at 'least supposed to be dead by those 'who saw me; and if love, in pity to 'my fate, had not deposited a remedy 'in the tortures of that worthy squire, I 'should have remained for ever in the 'other world.'—'Love,' said Sancho, 'might as well have deposited the remedy in the tortures of my ass, and I 'should have thanked him for it heartily: but pray, Madam, tell me, so may Heaven send you a kinder 'lover than my master, what did you 'see in the other world? What is going 'forward in hell? for surely those who 'die in despair must go to that baiting-'place.'—'To tell you the truth,' answered Altisidora, 'I could not be 'quite dead, seeing I did not enter the 'infernal regions; for, had I been once 'fairly introduced, I could not have 'left the place again, whatever inclination I might have had to return. 'The truth is, I went no farther than 'the gate, where I saw about a dozen 'devils playing at tennis, in their 'drawers and doublets, having hands 'edged with Flanders lace, and ruffles 'of the same at their wrists, which 'were naked to the length of four 'inches, in order to enlarge the ap-

'pearance

'pearance of their hands, in which 'they wielded rackets of fire: but what 'I chiefly admired was, that inſtead of 'balls, they made uſe of books, which 'ſeemed to be filled with wind and 'flocks; a circumſtance equally new 'and ſurprizing! and yet there was 'another particular which ſtill increaſed 'my aſtoniſhment; for, whereas among 'the gameſters of this world, it is na'tural for the winners to be merry, 'and for the loſers to be ſad; in that 'diabolical paſtime, all the players 'growled and grumbled, and curſed 'one another.'—'That is not to be 'wondered at,' replied the ſquire; 'for 'the devils, play or not play, win or 'not win, can never be content.'—'That muſt certainly be the caſe,' anſwered Altiſidora; 'but there was likewiſe another peculiarity at which I 'wonder, I mean, at which I then wondered; namely, that after the firſt toſs, 'the ball was uſeleſs, and could not be 'uſed a ſecond time; ſo that they whirled 'them away, new and old, in a marvellous manner. On one of theſe, 'which was finely gilt and lettered, 'they beſtowed ſuch a violent ſtroke, 'that the guts flew out in ſcattered 'leaves. "What book is that?" ſaid 'one devil to his fellow. The other 'anſwered, that it was the ſecond part 'of the hiſtory of Don Quixote de La 'Mancha, compoſed not by the ori'ginal author Cid Hamet, but by an 'Arragonian, who calls himſelf a na'tive of Tordeſillas. "Away with it!" 'cried the firſt, "plunge it into the "loweſt abyſs of hell, that mine eyes "maynever behold it again."—"What, "is it ſo bad!" ſaid the ſecond. "So "very bad," replied the other, "that if "I myſelf had endeavoured to make it "worſe, it would not have been in my "power." They proceeded with their 'play, driving about the unfortunate 'books; and I hearing them mention 'Don Quixote, whom I love and adore, 'endeavoured to retain the viſion in 'my memory.'—'A viſion it muſt 'have been, without all doubt,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'for there is no other I 'in the whole world; and as for that 'hiſtory, it is bandied from hand to 'hand, without finding a reſting-place, 'and every body has a fling at the au'thor: nor am I in the leaſt mortified 'to hear that I wander like a fantaſtick 'ſhadow through the dark abodes of 'hell, as well as through the en'lightened manſions of this globe, as 'I am not the perſon recorded in that 'hiſtory; which, were it elegant, faith'ful, and authentick, would live for 'ages; but, being falſe and execrable 'as it is, there will be no great diſtance 'between it's birth and burial.'

Altiſidora was going to proceed with her lamentations, when ſhe was prevented by the knight; who ſaid, with great ſolemenity, 'I have often told you, 'Madam, that I am ſorry you have 'placed your affection upon me, who 'can make no other return than that 'of gratitude and thanks; I was born 'for Dulcinea del Toboſo; and the 'Fates, if ſuch there be, have conſe'crated me for her ſervice; ſo that to 'imagine any other beauty ſhall ever 'occupy the place which ſhe poſſeſſes 'in my heart, is to ſuppoſe a mere im'poſſibility. Let this declaration, there'fore, undeceive and prevail upon you 'to retire within the limits of virtue 'and decorum, ſeeing no man is obliged 'to perform impoſſibilities.' Altiſidora, in conſequence of this repulſe, aſſumed an air of indignation, and in an affected tranſport of rage, exclaimed, 'How 'now, Don Stockfiſh! ſoul of a mor'tar! ſtone of a date! more poſitive 'and obſtinate than a courted peaſant 'when his harrow hath chanced to hit 'the mark, by the Lord! if I once 'fall upon you, I will tear your eyes 'out. Hark ye, Don Beaten-and-cudgelled, are you ſuch a wiſeacre 'as to ſuppoſe I died for love of 'you? All you have ſeen this laſt 'night was a pure fiction; for I am not 'the woman to have a finger ache, 'much leſs to die for ſuch a camel.'—'O my conſcience! I believe what you 'ſay,' cried Sancho; 'that of dying for 'love is a moſt ridiculous affair: your 'lovers, indeed, may eaſily ſay they are 'dying; but that they will actually 'give up the ghoſt, Judas may believe 'it for me.'

During this converſation, the muſician and poet, who had ſung the two ſtanzas which we have already repeated, came into the apartment, and made a profound bow to Don Quixote, ſaying, 'Sir Knight, I beg you will eſteem 'and reckon me among the number of 'your moſt humble ſervants; for many 'days are elapſed ſince I have con'ceived the warmeſt affection for your

'perſon, from the fame of your cha-
'racter and atchievements.' When Don Quixote deſired to know who he was, that he might reſpect him according to his merit, he anſwered, that he was the muſician and panegyriſt of the preceding night. 'Aſſuredly, your 'voice is extremely ſweet,' ſaid the knight; 'but, methinks, the verſes you 'ſung were not much to the purpoſe; 'for what affinity is there between the 'ſtanzas of Garcilaſſo and the death of 'this young lady?'—'Your worſhip 'muſt not wonder at that impropriety,' anſwered the muſician; 'it is a common 'practice among the beardleſs poets of 'this age to write what they will, and 'ſteal from whom they pleaſe to pillage, 'whether it be or be not to the purpoſe; 'and every abſurdity that occurs in 'their ſinging or writing, they attribute 'to the *licentia poetica*.'

Don Quixote's reply was prevented by the entrance of the duke and duchefs, who came to viſit him in his chamber, and a long diverting converſation enſued, in the courſe of which Sancho uttered ſo many humorous ſallies, and ſatirical jokes, that their graces admired anew the mixture of his acuteneſs and ſimplicity. As for the knight, he humbly requeſted that he might be allowed to depart that very day, as it was much more proper that vanquiſhed knights, like him, ſhould live in hog-ſties than in ſumptuous palaces. They graciouſly complied with his requeſt; and when the ducheſs enquired if Altiſidora had, as yet, acquired his good graces, 'Your grace 'muſt know,' ſaid he, 'that damſel's diſtemper wholly proceeds from 'idleneſs, which may be eaſily cured 'by continual and decent occupation: 'ſhe tells me it is the faſhion in hell to 'wear lace, and as ſhe knows how to 'make it, let the work never be out of 'her hand, which being employed in 'moving the bobbins, the idea or 'ideas of what ſhe loves will no longer 'move in her imagination; and this 'is the truth, the ſubſtance of my 'opinion, and the marrow of my ad-'vice.'—'Aye, and of mine too,' cried Sancho; 'for never in my born days 'did I know a lace-maker die for love: 'the thoughts of girls employed at 'that work, run more upon the finiſh-'ing of their taſks than upon the idle 'fancies of love; and, for myſelf, I 'can ſafely ſay, that while I am dig-'ging in the field, I never ſo much as 'dream of my duck; I mean, my wife 'Tereſa Panza, whom I love as the 'apple of mine eye.'—'You talk like 'an oracle, Sancho,' ſaid the ducheſs: 'and I will take care, that, from this 'day forward, Altiſidora ſhall be em-'ployed in ſome plain work, which ſhe 'underſtands to perfection.'—'Your 'ladyſhip ſhall not need to uſe any ſuch 'expedient,' replied Altiſidora; 'for 'the conſideration of the cruelty with 'which I have been uſed by that fe-'lonious monſter, will blot him effec-'tually from my remembrance, with-'out any other aſſiſtance; and, in the 'mean time, with your grace's per-'miſſion, I will retire, that I may no 'longer have before my eyes—I will 'not ſay his rueful countenance, but 'his frightful and abominable aſ-'pect.'—'Theſe reproaches,' ſaid the duke, 'put me in mind of the old ob-'ſervation, that Scolding among lovers 'is the next neighbour to forgiveneſs.'

Altiſidora, making a ſhew of wiping the tears from her eyes with a white handkerchief, dropped a low curtſey to her lord and lady, and withdrew; and Sancho ſending after her an earneſt look, 'Poor damſel!' cried he, 'I can be-'queath, bequeath thee nothing, I ſay, 'but bad luck, ſeeing thou haſt placed 'thine affection upon a foul of 'ruſh, and an heart of oak: had it 'lighted upon me, another ſort of a 'cock would have crowned thy for-'tune.'

Thus the converſation ended, Don Quixote put on his cloaths, dined with the duke and ducheſs, and ſet out that ſame evening for his own habitation.

CHAP. XIX.

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE, IN THEIR JOURNEY TO THEIR OWN VILLAGE.

THE perplexed and vanquiſhed Don Quixote travelled along, extremely chagrined on one account, though greatly rejoiced on another: his melancholy was occaſioned by his overthrow, and his joy produced from the conſideration of that virtue inherent in his ſquire, which he had ſeen demonſtrated

monſtrated in the reſurrection of Altiſidora, though he had ſome ſcruples in perſuading himſelf that the enamoured damſel was actually dead. As for Sancho, he felt no ſort of pleaſure; but, on the contrary, was much mortified to find that Altiſidora had failed in performing her promiſe touching the preſent of the ſhifts; and his imagination dwelling upon this circumſtance, he ſaid to his maſter—'Truly, Signior, I muſt certainly be 'the moſt unfortunate phyſician that 'ever lived upon the earth, in which 'there are many leeches, who, though 'they kill their patients, inſiſt upon 'being paid for their trouble, which, 'by the bye, is no more than writing 'and ſigning a liſt of medicines upon a 'ſcrap of paper; for the apothecary 'makes up the preſcription, and ſo the 'farce is acted; whereas, I receive not 'a doit, though I cure other people's 'maladies at the expence of pinches, 'twitches, pin-pricks, laſhes, and 'drops of blood; but, I vow to God! 'if any other patient is put into my 'hands, they ſhall be well anointed be'fore I undertake the cure; for, The 'abbot chants but to ſupply his wants: 'and I cannot believe that Heaven hath 'beſtowed ſuch virtue upon me, in or'der that I ſhould throw it away upon 'the undeſerving.'—'Thou art in the 'right, friend Sancho,' replied Don Quixote; 'and Altiſidora is much to 'blame in having witheld the promiſed 'ſhifts, although thy virtue is *gratis* 'data, without having put thee to the 'trouble of ſtudying aught but the art 'of enduring perſonal torture; for my 'own part, I can ſay, that if thou 'hadſt demanded payment for the diſ'inchanting ſtripes, I ſhould have al'lowed it to thy own ſatisfaction; 'though I know not how ſuch hire 'might interfere with the cure; and I 'ſhould not wiſh that the premium 'might impede the effect of the medi'cine: nevertheleſs, I do not think the 'experiment could be attended with 'any bad conſequence. Conſider, 'Sancho, what thou wouldſt have; 'then proceed to the flagellation, and 'pay thyſelf fairly out of my money 'which is in thy own hands.'

At this propoſal, the ſquire opened his eyes and ears a full ſpan, and reſolving in his heart to ſcourge himſelf with good will, anſwered in theſe words—'Aye, now, Signior, I find 'myſelf extremely well diſpoſed to 'comply with your worſhip's deſire, 'ſince my compliance will be attended 'with ſome profit; and, I own, my 'regard for my poor wife and children 'makes me ſeem a little ſelfiſh.—'Pray what will your worſhip chuſe to 'give for every ſtripe?'—'Were I to 'pay thee, Sancho,' ſaid the knight, 'according to the greatneſs of thy de'ſerts, and the quality of the cure, the 'bank of Venice and mines of Potoſi 'would not afford a ſufficient recom'pence: but, ſee how much of my mo'ney thou haſt got, and ſet thy own 'price upon every laſh.'—'The num'ber of ſtripes to be given,' anſwered the ſquire, 'amounts to three thouſand 'three hundred and odd: of theſe I 'have received about five, which ſhall 'ſtand for the odd; ſo that three thou'ſand three hundred remain. Now, if 'we value each laſh at a quarter of a 'rial, and I would not bate a doit 'though the whole world ſhould de'ſire me, the ſum will be three thou'ſand three hundred quartillos; the 'three thouſand quartillos make fifteen 'hundred half-rials, which are equal 'to ſeven hundred and fifty rials, and 'the other three hundred quartillos 'make one hundred and fifty half-rials, 'which are equal to ſeventy five rials, 'and theſe being added to the former 'ſeven hundred and fifty, the whole 'reckoning amounts to eight hundred 'and twenty five rials. Theſe I will 'deduct from your caſh that is in my 'hands, and then I will return to my 'own houſe, rich and ſatisfied, though 'well ſcourged; for, We cannot catch 'trouts without wetting our clouts: 'and I will ſay no more upon the ſub'ject.'—'O bleſſed Sancho! O 'lovely Sancho!' cried Don Quixote; 'Dulcinea and I will be bound to 'ſerve thee all the days that Heaven 'ſhall permit us to live; provided ſhe 'ſhall retrieve her loſt form: and, in 'this hope, we cannot poſſibly be 'miſtaken; her misfortune will prove 'fortunate, and my overthrow a moſt 'happy triumph. And now, Sancho, 'conſider when thou wilt begin this 'diſcipline; towards the ſpeedy per'formance of which, I add another 'hundred rials.'—'When?' replied

the ſquire; 'this very night, without 'fail: if your worſhip will take care to 'chuſe our lodging in the open field, I 'will take care to open my own car-'caſe.'

At length the night arrived, after it had been impatiently expected by Don Quixote, who thought the wheels of Apollo's car had broken down, and that the day was extended to an unuſual length; like thoſe lovers whoſe deſires ever outſtrip the career of time.

In the evening, they betook themſelves to the covert of ſome pleaſant trees at a little diſtance from the highway, and vacating the ſaddle of Rozinante, and the pannel of the aſs, ſat down together upon the graſs, and ſupped upon the ſtore contained in the wallet of Sancho; who, forming a ſtrong and flexible ſcourge with Dapple's halter, retired into a tuft of beeches about twenty paces from his maſter. The knight ſeeing him withdraw ſo briſk and reſolute—'Beware, 'friend Sancho,' ſaid he, 'of ſcourging thyſelf to pieces; perform thy 'diſcipline at leiſure; let the ſtripes 'follow one another in regular ſucceſ-'ſion, and do not run ſo faſt as to be 'out of breath in the middle of thy 'career; I mean, do not laſh thyſelf 'ſo ſeverely, as to deſtroy thy own 'life before the number be compleated; 'and, that thou mayeſt not loſe it by a 'card too many, or too few, I will 'ſtand aſide and count the ſtripes upon 'my roſary. Mayeſt thou enjoy the 'protection of Heaven, which thy 'chriſtian intention ſo richly deſerves!'—'A good paymaſter needs no bail,' anſwered the ſquire: 'I intend to 'ſcourge myſelf in ſuch a manner as 'will mortify my fleſh, without any 'hazard of my life; for, in that me-'dium the ſubſtance of the miracle 'muſt conſiſt.' He forthwith ſtripped himſelf naked from the waiſt upwards, and ſnatching the ſcourge, began to whip himſelf, while his maſter reckoned the ſtripes. About half a dozen or eight laſhes had Sancho beſtowed upon himſelf, when he found the joke very expenſive, and the reward dog cheap; and ſuſpending the inſtrument, told the knight he had been deceived, and claimed the benefit of an appeal; for every one of theſe ſtripes was worth half a rial inſtead of a quartillo. 'Pro-'ceed, friend Sancho, without diſ-'may,' replied Don Quixote, 'and I 'will double the allowance.'—'At 'that rate,' replied the ſquire, 'to it 'again, by the grace of God, and let 'it rain laſhes.' But, the cunning knave no longer made application to his own ſhoulders, in lieu of which he began to ſcourge the trees, venting between whiles ſuch diſmal groans as ſeemed to tear his very ſoul up by the roots. The knight, from the tenderneſs of his own diſpoſition, being apprehenſive that he would actually put an end to his life, and of conſequence defeat the purpoſe of his flagellation by his imprudence, exclaimed—'I 'conjure thee, by thy life, friend San-'cho, to let the buſineſs reſt where it 'now ſtands: the medicine ſeems to 'have a very rough operation, and it 'will be better to proceed leiſurely; 'for Zamora was not taken in one 'hour. Above a thouſand ſtripes haſt 'thou already inflicted upon thyſelf, if 'my reckoning is juſt, and theſe ſhall 'ſuffice for the preſent; for, if I may 'uſe a vulgar expreſſion, Though the 'load muſt lie over the aſs, he muſt 'not be overloaded.'—'No, no, Sig-'nior,' replied Sancho, 'they ſhall 'never ſay of me, When money's 'paid before it's due, a broken limb 'will ſtraight enſue. Pray ſtand aſide a 'little, Signior, and let me lay on 'another thouſand, if you pleaſe: 'two ſuch bouts will perform the bar-'gain, and leave ſomething to boot.' —'Since thou findeſt thyſelf in ſuch 'an excellent frame and diſpoſition,' ſaid the knight, 'Heaven protect thee; 'ſtick to the ſtuff, and I ſhall with-'draw.' Sancho, reſuming his taſk and reckoning, had already diſbarked a number of trees, with the rigorous application of his ſcourge; when, beſtowing a dreadful ſtroke upon an unfortunate beech, he exclaimed with great vociferation—'Here, Sampſon, 'ſhalt thou die, with all thine abettors.' Don Quixote hearing this diſmal ejaculation, and the terrible ſound of the ſtroke, ran up to the ſpot, and ſeizing the twiſted halter that Sancho uſed inſtead of a bull's pizzle—'Fate,' ſaid he, 'friend Sancho, will not permit 'that for my pleaſure thou ſhouldſt 'loſe that life on which the ſuſtenance 'of thy wife and family muſt depend. 'Dulcinea ſhall wait for a more fa-'vourable conjuncture, and I will con-'tain

'pain myself within the limits of the 'nearest hope, until thou shalt recover 'new strength to conclude this affair to 'the satisfaction of all parties.'— 'Since your worship is so inclined,' answered the squire, 'so be it in hap-'py time; and pray, good Signior, 'throw your cloak about my shoulders; 'for I am all in a sweat, and would 'not willingly catch cold, which is 'so often the case with new discipli-'nants.' The knight, in compliance with this request, stripped himself of his upper garment, with which he covered up Sancho, who slept until he was wakened by the sun; then they proceeded on their journey, which, for that day, did not exceed three leagues.

They alighted at an inn; for such it was acknowledged by Don Quixote, who did not, as usual, suppose it a castle furnished with a fosse, turrets, portcullices, and draw-bridges: indeed, since his defeat, he had talked with more sanity on all subjects, as will presently appear. He was shewn into a low apartment, hung with old painted serge, instead of tapestry, such as is used in country places, in one piece of which some wretched hand had drawn the rape of Helen, who was carried off from Menelaus by his presumptuous guest; and in another was represented the story of Dido and Æneas, the unhappy queen standing upon a lofty tower, making signals with a white sheet to her fugitive lover, who, in a frigate or brigantine, was flying from her coast. He observed, of these two history pieces, that Helen shewed no marks of compulsion; but rather exhibited her satisfaction in a roguish smile; whereas, from the eyes of the beautiful Dido, tears as big as walnuts seemed to fall. Don Quixote having considered both pictures, 'These 'two ladies,' said he, 'were most un-'fortunate, because they did not live in 'this our age; and I, above all men unhappy, because I did not live in theirs. 'Had I encountered these gentlemen, 'Troy had ne'er been burnt, nor Carthage laid in ruins; for, by killing 'Paris only, I should have prevented 'such disasters.'—'I'll lay a wager,' said Sancho, 'that in a very little time, 'every cook's cellar, tavern, inn, and 'barber's shop in the kingdom, will be 'ornamented with pictures containing 'the history of our atchievements; but 'I should be glad to see them painted 'by a better workman than he who 'made these daubings.'—'Thou art 'in the right,' replied Don Quixote; 'he that painted these pieces is just such 'another as Orbaneja, a painter of 'Ubeda, who being asked what he was 'about, answered, "Just as it happens;" 'and if he chanced to represent a cock, 'he wrote under it, "This is a cock," 'that it might not be mistaken for a 'fox. Such a person, I suppose, is 'that same painter or author, for it is 'the same thing, who ushered into the 'world the lately published history of 'the new Don Quixote: for he has 'painted or described whatever came 'uppermost; or, perhaps, he resembles 'an old court poet called Mauleon, who 'pretended to answer every question 'extempore; and being one day asked 'the meaning of *Deum del Deo*, replied, "*De donde diere**." But, waving this subject, tell me, Sancho, if 'thou art resolved to take the other 'turn to-night, and whether thou 'wouldst chuse to go to work under a 'humble root, or beneath the high ca-'nopy of Heaven?'—'Fore God! 'Signior,' replied the squire, 'as to 'what I intend to take, it matters not 'much, whether it be taken within 'doors or without: nevertheless, I 'should chuse to go to work among 'trees; for they seem to accompany 'and assist me wonderfully in bearing 'the brunt of the application.'—'But 'it must not be so at present, friend 'Sancho,' answered the knight; 'in 'order to recruit your strength, the 'execution shall be postponed until we 'arrive at our own village, which we 'shall reach the day after to-morrow, 'at farthest.' Sancho said he might take his own way; though he himself should be glad to dispatch the business now he was warm, and while the mill was a going; 'For, Delay breeds dan-'ger; and We ought still to be doing 'while to God we are suing. I will give 'thee, is good; but, Here, take it, is bet-'ter. A sparrow in hand is worth an 'eagle on wing.'—'No more proverbs, 'Sancho, for the love of God!' cried

* 'Wherever it may hit;' an answer that has no affinity with the question, but the faint resemblance of sound.

the

the knight; thou ſeemeſt to be return-
' ing to *ſicut erat*. Speak plainly and
' perſpicuouſly, without ſuch intricate
' mazes, as I have often adviſed thee,
' and thou wilt find thyſelf one loaf
' per cent. in pocket.'—' I am ſo un-
' lucky,' anſwered the ſquire, ' that I
' cannot give a reaſon without a pro-
' verb, nor a proverb that I do not
' think a good reaſon; but I will mend
' if I can!' And here the converſation ended for that time.

CHAP. XX.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF DON QUIXOTE'S ARRIVAL AT HIS OWN HABITATION.

THAT whole day Don Quixote and Sancho tarried at the inn, waiting for night, during which the one intended to finiſh his whipping taſk in the open field, and the other hoped to ſee the accompliſhment of that diſcipline on which depended the accompliſhment of his deſire. In the mean time, a gentleman on horſeback arrived at the door, attended by three or four ſervants, one of whom ſaid to him who ſeemed to be the maſter, ' Signior Don
' Alvaro Tarfe, your worſhip may
' paſs the afternoon in this houſe;
' the lodging ſeems to be cool and
' cleanly.' Don Quixote hearing this addreſs, ' Hark ye, Sancho,' ſaid he, ' when I glanced over the ſecond part
' of my hiſtory, I am very much miſ-
' taken if I did not perceive, as I turned
' over the leaves, this very name of Don
' Alvaro Tarfe.'—' Very likely,' replied the ſquire; ' firſt let him alight, and
' then we can aſk queſtions.' Accordingly the traveller having alighted, was conducted by the landlady into a room that fronted the knight's apartment, and was ornamented with the ſame kind of paintings which we have already deſcribed. This new-come cavalier, laying aſide his upper garment, came out into the porch, which was cool and ſpacious, where ſeeing Don Quixote walking backwards and forwards for the benefit of the air, he aſked in a courteous manner, which way his worſhip was travelling. The knight told him he was going to the place of his nativity, which was a village in the neighbourhood; and, in his turn, expreſſed a deſire of knowing the direction of the ſtranger's courſe. ' Signior,'
ſaid the cavalier, ' I am travelling to
' Grenada, which is my native coun-
' try.'—' And a good country it is,'
replied Don Quixote; ' but will your
' worſhip be ſo good as to tell me your
' name, which I believe is of more
' importance to me to know, than I
' can well explain.'—' My name,' ſaid the ſtranger, ' is Don Alvaro Tarfe.'
—' Without doubt, then,' replied the knight, you muſt be the gentleman
' mentioned in the ſecond part of the
' hiſtory of Don Quixote de La Mancha,
' lately printed and publiſhed by a mo-
' dern author.'—' The very ſame,' anſwered the cavalier: ' Don Quixote, the
' principal character of that hiſtory, was
' an intimate acquaintance of mine: I
' brought him from his own habitation;
' at leaſt I perſuaded him to aſſiſt at the
' tournament of Saragoſſa, whither I was
' going, and where I really and truly
' did him ſignal ſervices; and particu-
' larly ſaved his back from being very
' roughly handled by the hangman,
' for his exceſſive impudence and knave-
' ry.'—' And pray, Signior Don Al-
' varo, is there any reſemblance be-
' tween me and that Don Quixote whom
' your worſhip mentions?' ſaid the knight. ' No, ſurely, none at all,'
replied the ſtranger. ' Is not that Don
' Quixote attended by a ſquire, called
' Sancho Panza?' reſumed our hero.
' Yes, he is,' anſwered the other; ' and
' although he was reported to be a very
' humorous companion, I never heard
' him utter one merry conceit.'—' That
' I can very well believe,' ſaid Sancho, mingling in the diſcourſe; ' it is not
' every body that can utter conceits; and
' that ſame Sancho, whom your worſhip
' mentions, muſt be a very great knave,
' and indeed both fool and knave;
' for I am the true Sancho Panza, who
' have as many conceits as there are
' drops of rain. If your worſhip will
' but try the experiment, and keep me
' company for a year or ſo, you will
' ſee them fall from me at every ſtep;
' nay, they are ſo merry and ſo nume-
' rous, that very often when I myſelf
' know not what I have ſaid, they
' make all the hearers burſt their ſides
' with laughing; and the true Don
' Quixote de La Mancha, the renown-
' ed, the valiant, the ſage, the enamour-
' ed knight, the undoer of wrongs,
' the

'the tutor of wards and orphans, the 'protector of widows, the destroyer of 'maids, he who owns no other mis- 'tress than the peerless Dulcinea del 'Toboso, is my master, this very gen- 'tleman here present: every other Don 'Quixote, and every other Sancho 'whatsoever, is no better than a dream 'or delusion.'—'Before God! I am 'of the same opinion,' replied Don Al- varo; 'for, truly, my good friend, 'you have uttered more pleasantry in 'these few sentences you have spoke, 'than ever I knew come from the 'mouth of the other Sancho Panza, 'though he was an eternal babbler; 'he was much more of a glutton than 'an orator, and rather idiotical than 'humorous. Indeed, I am fully per- 'suaded, that those inchanters who 'molest the good Don Quixote, have 'been pleased to persecute me with the 'bad Don Quixote: and yet I know 'not what to say; for I can take my 'oath that I left him at Toledo in the 'nuncio's house, under the care of 'surgeons; and now, another Don 'Quixote starts up in his place, though 'of a very different character and com- 'plexion!'—'I know not whether or 'not I am the good Don Quixote,' re- plied the knight; 'but, I will venture 'to say, I am not the bad Don Quixote; 'and, as a proof of what I alledge, my 'good Signior Don Alvaro Tarfe, 'your worship must know, that in the 'whole course of my life I never was 'at Saragossa; on the contrary, having 'been informed, that the fantastical 'Don Quixote had been present at the 'tournament of that city, I would not 'set foot within it's walls, that I might 'demonstrate his imposture to the sa- 'tisfaction of the whole world: I, 'therefore, openly repaired to Barce- 'lona, that repository of politeness, 'that asylum of strangers, that hospi- 'tal of the poor, that native place of 'gallantry, that avenging tribunal of 'the injured, that agreeable scene of 'unshaken friendship unparalleled both 'in beauty and situation! and although 'certain adventures which there befel 'me did not so much contribute to my 'satisfaction, but, on the contrary, con- 'duced to my unspeakable disquiet, I 'bear my fate without repining, and 'count myself happy in having seen 'that celebrated place: finally, Sig- 'nior Don Alvaro Tarfe, I am the 'real Don Quixote de La Mancha, so 'well known to fame, and not that 'wretched impostor who has thought 'proper to usurp my name, and deck 'himself with the spoils of my reputa- 'tion. I must therefore entreat your 'worship, as you value yourself on the 'character of a gentleman, to make a 'declaration before the alcalde of the 'place; importing, that, before this 'day, you never saw me in the whole 'course of your life; and that I am not 'the Don Quixote described in the se- 'cond part, nor this Sancho Panza the 'squire whom your worship knew in 'his service.'—'With all my heart,' said Don Alvaro; 'and yet I cannot 'help being astonished to see two Don 'Quixotes, and two Sanchos, at the 'same time, so similar in name, and so 'unlike in character; so that I say 'again, and even affirm, that I have 'not really seen that which I thought 'I had seen, nor met with those in- 'cidents in which I supposed myself 'concerned.'—'Doubtless,' cried San- cho, 'your worship must be enchanted, 'like my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso; 'and would to God your disinchantment 'depended upon my undergoing another 'tale of three thousand three hundred 'lashes, such as I have undertaken in 'her favour; I would lay them on 'without interest or deduction.' When Don Alvaro said he did not understand what he meant by lashes, the squire an- swered it was a long story, which, how- ever, he would relate to him should they chance to travel the same road.

Don Quixote and Don Alvaro dined together; and the alcalde of the town chancing to enter the inn with a scri- vener, our hero demanded, by a formal petition, that Don Alvaro Tarfe, the gentleman there present, should depose before his worship, that he was not ac- quainted with him, Don Quixote there present also; and that he the said Don Quixote was not the person described in a certain history, intitled, The second part of Don Quixote de La Mancha; composed by one Avellanada, native of Tordesillas. In a word, the alcalde proceeded in form; the deposition was drawn up in the strongest terms, and the knight and squire were as much rejoiced as if this certificate had been of the utmost consequence to their identity,

and

and as if the difference between the two Quixotes and Sanchos would not have plainly appeared from their words and actions.

Many compliments and proffers of ſervice paſſed between Don Alvaro and Don Quixote; and our great Manchegan gave ſuch proofs of diſcretion as undeceived Don Alvaro, who perſuaded himſelf that he was certainly inchanted, ſeeing he had felt, as it were with his hand, two ſuch contrary Don Quixotes. In the evening they departed from the village, and travelled together about half a league, until they found the highway divided into two roads, one of which led to the habitation of Don Quixote, and Don Alvaro's journey lay through the other: yet, in that ſmall pace, the knight recounted the misfortune of his overthrow, together with Dulcinea's inchantment, and the remedy propoſed; ſo as to excite anew the admiration of the ſtranger; who, embracing Don Quixote and Sancho, took his leave, and proceeded on his own affairs, while our knight jogged on at an eaſy pace, and paſſed the night in a grove of trees in order to give Sancho an opportunity to perform his penance, which he accompliſhed as before, at the expence of the beeches, and not of his own ſhoulders; theſe he defended with ſuch care, that they felt not even the whiff of any ſtripe ſufficient to diſplace a fly. The credulous knight loſt not one in his reckoning of the laſhes; which including thoſe of the preceding night, amounted to three thouſand and twenty-nine: the ſun ſeemed to riſe early on purpoſe to behold this ſacrifice, and to light our adventurer on his way, which he proſecuted, converſing with Sancho upon the miſtake and deception of Don Alvaro, and his own preſence of mind in obtaining ſuch an authentick teſtimonial before the juſtice.

The whole day and night they travelled without encountering any adventure worthy of record, except that, in the dark, Sancho finiſhed his diſcipline, to the unſpeakable ſatisfaction of the knight, who waited with impatience for the day in hope of finding his miſtreſs Dulcinea diſinchanted upon the road: indeed, he was ſo much engroſſed by this notion, that he went up to every woman he met in the remaining part of his journey, to ſee if ſhe was not Dulcinea del Toboſo; infallibly perſuaded that there could be no deceit in the promiſes of Merlin. While he indulged theſe reflections and deſires, they aſcended a riſing ground, from whence they deſcried their own village; which Sancho no ſooner perceived, than he fell upon his knees, ſaying, 'Open thine eyes, beloved 'country! and behold the return of thy 'ſon Sancho Panza; who, though not 'very rich in coin, is well ſtored with 'laſhes: open thine arms at the ſame 'time, and receive thy ſon Don Quix'ote; who, though vanquiſhed by a 'ſtranger's hand, returns the victor of 'himſelf; and that, as he hath often 'told me, is the greateſt conqueſt 'which can be deſired. With regard 'to my own fate, I have money in my 'purſe; for, though the ſtripes fell 'thick and heavy, I was rewarded like 'a gentleman.'—'Leave theſe fooleries,' ſaid the knight, 'and let us 'go directly home, where we will in'dulge our imagination with free 'ſcope, in contriving the ſcheme of 'paſtoral felicity which we intend to 'enjoy.'

They accordingly deſcended the hill, and made the beſt of their way to their own village.

CHAP. XXI.

OF THE OMENS THAT OCCURRED TO DON QUIXOTE WHEN HE ENTERED THE VILLAGE—WITH OTHER INCIDENTS WHICH ADORN AND AUTHENTICATE THIS SUBLIME HISTORY.

CID Hamet relates, that Don Quixote, as he entered the village, perceived two boys quarrelling in a threſhing-floor, and heard the one ſay to his antagoniſt, 'Struggle thy fill, 'Periquillo, thou ſhalt never ſee it in 'all the days of thy life.' Theſe words no ſooner reached the knight's ears, than turning to his ſquire, 'Friend 'Sancho,' ſaid he, 'didſt not thou 'mark what the boy ſaid? "Thou "ſhalt never ſee it in all the days of "thy life."'—'And what ſignifies 'what the boy ſays?' anſwered the ſquire. 'What!' replied the knight, 'doſt thou not perceive that theſe 'words, applied to my concerns, ſig'nify,

'nify, that I shall never behold Dulcinea?' Sancho was just going to answer, when he was prevented by the sight of an hare, which being pursued by a number of greyhounds and hunters, came running through the field and squatted down in a fright under Dapple; the squire immediately saved it from the dogs, by seizing and presenting it to his master, who said, '*Malum signum, malum signum!* the hare flies, the hounds pursue, and Dulcinea does not appear.'—'That is a strange fancy in your worship!' replied the squire; 'let us, for example, suppose it Dulcinea del Toboso, and these pursuing hounds the felonious inchanters who have transformed her into a country-wench; she flies, I catch and deliver her to your worship, who hold and fondle her in your arms; what bad sign is that? or what ill omen can be conjured from such a circumstance?' At this juncture the two boys who had been quarrelling, came up to see the hare; and Sancho having asked the cause of their quarrel, was answered by him who said, 'Thou shalt never see it in all the days of thy life,' that he had taken a cage full of crickets from the other boy, which he did not intend to restore in the whole course of his life. In consequence of this information, the squire pulled out of his pocket four farthings, and gave them to the boy for the cage, which he put into the hands of Don Quixote, saying, 'Behold, Signior, the wreck and destruction of those omens, which I (though a fool) imagine have no more to do with our affairs than last year's clouds; and if I right remember, I have heard the curate of our parish observe, that no Christian of common sense ought to mind such childish trifles; nay, even your worship made the same remark some time ago, and told me those Christians were actually mad who put any faith in omens; and therefore we have no occasion to make a stumbling-block of this accident: but let us proceed, and enter the town a-God's name.'

The hunters coming up, demanded the hare, which was delivered to them by our knight, who jogging on with his squire, perceived the curate and batchelor Carrasco busy at their devotion, in a little meadow that skirted the town. Now the reader must know, that Sancho Panza had, over the bundle of armour carried by Dapple, thrown, by way of sumpter-cloth, the buckram robe painted with flames of fire, which he had worn in the duke's castle on the night of Altisidora's resurrection; and he, at the same time, had fixed the mitre upon the head of the ass, which, thus adorned, exhibited the strangest transformation that any beast of burden in the world had ever undergone. Our adventurers were immediately recognized by the curate and batchelor, who ran to receive them with open arms; when Don Quixote alighting, embraced them with great cordiality; and the boys, who are quick-sighted as lynxes, descrying the mitre of the ass, came running in crowds to behold this new spectacle, crying to one another, 'Come along, boys, and see Sancho Panza's Dapple, as fine as a May-morning*, and Rozinante more lean than ever.'

In a word, they entered the town, surrounded with boys, and accompanied by the curate and batchelor, who attended them to the knight's house, at the gate of which they found the niece and housekeeper, already apprized of his arrival. The same intimation, neither more nor less, had been given to Sancho's spouse Teresa Panza, who came running to see her husband, half naked, with her hair hanging about her ears, and her daughter Sanchica in her hand; but, seeing he was not so gayly equipped as she thought a governor should be, 'Heyday, husband!' cried she, 'you come home a-foot, and seem to be quite foundered, and look more like a governor of hogs, than a ruler of men.'—'Hold your tongue, Teresa,' replied the squire; 'you will often find hooks where there is no bacon; let us e'en trudge home, where I will tell thee wonders: I have money in my purse, (and that's the one thing needful) earned by my own industry, without prejudice to any person whatsoever.'—'Do you bring home the money, good husband,' said Teresa, 'and let it be earned here or there, or got in what shape you please, I give myself

* In the original, 'as fine as Mingo,' who was a bad poet, and tawdry beau, contemporary with Cervantes.

'no trouble about the matter; I am 'sure, in getting it, you have intro- 'duced no new fashion into the world.' Sanchica embraced her father, and asked if he had brought any thing for her, who had expected him as impatiently as if he had been May-dew: then taking hold of his girdle with one hand, and leading Dapple with the other, while her mother held him by the fist, they repaired to their own house, leaving Don Quixote to the care of his niece and housekeeper, and in company with the curate and batchelor.

The knight, disregarding times and seasons, instantly retired into an apartment with his two friends, to whom he briefly related his overthrow, and the obligation under which he lay, to stay at home for the space of one year, which obligation he intended literally to observe, without failing in the least tittle, like a true knight-errant, bound by the punctuality of the order which he had the honour to profess. During this term of retirement, he proposed to turn shepherd, and enjoy the solitude of the field, where he would give full scope to his amorous sentiments, and exercise himself in all the virtues of a pastoral life: he, at the same time, besought them (provided they had any time to spare, and were not hindered by business of more consequence) to become his companions; assuring them he would purchase a flock of sheep sufficient for a number of swains, and that the principal part of the scheme was already effected, inasmuch as he had invented names that would suit them with the utmost propriety. The curate expressing a desire to know these appellations, the knight said, he would call himself the shepherd Quixotiz, the batchelor should be distinguished by the name of the swain Carrascon, the curate he denominated Curiambro, and the squire, Pancino. They were confounded at this new species of madness; but, lest he should once more forsake his habitation to follow his new chivalries, and in hope that he might possibly be cured during the year of his confinement, they seemingly assented to this new proposal, extolled his madness as the very essence of discretion, and promised to be his companions in the exercise he had planned. 'All the world knows that 'I am a celebrated poet,' said Sampson Carrasco, 'and at every turn I 'shall compose verses, pastorals, or 'courtly sonnets, or such as will best 'answer the purpose of entertaining 'us in the fields through which we 'shall rove: but there is one circum- 'stance, gentlemen, which we must 'by no means neglect; and that is, 'every man shall chuse a name for the 'shepherdess he intends to celebrate, 'and inscribe and engrave it on every 'tree, let it be never so hard, accord- 'ing to the constant practice of ena- 'moured swains.'—'A very seasonable 'suggestion,' answered Don Quixote: 'but, although I am at liberty to 'chuse a fictitious name, I shall not 'employ my invention for that pur- 'pose, while there is such a person as 'the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the 'glory of these banks! the ornament 'of these meadows! the support of 'beauty! the cream of all gentility! 'and, finally, the subject that suits all 'praise, how hyperbolical soever it may 'be.'—'Very true,' said the curate; 'but we must put up with nymphs of 'an inferior rank; who, though they 'will not square, may corner with our 'desires.'—'And should we be at a 'loss,' added Sampson Carrasco, 'we 'will borrow names that abound in 'printed books; such as Phillis, Ama- 'ryllis, Diana, Florida, Galatea, and 'Belisarda; which, as they are pub- 'lickly sold, we may purchase and ap- 'propriate to our own use. If, for 'example, my mistress, or rather 'shepherdess, be called Ann, I will 'celebrate her under the name of An- 'na; if her name is Frances, she shall 'be called Francenia; if Lucia, she 'shall be known by the appellation of 'Lucinda: in the same manner shall 'other names be metamorphosed; and 'if Sancho Panza is inclined to be 'one of our fraternity, he may ce- 'lebrate his wife Teresa Panza, under 'the name of Teresayna.' Don Quix- ote could not help smiling at this transformation; and the curate, in very high terms, applauded his honourable and virtuous resolution, promising anew to spend in his company all the time he could spare from his indispen- sible obligations. And now they took leave of the knight; after having ad- vised and entreated him to have a reve- rend care of his health, and comfort his stomach with something good and sub- stantial.

The

The niece and housekeeper having by accident overheard this conversation, entered the apartment as soon as the curate and batchelor were gone; and the former, addressing herself to Don Quixote, 'Uncle,' said she, 'what is 'the meaning of all this! Now that 'we thought you was returned to stay 'at home, and lead a quiet and honourable life in your own house, you 'want to re-entangle yourself in new 'labyrinths, and turn a poor shepherd. Thou can'st with a crook, 'and with a scrip thou wilt go, as the 'saying is; for, in good faith, the 'straw is too old to make pipes of.' —'And does your worship think,' added the housekeeper, 'that you can 'stay in the field, during the heats of 'summer, and the frosts of winter, to 'hear the howling of wolves! no, 'truly, that is the office and employment of robust clowns, tanned by 'the weather, and brought up to the 'business, even from their christening 'blankets and swaddling cloaths; and, 'weighing one evil against another, 'you had better still be a knight-errant 'than a shepherd. Consider, Signior, 'and take my advice, which I do not 'give from a full stomach, but fresh 'and fasting, with fifty good years 'over my head: stay at home in your 'own house, look after your estate, go 'frequently to confession, be good to 'the poor, and let my conscience answer for the rest.'—'Hold your 'peace, my good children,' answered Don Quixote; 'I know my own duty, 'and what I have to do; meanwhile 'carry me to bed, for methinks I am 'not very well; and be assured, that 'whether I continue knight-errant or 'turn shepherd, you may depend upon 'my good offices and assistance, as you 'shall find by experience.'

Comforted by this declaration, the good souls (for so they were, without doubt) carried the knight to bed, where they presented him with victuals, and cherished him with all possible care.

CHAP. XXII.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF DON QUIXOTE'S LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

AS nothing human is eternal, but every sublunary object, especially the life of man, is always declining from it's origin to it's decay; and Don Quixote had no particular privilege from Heaven, exempting him from the common fate, the end and period of his existence arrived, when he least expected it's approach. Either in consequence of the melancholy produced by his overthrow, or by the particular dispensations of Heaven, he was seized with a calenture which detained him in bed for the space of six days, during which he was often visited by his friends, the curate, batchelor, and barber, and his good squire Sancho Panza never stirred from his bedside. These gentlemen, supposing his distemper proceeded from the chagrin inspired by his overthrow, and the disappointment of his hope, concerning the liberty and disenchantment of Dulcinea, endeavoured by all possible means to exhilarate his spirits. The batchelor exhorted him to chear up his heart, and forsake his couch, that they might begin their pastoral exercise, towards which he had already composed an eclogue which would disgrace all the pastorals that ever Sannazarius wrote. He likewise gave him to understand, that he had purchased with his own money from an herdsman of Quintanar, two famous dogs called Barcino and Butron, to defend their flock from the wolves. All these consolations, however, could not dispel the melancholy of Don Quixote; so that his friends called a physician, who having felt his pulse, made a very doubtful prognostick; saying, happen what would, they ought to provide for the health of his soul, as that of his body was in imminent danger; and he gave it as his opinion, that the poor gentleman was overwhelmed with melancholy and vexation. The knight heard this sentence with the most heroick composure; but that was not the case with his housekeeper, niece, and squire, who began to weep and wail most bitterly, as if they had already seen him deprived of life.

Don Quixote finding himself inclined to slumber, desired he might be left alone; and the company retiring, he is said to have slept six hours at a stretch; so that the housekeeper and niece began to fear he would never awake. Nevertheless, he awoke at the expiration of the aforesaid time, and exclaimed aloud, 'Praised be the Al-'mighty God, for the great benefit I

'have received from his bounty! His 'mercies know no bounds; nor are 'they abridged or impeded by the 'tranſgreſſions of man!' The niece, who liſtened attentively, hearing this ejaculation, more ſenſible and connected than any thing he had uttered ſince the beginning of his illneſs; 'Uncle,' ſaid ſhe, 'what do you mean? Has 'any thing new befallen us? What 'mercies and tranſgreſſions are theſe 'you mention?'—'Mercies,' replied the knight, 'which Heaven hath this 'inſtant been pleaſed to vouchſafe unto me, notwithſtanding the heinouſneſs of my tranſgreſſions. I now 'enjoy my judgment undiſturbed, and 'cleared from thoſe dark ſhadows of 'ignorance, in which my underſtanding hath been involved, by the pernicious and inceſſant reading of thoſe 'deteſtable books of chivalry. I am 'now ſenſible of the falſity and folly 'they contain; and nothing gives me 'concern, but that this conviction 'comes too late to give me time ſufficient to make amends, by reading 'others, which would enlighten my 'ſoul. I feel myſelf, couſin, at the 'point of death; and I would not 'undergo that great change, in ſuch 'a manner as to entail the imputation 'of madneſs on my memory; for, 'though I have acted as a madman, I 'ſhould not wiſh to confirm the character, by my behaviour in the laſt 'moments of my life. Be ſo good, 'my dear child, as to ſend for my 'worthy friend the curate, the batchelor Sampſon Carraſco, and maſter 'Nicholas the barber; for I want to 'confeſs, and make my will.'

The accidental arrival of theſe three, ſaved her the trouble of ſending a meſſage to each in particular; and Don Quixote ſeeing them enter, 'Good gentlemen,' ſaid he, 'congratulate and rejoice with 'me, upon my being no longer Don 'Quixote de La Mancha, but plain 'Alonzo Quixano, ſurnamed the Good, 'on account of the innocence of my 'life and converſation. I am now an 'enemy to Amadis de Gaul, and the 'whole infinite tribe of his deſcendants; now are all the profane hiſtories of knight errantry odious to my 'reflection; now I am ſenſible of my 'own madneſs, and the danger into 'which I have been precipitated by 'reading ſuch abſurdities, which I, 'from dear-bought experience, abominate and abhor.' The three friends, hearing this declaration, believed he was certainly ſeized with ſome new ſpecies of madneſs; and, on this ſuppoſition, Sampſon replied, 'Now, Signior Don 'Quixote, when we have received the 'news of my Lady Dulinea's being 'diſenchanted, do you talk at this rate? 'When we are on the point of becoming ſhepherds, that we may paſs away 'our time happily in ſinging, like ſo 'many princes, has your worſhip taken 'the reſolution to turn hermit? No 'more of that, I beſeech you; recollect your ſpirits, and leave off talking 'ſuch idle ſtories!'—'Thoſe which I 'have hitherto believed, have, indeed, 'realized my misfortune,' ſaid the knight; 'but, with the aſſiſtance of 'Heaven, I hope my death will turn 'them to my advantage.—Gentlemen, I feel myſelf hattening to the 'goal of life; and therefore, jeſting 'apart, let me have the benefit of a 'ghoſtly confeſſor, and ſend for a notary to write my will; for in ſuch extremities, a man muſt not trifle with 'his own ſoul: I entreat you, then, to 'call a notary; and, in the mean time, 'I will confeſs myſelf to Mr. Curate.' They looked at one another, ſurprized at this diſcourſe; and, though ſtill dubious, reſolved to comply with his deſire: they conſidered this ſudden and eaſy tranſition from madneſs to ſanity, as a certain ſignal of his approaching death; for to thoſe expreſſions already rehearſed, he added a great number ſo rational, ſo chriſtian and well-connected, as to diſpel the doubts of all preſent, who were now firmly perſuaded, that he had retrieved the right uſe of his intellects. The curate having diſmiſſed the company, confeſſed the penitent; while the batchelor went in queſt of the notary, with whom he in a little time returned, accompanied alſo by Sancho, who having received an account of his maſter's condition, and finding the niece and houſekeeper in tears, began to pucker up his face, and open the flood-gates of his eyes.

Confeſſion being ended, the curate came forth, ſaying, 'The good Alonzo 'Quixano is really dying, and without doubt reſtored to his ſenſes; 'we may now go and ſee the will atteſted.' Theſe tidings gave a terrible ſtab to the overcharged hearts of the



Plate XV. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. June 15, 1782.

the two ladies and his faithful ſquire, whoſe eyes overflowed with weeping, and whoſe boſoms had well-nigh burſt with a thouſand ſighs and groans; for, indeed, it muſt be owned, as we have ſomewhere obſerved, that whether in the character of Alonzo Quixano the Good, or in the capacity of Don Quixote de La Mancha, the poor gentleman had always exhibited marks of a peaceable temper and agreeable demeanour, for which he was beloved, not only by his own family, but alſo by all thoſe who had the pleaſure of his acquaintance.

The notary entering the apartment with the reſt of the company, wrote the preamble of the will, in which Don Quixote diſpoſed of his ſoul in all the neceſſary Chriſtian forms: then proceeding to the legacies, he ſaid, '*Item*, 'Whereas Sancho Panza, whom, in 'my madneſs, I made my ſquire, has 'in his hands a certain ſum of money 'for my uſe; and as divers accounts, 'diſburſements, and pecuniary tranſ-'actions have paſſed between us; it is 'my will, that he ſhall not be charged 'or brought to account for the ſaid mo-'ney; but, if there be any overplus, 'after he has deducted the payment 'of what I owe him, the ſaid overplus, 'which muſt be a mere trifle, ſhall be 'his own, and much good may it do 'him! and as, during my diſorder, I 'contributed to his being made gover-'nor of an iſland, I would now, while 'I enjoy my perfect ſenſes, confer upon 'him, were it in my power, a whole 'kingdom; which he richly deſerves 'for the innocency of his heart, and 'the fidelity of his ſervice.' Then turning to the diſconſolate ſquire, 'For-'give me, friend,' ſaid he, 'for hav-'ing been the cauſe of thy appearing 'in the eye of the world a madman, 'like myſelf; by drawing thee into 'my own erroneous notions, concern-'ing the exiſtence and adventures of 'knights-errant.'—'Lack-a-day, dear 'Sir!' cried Sancho, blubbering, 'do 'not die; take my advice, and live 'many years upon the face of the earth; 'for the greateſt madneſs a man can 'be guilty of in this life, is to let him-'ſelf die outright, without being ſlain 'by any perſon whatever, or deſtroyed 'by any other weapon than the hands 'of melancholy. Hark ye, Signior! 'hang ſloth! get up, and let us take 'the field in ſhepherds apparel, accord-'ing to our agreement; who knows, 'but behind ſome buſh we may find 'my Lady Dulcinea diſenchanted, and 'a comely ſight for to ſee? If you take 'your overthrow ſo much to heart, 'lay the blame at my door, and ſay 'you was vanquiſhed by my careleſſ-'neſs, in girting Rozinante; beſides, 'your worſhip muſt have read in your 'books of chivalry, that it was com-'mon for one knight to unhorſe ano-'ther, and for him who was vanquiſh-'ed to-day, to be victor to-morrow.' —'Very true,' ſaid Sampſon; 'honeſt 'Sancho ſeems to be very well inform-'ed of theſe matters.'—'Gentlemen,' replied the knight, 'let us proceed fair 'and ſoftly, without looking for this 'year's birds in laſt year's neſts. I 'was mad; but now am in my right 'ſenſes. I was Don Quixote de La 'Mancha; but now, as I have already 'obſerved, I am Alonzo Quixano the 'Good: and I hope, I ſhall, by my 'veracity and repentance, recover that 'degree of your eſteem, which I for-'merly enjoyed. So let Mr. Notary 'proceed.'

'*Item*, I bequeath my whole eſtate, 'real and perſonal, to my niece Anto-'nia Quixano here preſent, after de-'ducting what ſhall be ſufficient for the 'payment of my debts and legacies; 'and it is my will, that from the firſt 'of the money thence ariſing, the 'wages due to my houſekeeper ſhall be 'paid, together with twenty ducats for a 'ſuit of mourning; and I appoint Mr. 'Curate, and Mr. Batchelor Sampſon 'Carraſco, here preſent, my executors. '*Item*, It is my will, that if my niece 'Antonia Quixano inclines to marriage, 'ſhe ſhall not wed any man until ſhe 'is fully ſatisfied, from previous in-'formation, that he is an utter ſtranger 'to books of chivalry; or, if ſhe finds 'he is addicted to this kind of reading, 'and marries him nevertheleſs, ſhe 'ſhall forfeit the whole legacy, which 'my executors may, in that caſe, diſ-'poſe of in pious uſes. *Item*, I be-'ſeech the ſaid gentlemen, my execu-'tors, if perchance they ſhould be-'come acquainted with a certain au-'thor, who compoſed and publiſhed 'an hiſtory, entitled, "The Second "Part of the Atchievements of Don "Quixote de La Mancha;" that they 'will, in my name, moſt earneſtly en-'treat him to forgive me for having 'been the innocent cauſe of his writ-'ing ſuch a number of abſurdities as

'that

'that performance contains; for I quit 'this life with some scruples of con-'science arising from that considera-'tion.' The will being thus concluded, he was seized with a fainting-fit, and stretched himself at full length in the bed; so that all the company were alarmed, and ran to his assistance. During three days which he lived after the will was signed and sealed, he frequently fainted, and the whole family was in confusion: nevertheless, the niece eat her victuals, the house-keeper drank to the repose of his soul, and even Sancho cherished his little carcase; for the prospect of succession either dispels or moderates that affliction which an heir ought to feel at the death of the testator.

At last Don Quixote expired; after having received all the sacraments, and in the strongest terms, pathetically enforced, expressed his abomination against all books of chivalry; and the notary observed, that in all the books of that kind which he had perused, he had never read of any knight-errant who died quietly in his bed, as a good Christian, like Don Quixote; who, amidst the tears and lamentations of all present, gave up the ghost, or in other words, departed this life. The curate was no sooner certified of his decease, than he desired the notary to make a testimonial, declaring, that Alonzo Quixano the Good, commonly called Don Quixote de La Mancha, had taken his departure from this life, and died of a natural death; that no other author, different from Cid Hamet Benengeli, should falsely, pretend to raise him from the dead, and write endless histories of his atchievements.

This was the end of the sage Hidalgo de La Mancha, whose native place Cid Hamet would not punctually describe, because he wished that all the towns and villages of that province should contend for the honour of having given him birth, as the seven cities of Greece contended for Homer. We shall here omit the lamentations of the housekeeper, niece, and squire, together with all the epitaphs, except the following, by Sampson Carrasco.

Here lies a cavalier of fame,
Whose dauntless courage soar'd so high,
That death, which can the boldest tame,
He scorn'd to flatter or to fly.
A constant bugbear to the bad,
His might the world in arms defy'd;
And in his life though counted mad,
He in his perfect senses dy'd.

The sagacious Cid Hamet addressing himself to his pen, 'And now, my 'slender quill,' said he, 'whether cunningly cut, or unskilfully formed, 'it boots not much; here, from this 'rack, suspended by a wire, shalt thou 'enjoy repose, and live to future ages, 'if no presumptuous and wicked hand 'shall take thee down, in order to pro-'fane thee in compiling idle histories. 'But ere such insolent fingers can 'touch thine hallowed plume, accost, 'and warn them, if thou canst, in words 'like these;

"Caitifs, forbear!—Illustrious prince, let
"none
"Attempt th' emprize reserv'd for me
"alone*."

'For me alone was Don Quixote born, 'and I produced for him; he to act, 'and I to record: in a word, we were 'destined for each other, maugre and 'in despight of that fictitious Torde-'sillian author, who has presumed, or 'may presume, to write with his coarse, 'awkward ostrich quill, the atchieve-'ments of my valiant knight; a bur-'den too heavy for his weak shoulders, 'and an undertaking too great for his 'frozen genius. Advise him, there-'fore, if ever thou shouldst chance to 'be in his company, to let the wearied 'and mouldering bones of Don Quix-'ote rest in the grave, without seeking 'to carry him into Old Castile†, in 'opposition to all the prerogatives of 'death; or to drag him from his tomb, 'where he really and truly lies ex-'tended at full length, and ut-'terly incapable of making a third 'sally: for all the exploits performed 'by the whole tribe of knights-errant 'are sufficiently ridiculed by the two 'expeditions he has already made, so 'much to the satisfaction and enter-

* Lines probably taken from some old ballad or romance.

† The author of the Second Part hinted, in his preface, a design of bringing his hero into the field again, in Old Castile.

'tainment,

'tainment, not only of Spain, but alſo 'of every foreign nation to which the 'fame of his adventures hath been 'conveyed. In ſo doing, thou wilt 'conform to thy Chriſtian profeſſion of 'doing good to thoſe who would do 'thee harm; and I ſhall reſt ſatisfied 'and perfectly well pleaſed, in ſeeing 'myſelf the firſt author who fully en-'joyed the fruit of his writings in the 'ſucceſs of his deſign: for mine was 'no other than to inſpire mankind with 'an abhorrence of the falſe and im-'probable ſtories recounted in books 'of chivalry; which are already ſhaken 'by the adventures of my true and 'genuine Don Quixote, and in a little 'time will certainly ſink into oblivion. 'Farewel.'

FINIS.

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